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"ONWARD."

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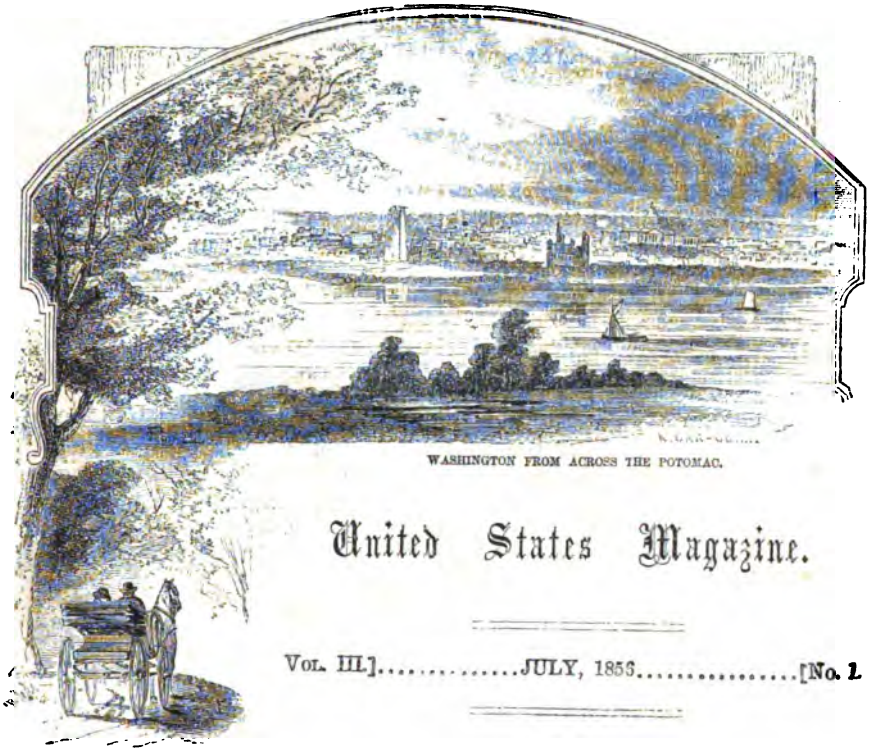


WASHINGTON FROM ACROSS THE POTOMAC.

United States Magazine.

VOL. III].....JULY, 1853.....[No. 1

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

A PORTION of the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE will be devoted, in connection with the Fine Arts, to the description and illustration of the Civil Architecture of the United States. As to *what is* the "Civil Architecture" of this country, we can conceive of no more apt comparison than the American people themselves. As our Architecture is a sort of "composite order," made up of the leading orders which have prevailed in the world, and modified occasionally by the original ideas of native genius, so the inhabitants of our great Republic are emphatically a "composite people," whose elements are derived from almost every portion of the inhabited earth, though, it is true, a few distinct nationalities, such as English, Irish, German, Scotch, Dutch, and French, largely predominate.

In our Architectural Illustrations, we know of no more appropriate place to begin than the National Capital, and the public buildings of the National Government. We commence, therefore, with the Capitol at Washington.

As introductory, however, it may be appropriate and interesting to give a brief historical sketch of the early migrations of Congress from city to city and town to town, before the seat of Government of our new-born Republic found

"A local habitation and a name."

Let us, in imagination, glide back on the stream of time to the year 1783, and rest at Trenton, on the Delaware, a few miles below the spot where George Washington, with his gallant little army, defied the numbing cold and piercing blast, and, amid ice and snow, crossed the river, most successfully to attack the British and their stipendiary Hessians, and gloriously and signally to conquer them. In that quaint and quiet city the Congress of the Federation, after having been driven by a mob from Philadelphia, had convened, to deliberate upon the grave and complex questions pertaining to the welfare and perpetuity of the new-born nation. Already had Congress, from the exigencies of the times, wandered from place to place, having held their sessions at Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Lancaster, Annapolis, Princeton, York and Trenton. The spectacle was peculiar and illustrative. Three millions of people, covering a vast area of country, differing in their origin, their habits and their religion, uniting in the common cause of liberty, had conquered an existence from the most powerful nation of Europe; and in fulfillment of the type of

heathen mythology, verified the birth of Minerva, fully armed, from the head of Jupiter. Marked by no infantine existence, they found themselves so suddenly a nation that they had no Capital, no residence for their Executive, or permanent place of meeting for their Legislature. This want was early felt, and even before peace was fully recognized, efforts were made to select a site for a Capital. The bands that held the Colonies together were feebler far than we at this late day realize; the fears of some, the ambition of others, and a jealousy which the war had scarcely kept from exhibiting itself in some hideous form, all threatened the very existence of the Federal Government. Many of the leading men felt that a National Capital, common to the people of each State, yet belonging to none, would be a strong link in binding the States together. The people could then see the palpable Government, which as yet was to most of them a mere political myth. The place where it should be located was a matter of the deepest consideration. Should it be the center of population? No, because even then the migratory character of the inhabitants of the Northern and Eastern States was apparent, and the path of the declining sun was the one they trod. This would soon change the preponderance. Still, even yet the following prophesy, uttered in 1783, "In fifty years the center of population will be west of the Alleghanies," has not been realized. Shall it be the center of wealth? No, for then commerce and manufactures will direct the location; and, said a public writer, it will be placed somewhere between the Delaware and Connecticut. The geographical center was proposed and discussed, but it was deemed impracticable, and public opinion and the views of Congress at length fixed upon the Delaware, below Philadelphia, or the Potomac. On the 7th of October, 1783, Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, subsequently Vice-President, moved that suitable buildings be erected on the Potomac, near Georgetown, or on the Delaware, for the permanent accommodation of Congress and the Executive: *provided* a suitable district can be procured on one of the rivers aforesaid for a Federal town; and that the right of soil, and an exclusive or such other jurisdiction as Congress may direct, shall be vested in the United States.

This resolution was modified several times, and was at length repealed, 26th of April, 1784. In the Congress that met in October, 1784, an ordinance was passed providing for the appointment of Commissioners to lay out a district not more than three nor less than two miles square on the Delaware River, within eight miles of the Falls, for a Federal city. Three Commissioners were appointed, and, among other duties, they were to erect, in a splendid style, a Federal House, President's House, and also residences for the Secretaries of Foreign Affairs, War, Marine and Treasury. Lots were also to be selected for the use of the different States for their delegations. The dwellings for the Secretaries we consider to have been a proposition well worthy the consideration of our National Legislature even now.

At the session of Congress at New York, Jan. 13, 1785, a strenuous effort was made to insert in the act *Potomac* in lieu of *Delaware*, but without success. In 1787, May 10, Mr. Lee, of Virginia, moved two resolutions on the subject—the first providing for the erection of suitable buildings at Georgetown, on the Potomac—which were lost.

The ordinance above alluded to, establishing the Capital on the Delaware, from causes now unknown, was not carried into execution. The Constitution adopted in 1787, by section 8, Art. I, provides that Congress shall have power to exercise exclusive jurisdiction over a district, not exceeding ten miles square, when properly ceded by particular States, and accepted as the seat of Government.

The engraving presented on the next page represents the opening of the first American Congress, on the 5th of September, 1774, at Philadelphia. Fifty-four delegates were present, representing twelve out of the thirteen colonies. Georgia was the only colony not represented. It appears that the idea of a general Congress sprang up in most of the colonies almost simultaneously. The first public action on the subject occurred in Rhode Island, on the 17th of May. In the course of two months the subject was discussed and advocated in twelve Colonies, and in most of them independently, or without concert between the colonies. Massachusetts took the lead so far as to appoint the day and place, 5th of September, at Philadelphia, and the Congress met accordingly. Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, was chosen President, and Charles Thompson, of Pennsylvania, Secretary. It was undoubtedly one of the ablest and most dignified bodies of men ever assembled, and their business was of the very highest moment and importance to the world. If they succeeded, they would give the world a new impetus onward to freedom and happiness; if they failed, they would most likely be hung as rebels and traitors to the mother country. Dark clouds hung over them; some minds

were timid and wavering; but the magic eloquence of Patrick Henry, like the lightnings of Heaven, broke through the clouds and filled the whole Assembly with electric fire, that roused and nerved them to vigorous and determined action, which resulted in the Declaration of Independence.

In 1789 the States of Virginia and Maryland each offered to Congress, through their delegates, to cede ten miles square, which offers were not accepted.

During the same session a law was passed fixing the point on the Susquehanna; and on the introduction of a bill to carry out this resolution a very warm debate ensued. Mr. Scott said: "The future tranquility and well-being

OPENING OF THE FIRST AMERICAN CONGRESS.

of the United States depends as much on this as on any question that ever has or can come before Congress." The bill passed the House, but Susquehanna was stricken out by the Senate, and Germantown inserted. This was subsequently agreed to by the House, and thus Germantown was actually made the Capital by Congress; but, from some trifling amendments, the bill eventually failed. The controversy was still active, and on May 31, 1790, a bill was introduced into the Senate to determine "the permanent seat of Congress and the Government of the United States." On the 28th of June the bill was passed, after inserting "on

the River Potomac, at some place between the Eastern Branch and Connogocheague, be, and the same is hereby, accepted for the permanent seat of Government." Some humorous things, as well as many very warm and bitter remarks, were uttered in the animated debate which arose on the bill. The South Carolinians objected to Philadelphia because of the great number of Quakers, who were constantly dogging the Southern members with their schemes of emancipation. Mr. Smith urged Baltimore for its fine locality, and because its inhabitants had contributed $40,000. Mr. Paige said New York was superior to any place he knew, for the orderly and decent behavior of its inhabitants. After all the strenuous efforts of the opponents of the bill, it finally became a law on the 16th of July, 1790, by a vote of 32 to 29. The bill was subsequently slightly amended by permitting the President to extend the district below the mouth of the Eastern Branch, but no public buildings were to be erected except on the Maryland side of the Potomac.

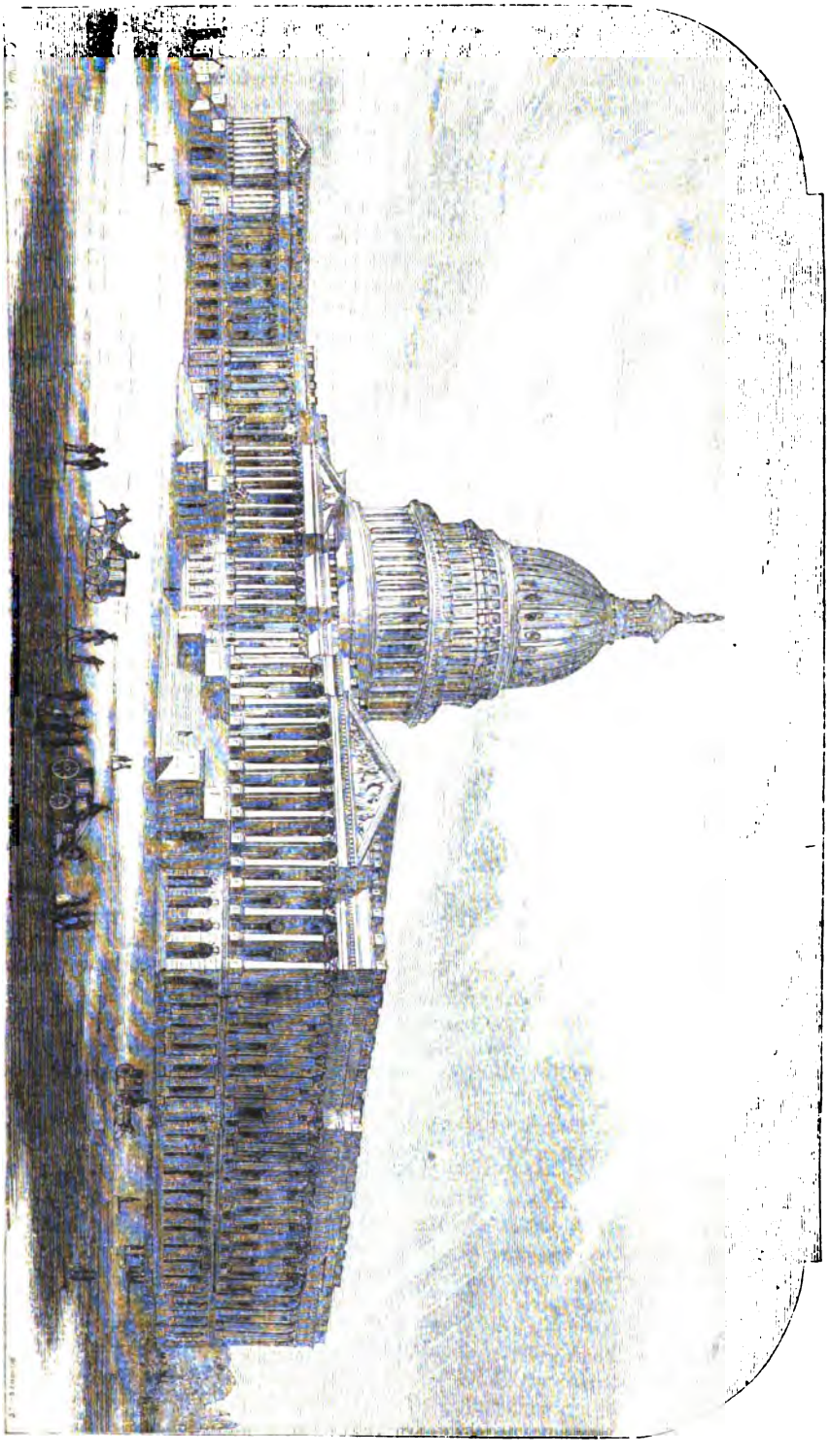
As all who were participants in the debates, and by whose votes the law was enacted, have passed from the scene of their labors, it is impossible to learn the reasons, beyond the debates, which influenced their final action; but we cannot but coincide with the opinion of another writer on this subject in the belief that the well-known wishes of Washington, and his silent but potent influence, had very much to do with the final settlement of the matter.

He was, as a surveyor, personally cognizant of the advantages of a physical nature possessed by the place designated; he had, years before, with Braddock's army, encamped on the hill now occupied by the Observatory, and had then predicted the rise of a great city here. He ever considered the Potomac as the natural outlet of the West, and early urged a canal as the means of securing the trade to this channel. Is it not possible that after he had secured, as the leader of her armies, the liberty of his country, and received the highest honors that country could bestow, that even his pure and unambitious nature may have had the wish to found a city that might become the metropolis of a great, mighty and powerful nation? May not his eye, as he sailed up the noble river by the side of which he dwelt, and on whose banks his ashes since have made a consecrated spot for all time, have rested on the point of land between the Potomac, as its amplitude recedes, and the Anacostia, or Eastern Branch, and there, with the vision of prophesy, have seen the stately dome of the Capitol arise, overlooking, as it does, miles of the surrounding country. Perhaps he stood, where we did when our artist sketched the bird's eye view at the head of this article, near Arlington House, the present residence of that venerated sage, George Washington Parke Custis, and there beheld the peculiar fitness of the place, and how nature had made it for its future use; and knowing, as he must have known, that his name and fame were clothed with immortality, he may have seen pictured on the still air the plinth and shaft, erected by a grateful and admiring posterity to his memory, pierce the concave.

As evincing how all the attributes and requirements of a metropolis were considered, the subject of a bountiful supply of water was inquired into, and Mr. Andrew Ellicote, in his Observations on the Potomac, published in 1793, suggested the feasibility of bringing the water from the Great Falls, fourteen miles from Washington, which he said was 108 feet above tide-water, and would carry the water to the highest point in the city. This was over sixty years since, and the same source is looked to for water now; and the work has been commenced, under the able direction of Capt. Meigs, but whether it will be continued is a question resting upon Congress and its habitual wisdom.

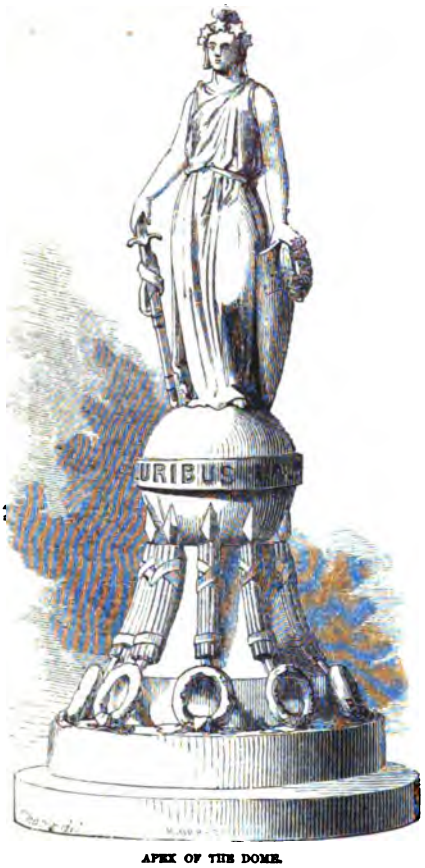
It is a singular fact, as appears from certain surveyors' notes in the Mayor's Office of Washington, that in 1663 the hill on which the Capitol stands was called *Rome*, and what was afterward Goose Creek was designated as the Tiber.

A district ten miles square was ceded jointly by Virginia and Maryland, over which Congress was to exercise full and complete jurisdiction. To the objections made to this purely Federal territory the arguments urged in its support were the danger to the country if the Capital was in a commercial city; the unfairness to the rest of the nation if any particular State was thus benefitted, and the necessity that there should be "ample room and verge enough" for all the public buildings. The remarks of Sir James McIntosh were frequently quoted by those who favored the Federal plan. He had said: "A great metropolis is to be considered as the heart of a political body; as the focus of its powers and talents; as the direction of public opinion; and, therefore, as a strong bulwark in the cause of freedom, or as a powerful engine in the hands of an oppressor." The truth of this eloquent passage could not be denied, and to save the Capital from "becoming a powerful engine in the hands of an oppressor" all political power or influence, directly, in the popular elections was expatriated



NORTH-EAST VIEW OF THE NEW CAPITOL.

from the District, and until the thirst for office under the Federal Government at Washington had assumed its dangerous magnitude of recent years there was no emanation thence of political strength.



APEX OF THE DOME.

Mr. Madison objected to the word *permanent* in the act, because it was not in the Constitution, and in the powerful debates which occurred a few years since in Congress, on the question of the retrocession of the Virginia portion of the District, much stress was laid on this word, but it was admitted by the ablest constitutional lawyers that Congress had no power to fix a permanent seat of Government, but that expediency and policy would forever prevent a change; so it became, unconstitutionally, a permanency. "*Capitoli immobile saxum.*"

Major L'Enfant, a French gentleman, who remodeled the City Hall in New York in 1789, after a plan of his own, making therefrom the Federal Hall, the building on a balcony of which the first President was inaugurated, was selected as the architect of the new city. Three Commissioners (Messrs. Johnson, Daniel Carroll and Dr. David Stuart) were appointed to have the superintendence of the District and City. On the 15th of April, 1791, the two latter named gentlemen fixed the first corner-stone of the District at Jones's Point, near Alexandria, with all the usual Masonic ceremonies. Washington, in a letter dated 30th April, 1791, calls it the "Federal City," but on the 30th of September following, the Commissioners directed the architect to designate on his maps the district as "The Territory of Columbia," and the city as "The City of Washington."

The plan of the city, with its wide avenues running in all manner of directions, and its streets crossing each other and the avenues at all sorts of angles, filling the city with innumerable little triangular "squares," and rendering the erection of a good old-fashioned rectangular house in certain localities impossible, met then, as now, with much opposition and ridicule. A vast deal of very dubious humor has been expended on the subject, till, like the manikin in the fencing-school, it has become the mark for every tyro to thrust at with his foil of wit. If an evil originally, it has now become too venerable in its evil ways to be remedied, and whatever may be the opinion of the public, as expressed by the press, we, with more truth than Macbeth used to Banquo, can say, "Thou canst not say I did it." It possesses great advantages over many other cities, for it has plenty of sunlight, abundance of God's free air, and can readily be drained. It lacks the dull sameness of Philadelphia, and stands not, like New Orleans, in constant dread of an inundation.

So indigent was the Government, so bad its credit—a condition some think better than the present plethoric condition of the Treasury—

STATUARY IN MAIN PEDIMENT.

PEDIMENT OF THE NORTH WING.

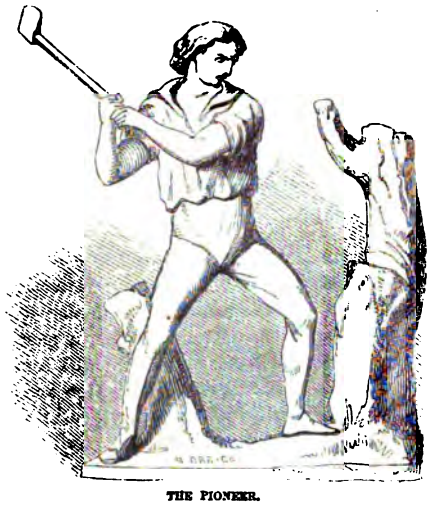
that it seemed impossible for the Executive to proceed with the public buildings and improvements. Alternate lots were forced to a sale; the Commissioners had pledged their private credit, and exhausted that, and at last the President had to ask a loan of the State of Maryland. The call was not unheeded by that noble and patriotic State, and though she had previously given $72,000, as Virginia with her tried

GENIUS OF AMERICA.

love of the Union had given $120,000, she now advanced $100,000 more. Active as were his exertions and successful his efforts, Gen. Washington was not permitted to see the consummation of his wishes. Like a second Moses, he saw from the Pisgah of Hope the promised Capitol, but he was denied entrance there, for on the 14th of December, 1799, death claimed the patriot and the sage, and the tears of our country, which this bereavement caused to flow, mingled with the tears of the Christian world before they fell on his bier.

From the less than hamlet of 1800—with accommodations, as by courtesy they were called, scarcely fit for the red man; with the great thoroughfare, Pennsylvania avenue, a morass, covered with scrub oak and alder; with a population of a few hundred—Washington has become a large and populous city, with all the attributes of congregated masses; well-paved and well-lighted avenues and streets, elegant private residences, and numerous splendid and expensive public buildings.

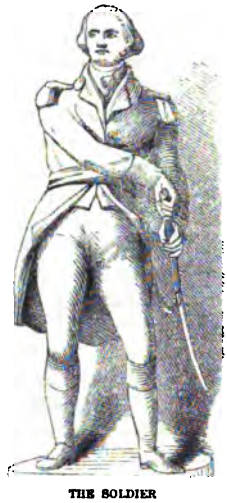
As the Capital of the nation it contains its archives, its trophies and its treasures; it is the place hallowed by the presence, in times past, of nearly all the great and good men of the nation; it is to the American almost what Jerusalem is to the believer in Christ, for it is hallowed by the great struggles and trials of our country during nearly sixty years of our momentous existence; and yet, alas! how few of the twenty-five millions to whom all this belongs have visited Washington. It is a truth, and one by no means creditable to the parties concerned, that numbers of Americans are found in Europe who have never seen Washington, and know little of it beyond the fact that very many newspapers have correspondents there, and that passports come from an office there. We hold that there is nothing in Europe so well worth a visit—nay, which demands a pilgrimage to its altar—from an American as the Declaration of Independence. Stand a moment before that paper, and think of its parturition; cannot you see the clear, defiant flashing of Hancock's eye, as the Committee approach him? And while Jefferson hands the document that incarnated a nation, to the President, do you not feel, indeed, the presence of the philosopher and patriot, Franklin, of Adams, Livingston and Sherman? Here are public buildings huge in size, and elegant alike in style and material; here are works of art, some purely historical, which are worth the consideration even of the traveled connoiseur; the Library of Congress, the city of the dead, where rest alike heros and sages, are here; and here, too, upon an elevation in the south-easterly part of the city, stands the CAPITOL, not



THE PIONEER.

completed, yet even now presenting an appearance which few temples of ancient days can surpass. Our engraving gives a truthful and graphic appearance of this immense building, as it will appear when completed, and we challenge modern Architecture to produce its parallel—in commanding position, in extent, and in durability of material and construction; but more than all, in its simple elegance and classical proportions. Light and ornate—without fragility or meretricious ornament—it fills the eye. and leaves no hiatus for the imagination to supply. Gracefully, yet massively, with its rich colonade of Corinthian columns, arches upward the lofty dome till, 300 feet above the eastern base, the figure of armed Liberty, in its colossal proportions, crowns the apex, finishing in beauty this great monument of American genius and skill.

But to the history again, leaving this branch for another page. On the 18th of September, 1793, the south-east corner-stone of the north wing was laid by General Washington, in the first year of his second term as Chief Magistrate. The Masonic Order of the vicinity, and many leading men of the country were present to witness, not only the elaborate and interesting Masonic ceremonies, but also the initial step of the first National and Federal building. The plan of the Capitol was designed by Dr. William Thornton, an amateur architect, but a gentleman of much erudition and refined taste. In Mills's pamphlet on the subject of the Capitol, we find that Dr. Thornton's plan was approved by Gen. Washington in 1792, and submitted to S. Hallet, an English architect, who modified it in some of its parts. What these changes were Mr. Mills does not state, but they were, as far as any record shows, by no means radical, and mostly, if not entirely, confined to strengthening and lighting the interior. Mr. Hallet was succeeded by Mr. Hadfield; but before the north wing was completed James Hoban, architect of the President's House, succeeded Mr. Hadfield, and under his supervision the wing was completed. B. H. Latrobe was appointed by Mr. Jefferson, in 1803, as architect of the Capitol; he changed Dr. Thornton's plan very materially, and in 1810–11 the south wing, under his direction, was finished; here the work ceased until after the war. It is well known that on the 24th of August, 1814, the British troops, after the failure of the American force under Gen. Winder to check them at Bladensburgh, entered the city, and in a spirit of rude Vandalism, which finds no parallel in the annals of war among civilized and Christian nations, burned such portions of the interior as their pyrotechnics could reach, including the Library. After the war, the citizens of Washington erected a comfortable brick building, still standing, at the north-east corner of the Capitol grounds and first street east for the accommodation of Congress. There that body met till the Capitol was rebuilt. Mr. Latrobe was the architect, but resigned in 1817, when President Monroe appointed Mr. Bulfinch, under whose superintendence the present building, terraces, gateways, &c., were completed in 1825. The whole cost of the Capitol and grounds was nearly $3,000,000. The area of ground covered by the Capitol, center and wings, is 62,000 square feet; the front has an extent of 352 feet; the wings are 121 feet deep; the projection of the eastern front of the center, including the steps, is 86 feet, and of the western 83 feet. The dome, now nearly demolished, was 145 feet from the ground. The principal front is the east, turned away from the inhabited part of Washington, and consequently considered by visitors as in fact the rear. This front presents a grand portico



THE SOLDIER

of 160 feet in extent, composed of a double row of Corinthian columns, elevated on a high rustic basement; it is surmounted by a pediment, enriched with devices in marble, which our space does not permit us now minutely to describe; we, however, present a pictorial copy of them. In two niches on this portico, on either side of the door, which opens into the rotunda, there are two statues, by Persico, in marble; the record teaches us that they are symbolical of Peace and War. We have occasionally studied these colossean figures to learn why they have been called thus, but our success in the acquistion of the requisite information is by no means commensurate to the size of the figures or the reputation of the artist. War, as there represented, is a gentleman with a gymnasian development of muscle, and a remarkably benign expression of countenance. He is incased in armor of an exceedingly ancient fashion, more cumbrous, we imagine, than easy to wear. His offensive weapon is a curiously small, but classical sword, in a sheath, and for a defense he has a shield; the appearance of the statue is very quiescent and quite harmless. Peace is a stout female, with an olive branch in her hand; she is apparently a goddess somewhat advanced in life, certainly not under thirty years of age.

We are not certain that Persico was blameable in the matter, as he probably received an order for two statues at a fixed, and rather a minimum, price, to be finished in some very short period of time. His own, or some friend's studio, or some temple furnished his models, and his mechanics were at once put to work. We must admit that the stonecutter has done his work in a most creditable manner, and we regret we are ignorant of his name.

The eastern portico is the vestibule to the great political temple of the Union; there, on the 4th day of March of each succeeding four years, an altar is erected to the genius of Republican institutions; there the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, as Grand High Priest, in the presence of all the representatives of foreign powers, and all the chief officers of our own Government, and in presence of thousands of the people, a sovereign of one of the largest, most prosperous and powerful countries of the world, surrenders his power and his place to the people who conferred it upon him; and his successor to the Presidential chair, till that moment a mere citizen, takes the oath, administered by the venerable Chief Justice, and becomes for four years President. There is no pomp or display

YOUTH.

of power; no national soldiers, no force visible, save the great moral force of Republican simplicity.

Let us pause here a moment, and think of the scenes enacted, and the great and noble men who have stood where we stand. All our Presidents excepting Pater Patriæ and John Adams, here took the oath of office; what an array of names! Jefferson, Madison, Munroe, J. Q. Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Polk, Taylor, and Pierce; two only survive. And here, too, gazing out upon the same scene, have stood Hamilton, Marshall, Burr, Gerry, Tompkins, Livingston, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Wirt, Randolph, Wright, and a host of others whose names stand high up in our Temple of Fame.

The Capitol Grounds, as they are called, comprise thirty-five acres, laid out and improved in a style in accordance with the building and the country. On the west, the Capitol is surrounded by a terrace which hides from view the sub-basement, and relieves the entire structure from a nearness of approach; the minor parts do not offend the eye, which gazes, as it should, at first only on the more striking points. From the center, a broad pathway leads to the main gate, which opens upon Maryland avenue, a broad way leading across the island to the Long Bridge; another paved way passes to a gate on the right, to Pennsylvania avenue. Approaching the Capitol from the west, the first marked object is the Naval Monument, dedicated to those gallant men who fell fighting for their flag before Tripoli. The monument consists of a small shaft, resting

EDUCATION.

upon a pedestal, base and zocle. Upon the top of the shaft is an American eagle, bearing the symbols of the Union. On the top of the base, technically the zocle, are four marble figures, medium size, representing the Genius of America, History, Commerce, and Fame. The monument rests in an oval basin of running water, and, with its ornaments, is really attractive, more especially as the shaft and the surroundings have much to do with the subject to be commemorated; but time has made it necessary that some one, whose duty it is, should have certain repairs made at once.

Passing the Naval Monument, we ascend to the terrace, which, leaving a wide area between it and the sub-basement, screens the latter from observation. From this broad walk is presented a scene of peculiar beauty and interest. Far to the south, down the Potomac, the white outline of Fort Washington is visible; a few miles nearer, we behold Alexandria, which is as ancient in American History as its namesake in that of Egypt. The city, by the act of retrocession, is now an integral municipality of the Old Dominion; it boasts of considerable commerce, both foreign and domestic, and as it has recently become connected by rail with a large extent of the State, already has the tardy recognition of the laws of commerce, which demand an opening to market of the agricultural and mining districts, exhibited its good effects on the trade of the old burgh, as well as on the rural districts. Nearer still, on the eastern bank of the Potomac, is seen the Lunatic Asylum, a large and well constructed building erected by the United States, to accommodate the unfortunates of the District. On the nearer shore of the Eastern Branch, is seen the Arsenal, and in proximity therewith is the Penitentiary, for though the District of Columbia is denied the political rights of a State or Territory, it still requires all the institutions that wait on civilization.

Looking to the west we see, for a mile and a half, that broad street—much abused, yet much admired—Pennsylvania avenue, with the President's House at its apparent terminus. Beyond is the National Observatory, while nearer is the unfinished Monument to Washington and the Smithsonian Institute. Directly below our feet are the Capitol Grounds, with trees and flowers and the green sward, all looking fresh and beautiful, evincing constant care and attention, and wooing the man of business and the idler to saunter around the graveled walks or rest upon some of the numerous rustic seats scattered around. Here weekly, during the Spring and Summer months, the Marine Band discourses sweet music for several hours, and thousands, including the President, Foreign Ministers, grave Senators, Members of Congress, and all the fair denizens of the Metropolis, assemble to listen to the music, throwing off the cares of office and of state, and enjoy the moment. No city in the Union can produce a parallel scene, or a similar audience; for here there are few or none of that class of rowdies that mark all cities with trade, manufactures and commerce.

Mere dry, guide-book details will not convey an idea of the Capitol; and though our engravings will aid the imagination, we desire to

COMMERCE.

present it by contrast and antithesis. Amplitude challenges the attention and awakens the admiration of the vulgar, for, with the uneducated and the unappreciative, a giant and giantess will command more wonder and attention than the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medici. But magnitude of surface, in nature or in works of art, is not necessarily elegance, nor a concomitant

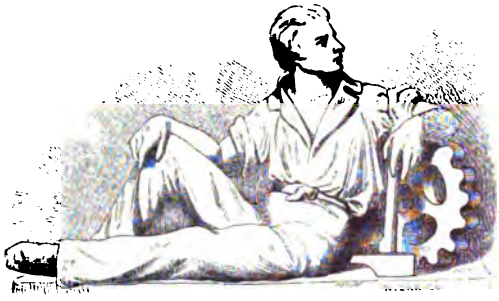
of beauty; for if size is all that is requisite, the Government rope-walk at Charlestown and the railway depot at Detroit might safely rival the Parthenon and the Farnese Palace. Grandeur and sublimity require not only hight and breadth, but harmonious proportions and minuteness of detail; a conglomeration of forms and the attributes of beauty are requisite to finish the picture to the eye and satisfy the imagination.

To inform our readers that the entire eastern front of the Capitol is 750 feet, being nearly 50 feet more than St. Peters in its largest projection, and nearly 200 feet greater than St. Pauls, or that it covers over three and a half acres of ground, will not, as an isolated fact, prove our position—that it will, when the extensions and the dome are completed, stand forth one of the finest architectural monuments of modern times. The detail, the openings, the rich ornaments, its total abstinence from meritricous adornings, with its many porticos, the lofty pediments and the harmonious proportions, aside from its great size and massive forms, constitute its claims to admiration. Let us examine its minutia: The extensions consist of two wing buildings erecting at the north and south ends of the present structure, each 152 feet 8 inches from north to south, with a width from east to west, including porticos and steps, of 324 feet. On the east they present a double portico, in the center of the façade, 28 feet in width; from the stylobate surmounting the rustic basement there arise 22 Corinthian columns, with elaborate capitals, supporting an entablature and a pediment—the proportions are so good that it seems to require the columns to sustain the weight. It has been frequently, and perhaps justly, objected that the angle of the pediment of the old building was not classical, and consequently that the effect was bad; in the new pediments this defect has been completely remedied, and the angle is softened and rendered perfect. The frieze of the entablature is not ornamented, nor is it on the center building; but the pediment of the north wing is to contain a number of statues, designed and modeled by Crawford, and now being cut in native marble under the direction of the Superintendent of the grounds. These statues, a drawing of which we give, are truly beautiful, and prove that Mr. Crawford has genius which will place him among the first of sculptors. The Genius of America stands in the center, based upon a rock, standing unmoved amid the lashings and turmoil of the ocean, which surrounds it; the national bird, the eagle, is appropriately her attendant, and the sun, rising at her feet, typifies the light which shines around Liberty in her onward march. In one hand she holds oak and laurel leaves, ready to place them on the brows of the victors in the great contests for civil and military glory. The other hand extends in a supplicatory manner toward Heaven, pointing to the Pioneer, on whom she invokes the blessings of God. Next is the athletic figure of the Backwoodsman, the pioneer of liberty and civilization, before whose approach the aborigines have fled and the mighty forest fallen, and the wilderness been truly made to "bud and blossom like the rose." He is a fitting representative of the brave evangelist of free institutions. The Indian chief and his family typify the extinction of the red men before the onward march of their Caucasian exterminators, and the grave is ready to receive these last survivors of the millions who roamed in savage freedom over the continent less than three centuries since.

THE HUNTER.

THE INDIAN CHIEF.

THE INDIAN CHIEF'S FAMILY.

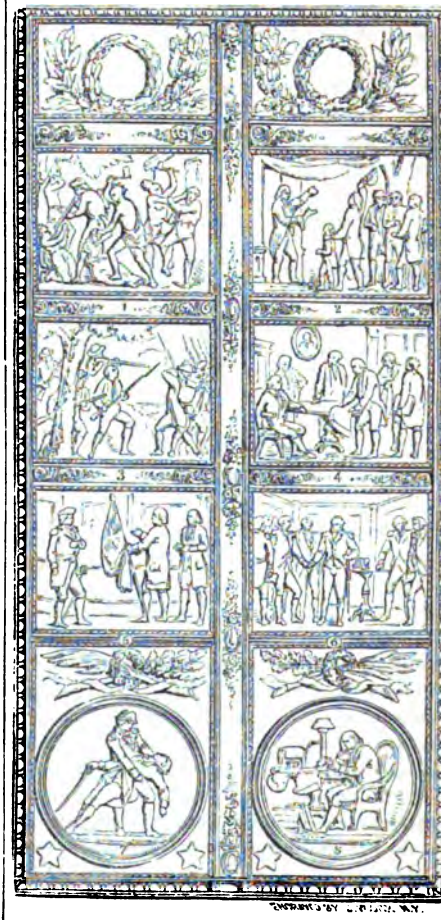


MECHANISM.

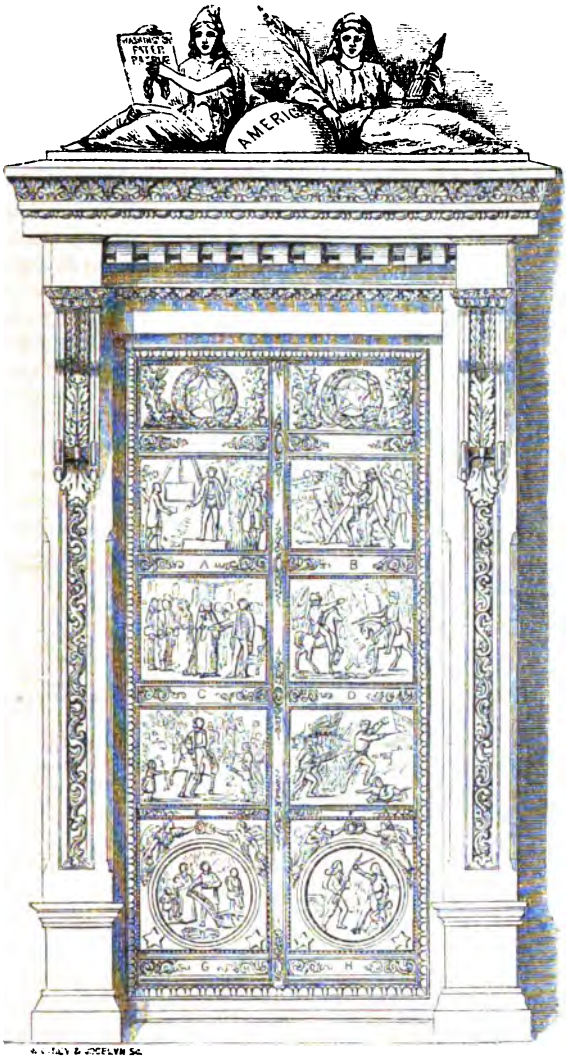
The other side is devoted to types of civilization and the beneficial effects of liberty. The first figure is a Soldier, properly costumed in the uniform of the army of the Revolution; his hand is on the hilt of his sheathed sword, evincing his willingness to draw it when required by his country. The Merchant is seated amid the emblems of trade and commerce; his hand rests upon the globe as if claiming its entire circuit for his ships, while the anchor at his feet (Hope) connects him with the figures of the two boys, advancing to give their services to their country. Nearly behind the anchor is the Teacher, instructing a youth, indicating that education is requisite to the welfare of the country. Next is a Mechanic, with his brawny arm resting upon a cog-wheel, fitting emblems of the power that creates our huge steamers, and builds our factories and machinery; at his feet are sheaves of wheat, corn, &c.

The statuary for the south pediment is not designed, or rather, some designs sent for approval to Captain Meigs have not yet met his approbation.

The corner-stone of the Extension was laid on the 4th of July, 1851, by President Fillmore, with Masonic ceremonies, and the orator of the age, Daniel Webster, made, upon the occasion, one of his most eloquent orations. The design for the exterior, and the plans were prepared by Mr. Thomas U. Walter, and approved by the President. It should be borne in mind that the Extensions had, in their general outline and appearance, to comport with the old parts of the buildings. This difficulty has been overcome, and the wings are harmonious in their proportions, and coincide with the center, thus not only not detracting from, but really adding to the dignity and grandeur of the whole structure. In addition to the eastern porticos mentioned before, each building has on its west front a portico one hundred and five feet in width, with ten Corinthian columns, and on the north front of one, and the south front of the other, is a portico 121 feet in width, with ten Corinthian columns each. These porticos and columns, and the pilasters, with their richly-carved capitals, relieve the otherwise monotonous appearance of the mass of marble. The windows are an improvement upon those in the old building; over each, in the proper story, is a pediment, agreeing in its angle with the larger pediment, supported by consoles carved in leaves and scroll with remarkable taste and elegance. The entrances are flanked by carved columnar supporters, and the dimensions of the door have been increased to harmonize with the other openings. The wings have, like the center, a rusticated basement, and similar steps and check-blocks leading from the ground. They stand 44 feet distant from the center, and are connected therewith by corridors 26 feet in width, with outside colonnades con-



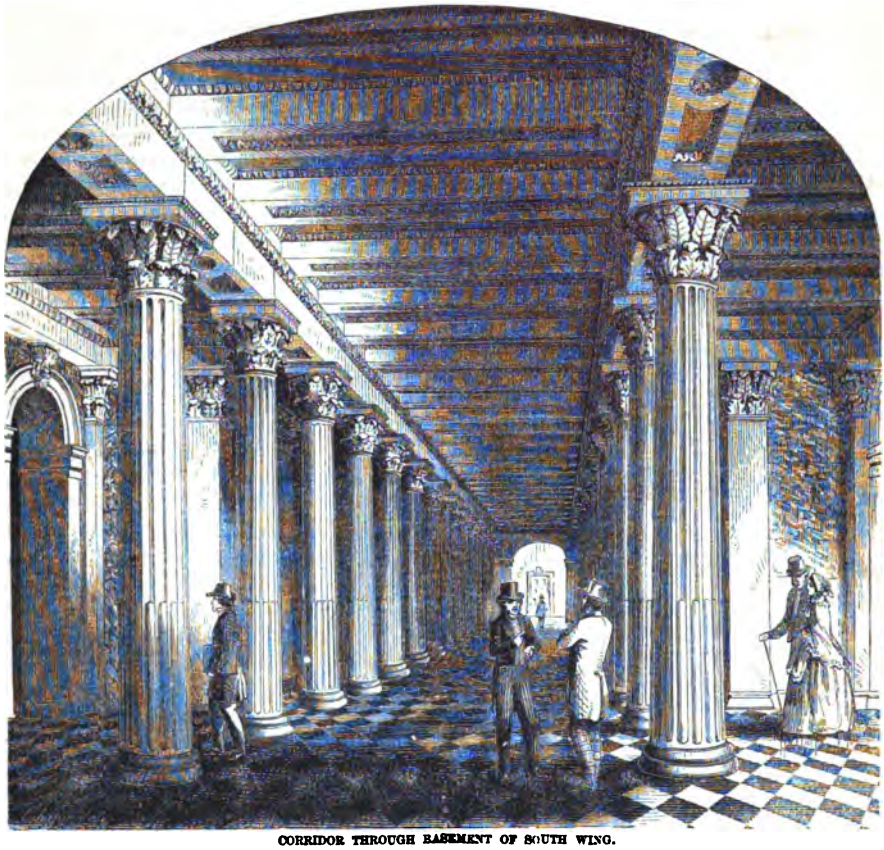
BRONZE DOOR.



MAIN DOOR UNDER EAST PORTICO.

sisting of four columns each, being 56 feet in width outside. The material used in the construction on the outside is marble, selected with great care, and after being submitted to the most accurate tests of science, as to durability and continuance of appearance. The internal work is marble, stone, brick and iron; all the floors and beams are of the latter material, and are upon a plan of Captain Meigs's, answering for a ceiling below and a floor above. Up to 1853, in March, Mr. Walter, the accomplished and able architect, who conceived the design and prepared the plans, had been in charge of the work; at that time the control was changed from the Interior to the War Department, and Captain Meigs, a gentleman distinguished for his scientific and natural ability and taste, was put in charge. In his orders from the Department he was informed that, as the entire responsibility rested upon him, he was clothed with power to make any changes he deemed necessary, and it is certainly creditable to this officer that he has in so comparatively few instances changed the plans of Mr. Walter, and in no case has he done so without that gentleman's assent. The principal alterations are in the construction of the Hall of the House of Representatives, and the Senate Chamber. These alterations were made to increase the accommodations for the members and the public, to comply with the requisites of acoustics and ventilation, and somewhat to add to the ornamentation. It has been certainly a fortuitous combination of Captain Meigs and Mr. Thomas U. Walter, for the Government and the people, for, while the former has the high characteristics mentioned above, the latter is unquestionably the first architect in the country.

Much study and examination of structures already existing were requisite to provide chambers where each member could be distinctly heard by the presiding officer and his fellow-members from any point of the hall; for, unlike the French Chamber of Deputies, our members do not speak from a tribune. A commission, consisting of Prof. A. D. Bache, head of the United States Coast Survey; Prof. Joseph Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and Capt. Meigs—all gentlemen of acknowledged scientific ability—was appointed to test the plan proposed by the latter. After due examination, the plans were approved. Capt. Meigs, in one of his reports, says that he is happy in being supported by the opinion of the "accomplished architect, Mr. Thomas U. Walter," that the proposed alterations will be felicitous, and "that the architectural beauty and the convenience of the buildings will be in-



CORRIDOR THROUGH BASEMENT OF SOUTH WING.

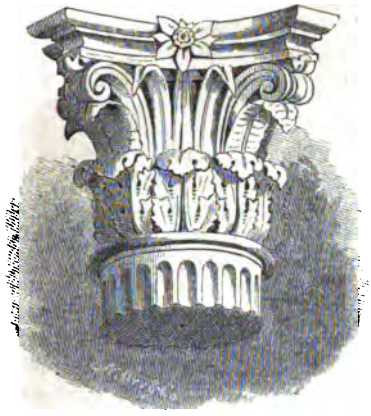
creased by the changes which have been made."

The entrance is made through a door-way in either wing, 14 feet by 7 feet wide, surrounded by two figures in *alto-relievo*, partially reclining, as seen in our engraving, with the globe between them. The one on the right is Liberty, reciting the deeds and wonders accomplished under direction and guidance, throughout the world, to History, the figure beside her, who is ready to make up the tablet, listening the while with intensity to the heroic recital. These figures rest in part on the entablature, which is supported by two elaborately carved trusses.

The doors themselves are to be of bronze, and intrusted for the designs to Mr. Crawford; one he has completed, and though the representation sent by the artist is small, and calculated to show the spirit and nature of the designs rather than to convey an idea of the model or execution, we had two drawings made which will convey an idea of the general effect. The door is divided into ten panels; the two upper ones are merely filled with a star and wreaths; the lower ones contain, one Peace and the other War, which, as far as we can judge, will confer some credit upon the artist, and convey an idea of the subject to the gazer. Washington Laying the Corner-stone of the Capitol, and the Oath of Office fill two other panels. Bunker Hill, with expiring Warren, are here commemorated, and Monmouth too; while in imperishable bronze, as fitting the deeds and the occasion they perpetuate, we witness the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and the great hero's triumphal entry into Trenton after his admirably planned and gallantly executed attack on the British and Hessians.

These designs may, and probably will, be changed or modified before they are executed, but the subjects will be national and historical, and from the ability already evinced by the designs furnished for other parts of the work, we have perfect confidence in their conception and modeling. For the other door we hope some other American artist may have an opportunity of presenting his claims to reputation and renown to the people and the world.

The Hall of Representatives is in the

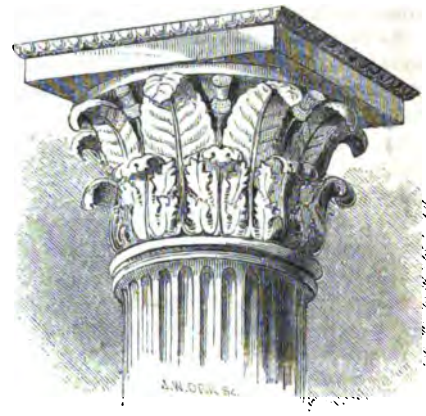


AMERICAN CAPITAL.

first story of the south wing; it is in the center of the building—139 feet long, 93 wide, and about 36 feet high; there is a spacious gallery on three sides, with the capacity to seat 1,200 persons comfortably, and a separate reporters' gallery behind the Speaker's chair. The members' desks, 300 in number, are arranged in a semi-circular form on the floor. The ceiling will be of iron, properly suspended from the trusses of the roof, with the requisite openings for ventilation, and others filled with stained glass, which will give ample light in the day time; at night the Hall will be lighted by large gas-burners situated *above* the ceiling, thus throwing a softened, steady light, without the unpleasant odor and glare of gas, or the heat which would accompany it if the burners were suspended directly in the hall. The subject of acoustics and ventilation, being of the very first importance in halls intended for so large a number of members, and an auditory so numerous as these, have received the most earnest study and consideration from Captain Meigs and Mr. Walter. The relative dependence of acoustics on the density and purity of the air, as well as upon any disturbing causes operating upon the latter, demands that the ventilation, including in this heating and cooling the atmosphere in the hall, should be done, if possible, in such a manner as to aid and assist that object. The lights of experience and science have been minutely examined; and, theoretically, the desired end will be obtained by the means to be used. We briefly, but as fully as we thought it necessary, considered acoustics, and will now allude to the ventilation.

The generally observed practice of introducing columns of heated air near the floor of the room, with apertures for the escape of the vitiated atmosphere in the wall or ceiling, is abandoned; the reason assigned is that by this system the heated air, being rarified and consequently specifically lighter than the bad air, rises at once and makes its escape, or ascends and remains near the ceiling when the openings are in the side—thus failing both to heat the lower strata in the room or to remove the foul atmosphere. A column of air, previously passed through the meshes of hot-water pipes to raise it to the required temperature of 60° or 80°, or in Summer over jets of cool, or iced-water, to cool it, is to be forced, by means of a large fan worked by steam, through a shaft to the space between the roof and the ceiling; the latter is to be perforated with numerous small holes, through which this air will find its way to the room. The apertures for the escape of the vitiated air being at the base, the heated air, entering above, will force out the former and supply its place. But we will use the words of the report to the Secretary of War, as approved by Professors Henry and Bache: "If the exits for the foul air are below, the hot air accumulates at the top of the room, and, gradually displacing the cooler air, forces it out through these passages." This theory does not appear to us to be practical; still, while we will very briefly state our objections, we by no means arrogate the entire correctness of our views against those of the highly scientific gentlemen who recommend another.

The imponderosity of air, as far as it can be

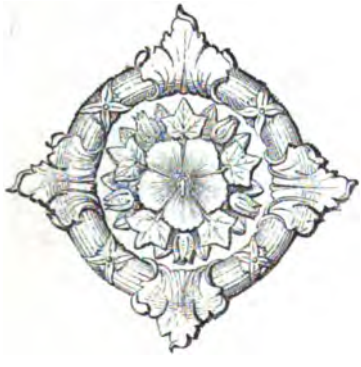


CAPITAL IN CORRIDOR.

affected by gravitation, we have never seen questioned, and as then the attraction of gravitation would not draw off the denser fœted air near the floor, how can the lower strata be affected by the rarified column above it? The report says, the heated air will force out the

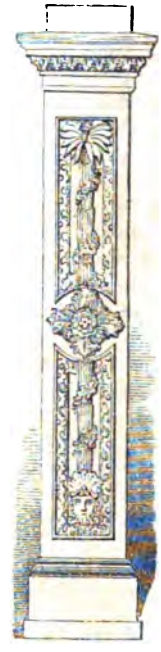
PENDANT IN CEILING IN REPRESENTATIVE CHAMBER.

cooler. Will it not, and does it not, precisely as if a heated and cooled piece of iron are placed in juxta-position, impart its caloric to the cold air till their temperatures become equalized? Practically we know that an aperture, even a key-hole, between a cold room and one containing fire, imparts a stream of cold air, and will do so if we raise the temperature to 100°, for the reason just given. The bad air is not only cold, but it has become bad in a crowded room by parting with its oxygen to the blood, through the lungs, and receiving in its place carbonic acid gas and nitrogen; now will fresh air, unless forced into the room by great power, displace the bad, or can a sufficient quantity be thrown in to equalize the whole without producing a strong current; Captain Meigs, however, says that he can change the entire atmosphere in the room in fifteen minutes without any perceptible agitation. We certainly hope the theory will prove correct; if it does not the heated air can, without any additional expense, be forced in from below. A corridor nearly surrounds the hall, and affords a free communication for the members and employees of the House, with the Retiring and Committee rooms, Post-Office, &c. The public galleries will be reached from a corridor in the second

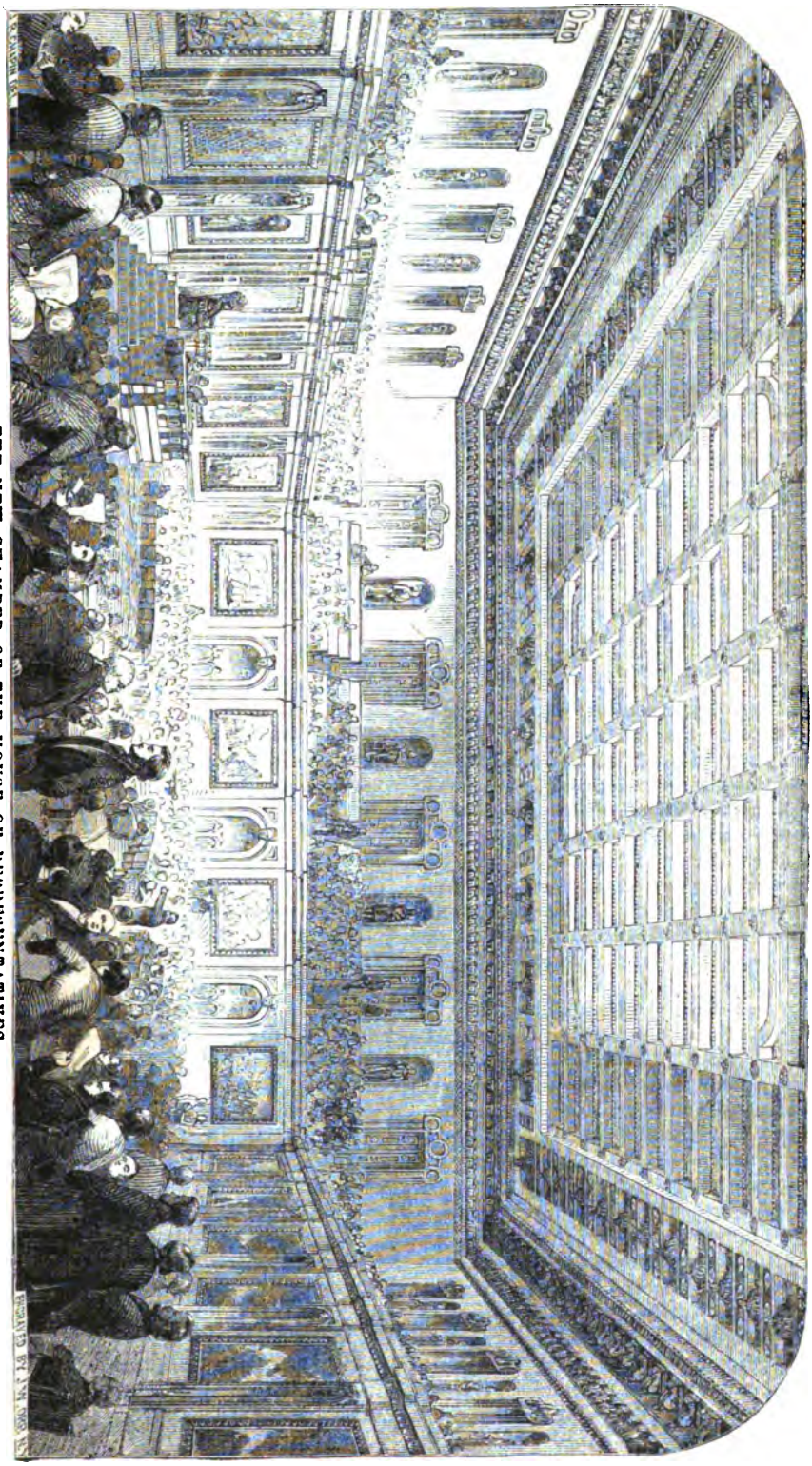


COTTON ORNAMENT IN PILASTER.

story, access to which will be by a marble staircase, spacious in its dimensions and really magnificent in its proposed ornaments. They are to be embellished with some of our beautiful native marbles; the golden-veined Tennessee, the verd antique and the colored marbles of Vermont have already been selected. Panels are preparing on the stairways and corridors for splendid paintings, while various niches will be made for statuary. The Hall of Representatives seems to leave nothing in the way of light, ventilation, convenience to the members and public and elegance to be desired, and when completed will surpass, in all these attributes, any hall for similar purposes in Europe. Next to this, as attracting attention from its peculiar beauty, is the lobby of entrance, which will be ceiled with marble, with coupled Corinthian columns; but the spacious corridor, crossing the wing from north to south, 24½ feet wide, with a double row of fluted Corinthian columns in marble, and a composite Corinthian capital supporting the panelled iron ceiling, will call forth admiration, as will the noble marble stair-case leading to the first story. On the basement floor there are numerous committee rooms, with marble mantles from the most showy specimens and styles of forms novel and tasteful; the floors are covered with colored encaustic tiles of various patterns, and appropriate and brilliant centers. It is proposed to cover the ceilings of these rooms with rich allegorical and historical arabesque paintings in the highest style of that art. One room, for the Committee on Agriculture, is already so decorated, and from the admiration it has excited will induce Congress to make the necessary appropriations for the remainder. These arabesque paintings reflect much credit on the artist—we regret we have mislaid his name. One of the principal views is one in which Cincinnatus, among a group of individuals, is explaining the utility of the plow. Opposite to it, over the windows, is a scene in the life of General Putnam. He had been plowing; a dragoon rides forward and announces an attack by the British troops. Leaving the plow in the furrow, he is preparing to mount one of the horses and to start for the battle-field. His



PILASTER
In rear of Speaker.



THE NEW CHAMBER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

CINCINNATUS CALLED FROM THE PLOW—FRESCO IN AGRICULTURAL ROOM.

little son, a lad apparently about eight years of age, is about to lead the other horse home, and announce his father's departure to aid in the defense of the liberties of his country. The ceiling has many beautiful female figures—the other side-wall portraits in scrolls—the whole emblematical of Agriculture.

[The remainder of this paper, giving illustrations of the new Senate Chamber, the Congressional Library, and a portion of the Works of Art at the Capitol, will be presented in the August number.]

ORNITHOLOGY OF THE UNITED STATES,

AND BRITISH AND RUSSIAN AMERICA.

BY JOHN CASSIN,
Of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN VULTURES.

AMONG the rapacious birds, Vultures may generally be distinguished at once by the nakedness of their heads and necks, which are, too, usually warted and wrinkled, or with fleshy excrescences not unlike those of the Turkey. There are, however, a few exceptions in which the head is covered. The general figure is rather heavy and awkward, though strong and robust, and all the American species are capable of long protracted soaring and easy flight.

Vultures are voracious and cowardly, feeding on dead animal matter, and not objecting to any stage of decay or putrefaction, and rarely attacking a living animal, unless it is in a condition rendering defense or escape impossible, or when it can be easily captured or meanly overpowered by numbers. They are, consistently with this character, equally cruel and indolent, and in fact present a combination of characters so entirely disreputable that they have long since found an inglorious place in the literature of all nations: have pointed morals and adorned proverbs having reference to the most repulsive features in the human character.

Not without some degree of usefulness, the Vultures, though not destroyers of life, are the scavengers of nature among birds, like the hyenas and jackals in quadrupeds, removing any animal organism whenever life has ceased, and without unnecessary delay. In the torrid climes of the earth, where animal life reaches its maximum of production, they render rather important services in this unenviable, though to them quite natural and agreeable, occupation.

Of all birds, the Vultures seem capable of the most lofty flight. Thus the traveler, in the highest range of the Andes may see the Condor, the largest of its tribe, soaring yet far above him until lost from his vision, and the smaller species of North America perform their migrations at such an immense hight as to appear mere specks in the heavens. This character is in most singular contrast with the groveling and degraded habits of these birds; but apparent anomalies exist everywhere in Nature, as though she compensated a general loss by a special gift, or demonstrated a practical dualism and optimism by striking contrasts and very marked illustrations.

There are about twenty species or kinds of Vultures known, the greater part of which are natives of southern latitudes, where some are exceedingly abundant, but others rarely seen or inhabiting the mountainous regions in the interior of countries. The Vultures of America form three groups, represented by the Condor, the Turkey Buzzard, and the Caracara Eagle, all of which have more or less intimately connected relatives in their divisions. The former is as yet only known as a bird of South America, to which we shall again allude in the present paper. Of the others we now propose to present some account as Vultures of North America.

A.—1. GENUS CATHARTES. Illiger, Prodromus, p. 236, (1811.)

Head and upper part of the neck naked, or partially covered with short, downy feathers; the skin generally wrinkled, or with wart-like excrescences or appendages. Bill rather long,

straight, curved at the end; nostrils large, open and unprotected, inserted near the middle of the bill; wings long, third and fourth primaries usually longest; tail composed of twelve feathers, slightly rounded or square at the end; legs and feet rather strong, covered with scales, middle too long, claws strong, obtuse; color of all known species, black.

Of this group of Vultures, which is peculiar to America, there are seven species, four of which are natives of the Northern and two of the Southern portions of this continent, and one of the West Indies. All of them much resemble each other in their manners and dispositions, and the two South American species are nearly related to the Turkey Buzzard and Black Vulture of the North, as we shall point out in our descriptions about to be given. In all its essential characters this genus differs very little from the *Sarcoramphus*, which includes the Condor and King Vulture of South America.

The species of the West Indies, just alluded to, has only recently been brought to the notice of naturalists, and has been named *Cathartes urbicola*.

1. CATHARTES AURA, (Linnæus.)

THE TURKEY BUZZARD—THE TURKEY VULTURE.

This is the only Vulture that ventures into the Middle and Northern States, on the Atlantic side of our Republic, and in the former is universally, in fact almost familiarly, known to all classes and ages of our population. It is more abundant in the Southern and Southwestern States, and on the coast of the Pacific extends its range as far north as Oregon. The name, Turkey Buzzard, is derived in some measure from the black plumage and naked head of this bird, which give it somewhat the appearance of the Turkey, hightened, too, by the usually red color and carunculated or warty appearance of the neck, and frequently of the entire head.

As the traveler from the North proceeds southward, he will first meet with this bird, in the course of his journey, in considerable numbers shortly after passing Wilmington, in the State of Delaware. By any more central route he will see it earlier, and on the Pacific the curious fact is observable in this as in many other birds, that it appears to be entirely at home, and occurring in numbers at a much higher latitude than on the Atlantic. The northern limit of the range of the Turkey Buzzard, in which it is of common occurrence, may be stated to be from Wilmington, Delaware, diagonally across the Continent, to a point in Washington Territory.

It may be said, though, that this Vulture is an inhabitant of the entire temperate regions of North America. It is occasionally met with in Pennsylvania, and more rarely in the Northern States. It is not uncommon in Southern New Jersey, where it has been known to rear its young.

In Pennsylvania the Turkey Buzzard is most generally seen high in the air, soaring toward the south, or in circles of immense extent, apparently on the lookout for meeting the pressing demands of his appetite. Frequently, however, he may be seen perched in a tree, very deliberately pluming his feathers and enjoying himself in his almost peculiar habit of basking in the sun. He is, however, of by no means common occurrence in this State, and in the neighborhood of Philadelphia we have not had the pleasure of seeing him for several years.

From the lower part of the State of Delaware to Florida or New Orleans, this Vulture is abundant everywhere. He is, in fact, generally so common as to be a constant feature in the landscape. Soaring in the air, or sailing around in great

circles or curves, he is immediately recognized by his large size and sable plumage. Perched on a fence or tree, his sluggish attitudes, and, in fact, entire expression, make up not a bad ornithological picture of indolence and thriftlessness. He shows to greatest advantage on the wing.

This Vulture raises its young occasionally in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and abundantly in all the Southern States. For this purpose it seeks the recesses of deep and generally damp woods or swamps, rarely selecting a location on the higher grounds. Its nest, if such it may be called, is usually a mere indentation in a stump or dead log, or on the ground, and contains two eggs. The young are at first covered with a perfectly white down, and are, in our opinion, rather pretty, singular as it may appear to those who are only acquainted with the adult; and are, moreover, not without quite considerable vivacity and quickness of movement. One brood only appears to be raised in a season.

It is a mistake to suppose that this Vulture is *never* met with north of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, as has been stated by Mr. Audubon, (Ornithological Biography, II. p. 296). It not only occurs in the State of New York, but in a Catalogue of the Birds of Connecticut, by the Rev. James H. Linsley, published in Silliman's Journal, vol. XLIV, p. 250, (1843.) this bird is stated to be "not very uncommon" in that State.

In Mr. Linsley's account, above referred to, an instance is mentioned of this bird's having seized a living fowl after the manner of a hawk—an achievement the rarity of which is more to be attributed to its want of courage and the bluntness of its claws than to want of disposition. Both this and the Black Vulture, the subject of the succeeding article, will commence the destruction of an animal the moment life has become extinct, or even before, if it is utterly prostrated or incapable of resistance, and would assuredly not hesitate to extinguish life for their own especial benefit and gratification, if opportunity offered. This, however, occurs exceeding rarely; and these Vultures, like all others of their tribe, must be regarded not as destroyers of life, but only as scavengers or sextons of Nature, ready to remove from the surface of the earth, without unnecessary indignity, all animal organisms whose missions have been accomplished.

We beg the liberty of introducing the observations of the Rev. Mr. Linsley, above alluded to:

"The Turkey Buzzard is not very uncommon here. I have known it in Connecticut from a child, having at that period counted twenty in a flock in Northford, in the month of August, though not knowing its name until I subsequently found them in similar flocks in the Southern and Middle States. Dr. Dekay also reports this species as found in the State of New York. At the South, where they abound, it is seldom that one attacks domestic poultry; but many years since I saw, in Northford, in this State, a splendid male Turkey Buzzard pounce down upon a chicken about three-quarters grown, and within about three rods of where I was standing with two other persons. As he turned his eye upon us, still standing upon the chicken, he appeared so much alarmed as to be unable to rise. We all ran upon him, and when within a few feet of him he rose, just clearing our heads, and, dropping the chicken at our feet, hurried off. He, however, sailed about in the air for several hours, much to the terror of the occupants of the poultry yards."

Mr. Giraud, in his valuable volume on the Birds of Long Island, alludes to this bird as a straggler in the vicinity of the City of New York; and Dr. Dekay in his Natural History of the State of New York, Vol. II, (Birds) p. 2, represents it as occurring in much the same character throughout the State. We suspect, however, that in the western end of the State it is more numerous than is here supposed, because it is known to be not at all uncommon in the State of Ohio.

Prof. Kirtland, a very accurate and reliable naturalist, now residing near Cleveland, gives the Turkey Buzzard in his list of the birds of the State of Ohio, in a Zoölogical Appendix to the Second Annual Report on the Geological Survey of the State, (page 176,) as common during the Summer, but not continuing during the Winter in the northern parts of the State. Its numbers, Prof. Kirtland states, have greatly diminished in that State, within some years past.

In Oregon, the Turkey Buzzard is stated by Dr. Townsend, in his "Narrative of a Journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River," to be frequently met with, which has been fully confirmed by various naturalists who have visited that country since it has been a Territory of the United States.

We have thus been somewhat careful in tracing the northern limit of this Vulture, mainly because its range in the Middle and Northern States has heretofore been misunderstood, but

also on account of its being the only representative in the northern portion of North America of the family of Vultures. In the South, as previously intimated, this bird is abundant, and such is also the case throughout Mexico, and probably the whole of Central America. In South America it gives place to a nearly related species, much resembling it, but now universally admitted by naturalists to be a distinct bird.

The South American Vulture, nearly related to our present bird, and long considered as identical with it, is the true *Vultur Jota*—Molina. This name has been erroneously applied by Audubon to the Carrion Crow or Black Vulture of the Southern States of this Confederacy.

The South American bird is the smaller and can be distinguished readily from that of the North, though resembling it in color and general characters.

The Turkey Buzzard inhabits the islands of Jamaica and Cuba, remaining during the whole year, and rearing its young. In a very interesting volume on the Birds of Jamaica by Mr. P. H. Gosse, an excellent naturalist, who long resided in that island, various facts and instances are stated, tending to disprove Mr. Audubon's conclusion that this Vulture, and birds of this family generally, are guided in search of food by the sense of sight only. On this question a conclusion is difficult, a large amount of evidence, apparently of nearly equal, and certainly great value, having been adduced on each side. It appears probable that the Vultures possess all the senses of seeing, hearing and smelling in great perfection.

The present species is given by Sir John Richardson, as occasionally seen, even so far north as the vicinity of Lake Winipeg, in British America; and, on the authority of Mr. David Douglas, he states that it has been observed in Canada.

DESCRIPTION AND TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS.—Cathartes Aura, (Linnæus).

Vultur Aura. Linn. Lyst. Nat., I, p. 122, (1766).

Cathartes Septentrionalis. De Wied's Travels in N. A., I, p. 162, (1839).

Catesby's Nat. Hist. of Carolina, I, pl. 6. Vieillot's Birds of N. A., I, pl. 2. Wilson's Am. Orn. IX., pl. 75. fig. 1. Audubon's Birds of Am., pl. 151. Octavo edition, I, pl. 2.

Plumage commencing on the neck with a circular ruff of rather long, and somewhat projecting feathers; head, and upper part of neck, naked, or with scattering down-like feathers, especially on the top of the head and occiput, and with the skin wrinkled; nostrils large, oval, communicating with each other; tail rather long, rounded.

Entire plumage brownish black, darkest on the neck, back and tail above, many feathers having a purple luster on the upper and under parts of the body, and with pale brownish borders on the upper parts; bill, yellowish white; wings and tail paler beneath; head and neck in adult bird, bright red; in young, paler and duller.

Total length, about 30 inches; wing, 23; tail, 12 inches.

Habitation—The entire territory of the United States, except the North-eastern. Connecticut (Rev. Mr. Linsley), Ohio (Prof. Kirtland), Wisconsin (Dr. Hoy), Oregon (Dr. Townsend), New Mexico (Dr. Henry), California (Dr. Gambel), Washington Territory (Dr. Suckley), Mexico (Lieut. Couch), Jamaica (Mr. Gosse), Cuba (Mr. Lembeye), Canada (Mr. Douglas), Lake Winipeg (Sir John Richardson).

2. CATHARTES ATRATUS. (Bartram.)

THE CARRION CROW—THE BLACK VULTURE.

This is more strictly a Southern species, venturing occasionally into Virginia, and more

rarely into Western Virginia and Southern Ohio. No instance of its occurrence in Pennsylvania has ever come under our notice, and on the Pacific it has not been observed by any of the late voyagers or naturalists. Very probably, however, it inhabits Southern California, Mexico, Central America, and the Northern States of South America.

While the preceding species is nearly solitary, or to be met with in pairs or small parties only, the Vulture now before us is almost always congregated in flocks, and frequently in large numbers. The breeding season is perhaps the only period of its retirement from the company of its associates. The preceding prefers the fields, and is in all his habits a countryman, coming but seldom, and then shyly, into the cities; the present bird is a countryman also, but by no means exclusively, for he resorts to the cities of the Southern States in immense numbers, and sets himself up in the profession of general adventurer in the streets, especially in the line of eating, and is not at all fastidious nor hard to please. His sphere of usefulness as a scavenger is recognized in the cities, and he is protected by popular opinion in his favor, or something very like common law. Though to be met with everywhere in the rural districts of the Southern States, it is in the cities, such as Charleston, Savannah. Natchez and New Orleans, that this bird presents itself in large numbers, and is apparently constantly associated in flocks. Here the Black Vulture frequents the streets, the wharves and markets in the most familiar manner, and seems, in fact, to be in some measure domesticated. Carefully examining accumulations of refuse thrown into the streets, and swallowing voraciously any animal offal, in whatever stage of decay, or squabbling over more dainty slices about the markets, he gleans an apparently scanty and precarious subsistence. But perhaps his life in the city is more certainly provided for than that of his brother in the country, and to be obtained with less exertion. Our bird is not without analogy in another class of bipeds always to be met with in cities, and significantly designated loafers.

Satisfied with his foraging for the day, the Black Vulture posts himself usually in the equally happy company of his fellows on the tops of the houses, on sheds or out-buildings, or on trees, apparently preferring the less frequented parts of cities. In such localities these birds indolently stretch their wings to the sun, or drooping, with all their feathers partially erected, seem to enjoy a listless drowsiness until aroused by the ever recurring and peremptory demands of appetite.

Mr. Audubon thinks that the city Vulture of the South is rather a peculiar institution. "Many of those birds, accustomed," says he, "by the privileges granted them by law, of remaining about cities and villages in our Southern States, seldom leave them, and might almost be called a second set, differing widely in habits from those that reside constantly at a distance from these places. Accustomed to be fed, they are still more lazy; their appearance exhibits all the nonchalance belonging to the garrisoned half-pay soldier. To move is for them a hardship, and nothing but extreme hunger will make them fly down from the roof of the kitchen into the yard, or follow the vehicles employed in cleaning the streets of disagreeable substances, except where (at Natchez, for instance,) the number of these expecting parasites is so great, that all the refuse of the town within their reach is insufficient. They then are seen following the scavengers' carts, hopping, flying and alighting about them amid grunting hogs and snarling dogs, until the contents, having reached a place of destination outside the suburbs, are deposited and swallowed by them."

"I do not think that the Vultures thus attached to cities are so much inclined to multiply as those more constantly resident in the forests, perceiving the diminution of number during the breeding season, and having remarked that many individuals known to me by particular marks made on them, and a special cast of countenance, were positively residents of town." So, then, the human denizens of the city are not the only community that is disadvantageously affected by town life. The laws of physiology hold good. Great is life in the country, and the freedom of the *wilde*, whether for man or vulture!

The Black Vulture shows, perhaps, a stronger disposition to attack living animals than the Turkey Buzzard, though it must be said that he is exceedingly careful not to incur any danger in such an enterprise. Instances are on record of animals being mutilated, or even killed, by hordes of this Vulture, when rendered incapable of resistance or escape by accident, such as becoming entangled by the horns in a thicket, sunk beyond their depth in a marsh, or when too young for escape. The eyes of the helpless animal appear to be the first point attacked. No instance of this bird's having attempted to destroy life under circumstances

more favorable to his courage has ever come under our notice.

Like the preceding species, this Vulture retires to the forest to rear its young. The female deposits her eggs in a slight excavation, in a dead log or stump, or on the bare ground, providing no nest whatever. The young are at first covered with a pale yellowish down, soon superseded by the deep black plumage of the adult.

In the eastern and southern countries of South America there is a Vulture very similar to the bird now before us, and long regarded as identical. It shows the same partiality for cities; and, in fact, in all its habits and manners, is almost precisely its counterpart. The South American bird to which we allude is, however, smaller and less robustly organized, and is universally admitted by naturalists to be specifically different. It is the *Vultur Brasiliensis*—Ray. From the Pacific side of South America we have seen specimens of this smaller species, obtained at Callao; but we have also seen the true Black Vulture of North America, which was undoubtedly obtained near Santiago, in Chili. Specimens of the latter were brought in the fine collection made in that country by Lieut. J. M. Gilliss, when in command of the United States Naval Astronomical Expedition, the results of which have recently been published. According to Mr. Gilliss, our present bird is not of common occurrence in Chili, and is only found in the mountainous regions of the interior.

BURROUGHS'S VULTURE.

DESCRIPTION AND TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS.—Cathartes atratus. (Bartram).

Vultur atratus. Bartram's Travels in Florida, etc., p. 289, (1791).

Vultor Urubu. Vieil. B. of N.A., I., p. 53 (1807).

"Cathartes Jota. Bonap." Aud. Orn. Biog., II, p. 33.

Vieillot's Birds of N. A., I., pl. 2. Wilson's Am. Orn., IX., pl. 75, fig. 2. Aud. B. of Am., pl. 106. Oct. ed., I., pl. 3.

Plumage commencing higher on the back of the neck than on its sides or in front, and there consist of short feathers. Head and naked portion of the neck warted or corrugated, and with a few short hair-like feathers; bill, rather long; nostrils, large and communicating with each other; tail, even at the end; legs, rather long.

Entire plumage deep uniform black, with a bluish gloss; under surface of quills nearly white.

Total length about 23 inches; wing, 16½; tail, 8½ inches.

Habitation—Southern United States. Texas (Mr. Audubon), Chili (Lieut. Gilliss).

Observations—It is entirely a mistake to apply the name *Cathartes Jota* to this bird, that name having been given by the Abbe Molina to the small Vulture of South America allied to the Turkey Buzzard of North America, as can readily be ascertained by reference to his celebrated work on the Natural History of Chili. The description cannot, in fact, be readily supposed to apply to the present bird.

3.—CATHARTES BURROVIANUS. Cassin.

We have, unfortunately, very little information respecting this Vulture, though strongly characterized as a species, and the smallest of all known birds of this group, of whatever country. Its size is, so far as can be judged from the prepared skins, little larger than the Crow of the United States, though with longer wings and tail.

This bird is an inhabitant of the coasts of Mexico and of Lower California; of the former, both on the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, and very probably extends its range along the Pacific in the territory of the United States. The first specimen described by us was sent in a collection made in the vicinity of Vera Cruz by M. Burrough, M. D., then United States Con-

sul at that city, and a distinguished and useful member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. Subsequently we have seen other specimens from Mexico.

The late Dr. William Gambel, a promising young naturalist, who visited California some years since, represented this Vulture as abundant in the vicinity of Mazatlan, and at various points about the Gulf of California. It appeared to live in the city just mentioned, and evinced a disposition to familiarity of habits much like those of the Black Vulture of the Southern United States, and attended at the slaughter-houses, and other places where food could be obtained, and also resorted to the sea coast in large numbers.

In size this Vulture is much inferior both to the Turkey Buzzard and the Black Vulture, but partakes in some measure of the peculiar markings of both. Though with the head comparatively smooth, like the latter, it is without the well-defined circular ruff on the neck, and the feathers extend upward on the back of the neck like the latter; and like it, too, the color of the plumage is clear black. It is most nearly related, however, to the Turkey Buzzard and its allied species of South America, (*C. jota*,) but is smaller than either.

Though thus strongly characterized, it is probable that this little Vulture has usually been mistaken by travelers for one or the other of the preceding species. It must be regarded at present as one of the now considerable number of North American birds, the history of which remains to be written by the future naturalist.

Description and Technical Observations.—Cathartes Burrovianus, Cassin Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, II, p. 212, (1845.)

Resembling *Cathartes aura*, but smaller. Plumage on the neck ascending behind as in the *C. atratus*; bill rather short; tail rounded at the end; tarsi rather long.

Entire plumage deep uniform black; shafts of the quills white. No brown edgings to the feathers of the back as in *C. aura*.

Total length about 22 inches; wing, 18; tail, 8½ inches.

Habitation.—Mexico, Vera Cruz, (Dr. Burroughs,) Mazatlan and Lower California, (Dr. Gambel.) Specimens in Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

Observations.—European ornithologists have been rather disposed to regard this bird as identical with the South American species, (*C. jota*.) Such is not the case, however, and it is a quite distinct and a strongly characterized species.

4. Cathartes californianus. (Shaw.)

THE CALIFORNIA VULTURE.

Of the birds of the family of Vultures this is the largest yet ascertained to inhabit North America, and is inferior only to the Condor of the Southern division of this Continent. It is apparently restricted to the countries west of the Rocky Mountains, and mainly is an inhabitant of California and Oregon, retiring during the season for raising its young to the immense forests of these countries.

This bird is frequently seen on the rivers during the fishing season, particularly in the period at which the salmon ascend the streams of fresh water. Many are killed in attempting to pass rapids, and afford food for this Vulture, which, like its smaller relatives, possesses by no means a fastidious appetite. It devours all descriptions of animal refuse, following a deer wounded by the hunter until it sinks in death, or is satisfied with the rejected parts of slaughtered cattle, fresh or in any state of putridity. It is, however, represented as being a much more cautious bird than the Turkey Buzzard and Black Vulture, but does not hesitate to approach the neighborhood of the habitations of

man, especially when there is a prospect of a hearty, though perhaps unsavory feast.

As yet, the published contributions by late American naturalists to the history of the California Vulture are meager, though we are aware that important papers will be contained in the reports of the surveys for a railroad to the Pacific Ocean. One account of this bird has, however, come under our notice, and is in the Southern Californian of July 25, 1855, a newspaper published at Los Angeles. Its author is Mr. A. S. Taylor, a promising young naturalist now resident at Monterey, and from it we beg leave to present the following extracts:

"A fine specimen of the California Condor was killed a few days ago by one of our neighbors, which measured eight feet across the wings, and weighed over twenty pounds. During the early part of the present month (July) large numbers of Sea Lions (a species of large seal) have been killed on our Southern coasts for their oil, and the carcases of these animals, on the beaches, may be seen at times surrounded by hundreds of this Condor. A friend of ours informed us that he saw, a few days ago, as many as three hundred within the distance of a mile.

"On dissecting the specimen alluded to, it was found to have an immense development of the internal viscera. The stomach contained fish, meat, and muscles with the shells on—the latter in a half-digested condition. It held, by measurement, half a gallon of water. The inside of the gizzard is lined very roughly, after the fashion of coarse sand-paper. It was filled with the hair of animals which the bird had eaten, and was about the capacity of four fluid ounces. The whole of the viscera had a very disagreeable, musky odor; the muscular parts, though, are of a bright arterial red, and of a very fine grain.

"This bird is found in all the elevated districts from Mexico to the Northern boundary of Oregon, and from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean.

"That distinguished naturalist, Charles Bonaparte, suggested, in one of his works, that the Condor of South America sometimes strayed as far north as New Mexico and California. It is the *Sarcoramphus Gryphus* of late naturalists, and is distinguished by a large flesh-colored caruncle or comb on the top of its head. The female is without this caruncle. We have been informed that this immense bird is sometimes seen around Los Angeles, and in other southern counties of this State. It is about one-third larger than the California species, but as yet no North American specimen has been examined by naturalists, and it becomes a matter of interest to ascertain whether it is not a distinct species from either the South American Condor or the California Condor. If any of our hunting friends can bring us in a specimen we shall feel under many obligations."

So shall we, Mr. Taylor, and very cheerfully second your motion. This is one of several glimpses of the Condor in North America that we have had one time and another, but no specimen has yet turned up. It is a matter of the highest ornithological interest.

According to Mr. David Douglas, a distinguished botanist and traveler under the auspices of the Linnæan Society of London, this gigantic Vulture inhabits the dense forests of Oregon, where it raises its young. It builds, he says, a large nest of twigs and grasses in rocks and precipices of the mountains, and the female lays two eggs about the size of those of a goose.

This, at present, is all that we can say of the largest of the Vultures of North America.

DESCRIPTION AND TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS.—Cathartes Californianus, (Shaw.)

Vultur Californianus. Shaw's Nat. Misc., IX, p. 1, pl. 301 (1797.)

Vultur Columbianus Ord. Guthrie's Geog., II, p. 315 (1815.)

Cathartes Vulturinus. Temm. Pl. Col., I. pl. 31, (1820.)

Aud. B. of Am., pl. 411. Oct. ed., I, pl. 1. Gray's Gen. of Birds, I, pl. 2.

Size large. Plumage commencing on the neck near the body, with a ruff of long lanceolate feathers, which are continued on the breast. Head and neck bare, or with a few short downy feathers on the top of the head and at the base of the upper mandible; bill rather long; nostrils rather small, communicating with each other; wings long; primaries pointed; tail long, slightly rounded; tarsi and feet very strong.

Entire plumage black, many feathers narrowly tipped with brown, secondary quills with a grayish tinge; greater coverts tipped with white, which forms a transverse band on the wing. Bill yellowish white, iris carmine; head and neck in the living bird orange yellow (Dr. Gambel).

Total length about 45 inches; wing, 31; tail, 15 inches.

Habitation—California, Oregon, Mexico. Spec. in Mus. Acad. Philadelphia.

Observations—This large Vulture is apparently much more shy and suspicious in its dis-

position than the other species of this continent. Of both North and South America the Vultures are rather familiar birds, and even the great Condor of the Andes is easily domesticated. The present species seems, in forms and habits, to approach the Eagles in some measure.

2 GENUS POLYBORUS. Vieillot's Analyse, p. 22, (1816.)

Bill long, compressed; cere large; wings long, pointed; tail moderate, or rather long; tarsi long, rather slender, covered in front with large hexagonal and irregular scales, and laterally with smaller; claws long, but slightly curved and rather weak; space in front of and below the eye, naked. Approaching and partaking of the character of the Falcons. Two species only form this genus, both of which are common birds of South and Central America. Of these the following is found within the limits of the United States:

1. POLYBORUS THARUS. (Molina.)

THE CARACARA EAGLE—THE MEXICAN EAGLE—THE CARRANCHA.

The Caracara Eagle was first added to the birds of North America by Mr. Audubon, who ascertained it to be an inhabitant of Florida, and subsequently found it at Galveston Island, in Texas. Since that period it has been repeatedly observed in the last named State, and is apparently not uncommon on both sides of the Rio Grande, and thence somewhat into the interior of Texas, and perhaps New Mexico.

Though usually regarded by naturalists as belonging to the family of Falcons, we feel assured that the proper position of this and several allied birds of South America is with the Vulture. The disposition and all the more striking habits of the present bird are those of the Vultures, which will, we think, fully appear from the accounts given of it by naturalists who have had ample opportunity of observing it in countries where it is abundant. This opinion is strengthened, too, by Molina's statement that the male of this bird is the larger, which is not the case in the Falcons. The female is invariably the larger and of more handsome plumage than the male in all groups of rapacious birds, except that of the Vultures.

Little or nothing has been placed on record by late naturalists relative to this species as a bird of Texas, and Mr. Audubon's account, principally derived from observations in Florida, yet remains as the only published authority. This defect in its history will, however, very probably be remedied by the naturalists attached to the Commission for determining the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, whose extensive collections embrace numerous specimens of this bird.

According to Mr. Audubon, the Caracara Eagle breeds in Florida, building a nest in trees or bushes—forming it of sticks and grass, and laying two eggs. It does not appear, however, to be as numerous in Florida as in Texas, and much less so in either than in the countries of Western South America. The best accounts of this bird are by naturalists who have seen it in those and other regions of that division of this continent, throughout which it appears to be disseminated. Though feeling a repugnance somewhat to making extracts, but in duty bound to give the best account of our business that is in our power, we beg the liberty of introducing the following, by Mr. Charles Darwin, an eminent English naturalist, and which is from his history of this bird in the Zoölogy of the Voyage of H. B. M. ship Beagle:

"This is one of the commonest birds of South America, and has a wide geographical range. It is found in Mexico and the West Indies. It is also, according to Mr. Audubon, an occasional visitant to the Floridas; it takes its name from Brazil, but is no where so common as on the grassy savannahs of La Plata. It generally follows man, but is sometimes found on the most desert plains of Patagonia. In the northern part of that region, numbers constantly at-

tended the line of road between the Rio Negro and the Colorado, to devour the carcases of the animals which chanced to perish from fatigue. Although abundant on the plains of this eastern portion of the Continent, and likewise on the rocky and barren shores of the Pacific, nevertheless it inhabits the borders of the damp and impervious forests of Terra del Fuego, and of the broken coast of West Patagonia, even as far south as Cape Horn.

"The *Carranchas* (as the *Polyborus Brasiliensis* is called in La Plata), together with the *Polyborus Chimango*,* attend in great numbers at the estancias and slaughtering houses in the neighborhood of the Plata. If an animal dies in the plain the *Catharles atratus* or *Gallinazo* commences the feast, and these two carrion-feeding hawks pick the bones clean. Although belonging to closely allied genera, and thus commonly feeding together, they are far from being friends. When the Carrancha is quietly seated on the branch of a tree or on the ground, the Chimango often continues flying backward and forward for a long time, up and down in a semicircle, trying each time at the bottom of the curve to strike its larger relation. The Carrancha takes little notice, except by bobbing its head. Although the Carranchas frequently assemble in numbers they are not gregarious, for in desert places they may be seen solitary, or more commonly in pairs. Besides the carrion of large animals, these birds frequent the borders of streams and the sea-beach, for the sake of picking up whatever the waters may cast on the shore. In Terra del Fuego, and on the west coast of Patagonia, they must live almost exclusively on this last means of supply.

"The Carranchas are said to be very crafty, and to steal great numbers of eggs. They attempt, also, together with the Chimango, to pick the scabs off the sore backs of both horses and mules. They kill wounded animals, but Mr. Bynock (the Surgeon of the Beagle) saw one seize in the air a live partridge, which, however, escaped, and was for some time chased on the ground. I believe this circumstance is very unusual; at all events there is no doubt that the chief part of their sustenance is derived from carrion. A person will discover their necrophagous habits by walking out on one of the desolate plains, and there lying down to sleep; when he awakes, he will see on each surrounding hillock one of these birds patiently watching him with an evil eye. It is a feature in the landscape of these countries, which will be recognized by every one who has wandered over them. If a party goes out hunting with dogs and horses, it will be accompanied during the day by several of these attendants.

"The uncovered craw of the Carrancha, after feeding, protrudes from its breast; at such times it is, and indeed generally, an inactive, tame and cowardly bird. Its flight is generally heavy and slow, like that of the English Carrion Crow, whose place it so well supplies in America. It seldom soars, but I have twice seen one at a great hight, gliding through the air with much ease. It runs, (in contradistinction to hopping,) but not quite so quickly as some of its congerers. At times the Carrancha is noisy, but is not generally so; its cry is loud, very harsh and peculiar, and may be compared to the sound of the Spanish guttural *g*, followed by a rough double *r r*. Perhaps the Spaniards of Buenos Ayres from this cause have called it Carrancha. Molina, who says it is called *Thara* in Chili, states that when uttering this cry it elevates its head higher and higher, till at last, with its beak wide open, the crown almost touches the lower part of the back. This fact, which has been doubted, is true, for I have myself several times seen them with their heads backward, in a completely inverted position.

"The Carrancha builds a large, coarse nest, either in a low cliff, or in a bush or lofty tree. To these observations I may add, on the high authority of Azara, whose statements have lately been so fully confirmed by M. D'Orbigny, that the Carrancha feeds on worms, shells, slugs, grasshoppers and frogs; that it destroys young lambs by tearing the umbilical cord, and that it pursues the Gallinazoes and Gulls which attend the slaughtering houses, till these birds are compelled to vomit up any carrion they may have lately gorged. Lastly, Azara states that several Carranchas, five or six together, will unite in chase of large birds, even such as herons. All these facts show that it is a bird of very versatile habits, and considerable ingenuity."

Numerous specimens of our present bird are in the fine collection of birds made in Chili by the United States Naval Astronomical Expedition, commanded by Lieut. J. M. Gilliss. This collection is now deposited in the National Museum, Washington, and the volumes by that gentleman, recently published, contain not only most valuable contributions to Astronomical and Geographical science, but also to Natural History. He mentions this bird as follows:

"Exceedingly numerous throughout Central and Southern Chili. It is constantly found

* An abundant species of South America, but not yet found in the United States.

along the roads and wherever there is a chance of obtaining a particle of flesh or offal. At the annual slaughtering of cattle they congregate by hundreds, and remain without the *corral* awaiting their share of the rejected parts. It is so tame, from being little molested, that it may be taken with the *lasso*, but when captured will fight desperately. When provoked in captivity it utters a noise not unlike that of the male turkey, though much more shrill, and ends by throwing the head back and closing the eyes in impotent wrath. No amount of kindness or attentive treatment reconciles it to deprivation of liberty."

DESCRIPTION AND TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS.—Polyborus tharus, (Molina.)

Falco tharus. Molina's Nat. Hist. of Chili, (1782.)

Falco Cheriway. Jacquin's Hist. of Birds, p. 17, (1784.)

Falco brasiliensis. Gmelin. Syst. Nat. I, p. 262, (1778.)

Polyborus vulgaris. Vieill. Nouv. Dict., V, p. 257, (1816.)

Vieill. Gal., I, pl. 7. Spix B., of Brazil, I, pl. 1. Aud. B. of Am., pl. 161. Oct. ed., I, pl. 4. Swainson's Zoöl. Ill., I, pl. 2. Gay's Nat. Hist. Chili, Orn., pl. 1.

Head above, back, rump, wings, broad abdominal belt and tibrae, brownish black; neck before and behind, sides of the head behind the eye, breast, upper and under tail coverts, yellowish white; on the neck behind, and breast, finely barred transversely with black; tail for about two-thirds of its length white, with numerous bars of black, and widely tipped with black; bill at base blueish; tip yellowish white; tarsi and toes yellow.

Younger. Head above dark brown; other upper parts pale brown, with paler edgings to many feathers; under parts dark brown, nearly all the feathers having longitudinal central stripes of dull white; throat yellowish white; tail, for the greater part, and its coverts above and below, white, with numerous transverse bands of pale, ashy brown, and tipped with brownish black; legs rather long; occipital feathers long, and somewhat crest-like.

Female—Total length about 26 inches; wing, 17; tail, 10 inches. Male—Larger?

Habitation—Southern North America. Florida, (Audubon,) Brownsville, Texas, (Captain Van Vleit, Mr. Schott,) Matamoras, (Lieut. Couch.) Spec. in Mus. Acad., Philadelphia, and Nat. Mus., Washington.

Observations—The young bird of this species differs in color from the adult quite considerably—being lighter colored, and, instead of the wide black belt on the abdomen, having that part brown, with longitudinal stripes. It can, however, be recognized by our description above.

B.—DOUBTFUL AND OBSCURE SPECIES.

2. Genus Sarcoramphus. Dumeril's Analyse, p. 32, (1806).

Head and neck naked; the former with an elevated fleshy caruncle. In all other characters resembling *Cathartes*.

1. SARCORAMPHUS GRYPHUS. (Linnæus.)

THE CONDOR.

Size, large head; neck, and large space on the neck bare. Plumage black, with a white space on the wing; neck with a collar or ruff of white downy feathers, plumage of the back; the quills and tail frequently with a gray tinge. Head above, with a large caruncle or comb, and others on the side of head and neck.

Total length about four feet; wing about two feet six inches; tail about fifteen inches.

Habitation—Western South America. Spec. in Mus. Acad., Philada., and Nat. Mus., Washington.

Figured, Bonaparte's Am. Orn., IV., pl. 22, Temminck Planche's Color., 133, 508, 464.

The famous Condor of the Andes, though it has been admitted as a North American bird into the works of Bonaparte and Nuttall, cannot, in our opinion, be properly so regarded. The description in the history of the expedition of Lewis and Clarke, which was supposed to relate to this bird, and has been the sole authority for its introduction by the authors just mentioned, very probably applies to the California Vulture, described in a preceding page. No other travelers have seen the Condor either at the localities mentioned by Lewis and Clark, or elsewhere in North America. The obervations by Mr. Taylor, given under the head of the California Vulture preceding, are, however, worthy of being borne in mind with reference to this remarkable bird.

It is the largest of all Vultures, and very wonderful stories were narrated by the earlier voyagers to the Pacific Coast of South America, relative to its size and prowess. It is of common occurrence in the Western countries of South America, inhabiting, for the the greater part, the mountainous regions.

2. SARCORAMPHUS PAPA. (Linnæus).

THE KING OF THE VULTURES.

Much smaller than the preceding. Head and upper part of neck, naked; the former with an elevated and conspicuous caruncle, arising from near the base of the bill; plumage on

the neck, dusky cinereous; wings and tail, glossy black; all other parts fine pale fulvous; in some specimens nearly white.

Total length, about 28 inches; wing, 18; tail, 9 inches.

Habitation—South and Central America, Mexico. Specs. in Mus. Acad., Philada., and Nat. Mus., Washington.

The King of the Vultures is the most handsome bird of its family, and is the only one of the North American Vultures that is not black. Though given by Mr. Nuttall as a bird of the United States (Manual of the Ornithology of the United States and Canada, I., p. 40), no instance is on record, or has otherwise come to our knowledge, of its ever having been observed north of Mexico. It is by no means improbable, however, that this bird may yet be found in Texas or California, or possibly in Florida. It is known to inhabit Southern Mexico.

3. SARCORAMPHUS SACER. (Bartram.)

THE SACRED VULTURE.

Description by Bartram in Travels in Florida, p. 150 (1791): "The bill is long and straight, almost to the point, where it is hooked or bent suddenly down and sharp. The head and neck are bare of feathers nearly down to the stomach, when the feathers begin to cover the skin, and soon become long and of a soft texture—forming a ruff or tippet, in which the bird, by contracting his neck, can hide that as well as his head; the bare skin on the neck appears loose and wrinkled, and is of a bright yellow color, intermixed with coral red; the hinder part of the neck is nearly covered with short, stiff hair, and the skin of this part of the neck is of a dun purple color, gradually becoming red as it approaches the yellow of the sides and forepart. The crown of the head is red; there are lobed lappets of a reddish orange color, which lay on the base of the upper mandible. The plumage of this bird is generally white or cream color, except the quill feathers of the wings and two or three rows of the coverts, which are a beautiful dark brown; the tail, which is rather large and *white*, is tipped with this dark brown or black; the legs and feet are of a clear white; the eye is encircled with a gold colored iris, the pupil black."

The identification of the bird here described may be considered as one of most important services to be performed in North American Ornithology. It has never been seen by any naturalist since the time of Mr. Bartram, an accurate and truthful naturalist, whose evidently reliable description, above quoted, seems to clearly indicate a Vulture entirely unknown.

The white tail in this description is characteristic, and establishes a clear distinction from any other known species. The bird alluded to is undoubtedly related to the King Vulture, but that bird has a black tail; and if this description may be presumed to refer to that bird, it is the only instance recorded of its occurrence in the United States. It has, moreover, never been observed since. There is no more inviting nor more singular problem in North American Ornithology.

We have now given all the Vultures which inhabit, or have been supposed to inhabit, America north of Mexico.

ENGRAVING.

WE know the year, almost the day, the printing-press was set in motion, and we know as well the marvellous improvements which have been made, so that the mammoth steam motive machine of the present time, which prints thousands of sheets in an hour, bears scarcely any resemblance to the little hand-press of John Gutemberg, that could only print a book in a year. But the history of picture-making is not so familiar, and few of those whose eyes are every month delighted by the beautiful illustrations in our magazines, may be aware of the rude beginnings and slow progression of an art which they now see so perfect.

No nation, however barbarous or ancient, has lived without attempts to convey ideas by some kind of symbols. The Romans and Grecians were in the habit of stamping metals and other impressible substances two thousand years before the art of printing books was discovered, and the uncultivated natives of Asia and the wandering tribes of North American Indians, were accustomed to paint figures upon

the barks of trees, upon leaves and stones, to record events of passing interest, and transmit them to future generations. It seems strange to us now that art of any kind should have progressed so slowly, and especially that those who knew how to form letters by writing should not sooner have conceived a way of transferring them from substance to substance in a more expeditious way. But the idea of moveable types seems to have been first suggested by the process of wood engraving, and quite naturally, for when the figure had been cut in the wood, several impressions could be taken, and if figures could be thus used, there could be a still greater multiplication of letters in the same way, and, by moving and replacing, different words could be formed of the same letters.

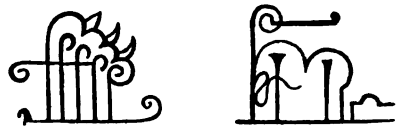
Rings and ornaments at the present day are not more skillfully and delicately wrought than were those of the Egyptians; but there is no evidence that these figures were ever transferred, or that any ancient nation had a knowledge of an art in any respect like common wood engraving. Something more nearly pertaining to it was practised among the Chinese, and Europeans are by some supposed to have first learned it of Chinese travelers. But it is quite as probable that necessity developed the inventive powers of each people. The energies of nations, like individuals, slumber till some decisive event calls them forth, and a want is the origin of every new production.

The Egyptians were in the habit of stamping tombs and monuments with characters which are no longer hieroglyphics, as science has penetrated their mysteries; and even the bricks which built their pyramids bore the records of important events in their history. Here is a stamp of wood which was used for this purpose, and which has in curious letters upon its surface the name of "Amonoph, beloved of Truth," an Egyptian King who is supposed to have been a cotemporary of Moses.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BRICK STAMP.

Among the ruins of ancient Babylon, Capt. Rawlinson is said to have found an extensive library, consisting of treatises upon astronomy, ethnology, mathematics, &c., not printed upon paper, but stamped upon baked bricks.

There have come down to us many specimens of Roman and Grecian coins, and in the old charters and public documents of the tenth and eleventh centuries of many European nations are to be found official names, to which are affixed stamps like the following:



ANCIENT SPANISH MONOGRAMS.

But there is no evidence that wood engraving was applied to the representation of pictorial subjects till the fifteenth century.

In copper-plate engraving the parts which are to be black are cut into the plate and filled with ink. The paper is then pressed into the inked lines; while in wood engraving the part which is to form the picture is left prominent, like the letters of printing type, and covered with ink by means of a *roller*. The paper upon which an impression has been made with a wood block has prominent lines upon the back, and the impression from a copper-plate the same prominence in front.

The earliest pictorial representations by means of wood engraving bear the date of 1423, and the most important one which has been preserved is the figure of St. Christopher, and was found pasted in the inside of the cover of an old manuscript volume of prayers, and on the other side was St. Bridget of Sweden, writing at a desk, with a pilgrim's staff, hat and wallet behind her, indicative of her pilgrimage to the Holy Land, with the inscription above her head—"Oh, Bridget, pray for us."

The figure of St. Christopher used to be painted in halls and churches, where it might easily be seen, as it was considered a talisman and certain preservation from sudden death to all who should look upon his face each day. In the same manner woodcuts of the three Kings of Cologne, who were supposed to be the magi of the East, were sold as security to travelers from all the perils of the way.

There must be something in the heart of man particularly prone to gambling, for the playing of cards seems to have been an amusement without date, and the means of indulging it among the earliest inventions. The first professional wood engravers were card painters, called in German, Briefmalers, and the manufacture of playing cards a regular business in Bologne, in 1423. The devices were the same

as those we see on a *pack* at the present day, and the games were also the same. There is one which will be recognized as the "Jack of Hearts," and though not quite so elaborate as the drawings of modern artists, has the same outlines and occupies the same position as the Jack of Hearts in the nineteenth century.

OLD PLAYING CARD OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

It is said that St. Bernardin once preached so vehemently against the vice of gaming, and against those who furnished the means of this indulgence, that the people immediately collected all the cards in the city and burned them before his eyes. But the poor artist who manufactured them was not so easily convinced. He knew no other sphere for his genius, and had no other means of supporting his family. So he complained bitterly to the priest of the injury done him by such a sermon, and asked what he should do?

The preacher listened kindly, and then said he would suggest something better for him to paint, and immediately drew upon a tablet the sun with its resplendent rays, having in the midst the name of Jesus denoted by the sign I. H. S. The poor man set to work upon the saintly device, and found his new picture more popular than the old, and his customers so many that he soon realized a fortune!

The saint was afterward represented holding this symbol in his right hand, and a scroll in his left, standing upon a pedestal unfolding them to the eyes of the world. The next step in wood-engraving was that of "block-books," which consisted of Pictorial subjects, with explanatory texts.—Pictures of them are to be found in many libraries, but no whole volume seems to have been preserved. One of the best specimens is to be seen in the British Museum, consisting entirely of the Alphabet, initial letters composed of grotesque figures, and wood-engravings of the middle of the fifteenth century.

The cut we transfer (on the next page) is the letter K, which, like many other things, is easily recognized when one knows what it is.

The words of the inscription are *mon....avez*, with a heart between; and the figure kneeling, and pointed to the label, is supposed to be addressing his mistress in these words, at the same time offering her a ring, "*Mon cœur avez*"—Thou hast my heart.

The term *printer* was first applied to wood-engravers, and the first typographical artists were called *Book-drukkers*, that is *book-pressmen*, and the term *imprimiere*, from which printer is derived, was used to express the act of drawing, and also the cutting or engraving of figures in metal. Goldsmiths were also engravers, as they are now, and Gutemberg had employed one to cut his letters in metal two or three years before he succeeded in perfecting a press to use them.

Gutemberg was a nobleman of Mentz, and, like most inventors, earned only fame by his wonderful invention; yet it is gratifying to know that he lived long enough to enjoy a little of this reward of his labors, and to have a glimpse of the glory which would surround him in the eyes of all future generations. Many books have the reputation of coming from his press, but it is not certain that he ever finished one entirely. In the Royal Library of Paris is a Bible, in two large folio volumes, which he began, and which it took eight months to complete; and it is recorded that four thousand florins were spent upon the first four sheets!

It is an "illustrated edition," of which one copy constituted the whole; and in the first volume is a memorandum in the handwriting of Henry Cremer, vicar of St. Stephens, Mentz, "stating that it was *illuminated* and *rubricated* by

LETTER K—ALPHABET OF INITIAL LETTERS, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

them after his death, in 1457. It was a Psalter, in large folio, with the type so large that it might be read at a great distance by the monks and priests when chanting in the choir. The initial letters are printed in red and blue, and in beauty excel anything of the kind since attempted, and all efforts to imitate them have failed to equal the originals. Except illustrations of this kind, no wood engravings appear in any of the books printed by this firm.

The earliest typographical work containing wood cuts to illustrate the text was printed by Albert Pfister, in 1461, and was a book of German fables. The next year he printed several, one of which was "The Poor Preacher's Bible." A specimen of the engravings in all may be seen in the one we copy, the subject of which

him on St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24th, 1456." The illuminating referred to the large capital letters and decorated margins with which it was the custom to ornament books for a long time, and from which modern publishers obtain the devices for the illustrated editions of gift-books and annuals. Nothing can be more beautiful than the initial letters and flowered borders of some of these old volumes, in which the spaces were often left blank, and the figures drawn in colors by the illuminator after the book was printed. In many of them, too, the small capitals and important words are lined with red ink, to which the term *rubricating* applied.

Faust and Scheffer were the partners of Gutemberg, and the first book bearing a date was printed by

FROM PFISTER'S BIBLIA PAUPERUM, 1462.

is Joseph making himself known to his brethren.

One of the most distinguished artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was Albert Durer, who was born at Nuremberg, on the 12th of May, 1471. His father was a goldsmith, and his genius was first developed in executing the ornamental devices of plate and the *posies* of lovers' gifts. At the age of sixteen his father yielded to his desire to become a painter, and placed him with Michael Wolgemuth, with whom he remained three years, and then

ALBERT DURER.

traveled, after the manner of German artists, "to enlarge his experience." The first subject of importance which occupied his pencil was the Apocalypse, another the History of the Virgin, and a series of cuts illustrative of Christ's passion.

Another great work was a triumphal car designed for the Emperor Maximilian, consisting of ninety-two separate pieces, and forming, when united, one large picture, ten feet high and almost as wide. The whole number of engravings bearing his name is two hundred, one of the later of which is his own portrait. He was also an author and sculptor.

He is said to have been most unhappily married, and a little book has been written, called the "Artist's Married Life," purporting to be his autobiography, but really a work of fiction written by another, which represents his trials while struggling with the real and ideal before fame had blessed him with appreciation from abroad or sympathy at home. In one sense it is fiction; in another painfully true. His admiration of the beautiful led him to marry a beauty; but she was so utterly unable to understand his art—the wonderful creations of his genius—that she was a perpetual source of discomfort. His charcoal figures, and silent admiration of trees, and flowers and clouds, moved her to vexation, and she would exclaim, "My God! why not rather work! Thou knowest well we need it!"

"I do work," said Albert. "My picture is ready."

"God grant it," sighed she, as if he were lazy or incapable.

Still he struggled, for he felt within him the power; but he was not always patient with his little matter-of-fact wife when she disturbed his dreams, when she scolded him for stupidity. His labors did not bring her money for her housekeeping, and they were in debt. He had traveled in Italy, and incurred expenses which he had no means of meeting; and long afterward came the dunning letter that filled his wife with humiliation. Like the earth in which are hid the germs of all that is beautiful in nature—the roses, the violets, every shrub and lofty tree—is the artist's mind, teeming with images which are visible to him only, and the value of which he alone can understand; and, though "labor was life and delight to Master Durer," money was not its fruit, but "things of beauty," and a name which will never die. Could the little wife have lived to hear the millions who "rise up to call him blessed," she would have been content to share with him bread and "water from the spring," and smiled all day if this would cheer and encourage him in his work. But, with her strong sense of honor, it seemed to her they were disgraced and must blush before the world; but the world

has written nothing worse than this beneath the name of Albert Durer: "A great artist and a good man." He died in 1528, at the age of fifty-seven.

Until this time books were ponderous folios and quartos for only kings and priests, and lords and ladies, and even few of these knew how to read them. The paper was coarse and heavy, and the bindings without finish or beauty. But the type, after the press was fairly established, was almost as good as at the present time. There were not so many varieties, but the letters of the first Bible, if upon modern paper with modern ink, would not blush beside those which a modern press turns out by its hundreds and thousands — making more books in an hour than Gutemberg could make letters in a year.

Before the year 1530 wood engraving was practised very little in Italy; but after this period there was a great improvement, and during the last part of the sixteenth century Venice rivalled all other cities in the number of its books and the beauty of their illustrations.

Another great artist of the sixteenth century was Holbein, who was born at Augsburg, in 1798. He and his works are so well known that it is not necessary to dwell upon them. Everything that came from his pencil was characterized by originality. His portraits, beyond those of any other artist of his time, are distinguished by life-like character and natural expression — two qualities which, in an individual likeness, are of much more positive value than a "graceful turn of the head," and an elevating "touch of the ideal." "Holbein appears to have painted men and women as they were, not as he might fancy they ought to be; and hence nothing that suggests the idea of an affected or theatrical character is to be perceived in his portraits. In his time there were no female opera dancers, from whose fascinating, though *falsetto* expression, he might

ERASMUS, BY HOLBEIN.

snatch a grace to be transferred to the heads of the female nobility." He visited England in 526, being invited by Sir Thomas More, to whom he had presented a portrait of Erasmus.

After being two years in the family of Sir Thomas, he was appointed painter to the King, Henry VIII., with a salary of £30 per annum, which would be equal to £150 at the present day.

The cuts which illustrate a little book called the "Dance of Death" have insured his immortality, as well as that of many other artists, it being a favorite subject in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But Holbein's surpass all others, and are said to be "masterpieces of wood engraving," which no copies have equaled, and no engravings of any kind have excelled. He died of the plague in 1557, in the second year of the reign of Queen Mary, whose portrait he painted the year before.

The best wood cuts to be found in English books, printed between 1550 and 1600, are the ornamental borders of title pages and large initial letters, but none of them remarkable for excellence in design or execution. One of the most "profusely illustrated" books of this period is "Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book," printed in London in 1569. The earliest English book containing wood cuts is the second edition of Caxton's Game of Chess, supposed to be printed in 1476. The first maps engraved on wood appeared in a folio edition of Ptolemy, printed at Ulm in 1482.

The second book printed in Italy with wood cuts is the "Editio Princeps" of the treatise of R. Valturius de Re Militari, which was printed at Verona in 1463. Several of the cuts occupy a folio page, and represent works of mechanical skill, some of which are supposed to have been inventions of a much later date. There is a boat with paddle-wheels, a gun with a stock, fired from the shoulder, and a bombshell. Books have always stated that hand-guns were not used till the beginning of the sixteenth century, and bombshells first introduced by Charles VIII. of France when besieging Naples, in 1495. We cannot say the artists invented the figures, and must conclude the articles were known before the period usually assigned, as it is also probable that the drawings were made several years before the book was published. Pictures were the only records of earlier centuries, and may be considered authentic in matters like this.

From the thirteenth century it was the custom to hang up the shields of noble and honorable persons deceased, in churches, and subsequently the practice was introduced of painting them upon the walls, or placing them in the windows in stained glass. At the Council of Constance every person of consideration had his arms painted on the wall in front of his chamber, and from these was made the first printed collection of arms, by Reichenthal, in 1483. As eminent persons from all the Catholic States of Europe attended this Council, this is one of the most curious and valuable of illustrated books, representing the coat armor of different nations and of individual rank. The practice of introducing wood cuts soon became universal throughout all Germany.

In 1590, there was published in Venice a book on costumes, ancient and modern, of various parts of the world, with upward of three hundred cuts, drawn by Cesare Vecellio, a relative of Titian. At this period, and many years previously, the wood engravers of France and Italy appear to have been principally engaged in executing ornamented vignettes and borders, and in engraving illustrative cuts for books of emblems and devices. The word vignette is French, and synonymous with *viticola*, which means a little vine, or vine shoot, and was first applied to the capital letters in old manuscripts, in consequence of their being frequently ornamented with flourishes in the manner of vine branches or shoots. Afterward it was used to signify any large ornament at the top of a page; in the seventeenth century all kinds of printers' ornaments, such as flowers, head and tail pieces, were termed vignettes. Now it is used to express all kinds of wood cuts or copper-plate engravings which have no definite borders. Poets have applied it to ornaments upon shields and scabbards, and the sculptured foliage and tracery at the sides of a window.

> "The rich coining, the lusty battlements,
> Vignettes running in casements."

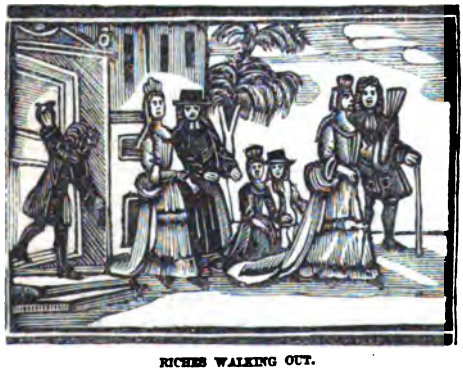
In the seventeenth century wood engraving seriously declined, and scarcely an artist of reputation as a designer appears, while engraving on copper received more attention and attained a far higher excellence. Wealthy book buyers, from 1616 to 1650, patronized neat little books from small 8vo size to 16mos, ornamented with frontispieces or title pages delicately engraved on copper, while story books for the poorer classes were illustrated with bad wood cuts.

The best wood cuts designed and executed about the middle of the seventeenth century are to be found in a little book of devotion,

the subject of which is "Christ's passion," first printed in Antwerp, in Latin, French, Spanish and Flemish, about 1646. It was a "cheap edition," and meant as a help to the devotion of the poorer classes; and an immense number of copies were circulated, probably in a manner similar to the works issued by modern Tract Societies—30,000 of the Latin and Flemish editions having been sold before those in French and Spanish appeared.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century there were neither painters, sculptors nor engravers worthy of the name. This was the period of the reign of Louis XIV., and he had something more important to occupy him than the encouragement of the Arts. His was the reign of fashion, and everything partook of the tone of the times.

The two cuts which follow are good specimens of the art of wood engraving from the reign of Charles II, to that of George I. They are copied from a little book with this title: "The Pious Youth's Recreation; containing a pleasant historical relation of the families of Riches and Poverty, Godliness and Labor. Illustrated with a variety of pictures suited to their several occasions. London: Printed and sold by B. Harris, at the Golden Bore's Head in Grace Church street. 1711. Price, 6d. *stitcht*, and 8d. bound." It seems to have been written to show the contempt into which the clergy had fallen, and the contempt in which they must remain while they received the treatment so common in the families of the gentry where they officiated as chaplains.



RICHES WALKING OUT.

The first cut represents Riches, with his wife and children, walking out, accompanied by his chaplain and the lady's maid.

"Now Riches, having a large house,
And many miles of land,
Maintained a numerous family,
To be at his command."

DAUGHTER OF RICHES AND HER HUSBAND QUARRELING.

The next cut represents the imprudent marriage of Miss Delicacy, the daughter of Riches, and in temper like her mother, Jezabel.

"And when her mother would prefer
A match to raise her fame,
She took her father's serving man,
One Prodigal by name.
Like dogs and cats they lived sometime
In restless anxiety;
And had one only daughter born,
Whose name was Infamy."

John Michael Papillon was the best French engraver of his time, and the first person who wrote a work expressly treating of its history and practice. When only eight years old he made his first essay in wood engraving, and when nine his father, having discovered him amusing himself with drawing, gave him a large block to engrave, which he executed to his satisfaction, though he had previously received no instruction. The block was for the printing of paper hangings, the manufacture of which was his father's principal business. He was more fortunate in his marriage than Durer, having a wife who encouraged him in his labor and stimulated his ambition. Through anxiety and toil he became distracted, and was sometimes so absent minded that his wife became alarmed, "fearing he no longer loved her." But when assured that his strange conduct was the result of his anxiety to perfect himself in his art, her sympathies and energies were immediately at his service. She was the daughter of a sculptor, and had herself made pretty drawings for fans. Her husband's success must have satisfied their united ambition; for his fame, while living, went abroad not only through his own but other lands, and he was never without employment. In one collection of his works, presented by him to the Royal Library, there are 5,000 pieces of his own engraving. His History of Wood Engraving was

published in 1766, but he appears to have commenced it thirty years before. It is now considered more a work of curiosity than as an authentic history, yet it evinces a perfect knowledge of his art. He was born in 1698, just two hundred years later than Holbein, "and is said to have had a better knowledge of the effect to be obtained in wood cuts by skillful contrasts of light and shade than any other wood engraver of the period in which he lived." His distraction did at one time become insanity, and three distinguished engravers from the same town were afflicted with the same malady, which led to a treatise "Whether the practice of engraving wood and copper had a tendency to insanity?" Three distinguished engravers from the same town have, in recent times, become insane, and also others in various parts of the country, which is probably owing to the close attention required and the anxiety almost surely attendant upon genius to excel.

COTTAGE OF BEWICK.

Papillon died in 1776, and France produced no more like him for many years; and wood engraving made little progress in that country until recently revived by rivalry with England, and was scarcely in a better condition in Italy.

But in the eighteenth century art awoke, and has been steadily progressing till it seems to us it has attained almost to perfection. With the revival of wood engraving is associated the name of Thomas Bewick, who was born on the 10th of August, 1753, at Cherryburn, in the County of Northumberland. His father was a collier, and his first labor was in the coal-pit. But upon the first indications of his genius for drawing he was furnished all the means and opportunities of cultivating it which were within their reach. He was placed an apprentice to a copper-plate engraver, with whom he remained seven years; but during the time diverged materially from his master's routine, often trying experiments upon wood, and being employed to make the diagrams to illustrate Dr. Hutton's celebrated mathematical work in the first years of his apprenticeship. The graver with a fine groove at the point was invented by him for this purpose, and without any master, he soon became distinguished, leaving a name imperishable as the restorer of an art which, if not dead, had lost the rank it once held as the sister of painting and sculpture.

Bewick was the student of Nature, and it was in the representation of rural scenes that he excelled. After having been in London he wrote to an old schoolfellow, who kept an apothecary-shop near Blackfriars, "I wonder how you can think of turmoiling yourself to the end of the chapter, and let the opportunity slip of contemplating at your ease the beauties of Nature, so beautifully spread out to enlighten, to captivate and cheer the heart of man. For my part, I am still of the mind I was when in London, and that is, I would rather be herding sheep on Mickley-bank-top than remain in London, although for so doing I were to be made Premier of England." His "History of Quadrupeds," and of "British Birds," indicate his powers of nice observation and his genius as an artist.

He was a man of industrious and frugal habits, enjoying good health and acquiring a competence of which death alone deprived him. He lived to the age of seventy-five, and was buried in the church-yard at Owingham, his native parish.

The following cut is one for which he received a premium, soon after he had finished his apprenticeship, from the "Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures."

His pictures representing rural scenes are a

THE HUNTSMAN AND THE OLD HOUND.

never-ending source of delight, and are familiar to every child in Christendom, though few may be familiar with the name of the artist. Wordsworth thus alludes to him in one of his poems :

"Oh, now, that the genius of Bewick were mine,
And the skill which he learned on the banks of the Tyne
Then the muses might deal with me just as they chose,
For I 'd take my last leave both of verse and of prose."

A notice of him in "Blackwood's Magazine" speaks of him as "The inimitable Bewick. His books lie on our parlor, bed-room, drawing-room, and study tables; and are never out of place or time. Happy old man—the delight of childhood, manhood, and decaying age! A moral in every tail-piece—a sermon in every vignette."

Among his pupils who became distinguished, and contributed greatly to the promotion and extension of art, were John Bewick, his brother, Charlton Nesbit, Luke Clennel, and William Harvey.

Luke Clennel was not only a wood engraver, but painter and designer of distinguished reputation, and was also a native of Northumberland. The illustrations of the edition of Rogers's Poems, published in 1812, were made by him, and one of the largest cuts he ever engraved was for the Diploma of the Highland Society, from a design by Benjamin West. The block on which the drawing was made consisted of several pieces of box veneered upon beach. One afternoon when Clennel had been employed upon it about two months, the block suddenly split, while he was at tea. On hearing it snap he immediately suspected what had happened, and on finding the block split, beyond the possibility of repairing it, he in a passion threw the tea things into the fire. He, however, soon got a new block and finished the picture without further mishap, and for it received a hundred pounds. Being an excellent water color painter, he concluded to leave wood engraving, and devote himself to drawing and painting. In 1814 he received a commission from the Earl of Bridgewater to paint a large picture of the entertainment given to the Allied Sovereigns, in Guildhall, by the City of London. But before he had half finished the picture he became insane. For several years he was the inmate of a lunatic asylum, and though he often amused himself with his pencil, and made what he thought good pictures, they were merely childish efforts. Reason never again returned, and he died in 1840. William Harvey was also a native of Northumberland, and after serving his apprenticeship with Bewick became a pupil of Haydon. He is distinguished for the great number of his pictures as well as their excellence.

Among the books he illustrated are "Northcote's Fables," "Gardens and Menageries of the Zoölogical Society," and "Lane's Arabian Nights." The "coal county" seems to have been singularly productive of artists. The pupils and pupil's pupils of Bewick are more than we can number who acknowledge for their birthplace the region of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

After the death of Papillon, in 1776, there were no wood engravers in France till within the last twenty-five years. The illustrations in Fontaine's Fables indicate the progress made and the perfection attained since the subject has revived. And in Germany, after a serious depression of about the same period, wood engraving has again attained its former rank.

For many subjects it has advantages that no other possesses, and is considered to require a higher order of talent than painting, because the lines are all so distinct. In painting the colors can often be made to conceal serious defects in the original drawing, and there are many artists distinguished as sculptors and painters who cannot make a good design on wood. There are few admirers of simple pictures who would not be astonished at the labor of producing them, as portrayed by Papillon, Jackson, Chatto, and others who have devoted ponderous volumes to the details of their favorite art. We are only endeavoring to awaken interest and convey some conception of its importance to those who have gazed upon what gives them so much pleasure, with

scarcely a thought of the genius and toil engaged in producing them.

The beauty of a wood engraving does not depend so much upon the number of fine lines and nice shades as upon the skill exercised in making every line express character, and it is also necessary that the designer should understand something of the engraver's art; else he will incumber his picture with lines which add little to its value, and yet greatly increase its expense. It is also necessary that the engraver should be an artist, that he may skilfully expunge what is unnecessary for effect, rendering it cheaper, and consequently of more intrinsic worth. It is because wood engravings can be produced in less time and with less expense that they will be mostly used for popular illustrations, and the nearer they attain to perfection the more they tend to refine the taste and elevate the character of the multitudes.

The two following cuts exhibit the difference between a drawing by a mere copyist and by one who is also an artist. One would scarcely imagine them to be sketches of the same person, the first is so meagre and expressionless—a figure on which we should not bestow a second glance, while the other is full of life and character.

NO. 1.

NO. 2.

For all fine engravings *box* is the wood used by good engravers, and the smallest logs are preferred, as being the most solid, and free from knots and specks. American and Turkey box is the largest, but inferior in quality, besides being frequently of a red color, which is certain indication of its softness, thus rendering it unfit for delicate engraving. But as only small blocks can be obtained from trees which afford the best material, they have often to be pieced, and a large picture is drawn upon a surface formed by uniting separate blocks by means of screws or iron pins, and in ordinary prints the screw is often visible from carelessness in uniting the several parts. From its poisonous nature, box is not subject to attacks of worms, like the apple and pear, which were used in the time of Albert Durer, but engravers have sometimes been made sick by chewing the chips while at their work! It sometimes crumbles when too dry, and pieces fly out at the sides of the line traced by the graver. The small white spots sometimes seen in the delicate lines of the sky in wood cuts are occa-

THE WOOD-ENGRAVER AT HIS WORK.

sioned by particles flying out in this manner. If a block consist partly of yellow and partly of red wood, there will invariably be seen defects in the engraving.

There are only four kinds of *cutting-tools* necessary in wood engraving — gravers, tint-tools, gouges or scoopers, and flat tools or chisels, and of each of these four kinds there are various sizes. Besides there are eye-glasses and sand-bag, but it is a proverb among engravers that "the best use the fewest tools," a proverb which, like all others, may have exceptions.

GRAVERS AND EYE-GLASS.

That he may have too many is quite true, and no wood engraver who understands his art will incumber his table with a number of useless tools.

The details of the various processes are too elaborate for our limits, but of exceeding interest to those who love to trace causes and effects, and watch the wonderful results of genius and toil; and a perusal would enhance the beauty and especially the value of the simplest drawing in the Child's Primer.

Among artists, Cruikshank, Gilbert, Foster, Thomas, and Meadows, are English names which belong to the nineteenth century, and are well known to all who take an interest in the progress and elevation of art. "Punch" and the "Illustrated News," of London, are familiar to American readers as the mediums through which wit in poetry and wit in painting delight the million, and nothing can surpass what they furnish. In designs, the French at present excel the artists of every other country, both in wood and copper-plate engravings, as they pay more attention to the details of figure and costume, which require correctness, and produce a striking impression.

In our own country, Darley is at the head of designers, and there are few names more familiar in city and hamlet throughout the land. Little children know very well to whom they are indebted for the happiness their gift-books afford them, while those who appreciate the highest art watch with eagerness for every new production of his magic pencil. Among engravers we leave to future historians of art a long list of names which will have honorable place in the Temple of Fame beside those on whom we have bestowed more attention merely because they have passed away.

We do not think it possible that wood-engraving can ever again decline, for it has become too thoroughly appreciated; it furnishes pictures to the multitude at a rate which enables them to buy, and the multitudes are becoming more and more the authority in art as well as in politics.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and there is an enduring pleasure about a picture which even a book has not. When we have once read a story, we lay it aside forever, but the picture is a perpetual feast. How grateful to the eye to open in the morning upon a pleasant landscape, the simple group of the Village festival, the Harvesters, or the face of a beloved friend? To the invalid books are often a forbidden pleasure, while pictures may prove the most effectual medicine. They divert and occupy the mind without any danger of wearying, and, though the objects of study for month, and years, are continually developing new beauties. With this art, as with music, some knowledge of its principles, and an acquaintance, however slight, with the details of the artist's labor, increases the power of appreciation, and softens criticism.

But books and pictures, with very little increase of expense, may be multiplied together, and hand in hand accomplish a twofold mission. We rejoice that art, in every department, has so thoroughly revived that there is little fear of its being again allowed to languish, and that "things of beauty," which are a "joy forever," have become a universal necessity.

DISSEMINATION OF THE SEEDS OF PLANTS.

It would seem to us, that unless Nature had provided some adequate means for the diffusion of plants over the earth's surface, that the interesting operations continually going on in their floral developments, for the perfection of the seed, would appear almost altogether unnecessary. But that such means have an existance in the numerous tribes of the vegetable creation, we have every reason to believe, and sufficient evidence has been furnished, in our opinion, by their continuous and unerring reproduction.

As voluntary migrations must be denied to plants, and the agencies of man are but limited, other causes for an extensive dissemination of their seeds must be sought for. In our researches for these, one of the most prominent which presents itself to our notice is their wonderful fecundity—32,000 seeds have been counted in a single head of a poppy, and 360,000 on that of a tobacco plant. An elm has been mentioned which produced 529,000 seed; yet none of these are considered by the physiological botanist as possessing any great degree of fecundity, when compared with that of many other plants, for the seeds of a single fern will alone confound calculation.

The great longevity of many seeds also exercises a considerable influence in their dissemination, and although a great many soon perish, so that they require to be sown immediately when ripe, the greater proportion will remain uninjured, and retain their vitality for years, and even for ages; and this would seem chiefly to depend on the degree of protection the integuments of the seeds themselves would afford, for as gardeners well know that it is impossible to preserve very delicate seeds with thin skins more than a few weeks, or months, so on the other hand, hard, horny seeds will germinate after a lapse of very long periods of time. Wherever lands have been cleared, or ancient morasses drained, and at from whatever situation or depth their contents have been thrown up, and for a short time exposed to the action of light and air, it will not unfrequently happen that plants spring up and thrive luxuriantly from the mould, that never were seen in that vicinity before, whose seeds must have lain dorment in the earth from time untold. Barley has been planted with success, which had been gathered as far back as one hundred and fifty years. Wheat has been discovered in subterranean situations, which had been lost and forgotten, time out of mind, in as perfect a state of preservation as when freshly reaped. Melon seeds throve at the age of forty-one years; Indian corn after thirty, rye beyond forty, and sensitive plants after a duration of sixty years; while kidney beans procured from the herbarium of Tournefort, the botanist, were made to grow at a period of one hundred years after they were originally procured.

Seeds which retain their vitality for such great lengths of time, and which are so abundantly produced, soon become profusely scattered abroad in a variety of ways, and by such means prevent the too great limitation of species, and clothe with verdure many portions of the earth's surface which would otherwise have long remained barren and desolate to the sight.

Among these agencies, the atmospheric influences become a highly important one, and several circumstances in the physical structure of the plants themselves will materially aid them in the operation. To facilitate these, they have been elevated upon stems, with their seed-vessels placed at the extremity of the branches, opening, in most cases, directly at their apices, while the seeds themselves are frequently reduced to such small dimensions as often to become perfectly impalpable, like those of the fungi. These fine particles are borne to vast distances by the wind, and wherever they alight, they easily enter the smallest crevices and apertures, prepared by nature for their reception, and when they begin to vegitate, are soon seen to produce a mouldy appearance all over the surrounding surface of the ground. Other and much larger seeds have been singularly furnished with wings to waft them along in like manner through the air to far distant regions. In those of the elm, these appendages are circular and membranous, and the maples have them very large and in pairs, and placed on the opposite sides of the seed; while in the ash they are oblong and terminal. These wings in the conifera are of a remarkable fineness, and in the Singenesian plants they beautifully crown the seeds with a feathery diadem, giving to them much the appearance of diminutive shuttle-cocks; the single fibers which compose these wings, while drying, distend themselves in such a manner as to act as levers to elevate the seed from the involucre by which they are inclosed, and when these have become free, this envelope then performs the service of a parachute to keep them suspended in the air until the wind wafts them to situations far remote from the places of their birth.

A very familiar and beautiful illustration of

the manner in which some seeds are transported through the air is furnished by the common dandelion and thistles, which may, nearly at all times, be seen during the latter part of Summer and Autumn, with wings of down, gracefully sailing along the public highways and over the fields, to plant themselves in regions far distant from their parent stems.

Besides these means, whirlwinds and storms have not unfrequently been known to scatter the seeds of plants for vast distances from the locations where they originally had their growth; and the seed of the *Erigeron canadensis*, which is strictly an American production, was supposed by Linnæus to have been transported by this means to the continent of Europe, where it soon after became perfectly domesticated, and extensively spread all over the surface of the land. Those hurricanes, also, so peculiar to the tropical climes, and which are known to proceed at the rate of ninety miles an hour, tearing up trees and scattering buildings in every direction, however brief may be their continuance, are easily capable of transporting even the heavier fruits and seeds over the surface of extensive bays, and even wide-spreading seas, there safely to deposit them on distant shores, where a genial temperature may speedily enable them to germinate; and this is doubtless one of the means employed by Nature of introducing into islands the vegetation of an adjoining continent

When we take into consideration the numerous species of fungi to be met with in almost every portion of the earth, and the infinite minuteness of their seeds, we find it exceedingly difficult to conceive a place upon its surface where these plants may be excluded when once subjected to the ever varying influences of the winds. So extremely minute are the dimensions of most of these sporules, and so subtle as to be scarcely visible to the eye, often resembling thin smoke, that *Fries*—whose authority is entitled to the highest esteem—has counted more than ten millions in a single individual belonging to the *Reticula maxima*; and as an instance of the extensive dispersion of some of these cryptogamous plants, we may state that about two hundred species of lichen obtained in the Southern hemisphere, after a critical examination, were found, with scarcely an exception, to be likewise inhabitants of the regions north of the equator, and to belong principally to the continent of Europe.

Another means by which the seeds of plants are disseminated is through the influence of the waters. By these they are frequently conveyed to a distance from the regions of their nativity, and sometimes planted in a foreign soil. The mountain streams or torrents bear down to the vallies and plains the various seeds which may accidentally have been thrown upon their surfaces, or which they may happen to have swept from the banks, when suddenly they overflow them in their progress to the countries beneath; and the broad and majestic rivers, winding gracefully along through extensive plains, and traversing the vast continents of the world, may thus convey to the distance of many hundreds of miles the seeds that once had an origin at their source. These have either been distributed at their mouths or quietly deposited in the waters of a neighboring sea. And it is when strong gales of wind, after blowing violently from the land for a time, die away, that many of the seeds of plants that grow on the ocean's brink are thrown upon its waves, where the tides and currents soon become active instruments in assisting the dissemination of almost all classes of the vegetable kingdom. The Pandanus and numerous other plants have doubtless, in this way, been profusely distributed over many of the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

It would appear from the observations of Linnæus that Alpine plants were found growing on the shores of Lapland, which had been borne by the rivers to the distance of thirty-six miles from the places of their natural habitation; and that the seeds of Germany have not unfrequently been found along the Coast of Sweden—these last having been carried by the rivers into the Baltic Sea, and when thrown upon the shore were left by the receding tides. Several species of leguminous and other plants peculiar to America and the West India Islands are also mentioned as having been conveyed by rivers into the sea, and then drifted by the Gulf Stream to other and far distant shores, and among these the *Guilandina Bonduc* is particularly noticed as having been raised from a seed found on the Irish Coast—thus proving that the western shores of Europe are sometimes visited by seeds that have been germinated in the interior of the American Continent, and from some of its tropical isles.

Beside these, instances are by no means uncommon of many of the fruits indiginous to the tropical climes having been transported by the oceanic currents and quietly deposited on the far-off shores of Norway, in a perfect state to germinate; and had the temperature of that country been congenial to their habits, they in all probability would have thriven profusely.

Such have been the cocoa nuts, the cashew nuts, and a variety of other seeds of a similar nature whose capsules are as firmly united. The large double cocoanut of the Seychelbe Islands is also stated by travelers to have been carried by the regular currents of the Indian Seas and thrown upon the Malabarian Coast, a distance of four hundred leagues from whence they were originally produced. Instances such as these have sometimes led navigators to the knowledge of undiscovered lands in a windward direction from their position on the seas; and it appears that it was from circumstances of a similar nature that the intelligence of Columbus was influenced in guiding his frail vessels, through an unknown ocean, to those islands whence succeeding voyagers proceeded to the American shores.

It has been supposed by some vegetable physiologists—with, however, but little appearance of truth—that water and the increase and diminishment of temperature destroys the vitality of seeds, but instances are by no means uncommon where fields have been inundated during the entire Winter, and on the approach of Spring, when the land again became drained, and the sun's rays penetrated the soil, that the seeds began immediately to germinate, spring up and thrive most luxuriantly. In a collection of six hundred plants obtained along the African Coast, a few years since, it was ascertained upon examination that thirteen of the species were likewise to be met with on the opposite shores of the American Continent, at Guiana and Brazil, and that these plants were chiefly of such a nature as to produce seed in every way prepared to retain their vitality for any great length of time to which they might be subjected to the influences of the sea.

The small amount of liquid material contained in the composition of the seeds of most plants renders them almost completely insensible to the varied changes of heat and cold, so that they may be freely transported, without detriment, through climates where the plants themselves would instantly perish. Such is their power to resist the effects of heat and moisture that some seeds are known to have germinated after having been boiled in water; and Sir John Herschel has stated that he has sown the seeds of the *Acacia Cophanta* at the Cape of Good Hope after they had remained for twelve hours in water at a temperature of one hundred and forty degrees of Fahrenheit, and that they germinated far more rapidly than those that were unboiled; he also adds that an eminent botanist at that place could not get the seeds of a species of cedar to grow until they were thoroughly boiled.

To an extensive degree, also, do animals contribute in the dispersion of the seeds of plants. The various tribes of these appear almost constantly employed in furthering an object whence they are hereafter to derive such important advantages, and sometimes an express provision is found in the structure of the seeds themselves to enable them to adhere firmly—by prickles, hooks and hairs—to the coats of animals, or feathers of the winged tribes, to which they remain attached for various lengths of time, and are thus borne along into every region where birds or animals are found to migrate.

These prickly-seeded plants are so numerous that botanists have enumerated no less than fifty genera, each one embracing species that are more or less in number; and a singular fact in their history is that these plants are found always to require for their most perfect development a soil greatly enriched with the excrementary remains of the very animals to which their seeds adhere.

The manner in which these seeds attach themselves to animals, to be conveyed and deposited in distant places, is in some degree curious—an instance of which has been mentioned. A deer has strayed from the herd when browsing on some rich pasture, when suddenly he becomes alarmed by the approach of his foe. He instantly takes to flight, dashing through many a thicket, and swimming across many a river and lake. The seeds of the various herbs and shrubs which have adhered to its smoking flanks are washed free again by the waters. The thorny spray is torn from the branch, and fixes itself in the hairy coat until brushed off again in other thickets and far-distant copses; and even on the spot where the victim is torn and devoured many of the seeds which he had swallowed immediately before the commencement of the chase may be left upon the ground in an uninjured state, and ready to spring up in a new soil.

The passage of seeds through the stomachs of animals in an undigested condition, is also another efficient means of the dissemination of the seeds of plants. Few persons can be ignorant of the fact, that a portion of the oats eaten by a horse preserve their germinating qualities unimpaired, after being voided by the animal; and to many individuals it sometimes seems strange that when a field is well tilled, and sown with the purest grain, it should also produce plants of so different a nature, especially

if but recently manured from the barn-yard, seldom reflecting that the fertility of the smaller seeds is not destroyed by their passage through the intestines of animals; and among our farming community, who has not often had occasion to observe in fields that have been but recently manured, the fresh appearance of weeds growing in the greatest profusion that never were seen there before; and this can be attributed to no other cause than the undigested seeds contained in the excrements of graniverous animals. The fact, however, that these seeds still continue to be nutricious, is by no means lost to many of our sagacious birds.

Among the rodent animals that contribute to the diffusion of the seeds of plants, may be mentioned the squirrels, which feed on roots and hard-shelled seeds. These, when laying in their Winter stores, not unfrequently convey their food to some considerable distance from the trees upon which they originally grew, and sometimes scatter them along the wayside, where they soon after are found to vegetate. Hordes of fruit that have been neglected by animals, either from death or some other event, after having carefully stored them away for food, have been known to germinate in the Spring, and put forth their leaves in situations where they were never known before to thrive.

There are some plants, independent of those he cultivates, that seem to follow in the footsteps of man wherever he goes. They may be seen attached to the walls of his dwelling, or clustering about the lintels of his doorway, and even to be found growing in the streets of his populous cities. The planting of these seeds may justly be attributed to the agency of birds, as they are well known to congregate in the vicinity of the habitations of men, few comparatively being ever discovered in the quietude of the depth of the forest. Travelers also in the Pyrenees repeatedly mention, that they occasionally saw plants natives of the plains far beneath, growing on the remains of ruined hovels, maintaining their position amid the severities of Winter, and remaining as memorials to attest the former presence of man and his flocks.

Those birds which make use of berries as a sustenance, swallow their food entire, the pulpy substance of which is alone digestible, consequently the seeds are voided in places, varying in their distances, from whence they were obtained; and we ourselves, in one instance, remember seeing a specimen of the *raccinium dumosum*, or common whortle-berry of our swamps, thriving most luxuriantly in a partially decayed gutter attached to the eves of an ancient dwelling within the precincts of this city, (New York,) the seeds of which, no doubt, had been originally conveyed by some berry-eating bird from the New Jersey shore, and deposited in the position where found. The *phytolacca decandra*, or common poke-weed of our country, having once been introduced in a single district of France, for the purpose of coloring their wines, had become, after a short space of time, so common as to cover extensive portions of the country, and had even found their way into the deep vallies of the Pirenees—this having been accomplished altogether by the agency of the berry-eating birds. The mistletoe (*viscum flavescens*,) so exceedingly common in the oak forests of the Southern States, is a parasitical plant that will not thrive on the ground, but only on the trunk and branches of the trees, consequently it has no means of distributing its seed; this, however, is accomplished by the mocking bird, the thrush, and several other birds belonging to allied genera. A flight of larks will frequently fill the cleanest field with a large quantity of the various species of plants, such as the melilotus, and others, whose seeds are so heavy that the wind is unable to scatter them to any great distance. And the black-birds, when they devour berries in too great quantities, are known to consign them to the earth, undigested, in their excrements. Many birds that pluck cherries, and other fruits with hard stone seeds, fly with them away to some convenient place, and when they have devoured the fruit, drop the stone to the ground, where it soon after springs up and flourishes. Capt. Cook, in the account of his voyages, states that Forster, in his botanical excursion, shot a pigeon, in the craw of which was a wild nutmeg; and it is elsewhere recorded that the Dutch, at a time, with the view of monopolizing the trade of nutmegs, extirpated the trees on those islands which they could not so narrowly watch, but in a short space of time these very islands were restocked with nutmeg trees by the birds, as if nature refused to admit of such an encroachment on her rights.

There are some birds, such as the cross-bills for instance, that feed on the seeds of coniferous plants, and are frequently seen to strike the cones against stones and other hard substances in order to loosen them, so that they the more easily may be obtained; and in this manner, they too, scatter the seeds of plants extensively about.

It has been stated to the effect, by Mr. Lyell,

that a tempestuous wind bears the seeds of a plant many miles through the air, and then delivers them to the ocean; the oceanic current drifts them to a distant continent; by the fall of the tide they become the food of numerous birds, and one of these is seized by a hawk or eagle, which, soaring across hill and dale to a place of retreat, and after devouring its prey, the unpalatable seeds are left to spring up and flourish in a new soil.

From the facts that have been enumerated, it is easy to perceive that birds, in their migrations to great distances, and even across seas, may readily transport seeds to new isles and continents, and by this means gradually cover many portions of their surfaces with a vegetation unknown to them before

But one of the most important agencies in the dispersion of plants, that may be mentioned among those that have already been enumerated, is that of man. Not confining ourselves to those vegetable productions he cultitivates for his own especial benefit, and likewise for the sustenance of his stock, but including a vast number that are not only useless to himself but highly noxious to the human race; these have been most frequently unintentionally introduced with the cereals and other beneficial seeds from far distant lands. When these useful seeds become sown in a good soil they soon spring up and flourish, but are almost invariably accompanied by a large proportion of these noxious weeds; these last, when once they obtain a foothold in the soil, soon spread over vast areas of the surrounding country. Thus with the wheat imported from the Barbary States, the inhabitants of Southern Europe have for many years been in the habit of sowing the plants of Tunis and Algiers; and our own wheat fields repeatedly exhibit facts of a similar nature. Our grass and clover meadows, also, are not unfrequently completely over-run by many of these pernicious exotics, inadvertantly introduced and sown with other seeds. The common thorn apple (*datura stramonium*,) is one of these, now growing abundantly throughout the greater portion of the United States, so that they may everywhere be seen along the road-sides and farm-yard fences in the greatest profusion. It is a native of Asia, and was universally spread throughout Great Britain by the influence of certain quacks, who were in the practice of using the seeds as an emetic, and from thence it was doubtlessly brought by voyagers to the American shores.

The march of armies in modern times have been known, inadvertently, to carry in all directions grain, and other cultivated vegetable productions, from one extremity of Europe to the other; and much, no doubt, was accomplished in like manner by those of the ancients, during their numerous warlike excursions in far distant provinces; and even the vessel that bears the voyager in his many diversified wanderings over the earth's surface becomes, in a great measure, a ready agent in facilitating the distribution of the seeds of plants from one extent of climate to the other.

The introduction of noxious plants into this country, in connection with the more useful tribes, commenced, it appears, with its earliest settlers, and has continued down to the present time. An old author, named Josslyn, has given us a catalogue of such as had, in his time, sprung up in the colony since the English planted and kept cattle in New England. They were two and twenty in number, and the common nettle was the first noticed by the settlers, and the plaintain was by the Indians called "Englishman's Foot," as it was supposed by them to follow everywhere in his footsteps. But it is unnecessary for us to multiply instances when they are so exceedingly common everywhere about our doors, and much too obvious to escape the eye of the most careless observer, and we shall close this section with the remark that in New Holland, America, and the Cape of Good Hope, the aboriginal European species in cultivation exceed in number all the others which have come from any distant regions of the globe. So that in this instance alone the influence of man has surpassed that of all other causes which tend to disseminate plants to remote districts.

Plants themselves not unfrequently become the agents employed in the dissemination of their own seeds. For this purpose many of them are supplied with seed vessels whose valves open and shut with a spring, and by this means project their contents to some considerable distance from the parent stems. Among those possessing these qualities, none are more curious than the squirting cucumber (*momordica deterium*,) the gourd of which, by a contraction that takes place the moment it falls from the stem, shoots out the seeds along with a corrosive fluid from a vent formed at the time. The pouch, also, which contains the seeds of the wood sorrel, on the termination of its growth, suddenly bursts with an elastic spring, and scatters them in every direction around. Some species of pziza—bolonging to the mushroom tribe—impart a vibratory mo-

tion to the cap or covering which bears the seed when they become ripe, and by this means disperse them to the winds; while the puff-balls burst at the top and discharge their seed into the air, as a vapory mass resembling smoke, they being so remarkably minute as not to be individually distinguishable. The capsule of the ferns, and the seed vessels of the mosses are contracted while ripening, and when mature open with a spring and thus project their seeds. No less than fifty genera, with their contained species, are enumerated by botanists as dispersing their seeds by some of these means.

There is a species of *crepina* whose seed are covered with erect bristles, by the aid of which they creep and move about as if possessed of locomotive powers, and to such a degree is this accomplished, that it is by no means an easy matter to confine them in the closed hand; and the bearded oat, after harvest, if left with other grain in a barn, will extricate themselves from the glume in such a manner, that in a few days they will become entirely separated and apart. The beard of this species contracts in wet and expands again when the weather becomes dry; when in the former condition the seed is drawn with it along, and as it is covered with minute hairs, pointing downward, the grain must necessarily follow in its movements. The seed of some of the Equiseta, when viewed through a microscope on paper, seem to be endowed with the faculty of leaping, and their movements then appear exceedingly curious.

From the facts that have thus far been delineated, it would appear that the most remote distances, the loftiest mountain chains, the mightiest rivers that discharge themselves into the sea, and even the vast oceans themselves, are equally unable to affix barriers to the migration of the seeds of plants, the influences of climate alone being found capable of setting bounds to their dispersion; and we think that in all probability the majority of the vegetable tribes that have their growth in the same parallels of latitude over the earth's surface, will soon become alike common to all countries comprized in their respective zones. It has been remarked, that the results of such an event would prove one of the richest blessings to be derived from the industry and persevering intercourse of civilized nations. But no human influence can ever compel the vegetation of tropical climes to become denizens of those of the Poles, nor the reverse; here Nature proves too mighty for the feeble energies of man.

The species of plants cannot spontaneously spread from pole to pole, the intermediate variations of temperature must put a final period to all such progression; but we may, in many instances materially assist in transporting the most useful plants from one portion of the globe to another, and that, too, with complete success. By the energies of man, most of the interesting and beautiful plants of Australia and Oregon are now to be found growing in the gardens of England and America, while the various species of fruits and flowers from these last-mentioned countries are thriving most luxuriantly at New Holland and elsewhere in distant and different portions of the globe. A mutual interchange of the vegetable productions of one country with another, has always a strong tendency to promote the progress of civilization, and render the condition of the human race more prosperous and happy by such an intercourse. And finally, we may add the statement, that the dissemination of seeds completes the round of vegetation. The shrub and the tree are bared of their foliage; the herb is dried up and returns to the earth from whence it came. The earth appears to us as if stripped forever of her gay attire, but countless gems await but the stated season to re-adorn her with verdure and bloom. Such is the prodigal fertility of nature, that a surface a thousand times the extent of that of our whole globe, would not suffice for the seed harvest of a single year, provided the whole was suffered to reappear; but the destruction of seed is endless, and only a small portion escapes to rise again. In no way are the powers of nature and the immutability of its laws more strikingly displayed than in the successive resurrections of the types of by-gone generations.

A SAILOR'S EPITAPH AT GIBRALTER.

Chance has thrown into our possession a cabin scrap-book of a British naval officer. It contains some quaint and curious things, which we may, from time to time, give to the readers of this magazine. Take the following epitaph upon poor Jack as a sample:

Behold poor Lambly, by a fatal blow,
Deprived of life, and sent to shades below.
He was a sailor, and a good one too,
And oft, Britannia, has he fought for you.
But now his days of fighting are all o'er,
And he is sailing to some peaceful shore;
Nor will the jolly tar start tack or sheet
Until he joins the grand celestial fleet,
Who lay at anchor in a glorious Bay,
Waiting for the Resurrection Day,
When the Lord High Admiral of the fleet shall call
All hands to muster, good and bad, and all.
In Heaven's great log-book may it then appear
That this poor seaman kept his reckoning clear.

MARY ELLERY THE INDIAN CAPTIVE;
OR, THE SACKING OF DEERFIELD.

Of all the pleasant villages in that most beautiful region watered by the Connecticut River, few are more picturesque and lovely than the quiet old town of Deerfield. The traveler, as he approaches it through the mountain defile from the west, is struck with its tranquil beauty, and when the early Summer foliage has covered its trees with their rich and graceful garments, it seems to him a residence only for the good and pure, and he can hardly believe the stories of the bloody cruelties which have been beforetimes enacted in this charming locality. Entering at the southerly part of the village, he finds before him one broad street, running more than a mile in an unbroken line due for the Ursa Major, lined on either side with a double row of gigantic elms and numerous maples, making almost a forest of the place, from behind which peep out the substantial farm-houses of the inhabitants, who are nearly all devoted to the pursuits of agriculture. On his right, he perceives the towering bluff of "High Rock," a mountain of no mean elevation, even in that hilly region, which gradually melts away to the level of the surrounding country by the time he has reached the northern extremity of "The Street," the foot of which comes down almost to the houses. On his left, a little further removed, another range of swelling hills wrests his attention, increasing in their altitude until he has left the village far behind him. These ranges are called the "East Mountain," and the "West Mountain," and greatly add to the romantic beauty of the place.

Between the West Mountain and the village are these rich alluvial meadows which first tempted the Indian to erect his lodge in their neighborhood, and which afterward fixed the wandering white man while seeking a desirable home amid the solitude of the unbroken wilderness. Through this meadow, from south to north, in almost endless convolutions, flows the Deerfield River, washing at times the very foot of the mountain, and at others encroaching upon and wearing away the banks of "home lots" on which the houses and gardens of the inhabitants are located. This stream is in Summer easily forded, but when the freshets of Spring come on, not uncommonly are the meadows overflowed to their whole extent, giving to these rich bottoms the appearance of a vast moving lake, dotted here and there with a lofty elm or towering hickory. From the center of the street there runs a passage-way westward to the river, where a light wire-bridge is thrown across the stream, by which the dwellers on the high land at the base of the mountain hold intercourse with the villagers, and the farmers of the village visit their meadow-lands on the opposite bank of the river.

The villagers are generally intelligent, well educated and refined in their manners, and are sprung from some of the noblest of New England's stock; and the stranger who visits them is sure to be treated with an open hospitality, which shows that the blood is not wholly degenerate which flows in their veins. The church and the school-house have always been, and still are, well patronized and supported by them, and a large and flourishing academy sends forth its fertilizing streams of knowledge to water every portion of our wide-spread country. Recently, a new and commodious public house has been erected, and thither many families are enticed to spend the sultry months of Summer, away from the dusty walks of city life; and a more desirable retreat from busy life can scarcely be found.

As early as 1663, knowledge of the fertility of the Deerfield meadows was had in the Massachusetts Colony, and a delegation sent through the wilderness to spy out the land. The good report they brought back of the country induced the formation of a company of adventurers, who, in 1671, took possession of the place, and planted their rude dwellings upon it. They found themselves confronted by the Aboriginal settlers, who disputed their claim, and resorted to the usual Indian atrocities to rid themselves of their troublesome neighbors, the pale faces. Several times were they broken up, but as often returned, drawn thither by the exceeding beauty of the place, and the exhaustless fertility of the soil. At length, toward the close of the seventeenth century, their numbers had so far increased by accessions from the Massachusetts and Connecticut colonies, that they deemed themselves comparatively safe although still a frontier town. Their village was enlarged, a fort was erected, a band of soldiery organized, and a stockade surrounded most of the houses and the fort. Here they spent several years in comparative quietude—now and then one of their numbers being shot by their savage foes, or seized and carried into captivity, only to meet a more dreadful fate.

Meanwhile everything prospered with the thrifty settlers. They laid out the grounds of the table-land, which was elevated above the meadows sufficiently to guarantee safety from the sudden floods which so often submerged them, into "home lots," as they were called, each of which allowed its owner to build his house on the main and only street. To each settler was also apportioned a certain number of acres upon the meadows according to the necessities, rather than the means, of the different families; and soon a rising village was seen, and the hum of life was heard echoing from the sides of the mountains. A pastor looked after their spiritual interests, and their intellectual culture was watched by a pedagogue fresh from Connecticut, the land, even then, from whence the country round about drew most of their supplies, temporal as well as spiritual. The pastor was the Rev. John Williams, who was taken a prisoner at the assault and burning of Deerfield in 1704, and who, escaping afterward, wrote a history of the captivity into which he and his neighbors were led. Many of this godly man's descendants still live in the village.

Thus things went on, and the colony grew and prospered. Cut off from immediate intercourse with the rest of the world, rarely hearing even from their nearest neighbors, between whom and themselves many weary miles of uninhabitable forest intervened, their intercourse with each other became more constant, and all seemed bound by the same fraternal cords. Among these families there were two more particularly interwoven in the web of our story, (besides that of the pastor,) whose members it will be proper here to pass in review before our readers. Captain Ellery was the military leader of the little train-band of the village, which numbered every male resident over the age of fifteen that was able to shoulder his firelock and stand sentry in the heats of Summer and the piercing blasts of Winter. He was a burly, broad-shouldered man, standing six feet and more in his stockings, with a proportionable width of shoulders and chest, and an array of muscle and sinew that showed the Herculean strength and power of endurance possessed by the owner. On his broad shoulders rested a head which any phrenologist might have rejoiced to embellish his cabinet withal. The noble and expansive forehead, the finely-formed nose of Roman beauty, the large, clear eyes of piercing blackness, the firm-set lips, which, opened, displayed teeth of wonderful whiteness and evenness, with a chin that seemed to set at defiance all the demon-savages of the country round about. All this was surrounded with a shaggy growth of hair and whiskers innocent of razor or scissors, and gave you the idea of indubitable courage sustained by a far-reaching sagacity, and ruled by a prudence which no exigency could surprise, coupled with an honest patriotism which nothing could bribe, or even tempt. His wife, Mary, was the exact contrast of her

husband. Delicate, timid, relying always on her iron-hearted protector, who treated her ever, although with the greatest affection. more as a child than a partner of his toils, she moved like a fairy about his dwelling, and was the most notable housekeeper in the place. Theirs was a home of peace, and nothing could exceed the hospitality which was extended to all who chanced to come beneath their comfortable roof-tree.

Captain Ellery had already reached middle life before he took upon himself the charges of a family, for before he met the companion of his life in a public assembly of Christian worshippers, the merry God had aimed at his shielded heart in vain. But the timid beauty of this flaxen-haired child—for she was scarcely fifteen—melted love's barriers like frost-work before the risen sun, and left his heart open to the successful shafts of the blind archer, and he was led a willing slave to the feet of this village beauty. To resolve, and to accomplish, were nearly equivalent terms in the vocabulary of Captain Ellery, and he soon led this blushing beauty to the alter, and made her his wife. They had been married seven years, when she presented her delighted husband with a daughter, and his hitherto lonely home was first enlivened with the music of childhood. As she grew up, her form developed into wonderful perfection, and her face—it is enough to say of it that it was the feminine presentment of her father's, save that her eyes were blue, like her mother's, and her stature but little above hers. Her training was left mainly to the mother, for the out-door calls kept the father from the house, except on the holy Sabbath, and the time allotted to sleep. And faithfully, but, oh, how gently, did she perform her pleasant task. And most faithfully was that training, and watching, and praying repaid. The little Mary—she was named for her mother—grew up gentle and pure, and devotion and faith were her most natural, as well as resplendent, graces. She became the pet of the neighborhood, and when, at an early age, she stood before the altar and consecrated her virgin life to her heavenly Father, in all her modest but confident bearing, the old crones whispered under their breath, "Ah, me, she is not long for this world."

Deacon Ahasuerus Serving was the exact antipode of Captain Ellery, and the two households were as unlike as their respective heads. His person painfully reminded you of an overgrown skeleton, covered loosely with a coarse skin, which hung in folds from want of the necessary muscle to give it a proper rotundity. His sharp and thin face, his small, gray, dull eyes sunk almost out of sight in their deep-set sockets, his nose, the beak of a bird of prey, and his thin, tightly-compressed lips, covering a straggling array of yellow teeth, gave you the idea of the cleverness with which he would drive a bargain, and the firmness with which he would insist upon the fulfillment to the very letter of the bond he held against you. But Deacon Serving was a very godly man, or at least would pass for one. None prayed with a greater unction, or a more perfect twang, albeit he kept one eye ever open on the main chance. He was never out of his seat on the Sabbath, and he was ever ready to *talk* upon religion with a canting solemnity that was truly edifying. He had contrived to grow rich, even in that small and poor community, and had claims on more than half the home lots of the village. He kept a small shop, where he sold the *necessaries* of life, such as tobacco, rum, molasses, sugar, etc., etc., a miserable hole in one corner of his cabin, dimly lighted during the day by a small and dirty window in the wall, and in the evening by a few straggling sticks on the hearth, and one dirty, greasy candle stuck to the wall by a broken fork. The smoke from the fireplace, and from the half score of pipes which were kept in constant operation, had communicated its filthy stain to the entire room and everything in it; and the reeking fumes of gin, like the very breath of the pit, made an atmosphere fit for demons to inhale. Seated on a high block in the dingy corner of the smoky chimney, or lounging behind a narrow and greasy counter, might be seen the deacon, the presiding genius of the place.

DEACON SERVING.

Deacon Serving stood six feet high—or rather would have done so if he had ever stood erect. He carried his head some inches in advance of his protruding shoulders, and these, in turn, as much in front of his flat and receding chest—which gave him,

as the gossips of the neighborhood said, "a meek and godly air." Indeed, it was profanely asserted by a member of the church that this godly stoop, the only godly thing about him, made him the deacon of the parish. He had married a daughter of one of the early settlers, whose best, as well as briefest description is that she was a perfect *scrub*. In person she was totally unlike her lord, being fat and dumpy, and weighing nearly two hundred pounds.

I have said that the deacon grew rich apace. Meanwhile there were not wanting heirs to his illgotten wealth. Seven daughters and six sons made up the snug household of Deacon Serving. The eldest was a son, rejoicing in his own euphonious name, and just two years the senior of Mary Ellery—a rude, active, good-hearted stripling, who was the plague of the neighborhood and the torment of his mother, although his merry face and cheerful laugh made him a welcome visitor wherever and whenever he chose to go. The houses of these two families were side by side, and the little Ahasuerus and Mary were thrown into constant intercourse. In the Winter he drew her on his rude hand-sled—a piece of handicraft he took great pride in claiming as his own—and during the Spring and Summer they strolled by the river bank to watch the fishes and to pick up the rounded pebbles on the little beach, or climbed the mountain side to gather the sweet arbutus, or the juicy berries which grew in thick profusion on its sides. In time, as she grew in years, the timid Mary shrunk from his society, for already was the tongue of gossip predicting that the churches militant and triumphant were about to be harmonized by the union of these representatives of their respective stocks. Besides which, some fluttering spirit in her own troubled bosom told her how much it would gratify her if such a result might verify the prediction. No wonder, then, if the coy and delicate child should shrink from the earnest gaze of the impassioned Ahasuerus, who had earlier made the discovery that his fate was bound up with the dear girl who now seemed to shun his society.

Years passed on, and Ahasuerus had reached his eighteenth year and the full stature of a man, when he determined to solve the problem of the apparent change which had come over the feelings of his old playmate. He would offer his heart, his hand and all his fortunes to the fair girl; and he had never felt how dear, how very dear, she was to him until the thought came into his bosom, "What if she should reject me?" So, on a calm Sunday evening in September, as they were walking from the humble meeting-house—where they had been listening to the pious instructions of their much-loved pastor—after much stammering and hesitation, he asked leave to visit her on that same evening. Turning aside her face, now suddenly suffused with the burning blushes of innocence, and her whole frame trembling with emotion, she frankly told him that she should be very happy to see him; and so they parted, both all the happier for that Sunday walk.

"What on earth ails our Mary?" said the quiet wife of our doughty captain on that same Sunday evening. "Did you observe how flustered she has been ever since she came from meeting?"

Capt. Ellery had "observed nothing in particular, save that his daughter was a little nervous."

"Why, what a putting to rights and dusting has been going on for the last hour in the sitting-room," continued the spruce little dame. "I think she must be expecting company," with a strong emphasis on the last word, "and I should not be surprised if I could guess who the expected guest might be."

As she said this she gazed full into the noble face of her husband, and a wicked twinkle lighted up her eyes, as was always the case when her curiosity was roused.

"Who?" said the captain, "I 'm sure I can't imagine, except it should be that hairbrained eldest offspring of our near neighbor."

He said this in a questioning manner, as if the scales were beginning to fall from his mental vision.

"The very same," replied his wife. "Have you not observed a growing intimacy between them ever since they were children?"

Capt. Ellery had observed nothing of the kind.

"Well, I have," was her rejoinder; and she went on, "and I am not sorry to see it. Ahasuerus is a likely lad, and possessed of a genuine heart, madcap as he is. He will make our child a good husband, I dare promise: he is so unlike his father."

"And his mother, too, for all that," responded the man of war.

"Yes," went on Mrs. Ellery, as if she had not been interrupted, "and in these trying times, when we are all exposed to such deadly peril from the revenge of the red man, I shall be glad to know that she has an arm to lean upon, when," and a tear dimmed her mild eyes, "when her natural protectors may be taken away."

"But she is a mere child, my dear," he exclaimed, "and will not be old enough to be married these six years yet."

"Has your experience, my good husband, reversed your opinion," said she, placing her delicate hand on his shoulder, "since that time when you so stoutly," and after a momentary pause, while she gave him one of her tenderest glances, she added, "and *successfully* combatted that same objection, urged upon another occasion."

"God bless thy gentle heart," he responded to this appeal, as he strained his now sobbing wife to his troubled breast, "you have never, for a single instant, given me occasion to regret that my choice fell—where it did; you have been the angel of my dwelling and the joy of my life, and I only hope that your daughter and mine will prove as precious a treasure to the happy man who, at the altar, may whisper in her ear, 'mine, forever,' as thou hast ever been to me."

A well-known rap at the door now broke upon the solemn stillness of that Sabbath evening. Brushing away her tears, she prepared to receive her daughter's guest, while she on whose fluttering heart that knock had acted as the knell of doom, driving all the blood in her veins to her surcharged and panting heart, appeared with a cheek as pale and steps as halting as if she were being led to the block. She, however, opened the door, and received her lover and his cordial "Good evening, Mary," nearly in silence; and, as he caught a glimpse of her face, he exclaimed, "Good God, Mary, are you sick? How deadly pale you are." In a second the whole blood of her heart seemed to have poured itself into her face, and she became scarlet with blushes.

"Ah," said he, in a bantering way, "I am happy to perceive it is no deadly sickness;" and she, turning to her parents, introduced her lover, who received him in their usual friendly manner, and they all passed into the sitting-room—by which time the "ice had thawed," and the evening passed cheerfully and rapidly away. And as, at length, the "old folks" withdrew, we will follow their example, courteous reader, and leave our young friends to manage their love matters free from the curious scrutiny of a third person.

In spite of Shakespeare's *ipsi dixit* that

> "——— the course of true love
> Never did run smooth,"

everything prospered in the suit which Ahasuerus commenced on that Sabbath evening when we left them together in the sitting-room of Capt. Ellery's mansion, and which he so gallantly urged that on the evening of the forthcoming "Thanksgiving," Parson Williams pronounced them "husband and wife," before a merry and happy company, assembled in that same sitting-room. It was arranged that the young bride should not leave her parents, and so they were domiciliated in her father's house, and Ahasuerus became one of the fixtures in the family of his father-in-law. He soon adapted himself to his new situation, and made himself so useful about the house and on the farm that Capt. Ellery declared that he wondered how he had ever got along at all without him. Thus flew the weeks and months swiftly by, and the anniversary of her wedding-day had come and given to our fair bride no occasion to regret her choice, and the Winter of 1703–4 set in with unusual rigor.

As I have before said, from the earliest settlement of the town, Deerfield had been the great object of Indian dread and Indian attack. The inhabitants had been kept in a perpetual state of alarm. Occasionally some one of their number had fallen by the unerring aim of the red man's rifle, or were taken prisoners and carried into a cruel captivity. But for two or three years past they had enjoyed comparative repose, and had begun to flatter themselves that the future would be exempt from the marauding excursions of their blood-thirsty foes. Thus were they lulled into a false and fatal security, and were totally unprepared for the awful calamity which hung, like an angry cloud, over their devoted village. The patrole which had been kept up so long, had gradually sunk into desuetude, and was now entirely neglected. The men of the colony no longer slept on their guns, too many of which had become unfit for use through utter neglect. The affrighted mother feared no longer for her babes, nor heard in every sigh of the old trees, and scream of the night-owl, the yell of some bloody savage or the dying shriek of one of her neighbors; but slept in quietude by their sides until awoke by the call of chanticleer to the duties of the rising day. Everything betokened a peaceful passage of the Winter, and the promise of a rapid growth of their beautiful village cheered the hearts of all.

While this falsely secure repose rested on the inhabitants of this doomed village, a well-concerted plan of devastating revenge had been conceived and carried forward to its ready consummation by the Northern tribes of Indians, instigated and aided by the French Canadians, whose enmity toward the English Colonists was

hardly less bitter or sanguinary than that of their red-faced enemy. As in all their plans, where there was to be a powerful and concentrated attack, Deerfield was selected for their first and mightiest blow. They were to follow up their successes by visiting and destroying in succession all the towns on Connecticut River, Hatfield, Northampton, Hartford, Wethersfield, Saybrook and New Haven—a plan which was not carried into immediate execution, from some cause which doth not appear. A force of three hundred French and Indians had been collected at Montreal, and were under the immediate command of M. Hertel d'Rouville, a colonel in the French army, and whose diabolical soul was exactly suited to the hellish work in hand. French gold was freely offered to the savages, and promises of rich conquests from the English settlements, which were to be given up indiscriminately to pillage and massacre. They were well armed and plentifully supplied with ammunition, and about the middle of January, 1704, they set out with the greatest secresy upon their campaign of blood.

On Monday night, the 11th of February, the sun went down on the quiet, but devoted town, as calmly and gloriously as if no awful portent were in the air above them. The snow lay on the ground to the depth of nearly four feet, covered with a crust strong enough to bear up any team or force of men. The soldiers—about twenty in number—unapprehensive of danger, had quartered themselves on the inhabitants, for it was terribly cold, and at an early hour had sought their pillows, and long before midnight were lost in blissful dreams, or sunk in sleep too heavy for such "visitations of the night watches." A clear and peaceful night

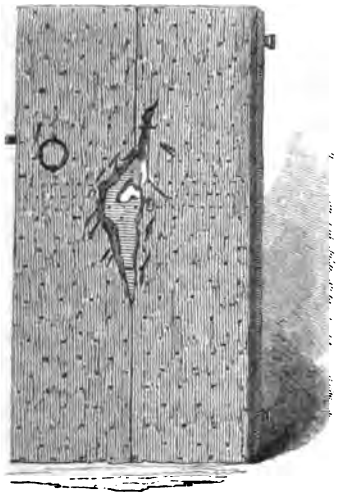
THE ATTACK.

succeeded, when, "just before the break of day, on the morning of the 12th of February, in the year of our Lord, 1704," according to the narrator of those "direful dealings of the Lord with his people," the Rev. John Williams, the unconscious sleepers were aroused by the awful yells of the savages, and the sturdy blows of axes and tomahawks on the doors and windows of their respective habitations, every one of which had been simultaneously attacked. The Indians had easily scaled the pickets, owing to the depth of the snow, and there being no "watchmen to guard the city," they had no difficulty in carrying their infernal purpose into dreadful execution. Waking suddenly out of their sound slumbers, the men were too bewildered to make anything like a successful resistance, and the women and children could only shriek and cower before their captors like timid sheep before the ravenous wolf. "They came to my house in the beginning of the onset," says "the redeemed captive," the reverend narrator of these events, "and by their violent endeavors to break open doors and windows, with axes and hatchets, awakened me out of sleep; on which I leaped out of bed, and running toward the door, perceived the enemy making their entrance into the house. I called to awaken two soldiers in the chamber; and returning toward my bedside for my arms, the ememy immediately broke into my room, I judge to the number of twenty, with painted faces and hideous acclamations. I reached up my hands to the bed-tester, for my pistol, uttering a short petition to God, expecting a present 'passage through the valley of the shadow of death.' Taking down my pistol, I cocked it and put it to the breast of the first Indian who came up; but my pistol missing fire, I was seized by three Indians who disarmed me, and bound me, naked as I was, in my shirt, and so I stood for near the space of an hour." This is probably a fair description of the scenes which were enacting elsewhere, except that in some of the houses the work of death went on in a bloody manner. The sick and tender children were immediately tomahawked and scalped, and all the men and soldiers who offered resistance met withthe same fate. Captain Ellery and his brave son-in-law fell only after they had each slain two of their foes, and the noble wife of the former, flying to her husband's breast, either for protection or as a shield to his heart, fell pierced by the same bullet which slew her brave protector. Mary was seized by a couple of stalwart Indians, and with the few clothes she had been able to huddle on at the commencement of the fray, was bound and led out into the biting night air, with many others of her sex, and taken to the place of rendezvous, where a strong guard of French soldiers was placed over them with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, while the savages were

left to carry on the work of pillage and of death.

Having plundered the houses of such booty as they could conveniently carry away, and secured their prisoners so that they could not escape, they fired the houses, and thus lighted up a grand pyre to the bloody sacrifice they had offered. Around the blazing houses, these demons of the forest danced in the wildest joy at their success, and split the still ear of night with such hideous sounds as only North American Indians can produce. The contents of the dirty groggery of our worthy deacon were seized and distributed among the savages, rendering them more furious and diabolical than common; and scenes were there enacted too horrible to relate, and upon which the veil must be cast in compassion to our readers. The prisoners were only saved from a general massacre by the resolution of the intrepid, but infamous, Rouville, and a few of his subalterns. Meantime the hypocritical deacon stood among the prisoners, pale and ghastly with fear and cold, his hands tied firmly behind him, giving him an extra stoop in the shoulders, and a rope around his worthless neck, was at the other end tied to a tree. He had no sympathy for any one, not even the members of his own family, and did nothing but miserably lament his fate and most cringingly implore his captors to spare his wretched life.

Every house but one of this peaceful colony was burned to the ground. This contained seven men, who successfully defended it against the assault of three hundred Indians and



DOOR OF THE "OLD INDIAN HOUSE."

French. With their tomahawks they cut a rough hole in the center of the front door, through which they thrust their rifles and fired upon the inmates. A bullet from one of them passed through the head of a sick woman who was sitting up in her bed, and lodged in the casement close by, where I have often seen it. They paid dearly for their temerity, however, for the well-directed fire from the men within, caused several of their savage assailants to bite the dust. But a panic seizing the savages, like scared culprits who fear to be surprised in the midst of their iniquities, they left this only house to stand as a lasting witness to the atrocities and unspeakable sufferings of that awful night, and took up their march toward Canada. This ancient house, so renowned in the history of Deerfield and the Indian wars, was not taken down until within a very few years, and ever remained in the family of those who owned and occupied it at that time. One of the descendants still lives upon the spot. The accompanying cut at the commencement of this veritable history, is a capital representation of he "Old Indian House," as it was ever after called, and the other cut here inserted represents the identical door which the Indians hacked, with the marks of their tomahawks upon it as they left it, it never having been permitted to be repaired.

"About sun an hour high," continues the author of the account of this captivity, "we were ordered to march. We were carried over the river to the foot of the mountain, about a mile from the village, where we found a great number of our Christian neighbors—about one hundred—men, women and children." This was the late camp of the enemy, and here they resumed their packs and continued their march. They had not proceeded far when they were overtaken by a small band of resolute men, composed partly of those who had escaped the massacre, and a few from Hatfield, who, having been warned of the fate of their brothers in Deerfield, had hastened to the rescue. A sharp skirmish ensued, in which seven of the party were slain, and the remainder came near being surrounded by the troops of Rouville, when they broke and fled, having slain three times as many as they had lost. In the early part of the conflict, the butcher, Rouville, sent word to those in charge of the captives, "to tomahawk all the prisoners, and let not one escape." The messenger of this bloody order, while hastening to the captain of the guard, fell by some providentially directed bullet, and thus the ill-fated band was spared, and the whole army moved on once more toward the bleak regions of Canada.

With incredible suffering the poor captives continued their march. The cold was intense,

THE MARCH.

and they were but half clad, besides which, the Indians had loaded them to the utmost of their strength. "Some of the women had recently lain in," and were in consequence very weak and unfit for so severe a trial. Among these was the wife of the pastor. In vain did her husband implore their masters for permission to walk by her side and assist her across the rough places in their uncomfortable road; they were jealous of his influence with the other captives, and kept him by himself, and closely watched day and night. In the course of the second day her strength utterly failed her, and she sank down upon the snow, so exhausted that the cruel blows from the handles of their tomahawks, freely administered by her unfeeling masters, failed to rouse her wasted energies, and at length one of them put an end to her sufferings by one blow of his murderous weapon. Her child had its brains dashed out before her eyes, before they left the house. Others of these frail creatures were soon expecting to become mothers, and their condition only excited the contemptuous laugh and the mocking jeer of their heartless masters. Mary Serving was of this class, and her delicate constitution soon began to yield under her severe sufferings. She was obliged to travel all day, and at night to lie down on the cold snow-crust, with no covering but the broad canopy which was spread over all alike. Often would she fall down under her unequal burden, when she was compelled to rise by the cruel blows of the tomahawk, which often drew blood from the sore and bruised flesh. Often, with uplifted hands and a look of pitiful entreaty, did she implore her savage masters to take her life, and thus relieve her of her great agony. Their only reply to this appeal was a severe kick with the foot, a heavy blow with the handle of the murderous ax, or a loud and fiendish laugh of mockery. A young woman, one of her neighbors, together with her son, a child four years of age, were tomahawked and scalped before her eyes, to inspire her with terror and courage, for they were loth to leave her, on account of her beauty, which they well knew would bring a great price, could she only be got safely to Montreal.

On the fourth day they reached the Connecticut River, about thirty miles from their recent pleasant home. It being frozen over sufficiently strong to bear them, they continued their route upon its glassy surface. This was worse for the captives than the rough crust upon which they had traveled, and which had become soft under the effect of a south wind which had recently sprung up. The females, in particular, found it exceedingly difficult to keep their feet, and often fell heavily upon the wet ice. Poor Mary was peculiarly unfortunate in this respect, and so many times did she fall upon the ice, and was murderously beaten up again during the day, that on halting for the night she was brought to a premature delivery, and gave birth to a dead infant. Oh! what a night of horror was that to our delicate captive! No kind and sympathizing friend to perform one of the many kind offices so necessary at such a season, and not even one word of consolation or hope spoken by lips of love. It was indeed a dark night to her, but it was not entirely without its cheer. She found, in the hour of this sore trial, that she had not miscalculated, when she gave her young heart to her Maker and Redeemer. To Him she sent up her prayers, and found Him an ever present help in time of need. A heavenly light sprung up in the midst of that outer darkness, and she held holy and joyous communings with Him who had now become her all. He had taken father, mother, husband, child; and she felt that she must soon follow in their wake of gore, and overtake them in the land where tempest, and war, and sorrow were unknown; and when she at length closed her eyes in utter prostration, such visions of the beatified world filled her soul, that that howling wilderness was to her the very gate of Heaven.

At early dawn these delicious slumbers were broken by the harsh call of her rude master to arise and prepare for her journey. After many efforts, she arose to her feet at length, but found herself too weak and sick to hope to proceed, and so she told her master, when he very deliberately informed her that she *must* proceed, or share the fate of the young mother who had been butchered before her eyes the preceding day. This was what she had been expecting ever since she set out on her compulsory journey, and the communication of the intelligence did not alarm or intimidate her. She only asked, as a last boon, that she might be permitted to see her beloved pastor, if it should be only for a few moments. After much en-

treaty, her master softened so far as to allow her this last request, on solemnly promising that she would not be absent beyond one hour, and would then return to meet her fate. This pledge she gave, and was permitted to depart for the place where Mr. Williams was guarded by his vigilant foes. With infinite pains she at length reached his cheerless quarters, after suffering numberless insults and cruelties by the way, and was ushered into the presence of the captive pastor.

"Why, my dear child," exclaimed the man of God, when Mary Serving came up to where he stood, ready for the morning march, "how came you here and who sent you? You have suffered much, my poor lamb, and I hope you have not been unsupported in your sore trials."

"Yes, my dear sir," Mary replied, with deep emotion, "I *have* suffered much, but I have been also sustained with such blessed hope that my trials seem as nothing in comparison. I have come here by permission of my master, under the pledge that I return within an hour and suffer execution."

"And did you give that pledge?"

"I did, sir, and I shall redeem it with the greatest alacrity. I have lived long enough in this world, and horrors have so accumulated on my heart in the last four days, that I shall be happy to lay down my burden and depart for a better world. My father and mother and husband I have seen butchered before my eyes, and last night my innocent offspring perished by my side, and I have now no friend but you, my beloved pastor, to care for me in the wide world. I can well lay down so worthless a life, especially, as I trust, through the mercy of the dear Redeemer, that I shall put on 'the life that never dies.'"

"God be thanked," he responded, "for this rich grace; and may it be increased more and more abundantly while you may yet need it. But come, let us hear what has befallen you since that awful night, when our quiet dreams were disturbed by this dreadful visitation."

Mary then briefly related her painful experiences, while the good minister was overcome with emotion, and the wandering denizens of the forest looked on awe-struck and abashed; for they knew him to be the great medicine man of the pale faces, and had an instinctive dread of the God whom he and his people served.

"But I must now return to my fate," she added calmly, as she closed her narrative, "for I would not break my word, and I wish to show these heathens that a Christian can die as bravely and calmly, at least, as they

THE BLESSING.

can. But, oh! my dear sir, I need your prayers, for the flesh is weak, and I have suffered so much that I feel myself weaker than the trembling reed."

"God bless thee, my dear child and pupil," he said, as he laid his hand on her fair brow, and solemnly raised his eyes to Heaven, "you have never disappointed the strong hopes I have always cherished of you, and may that God in whom you have put your trust sustain you in this most trying hour. Go, but in the strength of the mightiest, endure the fearful disclosures of this one brief, but awful hour, and then join the redeemed spirits of those those who have gone before, and the whole ransomed host of Heaven in their glad service and unspeakable joy."

And then, folding his hands, he addressed a short but fervent prayer to Heaven for the doomed victim who was about to go forth to the cruel sacrifice. And now, with many tears and kind expressions, they gave their hands and parted—he to his captive's bands and wearisome pilgrimage, she to the ax that even now waited for her blood.

Leaving the stark and bloody corpse of the fair captive on the banks of the beautiful river, to be torn by ravenous beasts or interred by some friendly traveler, as the case might be, that mournful company set out once more on its journey, many of them sadly anticipating the same awful conclusion to their captivity. Up to this time Deacon Serving had shown a cringing and puny spirit, but he had been whipped into obedience by his unfeeling master. Satisfied that a cheerful acquiescence in his hard fate would beget for him more consideration on the part of these savage men, whose captive he now was, and cherishing a secret hope of escape or eventual ransom, he resolved to brave his fate and bear up under his severe trials as best he might until the time of deliverance should come. Suddenly he assumed a new character, and became one of the most cheerful and hopeful of the company. His master, who had often beaten him, and threatened him with torture and even death, observing his rather awkward attempts at obedience, began to treat him with more lenity, and gave him greater liberty than he had before enjoyed. And, sooth to say, the terrible experience of the past week had awakened in his breast deep remorse for his hypocritical life, and a strong desire to amend it. Earnestly, in these solemn night watches, as he slept between two stalwart red-skins, and the pitying stars looked down from out the clear blue vault of Heaven, earnestly did he invoke the mercy he had failed to show to his fellow-men. Earnestly did he pray to be forgiven, and solemnly did he promise, if his life should be spared, that, by Divine Grace, he would be a better man, and by a life of pure and holy deeds atone somewhat for the past. It was the first time he had ever "prayed the sincere prayer." He had often "led the devotions" at his own fireside altar, and in "the weekly meeting for conference and prayer," which the godly pastor regularly announced from the pulpit on each recurring Sunday, just before "giving out" the subject of his discourse. But it had only been the form—now the deep and almost despairing agony of his mortified and broken spirit came to his lips in a spontaneous supplication for mercy, and for grace to help his resolution in all future time. The change was very visible in the "querulous deacon," as his fellow-captives called him, and from being a selfish, peevish man, caring for no one's comfort and claiming the sympathy of all, he became cheerful and unrepining, rendering all the assistance and sympathy of a true-hearted man to all his brethren in bonds.

As they approached the "Coos country," as the whole northern portion of New Hampshire and Vermont were then called, their provisions began to fail, and famine pressed sore upon them. Now began those awful scenes which Mr. Williams so graphically narrates. The poor captives fainted for want of food, and many of them, falling to the ground, were left there to die of starvation, or were destroyed with the inexorable hatchet. Their good minister, who, now that they were removed so far from their homes, was permitted to mingle more freely with the other captives, did all he could to encourage and sustain the sinking hearts of his afflicted flock, and did much to strengthen many a one in their heroic endurance. In these kind offices he was heartily seconded by his greatly changed "standard bearer," as he used quaintly to denominate the officers of his church, who now began to be loved as sincerely as he had been hated before. But despite all the kind offices of their friends, many a captive left his bones to bleach in the wasting snows of Spring, or the burning blasts of the Summer sun. Howbeit, a little more than half their number reached Canada, and were scattered through the country according to the claims of their savage captors. Several of them were sold to the French. Two years afterward a half hundred of these suffering pilgrims were redeemed by the Government, and eventually restored to their desolate homes. Among these was their noble-hearted pastor, with several members of his family, and the deacon, now and ever after an altered man. He died on his bed, at a ripe old age, full of the hope of immortality, and was followed to his grave by the pious tears of many of his neighbors and friends.

The venerable minister not long after followed to the "bourne whence no traveler returns," and laid aside his mantle, full of goodness as of years, and slept his last sleep in peace. His last years were greatly embittered, however, by the voluntary detention in captivity of one of his daughters, who became enamored of a tawny son of the forest, and consented to share his wigwam and his lot. Discarding the garments of civilization, she donned the blanket and the moccasin, and reared a numerous family to her Indian husband. She renounced, also, her religion, and embraced the Catholic faith; and spent the remainder of her life in the rude dwelling and among the barbarous people of her lord, and died without one fond regret for that which she had sacrificed, or a single desire to return again to the scenes of her early childhood. Several of her numerous descendants still survive, and some occupy highly respectable positions in the social scale.

JOHN McLEAN.

The subject of this notice, whose portrait embellishes our present number, is one of those rare and remarkable men who, under the inspiration and fostering protection of our free institutions, and by the force of their own independent exertions and vigorous intellects, have won their way from obscurity to honorable distinction, and from the humbler walks of life to the highest official dignity. It is said that history is philosophy teaching by example, and this is preëminently true of biography, whose peculiar office it is to mark, with the greatest distinctness, and exhibit, under the clearest light, every lineament of the character it seeks to portray. How, then, can we better acquit ourselves of the task we have assumed in the publication of this Magazine than by affording a share of our pages to contributions illustrative of the lives of our great and good men.

John McLean was born March 11, 1785, in Morris County, New Jersey. When he was about four years of age his father removed to the western country. He remained a year at Morgantown, in Virginia, and then removed to that part of the State which has since been erected into the State of Kentucky. He first settled on Jessamine, near where the Town of Nicholasville is now situated; but in 1793 he removed to the neighborhood of Mayslick, where he continued to reside till the year 1797, when he emigrated to the North-western Territory, (now Ohio,) and settled on the farm which is now the home of his son.

At an early age John was sent to school, and for one whose general opportunities were so limited, he made unusual proficiency. His father, having a large family, was unable to

send him from home to be educated, and retained him upon the farm till he reached his sixteenth year. At this age John, with the consent of his father, placed himself under the instruction successively of competent teachers, by whose assistance he made rapid advances in the acquisition of the languages. During this period his expenses, both for board and tuition, were defrayed by himself; for so limited were the means of his father that he generously refused any assistance from him. When about eighteen years of age, young McLean went to write in the office of the Clerk of Hamilton County. This employment, while it enabled him to support himself and relieve his father, also initiated him into the practical part of the law, the profession on which he had then already fixed his ardent and aspiring mind. The arrangement was that he should write in the office for three years, reserving a certain portion of each day for the study of the law, which he was to prosecute under the direction of Arthur St. Clair, an eminent counselor, a son of the illustrious general of that name. It is thus that a mind animated by a genuine ambition, and firm and determined in its purpose, is frequently able to overcome the greatest difficulties, and to demonstrate with how much ease industry and virtue can triumph over all the disadvantages of obscurity and poverty. During the continuance of young McLean in this office he was indefatigable in the prosecution of his double labors. He became a member of the first debating society formed in Cincinnati; and there he schooled himself in those habits of analysis, logic and extemporaneous speaking which prepared him for the after and sterner duties of a statesman and jurist. It is a fact worthy of remark, in this connection, that most of the young men who participated in the formation and proceedings of the society subsequently distinguished themselves in the public service of their country. He took an active part in the discussion of the various questions debated in the society, and the notice attracted by his happy efforts still further encouraged and confirmed him in the determination which he had already taken, to aim at no ordinary mark, but to make the highest intellectual development and distinction the prize of his ambition.

In the Spring of 1807, Mr. McLean was married to Miss Rebecca Edwards, daughter of Dr. Edwards, formerly of South Carolina; a lady who, to the most amiable manners, united the utmost benevolence of character, and presided over the domestic concerns of a large family with the greatest judgment and discretion. She died in December, 1840.

In the Autumn of the year 1807, Mr. McLean was admitted to the practice of the law, and settled at Lebanon. There he immediately attracted notice, and soon rose into a lucrative practice at the bar. In October, 1812, he was elected to Congress in the District in which he resided, by a very large majority over all his competitors.

From his first entrance into public life he was long identified with the Democratic party. He was an ardent supporter of the administration of Mr. Madison and the war of 1812; not that he was the blind and undistinguishing advocate of all the measures proposed by his party; for he who will take the trouble to turn over the public journals of that period will find that his votes were mainly given in reference to principle, and that the idea of supporting a dominant party, merely because it was dominant, did not influence his judgment, nor withdraw him from the high path of duty which he had marked out for himself. He was well aware that the association of individuals into parties is, at times, absolutely necessary to the prosecution and accomplishment of great public measures. This necessity he supposed was sufficient to induce members of a great party, in cases of difference between them and the majority upon inconsiderable issues, to yield their own individual judgments in deference to that of the greater number, and even to distrust their own opinions when they were found not to be in harmony with those of the general mass; but as such associations are to be regarded only as instruments and not ends, he could never see the propriety of attaching more importance to the success of the party than to the maintenance of the principles which it was designed to subserve. He therefore often voted with manly and patriotic independence against his political friends, and so highly were both his integrity and judgment esteemed, that no one of the Democratic party thought of separating himself from him, nor did he separate himself from that party on account of such differences. This independent course of action on his part never, in the smallest degree, lessened the consideration in which he was held by his party, nor diminished the influence which he so justly acquired and exerted among his own immediate constituents.

His first appearance in Congress was at the extra session in the Summer after the declaration of war. At that session the tax bills were passed to carry on the contest for the freedom

of the seas. The law subsequently passed, to indemnify individuals for property lost in the public service during that memorable contest, was originated by him, and very naturally contributed to the reputation and well earned popularity he already enjoyed. At the ensuing session he introduced a resolution instructing the proper committee to inquire into the expediency of giving pensions to the widows of the officers and soldiers who had fallen in the military service—a measure of justice which soon afterward became a law, and initiated that generous policy to which the veterans of the revolution and of the war of 1812, and their widows and orphans, are indebted for the pensions and bounties so liberally bestowed upon them by their grateful country. At this session he also delivered his very able and effective speech in defense of the Administration in the prosecution of the war. This speech was published in the leading public journals of that period, and gave an earnest of the eminence to which he was destined to attain. Though he was then only twenty-eight years of age, and this was the first Congress in which he had served, his marked ability secured for him a position on the two leading committees—on Foreign Affairs and the Public Lands.

In the Fall of 1815, he was reëlected to Congress with the same triumphant success as before. During the same year, though then barely eligible to a seat in the Senate, having just attained his thirtieth year, he was solicited to become a candidate for election to that body, which he declined, preferring to retain his position as an immediate representative of the people, not only as more congenial to his democratic sentiments, but as presenting a wider arena for the display of his abilities, and for the acquisition of honorable distinction.

Finding, at length, that the expenses of a growing family were greater than the compensation he received as a member of Congress, and having no other resources than those derived from his personal exertions, he consented to become a candidate for the Bench of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and was unanimously elected to that office in 1816. He discharged the duties of this new position with his usual distinguished ability. His versatile mind seemed to combine all the leading qualities requisite in a Judge, and his advancement to that office was felt to be a public advantage to the whole State. Meanwhile his reputation beyond the State was widely increasing, and in the Summer of 1822, President Monroe appointed him Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington. The emoluments of this office were larger than those of his Judgeship—a consideration which he was not at liberty to overlook. His family was increasing, and his children were to be educated. By accepting the appointment thus tendered to him, and removing to Washington, he not only increased his pecuniary means to accomplish this most desirable object—though dearer to him from the efforts which he had been compelled to put forth for himself—but was able to secure to his children the facilities afforded by the schools of the District for perfecting them in the higher branches of education.

He remained in this position, however, only till July, 1823, when, in consideration of his signal ability and fitness for executive duties, he was appointed by President Monroe to the office of Postmaster-General. Many of his friends endeavored to dissuade him from accepting this responsible and difficult trust. They urged that the former incumbents of the office had found its duties exceedingly arduous and embarrassing, while at the same time they were exposed to a large share of that abuse and calumny which is so often wantonly and indiscriminately heaped upon public servants. It was argued by many that no one could acquire reputation in the office; but he determined to repose, as he has always done, upon the virtue and intelligence of the people, and he went into the office with a fixed resolution to devote his days and nights to the discharge of its duties. The finances of the department were in a low condition, and the department itself, if not positively odious, had failed to secure the good will or confidence of the people. But order, under his administration of the office, soon came out of chaos, and the public respect and confidence were at once freely accorded to his masterly management. It soon became evident how easy it is to regulate the most complicated business when the requisite ability and industry are put into requisition for the task. In a short time the finances of the department were in a most flourishing condition; dispatch and regularity were given to the mails, and the commercial intercourse of the whole country was carried on with the utmost celerity, certainty and ease. Inefficient contractors were dismissed, and the same course was adopted with regard to the postmasters and other agents of the department. He controlled and regulated the entire action of the department. The whole correspondence was superintended and directed by him. He gave his undivided and personal attention to every

contract, whether when it was made or altered. All appointments and all charges against postmasters were acted upon and decided by him in person. In short, everything involving the efficiency or character of the department was done under his immediate supervision, and with his own personal sanction. Thus was signalized the sagacity of President Monroe in the choice of the ablest officer as yet ever placed at the head of the Post Office department. It is not too much to say, that to the eminent executive ability of John McLean, the country is indebted for the establishment of that system and order which have since made the administration of the office comparatively easy, facilitated the transmission of the mails, and, by converting it into a self-sustaining institution, relieved the Government from the expense of maintaining it.

On the retirement of President Monroe, Mr. McLean was retained by his successor, President Adams (J. Q.), in the office of Postmaster-General, an act worthy of both these eminent gentlemen. Mr. McLean had favored the election of General Jackson, as the competitor of Mr. Adams, but with that true nobility of soul which can appreciate virtue in a political opponent, and tolerate an honest difference of political sentiment, these patriotic men, having a common object, the promotion of the public welfare, each in his appropriate sphere, cooperated with the other in the administration of the Government. At that period the Postmaster-General was not a member of the Cabinet Council of the President, nor had the custom, "more honored in the breach than in the observance," of removals for opinions' sake, become the usage of successful parties; and, therefore, the office did not partake necessarily, as now, under that usage, of the character of a party appointment.

When Mr. McLean accepted the office, the salary of the Postmaster-General was four thousand dollars. A proposition to increase it to six thousand was made in 1827 in the House of Representatives, and sanctioned by an almost unanimous vote. There were, indeed, very few votes against it, and some of those who opposed it, regretted that they had felt constrained, by peculiar circumstances, and for exceptional reasons, to refuse their assent. In the Senate, also, the bill passed almost unanimously. Mr. John Randolph, who voted against it, declared, in his characteristically epigrammatic manner, and in the most complimentary terms, that the salary was intended for the *officer* and not the *office*, and that he would vote for the bill if the salary should be made to cease when Mr. McLean should leave the department.

It will be readily perceived that, during the whole period of his service in the department, he had, necessarily, a most delicate and difficult part to perform. He went into the office when parties were forming for the Presidential contest of 1824. He had his own course to determine. He decided upon it, and consistently, though unobtrusively and moderately, as became him, pursued it. His favorite, General Jackson, though he had a plurality in the electoral colleges, was not elected by the House of Representatives, on which the election was devolved by the constitution, and he (McLean) submitted, with cheerfulness, to this constitutional result, yielding, as he always has, and ever will, implicit obedience and conformity to all constitutional injunctions and obligations. This contest being over, the country, which had been divided into several parties, founded principally on preferences for men, now rallied in two great divisions for a new contest, animated by the most determined spirit of rivalry, and each bent upon securing to itself the lead of public affairs. A principle of grave import was now, for the first time, openly avowed that it is proper to make political opinions the test of appointments to office. Such a principle had been occasionally acted upon during preceding periods of our history, but so rarely as to constitute the exception and not the rule. It had never become the settled and systematic course of conduct of any public officer. Doubtless every one is bound to concede something to the temper and opinions of the mass of the party to which he belongs, otherwise party would be an association without any connecting bond of alliance; but it is obvious that no man can properly infringe any one of the great rules of morality and justice for the purpose of subserving the interests of party. It cannot be too often repeated, nor too strongly impressed upon the public men of America, that nothing is easier than to reconcile these two apparently conflicting views. A political party, in its legitimate aspect, is an association of men for the advancment of the public interests. Men flung together indiscriminately, without any common bond of alliance, would be able to achieve nothing great and valuable; while united together, and lending each other material support and assistance in the maintenance of great principles, they are able to surmount the greatest obstacles, and to accomplish the most important and beneficent ends. This is the

true idea of party. It imports combined action for a common and laudable purpose, but does not imply any departure from the great principles of morality and justice. The structure of the human mind is so different in different individuals, that it affords a wide scope for honest differences of opinion as to questions of mere policy and expediency; but, upon the great and fundamental principles of morality and justice, it leaves no room for diversity of sentiment among enlightened and right-minded men.

Mr. McLean, while in the office of Postmaster-General under President Adams, who was then a candidate for reëlection, was well known to be a friend of General Jackson, his (Adams's) only formidable competitor for the succession. The generation which has come upon the stage of life since that period, accustomed as they have been for so many years to the violence, acerbity, and proscriptive practices of political parties, which, unhappily, had their origin mainly in the Administration of General Jackson after the retirement of Mr. McLean from the Office of Postmaster-General, will scarcely be able to realize the fact that, notwithstanding the avowed preference entertained by him for General Jackson over Mr. Adams, the kind personal relations and mutual respect which had grown up between them remained unimpaired, not only up to the period of the change of Administration, but ever after, during the life of Mr. Adams, of whom it is but just to say, in this connection, that he was not more distinguished by the breadth of his talents, and the extent of his attainments, than by the purity of his motives, and the comprehensiveness of his patriotism.

The course of Mr. McLean, in the exercise of the appointing power of the Post Office Department, was marked by his characteristic wisdom, moderation, and sense of justice. Considering that every public officer holds his office in trust for the people and not for himself nor his party, he determined to govern himself, in the discharge of his public duty, in this particular as in all others, by those principles only which were consistant with the faithful and impartial performance of his trust. No individual was removed by him from office on account of his political opinions, but, in filling vacancies occasioned by other causes, he felt himself bound, in cases in which the candidates were opposed to each other in politics, and equal as to qualifications, to disregard his own personal and political preferences, and to discriminate in favor of the candidate who was friendly to the Administration. It was not then the usage, as now, to suggest, as a recommendation of a candidate, that he was friendly to the Administration; and, in all cases, the applicant who was clearly the best qualified, and, in other respects most fit, having due regard to the public convenience, was selected for appointment.

On the arrival of General Jackson at the Capital, preparatory to his inauguration, and when he was about selecting the members of his Cabinet, he sent for Mr. McLean to learn whether he was willing to remain in Washington and take a part in the new Administration. In the interview thus sought by General Jackson, Mr. McLean, before any proposition was made to him, frankly avowed the principles by which he had hitherto governed himself in the exercise of the appointing power, and, in reference to a report which had gained currency in the public prints—that he had made use of that power, while serving in the Administration of Mr. Adams, to promote the success of General Jackson, his rival—he expressly denied the imputation, and declared that he should deem himself unworthy of the confidence of the President elect or of any honorable man if he had been, or could be, guilty of such a dereliction of duty and decorum. With warm expressions of regard and confidence, General Jackson urged him to remain in the office of Postmaster-General. This offer Mr. McLean, after full deliberation, felt constrained to decline. In subsequent interviews, the War and Navy Departments were successively tendered for his acceptance, and pressed upon him by General Jackson with unbounded professions of friendship. The Treasury Department would have been offered to him, had not such arrangements already been made as to preclude it. But the resolution of Mr. McLean had been taken, and he was determined to adhere to it. The spirit of party had become unusually bitter and acrimonious, and threatened to overleap all the bounds by which it had hitherto been confined. He became impressed with the conviction that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for him to pursue the even and measured line of conduct which he had so far pursued with credit to himself and advantage to the country. Retirement from public life seemed to him, under such circumstance, not less necessary to the consistency of his character than congenial to his inclinations. But he was not to be allowed wholly to retire. Having retained the office of Postmaster-General for only a few days, as a convenience to the new Admin-

istration, he was nominated, and on the 7th of March, 1829, only three days after the first inauguration of General Jackson, confirmed and appointed as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, the highest judicial tribunal in the Union; and thus were secured to the country those eminent abilities which had for so long, and with such singleness and honesty of purpose, been exerted for the public welfare. He was then in the prime of life, having nearly attained the forty-fourth year of his age, and it may be said, with the truth of impartial history, that the judicial ermine never clothed an embodiment of sounder intellect and higher moral excellence.

Judge McLean was not long in discovering that he had wisely determined not to remain in the service of the new Administration; and soon after his appointment, many of the leading men of the Northern, Middle and Western States introduced his name, and urged his nomination for the Presidency as the successor of General Jackson. Many of the papers of the opposition declared a preference for Mr. Clay, and the name of Mr. Calhoun was brought out in some parts of the South in the same connection. A large, active and influential party exhibited a strong disposition to rally on Judge McLean, but it was clear then (as it often is in the history of political parties,) that no one party into which the opposition was divided could effect an election without the coöperation of all the elements of the opposition. Seeing this, and that Mr. Clay could combine the largest force, Judge McLean unhesitatingly withdrew; and in his reply declining a nomination, he uses this language—"If, by a multiplicity of candidates, an election by the people should be prevented, I should regard it as a national misfortune. In the present agitated state of the public mind, an individual who should be elected to the Chief Magistracy by less than a majority of the votes of the people, could scarcely hope to conduct successfully the business of the nation. He should possess in advance the public confidence, and a majority of the suffrages of the people is the only satisfactory evidence of that confidence." These are sentiments not less wise and patriotic, than magnanimous and self-sacrificing.

Shortly after the reëlection of General Jackson, the name of Judge McLean was again brought forward for the Presidency—first by a public meeting of citizens of Baltimore, and subsequently by similar meetings and conventions in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, and several other States. A majority of the members of the Legislature of Ohio also nominated him for the same high and honorable position. At length, in August, 1835, he addressed a letter to the chairman of one of the principal committees, again declining a nomination, in which he expressed substantially the same sentiments which he had declared on the former occasion. He was aware that this course would discourage his friends, but he was not desirous to attain office, except under such circumstances as would enable him to carry out those principles which would elevate and tranquilize the political action of the country.

For several years Judge McLean has been the only survivor of the members of the Supreme Court who were on the bench when he was appointed. Judge Washington was the first, after that period, to be stricken down from that elevated position. His place was filled by Judge Baldwin who also has fallen. The demise of Judge Johnson next followed that of Judge Washington, and Judge Wayne was appointed to succeed him. The shaft of death then brought to the dust Chief Justice Marshall, who had long been the chief ornament of that tribunal, and Chief Justice Taney immediately succeeded him. Judge Duval resigned under the pressure of age and infirmity, and shortly afterward died. He was succeeded by Judge Barbour, and he, too, has departed. Judge Thompson was the next to follow Judge Duval, and Judge Nelson took his place. Judge Story, whose learning and ability have won for him a world-wide reputation as one of the most distinguished of jurists, was the last of the old bench to pay the debt of nature. He was succeeded by Judge Woodbury, who, after a short career, vacated his office by death. Judge Baldwin was succeeded by Judge Grier, Judge Barbour by Judge Daniel, and Judge Woodbury by Judge Curtis. Judges Catron and McKinley, who, at his death, was succeeded by Judge Campbell, were added to the bench by the increase of the number of Associate Justices and Circuits rendered necessary by the rapid growth of the country, and the consequent increase of litigious business.

The labors of the Justices of the Supreme Court in their extent, variety and importance, are not fully appreciated, except by those of the legal profession who are in the habit of practicing at the bar of that Court and at the Circuits. On an average, fifteen hours of every day, Sundays excepted, are laboriously employed in the hearing of causes, and the prepa-

ration of opinions, almost every one of which requires deep research, profound learning and intense thought. In hearing the pleadings, testimony and arguments of counsel, while in Court, their minds must necessarily be engaged to the exclusion of all other subjects, and in examining records, weighing evidence, considering arguments, discussing in consultation and deciding legal questions and writing opinions, when out of Court, in the numerous cases brought before them, the entire powers of their intellects must be constantly on the stretch. No duties performed by any other public officers of the Government are as exhausting, mentally or physically, as those of the Justices of the Supreme Court, and yet it is a singular fact, attesting alike his unshrinking fidelity to his public trust, and the vigor of his physical constitution, that, except for one or two days, Judge McLean has never been absent during the sessions of the Supreme Court since he first took his seat on the bench, in January, 1830, now more than twenty-six years ago.

The powers of that Court are more extensive than those ever intrusted to any other tribunal. It takes cognizance of controversies between States, and where an act of the Legislative power, State or Federal, is in conflict with the constitution of the Union, it has the power to declare the act void. No question can arise under the law of nations, the civil, common, commercial, or maritime law, in any case within its jurisdiction that may not be considered and decided by the Supreme Court. This tribunal may be said to constitute the great balance-wheel of our happily adjusted machinery of Government, and on a faithful discharge of its functions depend in no inconsiderable degree the harmonious working of the whole, and with it the prosperity of the country and the permanence of the Union. These great duties have, at all times, and under all circumstances, hitherto been discharged by that high tribunal in such a manner as to receive, in a very large degree, the public confidence, and it is to be hoped that no party or sectional considerations may influence its action, in any direction, to impair that confidence which is so essential to its influence and value. While the legislative and executive branches of the Government have been subjected to many changes, which have endangered the great interests of the Nation, and sometimes seriously threatened the integrity of the Union, no considerable body or party of men have undertaken to deride the powers of the Supreme Court; and in the most perilous times the people of all parties have looked to that tribunal as the sheet-anchor of safety. Causes involving local rights and feelings have produced much excitement, but resistance to a judgment or decree of the Supreme Court has been rarely threatened, and never carried into effect. Such attempts have ever been frowned upon by the friends of good order and Constitutional Government, and when the day shall come that an organized power, under the claim of State sovereignty, or otherwise, shall successfully oppose the solemn decisions of that Court, the days of the Union will be numbered.

Judge McLean has taken a prominent part in all the leading questions, constitutional or otherwise, which have been decided since he took his seat upon the bench. In a large share of the cases he has delivered the opinion of the Court, in others he gave his individual opinion, coinciding in the result with the majority of his brethren, and in some he dissented from the majority, and assigned his reasons for this dissent.

Almost the only public means of ascertaining his views of the relations of the Federal and State Governments to the subject of slavery are afforded by his judicial decisions; and necessarily so, for during the angry controversy, which found its pacification in the Missouri Compromise, he was a Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio; and from 1829 to the present time, during which all the questions relating to that subject which have disturbed the country since the adoption of that Compromise have arisen, he has occupied a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States; and he has, therefore, been precluded, by proper considerations of delicacy, from participating publicly, or actively exerting himself even privately, in the political questions which have grown out of those relations. From these opinions, and from a communication published anonymously, and now reproduced as the acknowledged production of Judge McLean, in that eminently prudent and conservative journal, the National Intelligencer, with the correspondence to which the communication has given rise between him and Gen. Cass, the views of the Judge on this subject may be taken to be briefly these: that slavery is emphatically the creature, and subsists only by virtue of the positive law of the place where it exists, and derives no sanction from the law of nature, to which it is repugnant, as opposed to natural right, nor from the law of nations; that, as a general principle, the rights of the master, thus recognized and

protected only by the positive local law, absolutely cease and the slave becomes free and cannot be reclaimed, when, by whatever means he has escaped, or shall otherwise be beyond the operation of that law, within the limits of another sovereignty where slavery is not sanctioned by positive law, unless there be a treaty or some legislation to the contrary; that this general principle applies in full force to the several States and Territories of the Union; that therefore any slave, who, otherwise than as a fugitive from labor, shall go, or be beyond the limits of the local law where he may be held as a slave, into a State where slavery is not sanctioned, becomes *ipso facto* absolutely free, unless there be some legislation of such State which brings the case within the sole exception to this general principle; that Congress has no power to *institute* slavery in any of its Territories, nor to delegate that power to any Territorial Government; that no Territorial Government nor its people has, or can have that power *inherently* or otherwise, and hence that slavery cannot by any means be *instituted*, or lawfully go or be protected in any of the Territories where it did not exist at the time of acquisition; and in that case, he holds that Congress may, in the exercise of a police power, regulate or prohibit it in its discretion; that the Ordinance of 1787, in all its parts, was obligatory at the time of its adoption, as a *compact* between the States which were parties to it, and, as such, still remains obligatory, and can be altered only by the consent of the original parties.

In the application of these principles, Judge McLean did not hesitate, in 1845, to set at liberty several persons held as slaves, who, having been brought by the voluntary act of their master from Kentucky into Illinois, and afterwards taken back into Kentucky, had actually escaped from labor in Kentucky where they were held as slaves, and made their way back to Illinois, asserting their freedom. Sitting at the Circuit, where, according to well established law, he had no alternative but to adhere to the adjudications of the Supreme Court at bar, he has assumed, as he was bound to do, that the Fugitive Slave law is constitutional in those particulars which have been so adjudicated, so far as they have arisen before him, conforming in these particulars to the act passed during the administration, and which had the approval, of Washington. In those respects in which it has not been so adjudicated, no question has arisen before him. either at bar or at the Circuit. What his opinion is in regard to those features of the act which are especially obnoxious in the Free States, or what he might do in his judicial capacity at the bar or at the Circuit in regard to them, there is no public means of ascertaining, nor would it be decorous for him to declare, in advance of the necessity which may demand, and can alone justify the declaration. It may be safely affirmed, however, that in these respects he will do what shall appear to him to be his clear constitutional duty —no more—no less. To his calm and conscientious consideration, his sense of justice and benevolence, and, above all, to his devotion to the constitution and to human rights, may be safely intrusted the solution of these delicate and difficult questions.

That he was in favor of the Missouri Compromise at the time of its adoption; that he was decidedly opposed to its repeal by the Kansas-Nebraska act; that he is opposed to the extension of slavery to free territory; that he is in favor of prohibiting it by every constitutional means, and that the enforcement of his avowed principles on the subject would effectually prevent the introduction of any more slave States into the Union, are facts of which there is no room for doubt or dispute.

Fortunate indeed would it be for the peace and prosperity of the country, the perpetuity of the Union, and the true glory of this great and enlightened American Republic, if the policy of such statesmen as Judge McLean, the policy of its founders, could again assert its rightful supremacy in the administration of our public concerns. Then might be realized those great ends which Washington declared should be the objects of his unceasing vows; that Heaven may continue to us the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that our union and brotherly love may be perpetual; that our free constitution may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete by so careful a preservation, and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and the adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

From the nature of the duties of the Supreme Court, and the distinct and durable manner in which the acts of its members are spread out for public inspection in its reports, a general and fixed public judgment will be formed of the ability and fitness of Judge McLean for his

position on the bench, which no effort, friendly or hostile, can materially modify. For good or for ill, he has erected for himself, in the reports of his judicial decisions, a monument inscribed with undying words; and these records may, in all time to come, be trustfully resorted to as the measure of his usefulness and fidelity in this elevated and responsible position. But few, comparatively, are subjected to this stern ordeal. Some (though rare, indeed, are they,) who, having passed it, will continue, through all time, by the luster of their civic achievements, the more honorable of all, to shed a clear and steady light upon the pathway of truth and justice throughout the civilized world. A Judge of the Supreme Court must emphatically be the artificer of his own fame, relying wholly upon his own personal qualifications for his duties, and the strength of his purpose to exert them for the public welfare; and looking for no aid from those adventitious circumstances which so often make or mar the reputation of the statesman and the soldier. Judge McLean has no reason to complain that these are the conditions of greatness in the sphere in which he has spent the greater part of his active public life; for he has already won a distinction which will endure while the constitution and the Union have a place in the memories of men.

As evidences of the high esteem in which Judge McLean is held by those most competent to judge of his moral and intellectual excellencies, it may be stated that the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred upon him by Harvard University, the Wesleyan University, and other institutions of learning in the United States. He has been for several years the President of the American Sunday School Union, the seat of whose operations is at Philadelphia, and for a long time a communicant in the Methodist Church; exemplifying the simplicity of his character and the true humility of a Christian by submitting himself to the duties and discipline of the Church, and, by his example and exhortations, directing and persuading others, less favored in intellect and worldly honors than himself, in the way of truth and righteousness.

The bereavement of Judge McLean, in 1840, by the loss of the companion of his youth and the mother of his children—the severest affliction which such a man can endure—has been already noticed. She had lived an example of the beauty of virtue in life, and died an example of the triumphs of religion in death. In 1843 he married Mrs. Sarah Bella Garrard, daughter of Israel Ludlow, Esq., one of the founders of Cincinnati, a lady extensively known and admired for the graces of her person, the amiable charm of her manners, and the accomplishments of her refined and cultivated intellect.

Judge McLean is tall and commanding in person, of imposing mien and well proportioned, with an appearance indicating great physical vigor and intellectual energy, now unimpaired and promising many years of usefulness. His general habits of life have always been simple, abstemiously temperate and free from ostentation. His temper is highly cheerful, his manners dignified, frank and pleasing, and his conversation instructive and eloquent; and he possesses, in a rare degree, those qualities and that happy faculty which at once inspire the confidence and respect, and win the warm attachment of all who come within his influence, and especially of the younger members of the bar, toward whom he has always delighted to extend his kindness and courtesy. Diligence, justice and benevolence have guided him in his entire career as a citizen, a lawyer, a statesman and a judge.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

Among the younger class of American statesmen, none have become more rapidly or extensively known than the subject of this sketch. His early history, his struggles for fame and fortune, were, in the main, of the same character as those experienced by the majority of our self-educated public men. Energy, industry and perseverance, the power to plan and the will to execute, led him from the humble artisan's bench to the chamber of the Senate. By a large portion of the American people it is claimed that the acme of triumph is not yet achieved; but, that their favorite shall eventually reach the highest aims of his earthly ambition. He first rose to general notice in 1843, by a speech he delivered in the House of Representatives on the bill to restore the fine inflicted upon General Jackson, by Judge Hall, for declaring martial law, and taking such other steps as he considered necessary for the defense of New Orleans during the last war with Great Britain. It was just after this speech that he (Douglas) first obtained the sobriquet of "the little giant." Of course the Old Hero was much pleased with the defense of his character and measures; both of which had been so ably vindicated by this little Western lawyer, and the latter almost immediately became one of the idols of the Democratic party.

STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS was born at Brandon, Rutland County, in the State of Vermont, on the 23d of April, 1813; therefore at the present time he is in the 44th year of his age. He was left an orphan when not three months old; his father, Dr. Stephen A. Douglas, a respectable physician of that town, dying of apoplexy, on the 1st of July, 1813, and leaving two children, one a daughter of twenty months, and the other the author of the famous Nebraska bill. After the death of her husband, the widow and her children went to reside with her brother, a bachelor, who was a farmer in good circumstances. He, however, marrying sometime afterward, destroyed whatever expectations the mother may have entertained, from that source, for her children. At the age of fifteen, when the nephew wished to enter college, he found that his uncle would not aid him. He therefore entered the cabinet shop of Mr. Nahum Parker, at Middlebury, Vermont, proposing to become a cabinet-maker. He remained there for several months, when he returned to Brandon, his native town, where he worked for a year at the same trade, when the state of his health compelled him to leave it. He then entered the Academy at Brandon, and pursued his studies with diligence.

His sister having wedded a Mr. Granger, from the State of New York, and his mother soon after marrying the father of Mr. Granger, the family removed to that State. Stephen was then sent to the academy at Canandaigua, at the same time devoting what time he could to the study of the law, in the office of Messrs. Hubble in Canandaigua, where he remained until after he had completed his nineteenth year. In 1833 he removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where he entered the office of the Hon. S. I. Andrews, who then represented that district in Congress. Stephen eventually found that his close application to study was ruining his

health, and he was induced to abandon his original intention of settling in Cleveland. He left it and went westward, to Jacksonville, Illinois, which place he reached in an extremely destitute condition; but he was energetic, industrious, and ready to resort to any means to earn an honest livelihood. A youth of twenty years of age, in a strange land, fifteen hundred miles from home, in feeble health, without friends, and with but thirty-seven and-a-half cents in the world, he left Jacksonville on foot in search of employment as a school teacher. On the second day after his departure, and while in Winchester, sixteen miles from Jacksonville, he was attracted by a crowd of people collected together, and on mingling with them he learned that they had assembled to attend an administrator's sale of the effects of a merchant recently deceased; but that the sale was delayed for want of a clerk. Douglas at once applied for and procured the berth, and for the two days' services received six dollars, and with that amount commenced the world. Having given satisfaction to his employer, he had no difficulty in procuring a situation as a teacher, and on the first Monday of December, 1833, Stephen A. Douglas was the humble village schoolmaster of the town of Winchester, Illinois. Even at this late day "the Little Giant" takes pleasure in relating his success as a teacher. Like the millionaire who was informed by an old acquaintance that he "remembered the time when he made his living by sawing wood." "Well," was the prompt rejoinder, "didn't I do it well?" So with the Senator. He believes he was successful in "teaching the young idea how to shoot," and now he would endeavor to instruct the more mature in thought. He devoted the time unoccupied by his regular duties to the study of the law, from books that were kindly loaned by a member of the bar at Jacksonville. and ere long he commenced the preliminaries of his profession by attending to cases before the Justice of the Peace. The proceeds of his school enabled him, in the month of March, 1834, to commence the practice of the law in the higher Courts, he having previously obtained a license of the Judges of the Supreme Court; and he procured an office in Jacksonville and "stuck out his shingle," and almost at once commenced a successful and lucrative practice. It will be borne in mind that he was at this time scarcely twenty-one years of age, and that he had arrived in that section of the country, only a few months before, a stranger, penniless and destitute. Certainly his most inveterate enemy cannot deny him the great credit he so justly deserves for his early industry and triumph.

At the time Mr. Douglas settled in Jacksonville, as at present, political excitement ran high in all parts of the Union, and more especially in the West. Now it is the vexed Kansas-Nebraska bill; then it was the removal of the Government deposits from the Bank of the United States. Gen. Jackson had, a few months before, performed the latter feat, and many of his friends deserted his support in consequence, and among them were many of the prominent politicians of the country. A meeting having been called by the Democrats of Jacksonville friendly to the course of Gen. Jackson, the prominent Democrats opposed to his action in the matter claimed a right to be present and discuss the Bank question. The latter were admitted, and made speeches in support of their views. Douglas was present, and was called upon to reply, and then and there made his first political speech; it was in favor of Andrew Jackson, and against the United States Bank. At the same time he gave evidence that he was a capital "stump orator," an accomplishment that has always proved the most valuable capital that can be presented in a Western market.

The first public office filled by Mr. Douglas was that of State's Attorney for Morgan and several adjacent counties that composed the circuit. He was elected by the Legislature of 1834–35, over the gallant and much lamented Col. John J. Hardin, who, it will be remembered, fell, while gloriously charging his country's foes, on the bloody field of Buena Vista. In 1836 Mr. Douglas was elected a member of the Legislature of Illinois from Morgan County. He was the youngest member of the House, being at the time little over twenty-three years old. Two years previous the Legislature had chartered the State Bank, and had prolonged the charter of the Bank of Illinois at Shawneetown.

The wild mania of speculation and overbanking had, even then, extended to Illinois, and the proposition was made by those who managed and controlled the banks to unite with the State, to increase their capital stock, and multiply the number of their branches. This proposition to combine "Bank and State" was promptly and energetically opposed by Mr. Douglas; he was, however, defeated, and the banks became the fiscal agents of the State for the collecting, safe keeping and disbursement of its revenues. As had been predicted, in three months after these operations had

commenced the banks failed; their paper depreciated from fifty to seventy-five cents on the dollar. Bankruptcy and ruin followed in their train. The evils occasioned by the compact will long be remembered in Illinois. Even at this late day many a then well-to-do farmer who placed confidence in the bank managers, and sought to make immense fortunes by mortgaging their farms to speculate in bank stocks, have scarcely recovered from the shock experienced nearly twenty years ago.

Shortly after the adjournment of the Legislature of 1836–37 Mr. Douglas was appointed, by President Van Buren, Register of the Land Office at Springfield, the seat of Government of the State of Illinois, which office he held until nominated as a candidate for Congress in the Spring of 1838. The general suspension of specie payments by banking corporations, and the great financial panic of 1837, will be readily called to mind by most of the older citizens. In September of that year the President convened an extra session of Congress, and at its commencement proposed his *Independnt Treasury* scheme. This was a most exciting period in the financial history of our country. The Bank question had rent the Democratic party to almost the same extent that the slavery question has at the present day. Of the three National Representatives from Illinois not one supported Mr. Van Buren's proposition. Col. W. L. May at that time represented the Springfield District, which now embraces from one-half to two-thirds of the population of the State. A large portion of his constituency refused to sustain him for reëlection after his vote upon this bill, and nominated Mr. Douglas as his successor. A majority of the Democrats of that district were more favorable to their new leader from his avowed preference for a divorce of Bank and State, and felt he was more peculiarly fitted to argue that measure before the people and in the National Council. The Hon. John T. Stewart, distinguished for his popular talent, was the candidate of the opposite party. The contest continued from early Spring until August, and was one of the most laborious and exciting character that was ever conducted in that State, and the vote was so close that it was not known for a long time which was elected. Although Mr. Stewart received the certificate of election, it has always been claimed by the Democrats that Mr. Douglas was entitled to it; as usual a number of votes were thrown out on account of informality and misspelling of the names; probably, as this was done without regard to person, neither candidate received preferences from it. In 1840 the district gave General Harrison a majority of 3,700, since which the friends of Mr. Douglas have claimed that it was at least a drawn battle between him and Mr. Stewart.

After this defeat Mr. Douglas continued the practice of the law at Springfield until the opening of the Presidential campaign of 1840, when he, for seven months, canvassed the State for Van Buren and Johnson. Illinois was one of the seven States that cast her electoral vote for the Democratic candidates; and it has been ever claimed that Mr. Douglas was one of the principal auxilliaries in bringing about this result. At the session of the Legislature in 1840–41 he was appointed, by the Governor, Secretary of State, and before the adjournment he was elected one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State. He is said to have discharged the duties of this office with distinguished ability until the Summer of 1843, when he was nominated as a candidate for Congress from the Quincy District. In this contest his party was successful. Judge Douglas was elected by a handsome majority, and took his seat as a member of the Twenty-eighth Congress on the first Monday of December, 1843, just ten years after he commenced school teaching in Winchester.

During the Summer of 1844, Judge Douglas was a second time elected to Congress, and his majority was increased from four hundred and and fifty to nineteen hundred; and in his third election, which occured in 1846, it was still further augmented to twenty-nine hundred. Before taking his seat for the third term of his election as a Representative, a vacancy occurred in the Senate, by the expiration of the term of General Semple, and Judge Douglas, with great unanimity on the part of the Democrats of his State, was elected to that distinguished body, where he first took his seat on the 4th of March, 1847. He has since been reelected, his present term expiring March 3, 1859.

A year or two ago, previous to the passage of his Kansas-Nebraska bill, Judge Douglas was one of the most prominent and popular men in the Democratic party, and had he remained true to the pure and fundamental principles of democracy he could hardly have failed to receive, at some time, the highest honors of his country. But in the conception and passage of that fatal bill, his "vaulting ambition" o'erleapt itself, and he has fallen very much

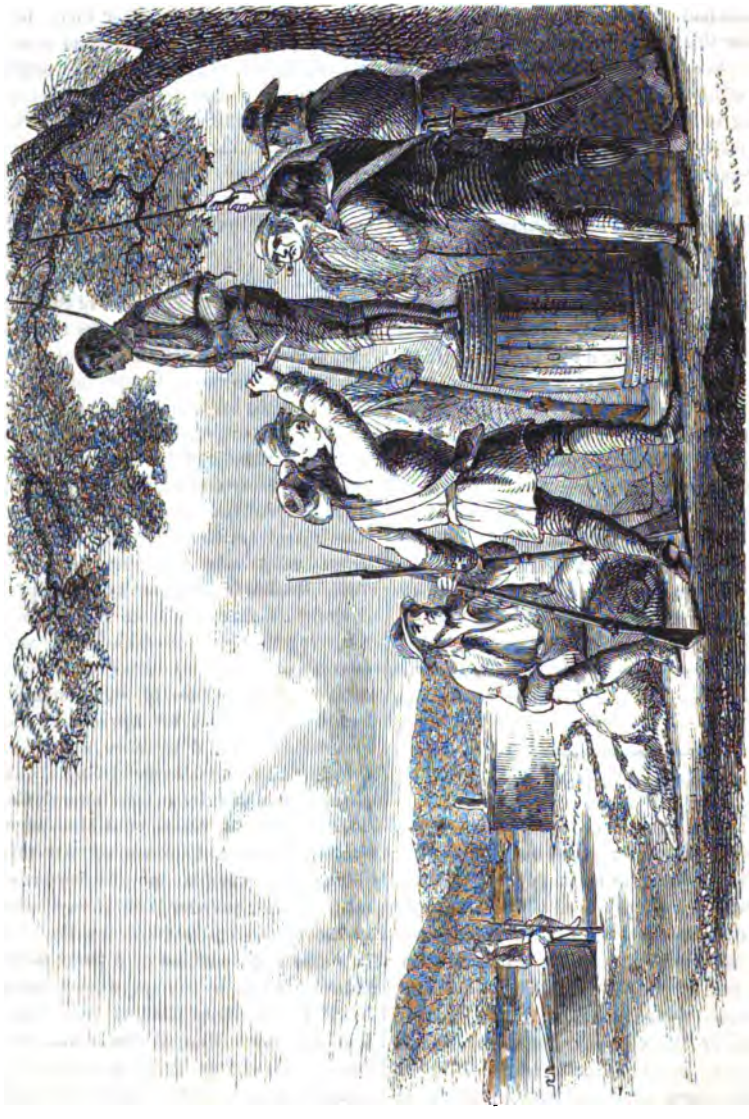
from the high position he had attained in the estimation of a large portion of his countrymen. Thousands—many thousands of his party, who two years ago would have labored earnestly for his elevation to the Presidency, and rejoiced at his success, now have their faces set against him like a flint, and would oppose him to the bitter end. They have lost their faith in his honest patriotism, and have come to regard him as an unscrupulous politician, who would not hesitate to sacrifice the peace and welfare of his country in the hope of promoting his own personal aggrandizement. Else, they say, why did he have the folly and madness to break up that time-honored Missouri Compromise, which had given quiet and peace to the country for thirty years? Why did he violate the most cherished feelings and principles of the land of his Northern birth, in the vain hope of reaping to himself a wide harvest of Southern popularity? Why did he open wide again the flood-gates of passion and sectional contention between the North and South? Why did he light the match that has set the whole country in a blaze, inaugurating the reign of violence, club-law, and civil war? Such are the interrogations of thousands of his former friends, and the knowing ones shake their heads and say, he threw a sop to the political Cerberus of the South; but it was a vain offering, and will not win the favor of the many-headed monster sufficiently to secure him a safe passage through the portal he so much desires to enter. The only probable result now is, that instead of gaining the South he has lost the North; for undoubtedly a large portion of the wisest and best minds at the South are now well satisfied that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was the heaviest blow that has ever been struck at their "peculiar institution," and, therefore, wish, with all their hearts, that the "Little Giant's" cake was dough again.

STEPHEN BALL HUNG BY THE TORIES.

STATEN ISLAND was occupied as a British post during the greater portion of the war for Independence, and was an important position, as it afforded an easy access to the Jersey shores, whence foraging parties could draw supplies of provisions for the army, and furnished a safe retreat for those foraging parties when pursued by the American militia. Toward the close of the war, several circumstances combined to cause a scarcity of provisions in the British camp, among which the activity of various bands of militiamen in cutting off all parties of the enemy, unless they were in great force, was not the least in importance. Every means was adopted to overcome this difficulty, and an appeal to the cupidity of the inhabitants was made by the commanding officer on the island, in which he stated that all persons, whatever their principles, who would bring provisions to the camp, should have permission to sell them, be paid the highest price. and should be allowed to return unmolested. Such a proclamation was well calculated to effect the object; for it is well known that Congress could not pay for supplies to their armies, except in depreciated Continental money, and as there was no other market for them, the farmers had but one alternative—either to sell them for British gold, or for the almost worthless paper money of Congress. It is not surprising, therefore, that many whose patriotism was not doubted chose the former, and, whenever opportunity offered, slipped over to the Staten Island shore with their produce, for which they received a fair price in the hard coin of King George.

Among those who were deluded to this course was a man by the name of Stephen Ball, who, having four quarters of beef to dispose of, thought it better to get its equivalent in gold than in paper money. In pursuance of his object, he placed his beef on board of a boat, and carefully covering it from observation, so that his intent might not be suspected in case he should meet any one who knew him, he put off one night, and rowed through Newark Bay to "the Kills," which he crossed, and landed on Staten Island early in the morning of Feb. 15, 1781. He found no difficulty in disposing of his beef; but for fear that he might be observed in leaving the island, and his object suspected by some of his friends, he determined to remain until the shades of night should screen his retreat, as it had his approach. Fatal determination! The delay cost him his life. It so happened that while wandering about on the island he was met by a man named Cornelius Hetfield, one of those cold-blooded villains who have no regard for any of those principles which govern even the most barbarous warfare, but fought for plunder, and was governed only by the bloody instincts of his brutal nature. This man had command of a party of six renegades of a similar stamp, whose names were Job Hetfield, James Hetfield, Sen., James Hetfield, Jr., Elias Man, Samuel Man, and Job Smith. All of these were former residents of Elizabethtown, except Smith, who was from

Bergen. The leader, Cornelius Hetfield, recognized Ball, and, knowing his rebel proclivities, arrested him under pretence of his being a spy, notwithstanding his asseverations that his object was a peaceful one. They stripped and searched him; and finding the money which he had received for his beef upon him, they quickly relieved him of it, and appropriated it among themselves, and then carried their prisoner before Gen. Patterson for trial as a spy. This officer explained to them the object of Ball's visit to the camp, and directed them to let him go. This did not suit their purposes, as in that case they would have to restore him his money; and they made another effort to rid themselves of this incumbrance by taking him to Gen. Skinner, who refused to try him by court-martial, and pretended to shudder at the idea of trying and executing a man who had brought them provisions. Foiled in this attempt, the determined refugees made up their minds to try him themselves, and a mock court-martial was instituted on the spot. The verdict may readily be imagined, and the sentence was that he should be "hung by the neck until he be dead!" In vain he pleaded the proclamation inviting visits such as his; in vain he begged that his case might be heard by the



THE EXECUTION OF BALL.

proper authorities; his judges were inexorable, and he was told that he must prepare to die. They well knew that the course they were about to pursue would not be sanctioned by the British commandant, and, to screen themselves from observation, they determined to take their prisoner to the opposite shore, where there could be none to interfere in their hellish object, and where they would be undisturbed in its consummation. For this purpose they placed him on board of his own boat, and rowed across to the old Tide-Mill, on Bergen Point. They found a small persimmon tree near the beach, which answered for a gibbet, and beneath its branches they all gathered with their prisoner, except one, who was left in charge of the boat. The unfortunate man looked in vain in the countenances of his executioners for the smallest sign of commiseration; but over the faces of all was spread an expression of hatred, or of perfect indifference to his fate. Finding that they were bent on putting him to death, and that there was no hope of their relenting in their deadly purpose, he begged to be allowed time to prepare himself for the great change from life to eternity. But even this boon was denied him by his captors, who told him, with an oath, that he had but ten minutes to live. He was also told that if he wanted any one to pray for him, one of their number would officiate; and one of the impious wretches ventured to commence a prayer. The words choked his utterance, however, and he was obliged to give over the attempt, amid the brutal cheers and coarse laughter of his associates. A barrel was procured, and, at the expiration of the allotted time, the wretches, in whose hearts beat no responsive feeling of pity for their unfortunate victim, ordered him to mount thereupon. Even after he had done so, and one of their number had tied the hangman's knot under his ear, after throwing the other end of the rope over a limb of the tree, he entertained the hope that the Tories only intended to frighten him, for he could not entertain the thought that they would murder him so coolly and deliberately; but he was doomed to be mistaken. Just before he swung off, James Hetfield stepped forward, and drawing his knife from his belt, placed it in the hand of the prisoner, declaring, with an oath, that he should not go into the other world unarmed. The signal was now given, and while those who held the rope pulled the prisoner off his feet, the barrel was kicked away from under them—and Stephen Ball was launched into eternity.

After he had hung until they were satisfied that he was dead, the rope was cut, and the body fell into a shallow grave which they had dug at the foot of the tree. They then leaped into their boat, and returned to the opposite shore. A day or two afterward, the father of the unfortunate man, hearing of the tragical death of his son, obtained a flag for the purpose of bringing off his corpse; but this privilege was denied him, and it was not until after the war that his body was disinterred and placed in the burying-ground at Newark. When the British evacuated the island, upon the declaration of peace, most of the ruffians engaged in this diabolical act fled to Nova Scotia. Cornelius Hetfield returned to New Jersey in 1807, and was arrested for the crime. He was discharged by the Judge, (Pennington,) however, on the ground that the treaty of peace precluded the punishment of such acts.

SWEATLAND'S ADVENTURE ON LAKE ERIE.

It was a beautiful morning in September, 1817, and Solomon Sweatland, of Conneant, on the Ohio shore of Lake Erie, had risen at the earliest dawn to enjoy his favorite amusement of hunting deer. This exciting sport he had been accustomed to follow in connection with a friend and neighbor, who, by the aid of dogs, would drive the deer into the lake, where Sweatland would pursue them in his canoe and shoot them without difficulty. On the present occasion he had left his cabin without his coat or waistcoat, to listen for the baying of the dogs as they drove the deer. The welcome sound soon greeted his ears, and he was surprised to find that a noble buck had already taken the water, and was some little distance out in the lake. In the enthusiasm of the moment he threw his hat upon the beach, jumped into his canoe, and put off after the animal, with every nerve thrilling with intense interest in the pursuit. The wind, which had been blowing steadily from the south during the night, had now increased to a gale, but he was too intent upon securing the valuable prize which was breasting the waves in advance to heed the dictates of prudence. The race promised to be a long one, for the deer was a powerful animal, and was not to be easily beaten by a log canoe and a single paddle. A considerable distance from the land had been attained, and the canoe had already shipped a heavy sea before he overtook the deer, who turned and made for the shore. Upon tacking to pursue him. Sweatland was at once apprized of his danger by the fact that, with his utmost exer-

SWEATLAND PUSHING THE BUCK.

tions, he not only made no progress in the desired direction, but, on the contrary, was drifting further out to sea. He had been observed in his outward progress by his neighbor, as well as by his own family, and as he disappeared from sight, considerable apprehension was felt for his safety. The alarm was soon given in the neighborhood, and it was decided by those competent to judge that his return would be impossible, and, unless help could be afforded him he was doomed to perish at sea. Actuated by those generous impulses which often induce men to risk their own lives to save those of others, three neighbors—Messrs. Gilbert, Cousins, and Belden—took a light boat and started in search of the wanderer. They met the deer returning, but could see nothing of their neighbor and friend. They made stretches off shore in the probable range of the fugitive, until they reached a distance of five or six miles from land, when, meeting with a heavy sea in which they deemed it impossible for a canoe to live, and seeing no signs of it on the vast expanse of waters, they reluctantly, and not without difficulty and danger, returned to shore, and Sweatland was given up as lost. Meantime the object of their search was laboring at his paddle, in the vain hope that the

wind would abate, or that aid might reach him from the shore. One or two schooners were in sight in the course of the day, but notwithstanding he made every effort to attract the attention of their crews, he failed to do so. For a long time the shore continued in sight, and as he traced its dim and fast-receding outline, and recognized the spot where stood his cabin, within whose precincts were the cherished objects of his affections, now doubly dear from the prospect of losing them forever, he felt that the last tie which united him in companionship with his fellow men was about to be dissolved, and the world, with all its busy interests, forever hidden from his sight. Fortunately he possessed a cool head and a stout heart, which, united to a considerable share of physical strength and power of endurance, eminently fitted him for any emergency. He was a good sailor, and his experience taught him that "while there was life there was hope." That experience taught him also, as the outline of the far-off shore disappeared from his sight, that his only expedient was to endeavor to reach the Canada shore, a distance of fifty miles. It was now blowing a gale, and the sea was evidently increasing, so that it required the most incredible exertion on his part to trim his uncouth vessel to the waves. He was obliged to stand erect, and move cautiously from one end to the other, well aware that one lost stroke of the paddle, or a tottering movement, would bring his voyage to a sudden termination. Much of his attention was likewise required in bailing out the canoe, which he managed to do with one of his shoes, a substantial pair of stoggies. Hitherto he had been blessed with the light of day, but to add to his distress, night was fast approaching, when he could only depend upon a kind Providence to guide him over the dark waste of waters. The sky, too, began to be overcast, and an occasional star which glistened through the haze was all the light afforded him through that long and fearful night. Wet to the skin by the constant dashing spray; part of the time in water half way up to his knees; so cold that his blood seemed chilled in his veins, and almost famished with hunger, he felt that death was preferable to such long-continued suffering, and nothing but the thought of his family sustained him in his exertions to keep his boat trimmed and headed for the land. When morning dawned the outline of the Canada shore greeted his eyes, and he found he had made land in the vicinity of Long Point. Here he met with another difficulty, in an adverse wind and heavy breakers, but the same hand which had sustained him thus far guided him in this emergency, and after thirty hours of unremitting and incredible exertions, he succeeded in landing in safety. What his emotions were on again treading the "green and solid earth," we shall not attempt to inquire; but his trials were not yet ended. He found himself, faint with hunger, and exhausted with fatigue, at the distance of forty miles from any human habitation, while the country that intervened was a desert, filled with marshes and tangled thickets, from which nothing could be obtained to supply his wants. These difficulties, together with the reduced state of his strength, made his progress toward the settlement slow and toilsome. On his way he found a quantity of goods which had been thrown ashore from the wreck of some vessel, which, although they afforded him no immediate relief, were afterward of material service. After a long and weary march through the wilderness he arrived at length at the settlement, where he was received and treated with great kindness and hospitality by the people. When his strength was sufficiently recruited, he procured a boat and went in search of his goods. These he found and brought off. He then started overland for Buffalo, where he disposed of part of his treasure, and with the proceeds furnished himself with a complete outfit, and finding the Traveler, Captain Charles Brown, from Conneant, in the harbor, he engaged passage on board of her. The captain and crew had heard of his disappearance, and looked upon him as one risen from the grave. His story was so astonishing as scarcely to be credible, but as he was there in person to verify it, it could not be doubted. Within a day or two he was on his way to join his family, who, he was informed by the captain, had given him up for dead, and were wrapped in the deepest despair. His feelings can be easily imagined as he approached the vicinity of that home which he had never expected again to behold. When the packet arrived opposite the house, the crew gave three long, loud, and hearty cheers, and fired guns from the deck in token of joy, which led his family to anticipate his return. On landing, he found that his funeral sermon had been preached, and had the rare privilege of seeing his own widow clothed in the habiliments of deep mourning.

[The facts of the remarkable incident embodied in the foregoing sketch, and so well illustrated by our artist, are derived from the Historical Collections of Ohio.—Ed. U. S. Mag.]

Editor's Studio.

A WORD TO THE READER.

In the announcement, a few weeks since, of a new series of this Magazine, to be enlarged and greatly improved, it was stated that it would take the form and full size of the largest three-dollar magazines, and the price be changed from one dollar to three dollars a year. To many of our agents and many *thousands* of our subscribers this was a damper. They had come to love the United States Magazine, and could not bear the idea of parting company with it, especially when its attractions were to be increased four-fold; and yet an annual tax of three dollars was something to think of, something to be felt, by the middling and laboring or productive classes of the community; and these, after all, constitute the great majority of readers in our country, and their circumstances and wishes are entitled to weight and respectful consideration.

In view, therefore, of the numerous and urgent remonstrances, from agents and subscribers, against raising the price to three dollars, we have concluded to make a compromise with them; that is, we insist upon the privilege of making a first-rate three-dollar magazine, one as richly worth three dollars as any magazine ever published, and yet agree to let them have it at *two dollars*. We think that ought to settle the difficulty. We meet our subscribers half way, and yet give up none of our rights to carry out and accomplish our cherished idea. We wish to make a magazine befitting the times, and suited to the progress and advanced condition of society; a magazine that shall be a worthy exponent of the literature of the day, and especially of our own country; a magazine that shall do something to foster genius, to develop talent, to encourage the Fine Arts, to popularize science, to educate the masses, to elevate and refine the public taste—in short, a magazine that shall be creditable to the country. Such is our desire—such is our aim. Our first effort, in the new series, is before the reader. We leave it to him to judge of the measure of our success.

PHILOSOPHY OF AMERICAN POLITICS.

To the patriotic mind the condition and prospects of our country must always be a theme of pregnant interest. In a nation where free institutions and general education make every individual a component and responsible portion of the supreme government, the condition of political affairs becomes a pre-eminently important subject of reflection. And when we find such a country in the full possession of all the ordinary advantages and means of advancement, enjoying universal salubrity, with an even and abundant flow of material prosperity, with an almost universal provision of the means of education, with ample opportunities for religious and moral instruction, and perfect equality and protection in the absolute freedom of religious practice, so that in all this vast and varied circle of interests there is hardly a thing to be desired or a thing to be complained of in regard to which we are not compelled to congratulate ourselves on a comparison with the most favored nations, and so that it is even difficult to awaken popular enthusiasm by any discussion—and when, in the midst of all this prosperity and glory, we find the political affairs of the country fallen into a condition of general confusion and demoralization, rushing even to the terrible extremity of civil war actually begun—it must be admitted that "The Political Condition of our Country" ought to awaken the deepest solicitude and to occupy the profoundest thoughts of every true patriot. We make no apology, therefore, for asking the earnest attention of our readers to a few considerations on this subject, which we shall present with a frankness and earnestness becoming our own sincerity and honest patriotism, no less than the importance of the subject and the greatness of the exigency.

It is evident that our political affairs are now in a great crisis—more momentous for our future destiny than the present generation has ever witnessed. We are just opening a new chapter in our political history—a chapter whose successive pages, as they shall be noted down by the recording angel, will solve problems of uncommon intricacy, and settle many questions of the profoundest difficulty in themselves, and of the highest importance in their bearing upon the science and future course of civil government all over the world.

The cycles of our Government are seen to correspond in some degree to the cycles of the generations of men. Allowing first a few years for the time necessarily occupied in getting the machinery of a new government fitted in all its parts and put in orderly motion, so as to be ready to meet and settle conflicting views and interests, we may then begin our reckoning some time during Washington's second term. We shall then find that during the next succeeding thirty years public attention was very much turned to our foreign relations, to our position and our rights and duties as a nation among the nations, and to the bearing of national obligations upon the individual States as well as upon the citizens individually. During that period, we find that the Republican or Jeffersonian theory and policy on all these subjects carried the day triumphantly, harmonizing the prerogatives of the Federal Government with the reserved rights of the States, while resolutely maintaining the just dignity of the Union and its capacity for all the functions of a great and independent nation. After a succession of the severest struggles, the whole country at last acquiesced in the Jeffersonian doctrine as the true theory of the government on all the great contested points, so that the universal recognition of this policy produced the remarkable "era of good feelings" which marked the closing years of Mr. Monroe's administration. The old Federal party then disappeared from the arena. This completes our first cycle of a human generation, or thirty years of National history.

The second great cycle opens upon us with a variety of difficult and vital questions and controversies concerning the financial relations of the Federal Government. It will be found by examination that nearly all the political controversies and divisions in which the people were involved during that thirty years, commencing in John Quincy Adams's administration and closing in Mr. Pierce's, hinged in some way upon the connection between the functions of the General Government and the financial interests of the country. The National Bank, the State banks, the keeping and disbursement of public moneys, the disposal of the public lands and of their proceeds, the tariff of duties on foreign goods imported, the improvement of roads, rivers and harbors, how much the Government could do in these respects, how much it ought to do, how far its doings could be resisted without treason, how far the validity of its acts was vitiated by the reasons on which those acts were based—set aside these questions, and all others that naturally grew out of these, and you will find but few political objects left that were of *general* interest through the country. The resolution to pursue what was called the large or liberal policy on all these

points—a policy, in effect, tending to swell the revenues and extend the powers of the Federal Government, and to limit proportionably the functions and importance of the State Governments—grew rather naturally out of the concentration of power by the Government, and the necessary acquiescence in such centralization on the part of the people, unavoidably incident to a state of war. It was entered into, more or less extensively, by nearly all those who had been the leading minds in the old Republican party, and who had controlled the Government during the war with England—by none more earnestly than by John C. Calhoun, who, however, abandoned that policy at an early period, for peculiar reasons of his own.

Soon, however, the number of men increased who saw danger in the tendencies of centralization to absorb the powers of the States, and weaken the safeguards of individual liberty and local independence. The division then assumed a more organized shape. The old Republicans, who opposed the prevailing policy, found themselves in need of a distinctive name to distinguish them from their late associates—also Republicans by their former records. And as their objects involved a still more radical application of the inherent Democratic principles of our institutions, they assumed the name of Democrats—an epithet which had not been so favorably regarded during the former or Jeffersonian cycle. The other class, who were favorable to more full development of the powers of the General Government to promote the public good and increase the glory of the nation, took the name of National Republicans—the very term "national" indicating a greater concern to support the prerogatives of the Federal system than the independence and sovereignty of the States. This was so evidently an adoption of the fundamental ideas of the old Federal party that the great body of the old Federalists found themselves arranged as National Republicans without any consciousness of a change, either of principle or policy. At a later period this party took the name of Whig, at the suggestion of Col. Webb, who preferred, on leaving the Democratic ranks, to have the appearance, which a new name would imply, of having been met half way by his new associates.

It is not necessary to go into the history of the period. Suffice it to say, that by successive struggles, with alternate triumph and defeat, the whole Democratic policy at length became permanently established and generally recognized as the settled policy of the country. The National Bank was abandoned by its most zealous supporters as "an obsolete idea," while it has been found that exchanges could be equalized at a much cheaper rate by individual enterprise; that the local paper currency, and the action of the banks, could be much better regulated by the necessary watchfulness of the banks over one another; and that whatever facilities in the keeping and disbursement of the public money were lost, the loss was more than compensated by the increased security of the Independent Treasury.

In like manner, with regard to the Tariff, it may be said without a fear of contradiction that the principles professed by the Tariff of 1846 are now the established policy of the country; and that whatever changes are desired, they affect only details, and not principles, or they aim at consistency rather than a change of policy. The principles professedly regarded by that tariff are: First, that duties should be imposed for revenue, making protection strictly incidental and subordinate; and, secondly, that in whatever discriminations are made, regard should be had chiefly to the greatest good of the greatest numbers The amazing prosperity and credit to which the country has attained under this system, has brought up the national revenue to an exorbitant amount; and yet the burden of a tax of seventy or eighty millions is so distributed that it seems hardly to be felt by the people any more than the man feels the atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch. Some special interests are consciously injured by it. In particular, the railroad interest is oppressed by the sliding *ad valorem* duty on iron, which becomes higher as the price rises, and is thus a serious tax in the most embarrassing time. The woolen manufacture is also crippled by the duty on imported wool, imposed on the absurd idea that, in a country where land is to be had for occupying, a protective duty was needed to foster a purely agricultural product requiring so little capital and less skill for its culture.

To the minds of thinking men, a still greater evil, putting at hazard the very integrity of our institutions, is the opportunity for political corruption which arises from the possession of so much money in the treasury, for which the real wants of the public service do not furnish adequate objects of expenditure. It would be one of the greatest deliverances we could have at this moment could the revenue of the United States be reduced at least one third. An ultimate reduction to one half the present income would leave ample means for an honest and economical government. This reduction could be effected in several ways. One is, by adding to the free list all those articles which enter as raw materials into our most difficult or important manufactures. To these should be added all those articles which afford the greatest facilities and temptations for smuggling. These are some of the more artificial methods, belonging to what is called profound statesmanship. But it is to be remembered that many a stream has passed for deep when it was only muddy. The method most agreeable to common sense would be, first to clear the Tariff of all duties that cost more than they came to in the collection, or that create more annoyance to trade than they are worth, and then to take off the duties from the articles that are most necessary to the great mass of the people—such as salt and sugar, coal and iron, &c., until the revenue is reduced to the proper amount. It should be remembered that money is worth much more as a means of public prosperity to be spent by the people than by the Government.

Everybody is sensible, and has been for many years, that our Government has too much money for the public good, and yet session after session passes away with nothing done to effect a reduction, and now another session is drawing to a close with the same results, although Gen. Pierce's administration was distinctly pledged to this measure. The reason is that the whole tribe of politicians, who are such by trade, feel an interest in keeping up the revenue to the highest figure; those who are in office because it affords more feathers for their nest, and those who are out because they hope to take their turn at the treasury hereafter. And these have the adroitness to take advantage of all diversities of interest, and all oppositions of opinion, and play them off against each other, so as to prevent anything being done. And so the treasury fills and empties, while the interests of the people are neglected, and our liberties are even bargained away with our own money It will be easy to correct all this, as soon as a good number of statesmen come to see its pressing importance in so strong a light that they will vote for any reasonable method of reduction which can carry a majority. Let each member have the opportunity to vote first for the measure which he thinks the wisest and best, and then let him vote in turn for every other that is proposed, unless there are insurmountable objections, until they come to one which can carry a ma-

jority. Almost any method of reduction would be better, on the whole, than the present excess

In like manner, the public mind has become settled on the subject of internal improvements No further thought is entertained of employing the resources of the General Government in carrying out a great system of roads and canals. The utmost of all that is proposed is the deepening of some principal channels of rivers, and improving some of the most important harbors. And even this requires to be kept within narrow limits, and to be preserved free from party entanglement. It is surprising that the anti-Administration men in Congress do not see that they are running into a trap themselves in their plans for embarrassing the President by pressing him with so many bills for rivers and harbors. Such bills may secure the support of the man of large business, but the vetoes upon them will be likely to secure the greatest number of *votes*, even in the places to be most benefitted by the proposed improvements. So completely is all that old policy ruled down, and rendered odious to the masses, that even the safest and most needed improvements will be overruled for the present, and until they can come up without even a suspicion of party motives or schemes for party aggrandizement.

All this having been accomplished, and the general policy of the country, on financial matters, being finally and forever settled on the Democratic basis, the Whig party necessarily and naturally died, as the Federal party had done thirty years before, only by a more sudden and rapid dissolution and a more total disappearance. And thus ends the second or financial cycle of our Governmental history.

The Administration of President Pierce has brought the country to the settlement of a new and still more exciting set of questions, on the true relation of the Federal Government to Slavery. It is not needful to inquire who is most to blame for bringing this terribly agitating subject into the politics of the country. The probability is, that the course of events has had more influence than the intentions or the blunders of any class of political managers Time and the progress of things have at length brought slavery into such a position that it can no longer be kept out of sight, or disregarded in our political calculations. All the great questions in regard to the working of our complex governmental machinery, which were of more pressing and immediate urgency to the necessary working of the machine itself, have been substantially disposed of. There would be now no real and general division in the country, if it were not for slavery. The experience of two complete generations of people, the discussions and experiments of two entire sets of statesmen, have surely settled something—have, in fact, settled all these other questions, so that there must be an end of strife on them Those who have been ruled down must at last submit. If they cannot alter their convictions as to what is wise and right, they must at least yield to the conviction of what is practicable—what the people will consent to—what the Government must stand or fall by. Those questions which overlaid slavery are out of the way, and we are entering upon a new series of controversies, causing new divisions of parties, and sure to bring forward a new set of public men to manage the trial, on the one side and the other. We are in for it, and must go through with it, and settle it And it is idle to think of any arrangement of politicians as a settlement, unless the adjustment is *right*—consistent at once with eternal justice and with the already established principles of our Government. May God stand by the right, and carry us safely through this stormy sea of conflict, and bring out our glorious Union unharmed, free, happy, glorious and perpetual!

HOUSES OF REFUGE FOR JUVENILES.

It is impossible for the human mind to estimate the amount of evil prevented by the rearing of these establishments. When it is remembered that the City of New York alone holds within its borders ten thousand vagrant children—children without culture, home, or kindly human care—it must necessarily follow that these poor ignorant, unfriended little ones will make many and sad mistakes as they are forced into the arena of life. The majority of these children are likely to inherit from their parents a low organization; and, from original blindness to the perception of moral relations, are likely to err greatly in their walk. Who is to teach these a law who have no law in themselves, and are cast out upon the cold charities of the world? It is a pitiful subject, one to enlist the deepest sympathies of the heart.

These asylums are very Christian in their aspect—in a tender, Christ-like spirit they seem to say, "suffer little children to come unto me;" and then the book of knowlege is opened to their young minds, and a new and beautiful import given to life, and these prematurely bruised and broken ones are gathered gently to the kindly human family. The true progress of our humanity is to the beneficent. Our pulpits might be closed, our halls of legislation be deserted, and yet the world would advance in a still, beautiful progress, could we find fitting teachers for the young. The whole race would soon awake to divine harmonies, and new songs hail a new creation, were mothers but faithful to their trust. The work must begin at the mother's knee. The great work of reform must commence there. Mothers are idle, weak, luxurious, and therefore is the world oppressed with crime and misery. Mothers educate the world, and if the world is slow in its progress to high culture it is because mothers are slow to see the sacredness and solemnity of the responsibilities they have assumed. It is vain to talk of reform unless reform begin here. The "rights" of women, so much talked about at the present day, will follow legitimately the nobler culture of woman. She who is fit to rule her household is fit to aid in the rule of an empire. She who is qualified to train citizens worthy of the Republic is worthy to be acknowledged herself as a citizen.

Dependence begets servility. Where woman is considered in early life only as an object to minister to the passions, viewed only in relation to man through the medium of sex, she is likely to lead a youth of vanity, to be followed by an age of discontent. She must be thrown more upon her own resources—she must work hands and brain. To be idle should be as disgraceful to a woman as to man. When she learns and practices this she will rear her household to industry and temperance, and then our asylums of every kind will be replaced by a noble hospitality—for a child will be a blessing to be trained as well as loved, and the poor orphan will find a home by every fireside. The only way to remove the evils of pauperism, and cleanse our cities from the vices of prostitution, is to establish and enforce a higher standard for our women. Indeed, if legislation could be brought to bear upon this subject, and insist, under heavy penalties, that every mother should be faithful to her child, should be compelled to train it to a high moral sense, we should have little crime in the world. Suppose disgrace were publicly to follow the mother of a profligate youth—we should see fewer silks sweeping the pavements of Broadway—we should see less of idleness and extravagance among

women , and our penitentiaries, asylums, refuges, jails, and houses of every kind for felons, and paupers, and idiots, would become homes for owls and bats, rather than human beings.

We see by one of our exchanges that the first Refuge was opened in the City of New York in 1825, and has been twice rebuilt ; the last time, in 1853, on Randall's Island, and is intended to accommodate about 1,000 inmates ; there is another large Refuge at Rochester that cost about $150,000. Pennsylvania has two at Philadelphia, one for white and another for colored inmates, costing about $350,000, and one at Pittsburgh just completed at a cost of $100,000. There is one at Cincinnati which cost about $175,000, and one in Baltimore built at a cost of $150,000. In Massachusetts there are three Reform Schools, as they are there named ; and Connecticut, Rhode Island and Maine, have each their Refuge, and there is one at New Orleans, and another at St. Louis. Thus within thirty-two years from the time when the establishment of these institutions was first suggested, fifteen houses have been organized in the United States, at a cost in the aggregate of about two million of dollars

MARIA ANTOINETTE.

For several weeks past the historical picture by Delaroche, representing this most beautiful, most tragically interesting woman at the Revolutionary Tribunal, has been upon exhibition in this city. It represents the Queen, in all the majesty of a queenly woman, dethroned, robbed of all the exteriors of rank—simply, nay, meanly clad, discrowned amid a motley and ferocious group ; but the true woman is most royally delineated. No finer crown could be placed upon that noble head than her own white, beautiful hair, "blanched by sorrow," as she herself so feelingly expressed it. At the terrible sacking of the Tuilleries by the mob, she had fled from room to room with her children, and at length found herself in prison, her lovely hair turned white by suffering and horror.

In a moment of irritation at the imbecility of Louis XVI , whose lack of energy precipitated the fall of himself and family, Maria Antoinette had said France is governed by the "*sans culottes*," (men without breeches). The epithet flew and exasperated the already too excited people They raised a pair upon their pikes, and declared it should be the standard of the people. The unguarded speech cost her her life.

The picture of Delaroche represents a full-sized, noble woman—pale, calm, and beautiful We see before us the lovely presence of her who was eulogized by Burke, and admitted to be of commanding beauty even by her enemies Jefferson, so little willing to do justice to her as a woman, could not deny her claims to great personal loveliness. She is represented as having turned away from the tribunal, which has just now pronounced a sentence of death upon her, after a protracted sitting, which extended into the morning—for at that time of savage excitement men took little notice of day or night, or set times of any kind It was the grand saturnalia of blood, and that only. She is very calm, and the morning light falls like a halo, lighting up her fair head and noble features—it plays amid the white soft hair—touches the lofty neck—glides down to the round arm, and then again to the hand, which grasps a handkerchief with a force that seems to imply it is nearly over. We are sure that the next step into the light will cause her to lift to the heavens those melancholy eyes swollen by long weeping. The whole interest of the picture concentrates upon the Queen, and the light and shade here are managed with consummate skill and thorough artistic beauty. Upon the whole, the painting is full of life and tragic interest. There is no escaping the spirit of the work. Your very heart aches at the sufferings of the woman—you read the history of royal grief in each fair outline of the face ; and you rejoice to see, as you do in the picture, the same that you feel in reading the history of this remarkable woman, that neither time, nor poverty, nor suffering can detract from the intrinsic majesty of her character. The soul which animates a body should be so cast into the elements of greatness that nothing external would be able to mar the fair proportions of its aspects. It was so with Maria Antoinette, and this has been thrown into the picture of Delaroche, imparting to it an intense vitality, and a thoroughly historic truthfulness.

A fine engraving, of large size, executed in the highest style of the art, is in a forward state of preparation from this remarkable painting.

MAGGIE BELL.

Who will say, after reading this sweet, simple, heart-stirring original poem in our Olio, that "poetry is a drug"—that the poetic element in our country is dried up and exterminated in this working, money-making age? We venture to say, no one. No one, old or young, can read this poem without having the finer elements of his nature stirred, as the beating heart and the moistened eye will testify. It is a spontaneous out-gushing of young genius—simple, natural, original. It is a harmonious chime of sweet-toned bells from beginning to end ; and the sound does not pall upon the ear even after a dozen readings. We have seen nothing more tender and effective from the fine muse of Tennyson. And, by the way, it brings up to our mind Tennyson's "Talking Oak," which contains some exquisite touches ; and yet there is not the slightest resemblance between the poems. Perhaps the Oak is called to mind mainly by the old tree against which the aged lover leans, and lives over again his early days and his early love. Our artist has very happily embodied the story and the sentiment in his illustrations. The "dream picture," at the close of the poem, representing the calm, quiet old man, lost in thought, still clinging to the past, still cherishing his "sweet Maggie Bell," and calling up to his mental vision the vivid picture of his own youthful self

"And the girl that he loved, that he loved so well.
Who wandered with him through valley and dell,"

is an achievement that might do credit to any pencil of the highest pretensions.

THE EXCITEMENTS OF THE DAY.

We had thought to say something touching the exciting topics which now agitate and convulse the country, but our pages are already overrun with matter, and we leave these subjects to the newspapers of the day. The political state of the country has reached a fearful crisis ; but the earnest patriot will not despair of the Republic—though his ears may be stunned by the wrangling and violence of selfish politicians—and though, in view of the blood-stained floor of the Senate Chamber, and of the murders, rapine and civil war that lay waste a whole fair territory, his heart may sink, till he cry with the poet,

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression or deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
May never reach me more,"

still he will fight manfully for his country, and cry to the last, 'Don't give up the ship"

Editor's Olio.

We fell into a *reverie*. We had just written the above head line, and paused a moment to query with ourself, what next? when bright-eyed fancy seized our hand, and rose with us softly and gently into the air, about as high as a prudent balloon would think it safe to go, and then suddenly taking a bee-line due north-east, we went it like a streak of lightning—no. that's a little too strong, we must take care not to excite the reader's incredulity—say, then, we went at a speed about half way between a streak of lightning and a stream of chalk—we think that would be safe—"*in medias res tutissimus ibis.*" At any rate, in about three minutes we descended upon a green hill-side in the outskirts of a fair New England village. Like one roused from a delightful dream, we began to look about to see if we could make sure of our locality. Our eyes rested on old familiar scenes. At first we suspected an optical illusion, and rubbed our eyes and looked again. There could be no mistake; it was a bright moonlight evening, and the dear old village was all before us—houses, gardens, stores, shops,

"The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,"

and in the distance the bright winding stream

"That turned the busy mill"

In short, we were standing directly in front of Uncle Joe Strickland's one-story house, with seven rooms on the ground-floor and five in the attic. He was not our natural uncle by the ties of blood, but by adoption, just as he was the uncle of all the village. There were many signs of improvement and progress in various parts of the village, but Uncle Joe Strickland's house had not changed a particle in the last dozen years. It was the same old, quaint, nine-cornered mansion, where we had years ago spent many a joyous Winter evening by the blazing fireside, eating yellow apples and telling and hearing stories, and where we had often sat in the door-way at Summer twilight to hear Uncle Joe read the papers and talk about politics and war. The cherry tree at the corner of the house had grown a little larger, and the elm by the roadside a good deal larger—it was their nature to grow—but the house, the barn, the pig-pen, the henery, the dovecote, the martin-box,

"The old oaken bucket that hung in the well,"

all remained as we had left them a dozen years ago.

My heart was stirred—(I can't say *our* heart, nor I won't; when a feeling of home-sickness is stealing over one, the great editorial *we* must come down from its stilts and sink into little I.) I could have broken through iron bars or a stone wall to obtain entrance to that old mansion; but there was no necessity for that, for the evening air was soft and warm, and the door was wide open. I entered quietly and unobserved, and took a side seat near the door. The family group were seated round a large table at the further end of the room. I perceived at a glance that though the house and its surroundings had not changed, the family *had*. A dozen years makes a marked change in a young family, and sometimes in an old one too. Children who used to sit on my knee, and pull at my coat-tail when we played blindfold, now seemed to be young men and women; and I was a little shocked at seeing Uncle Joe reading his newspaper in spectacles.

George had just come in from the post-office, and Uncle Joe had hitched his chair a little nearer the light, opened his Boston paper, and was deeply absorbed in perusing its contents. The attention of the rest of the family seemed to be earnestly concentrated upon what appeared to be a magazine, which Mary, the oldest daughter, had in her hands, carefully turning over the leaves, examining the engravings, and making comments upon the various articles. Her mother sat by her side, and seemed to enjoy the examination as much as Mary did; her eyes never looked brighter, even in her teens. George, and half a dozen of the younger children stood around, two or three deep, looking over one another's shoulders, devouring with eager eyes the pictures, and with eager ears the remarks of Mary, who had kept school two Summers, and was, therefore, in all literary matters, regarded as the factotum of the family.

At last the enthusiasm of Mary reached a climax, and laying down the book, she exclaimed, with most emphatic earnestness, "There, that is the handsomest and best magazine that ever was published."

"What's that?" said Uncle Joe, without raising his eyes from the newspaper.

"The handsomest and best magazine that ever was published, father; and we must take it; and I'm going right over to-morrow to make Uncle James's folks take it, and I'll tell my scholars not to give their parents any peace till they all take it."

"Oh, trash, child, trash," said Uncle Joe; them magazine things is all trash, and not fit for anybody but love-sick gals to read."

"No, father, I've looked this all over, and there isn't a speck of trash in it. And I say again, it's the handsomest and best magazine that ever was published."

"What is it, child, a new one?"

"It's the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE, new series."

"Full of love-stories, isn't it?"

"Not a love-story in it, father; but there *is* a love of a poem, and it's about love, too; and and if you can read it without shedding tears, father, then I'll give up that I'm no judge. And there is poor Aunt Becky's load of wood will make you cry and laugh too. And there's the history of the Capitol at Washington, and the history of the birds of America, and the history of wood-engraving, and the Indians killing the white people at Deerfield, all illustrated with a great many beautiful engravings. And then there's a portrait aud biography of Judge McLean; that'll suit you, father, because you are so conservative, you know. And there's a portrait and biography of Judge Douglas; that'll suit George, because he's all Young America. And George is all Central America too, so he'll be delighted with the portrait of General Walker. And poor Aunt Becky's apron-load of wood will suit you, mother, to a T, I know.* And the sweet pictures of Maggie Bell can't help suiting everybody."

Mary's eloquence carried the day. Uncle Joe laid down the newspaper and took up the magazine. He turned the leaves over from beginning to end; read here and there a sentence, and examined the engravings; looked sometimes steadily at the devices on the cover; and then, turning to George, said, deliberately:

"George, go to the book-store to-morrow and subscribe for two copies of this magazine—one to read all around, and one to keep nice and clean to be bound up in a volume."

Uncle Joe continued to turn over the leaves of the magazine. At last he came to the head-line "Editor's Olio."

"What's this, Mary?" said he; "Editor's Olio! what does that mean?"

"I suppose it means something like an editor's table," said Mary. "You know a magazine generally has a department called the editor's table."

"Well, but olio don't mean table," said Uncle Joe.

"Perhaps it's a new-fashioned table," said George; "you know the fashions are changing almost every week, and a new magazine, I suppose, would like to come out with the newest fashions."

"But I don't believe it means table at all," insisted Uncle Joe, "and I want to know what it does mean. Let us have all your dictionaries, and see what we can make out of it."

George handed down the little dictionary, and the big dictionary, and Mary looked out the words, and read them off. "Olio, from the Spanish olla: a mixture, a medley, a miscellany, a collection of various pieces, a hotch-potch: olla podrida, a dish of various meats and vegetables, boiled or stewed together, and duly seasoned with salt and spice."

"Ah, I begin to see into it now," said Uncle Joe, "it don't mean a flat table, a bare pine board, but *a picked up dinner* to put on the table; and your mother always declares that is the best dinner in the world, with proper seasoning."

Here the capital picked up dinners of my good old mother rose so vividly to my mind's eye, that I involuntarily repeated the old couplet she always quoted with so much complacency when such a dinner was set before us:

> "A pick'd up dinner's the very best thing
> For hungry peasant or hungry king."

I was startled at the sound of my own voice, and gave a hasty glance to see what effect the surprise would have upon the group around the table, but the scene had vanished. I was no longer in Uncle Joe Strickland's far-off parlor, listening to old familiar voices, but seated in *our* elbow-chair in the editorial sanctum, with "eyes fixed on vacancy," and a sort of dreamy consciousness that we had been seated, we could not tell how long, with the intention of saying some grave, dignified, and very proper words to our readers on presenting them this first number of our *new series*. Our reverie was completely broken; and as we looked round and saw our amiable publisher observing us rather attentively, we are sure we blushed nearly up to the eyes, lest, peradventure, he was writing us down in his own mind as a sleepy-head.

However, it is said a somnambulist, when out unconsciously upon a dark and perilous night-walk, clambering over house-tops, or crossing frightful cataracts on a single slippery log, will generally make better and safer work of it than he could in his waking moments. We are therefore induced to turn our dream-walk or dream-talk over to the reader instead of at-

* In making up the pages of the Magazine, it was found to be full and running over. Aunt Becky's apron-load of wood, with illustrations, is therefore reluctantly laid over till the next number

tempting any set speech editorial. It will shadow forth to him, perhaps, a little of what we intend in this department of the magazine—a mixture, a medley, a hotch-potch, a picked-up dinner, well-cooked and "seasoned with salt and spice," served up without ceremony in "a free and easy" manner, without regard to any set forms and rules of magazine-making. We have a conscience and a moral sense, and shall therefore always be solicitous and careful that what we serve up shall be wholesome and nutritious food for the body politic as well as agreeable to the taste.

SMALL FEET.

Women are mistaken when they suppose a small foot an element of beauty. A foot should bear a just proportion to the figure; if too large it argues coarseness, and gives a heaviness to the manner—the person labors with a cumbrous platform beneath him, which entirely forbids ease and grace of movement. A large foot, however, argues a certain honesty of character. We are sure Audrey had large feet; we know it instinctively when Touchstone interrupts his discourse with the melancholy Jaques to say, "Bear your body more seemly, Audrey."

Large feet imply stability. A man who is jealous in his temper should marry a woman whose feet are large; such are generally keepers at home, and modest withal—they are not given to gadding—their feet abide in their house.

Large feet are incompatible with genius, or the finer shades of character. They have a natural and inveterate planting to the earth, which is not favorable to the flights of fancy, or the delicate observances of sentiment. They are apt to have, also, an unseemly scuff, and what country people call a "ke-chuck" sound, because of their weightiness. Such persons, also. who have large feet, are apt to wear the shoe down at the heel—in other words, to go slip-shod—a thing unpardonable and monstrous in such an one, albeit a dainty foot may be very taking thus carelessly sandalled. But the experiment is hazardous to make.

"When swift Camilla scours the plain,"

and the country maiden scarcely starts the dew from the grass as she "trips" along, we are sure their feet are small. for large feet cannot "trip;" hence, when Touchstone says "Trip, Audrey, trip," we know it is in mockery.

Large feet are apt to send the toe up into the air while walking, in most unseemly wise. They cannot

"Dance so *footingly*,
Observing tune and time."

On the contrary, they are apt to lag behind the measure, like the laugh of the dullard behind a joke.

No man requiring speed would send a large-footed messenger, because of the delay caused by the difficulty which such persons find in overcoming so much force of gravity; therefore "foot-hot" was a goodly phrase of the olden time to signify speed, and Mercury is well symbolized with wings upon his feet. Indeed, as the form of the foot fixes the destiny of an animal, so the size of the foot is a fair index to character.

We do not like a foot too small for the hight any more than we like one too large. A small foot indicateth coquetry. Cleopatra's foot must have been small and finely arched, or she would never have done as described by Enobarbus:

"I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street."

No woman ever did or would have done the like but with the consciousness of great perfection in the feet.

Antony sends her pearls, saying:

"The firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose feet,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms."

No man alludes to a woman's foot in any way, if he loves her, unless it be beautiful.

Hermione, on the contrary, had a firm, well-proportioned foot, betokening majesty. When she enacts the statue scene we are sure she had a well-sized foot:

"O! royal piece,
There 's magic in thy majesty,"

is the exclamation of Leontes.

A women will never enact the part of a statue if conscious of an ill-foot, unless her intellectuality may have perverted her instincts, as in the case of Madam De Stael, who at one time personated in this way; and Tallyrand, if we mistake not, offended her, past retrieve, by saying he knew who it was by the *pes destal* (pedestal), a terrble pun where the feet and ankles are ill-shaped.

Desdemona, Ophelia and Cordelia must have had long, slender feet, which go more with sentiment than with magnetism or genius. Miranda, on the contrary, had elegantly proportioned feet, worthy the chaste Diana herself. Then, too, Kate, dainty Kate, the sharp shrew, the pretty vixen. had a lithe arched foot, grace-

ful and elastic as the spring of the tiger's. When Petruchio says,

"Why does the world report that Kate doth limp,"

it was a delicate commendation of her foot; still more when he says,

"Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?"

Tennyson hath a delicate eye for a foot when he represents Ida in this wise:

"She stood
Among her maidens, higher by the head,
Her back against a pillar, her foot on one
Of those tame leopards. Kitten-like he rolled
And pawed about her sandal."

And again, describing the retinue of the Princess climbing the rock in pursuit of minerals, he says,

"Many a light foot shone like a jewel set
In the dark craig."

Women with large feet never like to climb the hills.

The sentiment of beauty is less in the size than a certain litheness and elasticity. "Light as a fawn," "Fleet as the greyhound," "With a step like a stag," are all pretty phrases, indicating the character of the foot, which is the index to the whole woman.

Dress has a great effect upon the foot, and we fear very long dresses demoralize it. The long robe certainly destroys its elasticity. We like to see the foot

"Beneath the petticoats,
Peep out and in like little mice,
Which shun the light."

That was very pretty in a lover who saw his mistress bathing her feet in a brook, and wrote her,

"Do not fear to put thy feet,
Naked in the water, sweet;
Fear not lizard, newt or toad
Will dare to come where thou hast trod."

The French foot is meager, narrow and bony; the Spanish is small and elegantly curved, thanks to its Moorish blood, corresponding with the Castilian pride—"high in the instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch; "a stream can run under the hollow of his foot," is a description of its form. The foot of the Scotch is large and thick—that of the Irish, flat and square—the English short and fleshy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionably small.

A foot should be arched, fairly rounded, and its length proportioned to the hight of the individual. It should have a delicate spring to it, as if it did not quite belong to the earth, and touched it daintily if not disdainfully. The ankle should express tenderness—should be round and firm, and not too small.

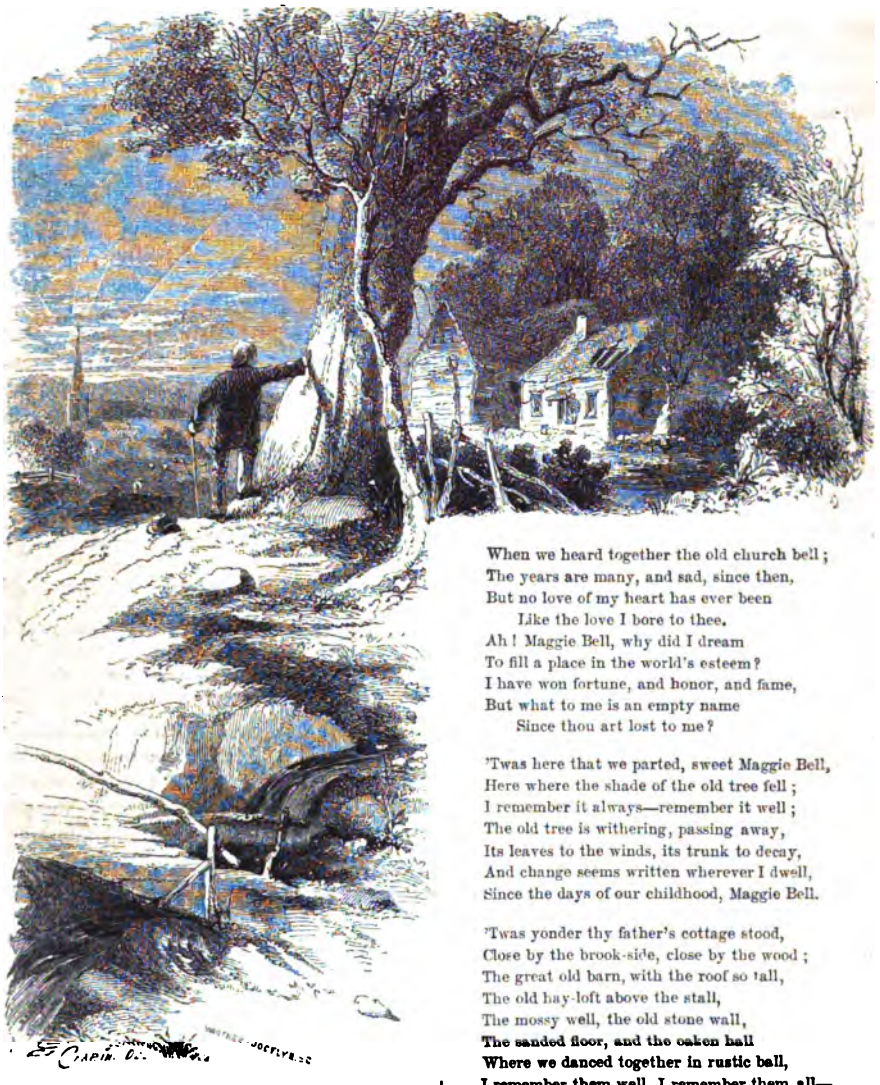
"I have hurt the wrist of my foot," said a beautiful child, who never misplaced a phrase, because words were given him only as he stood in need of them. Now this pretty phrase, "wrist of my foot," conveys the true idea of an ankle. It should have the grace and flexibility of the wrist, to which it corresponds.

Touching this subject, we have often thought it unseemly when beautiful women go to be newly sandalled, and we see them place their foot so composedly on the knee of the artisan, with the white covering nestling away amid frills and embroidery. We were the more convinced of this unseemliness when we read the following lines, sent to the house, together with a pair of delicate gaiters, from one of our fashionable city shoe stores:

"A little glove stirs up my heart, as tides stir up the ocean,
And snow-white muslin, when it fits, wakes many a curious notion;
All sorts of lady fixins thrill my feelings, as they'd orter,
But little female gaiter-boots are death, and nothing shorter!

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

The quiet man who likes to be beguiled into a laugh rather than forced thereto, will find the Sparrowgrass Papers of Mr. F. S. Cozzens delightfully refreshing. No punning vampire fastens upon the soul of wit and forces out a tribute; no startling event disturbs the even tenor of his way; but he reads on, innocently supine, till his muscles relax unconsciously, and his sides stir themselves in genial approval. On he reads, coaxed so quietly, till one full unctuous laugh dilates his whole person, and brushes away the cobwebs of a thousand unaired chambers of the heart. We sympathize with Mrs. Sparrowgrass's box of garden seeds, the one paper designated with a *pin*, and the other with a *string*, the memory of which was which having floated away into oblivion. Then that Quaker baby—drab to the very core—the house with deafened rooms, the grated kitchen windows, the door locked and key in the pocket of the maiden fast asleep in her attic, the needs of the ice-water, the descent by the dumb-waiter, the roused up neighbors with dogs and guns to dislodge a man from his own over-guarded house, must be read to be appreciated. We opine Mrs. Sparrowgrass must be *non est*. No man in his senses would ever describe sweet little Mrs. Sparrowgrass in the way Mr. S. describes her, while she was still in the flesh.



MAGGIE BELL.

Oh, Maggie Bell,
The old church bell
Sounds once again to me;
It seems to tell
Of what befell
In those happy days when we loved so well,
Where we heard together its Sabbath knell
In melancholy music swell,
Over the hill and through the dell,
Ere I left thee for the sea.
Oh, sad is my heart at its mournful tone,
As I stand here a stranger, forgotten, alone,
And think of the times, when this same old tree
Gave shelter, Maggie, to thee and me.

Those were happy days, sweet Maggie Bell,
When we heard together the old church bell;
The years are many, and sad, since then,
But no love of my heart has ever been
Like the love I bore to thee.
Ah! Maggie Bell, why did I dream
To fill a place in the world's esteem?
I have won fortune, and honor, and fame,
But what to me is an empty name
Since thou art lost to me?

'Twas here that we parted, sweet Maggie Bell,
Here where the shade of the old tree fell;
I remember it always—remember it well;
The old tree is withering, passing away,
Its leaves to the winds, its trunk to decay,
And change seems written wherever I dwell,
Since the days of our childhood, Maggie Bell.

'Twas yonder thy father's cottage stood,
Close by the brook-side, close by the wood;
The great old barn, with the roof so tall,
The old hay-loft above the stall,
The mossy well, the old stone wall,
The sanded floor, and the oaken hall
Where we danced together in rustic ball,
I remember them well, I remember them all—
And the little porch with the woodbine bower,
Whence we could see the old church tower,
And where, for many a twilight hour,
We listened to the distant knell,
As on the air it rose and fell,
Of that familiar old church bell.
The little bench beside the door,
The honeysuckle hanging o'er,
The pathway leading from the gate,
Where thou at eventide would'st wait
To greet me when I came;
The well-pole swinging high in air,
The fragrance dwelling everywhere,
The pear-tree with its rustic seat
Where I, when sitting at thy feet,
Had carved thy cherished name—
All these, all these come back to me,
As I stand alone beneath this tree—

And I scarce can believe that 'tis all a dream
Of my childhood's days, sweet Maggie Bell,
As over the hill, and over the stream
I hear the knell of the old church bell.

But all are withered, or gone to decay,
The friends we loved have passed away ·
Deserted, the cottage stands as of yore,
But there's no one to close the open door ;
The lattice is broken, and the window-pane,
The snow drifts in, and the driving rain ;
The stars look down through the broken roof,
And the night-bird now keeps not aloof ;
The well-pole is broken, and lies on the ground,
The hedges are trampled, and scattered around ;
And all that we cherished and loved so well
Has withered, or gone to decay, Maggie Bell

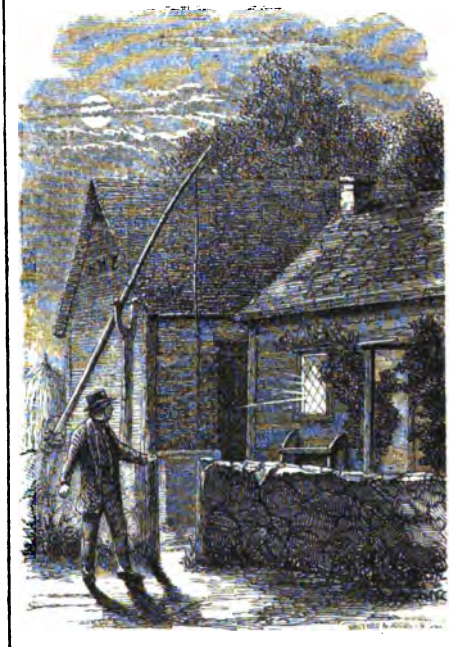
Oh, Maggie Bell, sweet Maggie Bell,
'Twere better for me had thy funeral knell
Been tolled, ere we parted, upon the old bell—
'Twere better for me, and better for thee,
Had I been content with a simple lot,
With honest toil and a humble cot,
Had I but made *thee* my honor and fame,
My world, and my fortune, ambition, and aim—
Thy love would have been all these to me !

We parted, both with many tears,
For three long summers, three long years ;
We parted here beneath this tree,
Thou to thy chamber, I to the sea ;
And we both could hear the old church bell,
As, with a melancholy knell,
It seemed to say farewell, farewell !
I saw thee, bowed with grief, depart,
With both hands pressed upon thy heart,
Till my dimmed eyes could see no more,
And then I hastened to the shore.
The boat put off, with gentle swell
The ocean billows rose and fell,
While faintly came the distant knell,
Tolling, from the old church bell,
Farewell, farewell,
Sweet Maggie Bell !

Oh, Maggie Bell, you never knew
The high resolves which filled my brain,
As on the deck I stood, while flew
Our bark, like sea-bird, o'er the Main.
As one by one the sails unfurled,
I thought it was a manly part
To forth and battle with the world,
To make me worthy of thy heart.
And so I went, with high intent,
From continent to continent,
On manly purpose bent.
The world was all my field,
I sailed o'er every sea,
But Maggie was my shield,
My star of destiny.

Oh, how I toiled in those young years,
With what alternate hopes and fears
I battled with my fate ;
I struggled for a single aim,
I toiled for fortune, worked for fame,
To make unto myself a name ;
I gained it—but too late.

Five years had gone, I homeward came,
I had won honor, fortune, fame,
And with a high and manly pride
I came to claim thee as a bride.
I sought thy homestead, Maggie Bell,
The twilight shadows deeper grew ;
I crossed the brook, I passed the dell,
And soon thy cottage came in view.



But darker grew the twilight shade,
I now had reached the little gate ;
I waited, for I felt afraid,
I *felt the warning of a fate.*
A light from out thy casement shone ;
I saw *another* tenant there ;
Thy mother, Maggie, knelt alone
Beside thy couch in prayer.
I crossed the garden, reach'd the door,
I summoned with a faltering hand ;
I heard a footstep on the floor,
Upon the grating sand ;
It nearer, nearer, nearer came,
A slow, heart-broken, joyless tread.
In it I read not of thy shame,
I only thought thee dead.

Oh, Maggie Bell, that fearful night !
God only knows what then I felt,
As on the floor, till morning light,
Beside thy couch I knelt.
Thy father, with a kindly hand,
Led me adown the little lane ;
We reached the spot where now I stand,
With madness in my brain.
His was the footstep on the floor,
'Twas he who to the door-way came,

And here, where we had stood before,
  He told me, Maggie, of thy shame.

He told me how young Clarence Lee—
  We had been friends in boyish days—
Had brought great riches from the sea,
  And of his manly winning ways,
And how he talked and sang to thee,
  While thou wouldst more attention lend,
Because he talked so much of *me*,
  Because he was my friend;
And how, about two years before—
  For three since parting then had sped—
There came a message to your door
  That I was dead.

He told me of thy grief and tears,
  And how young Clarence Lee,
Because he was my friend for years,
  Was more endeared to thee;
And how thy tender heart to his
  Would more and more incline,
Because you seemed to feel that this
  Was still a link to mine.
The Winter passed, the spring-time came,
Almost forgotten was my name;
The roses to thy cheek returned,
And in thy gentle heart there burned
  A love for Clarence Lee—
But not as earnest, not the same
Contented, angel-lighted flame
  That you had felt for me.
And then—thy father's voice grew low,
  He drew my head unto his breast,
And, in a broken voice, and slow,
  He told me all the rest.
He said: "The night came on apace,
  Young Clarence Lee had sought his home,
And Maggie, with a troubled face,
  Came to our little room.
She talked of all her childhood's years,
She spoke of thee with many tears,
And, kneeling at her mother's feet,
She said she never knew how sweet
  Her home had always been.
She placed her hand in mine, and said,
While on her mother's knee she laid
  Her tearful face serene:
'Tell me, dear parents, were I dead,
  And in the quiet church-yard laid
Beside my little brother Ned,
  Whose grave is fresh and green,
Would you miss me much when the twilight came,
Would I be always to you the same,
Would in your prayers be whispered my name,
Without any sorrow, without any shame?
Oh, tell me, would Maggie be, in truth,
A memory still, with the dew of youth,
One of the golden link of three
Removed to a higher destiny?
Would you cherish her still, as if she were here,
Love her as fondly, keep her as dear,
With never a sorrow, never a tear,
From summer to summer, from year to year?
Would you leave my chair in the same old spot,
The little table beside the cot,
The Bible upon it, with never a blot
Of tear, when thinking of Maggie's lot?
Would you miss me much? would my memory be
As dear and as true as your's to me,
'Till we meet in a higher destiny?'

We spoke to her hopefully, dried up her tears,
And sought, oh, so tenderly, to banish her fears.
She kissed us more fondly than ever before,
She asked us to bless her, and said, as of yore,
She would kneel to receive it, a child on the floor.

We blessed her most earnestly, kissed her again,
We raised her up lovingly, banished her pain;
We soothed her, we cherished and bade her remain,
But she whispered 'good night,'
  And stole softly away,
And we thought that the joy-light
  Would come with the day.

The morning came and we learned it all—
It came like a shadow, it came like a pall,
And we thought how wretched she must be,
  The child of our heart, the joy of our life,
Away on the sea with Clarence Lee,
  Not as a maiden, not as a wife."

* * * * * * *

Your father paused, and to his home
  We turned with sorrowing tread:
My heart with grief was overcome,
  I wished that I were dead.
Your mother met us at the door,
  She knew I had been there before.
"I give you Maggie's room," she said.
  And through the livelong night,
  Until the morning light,
I knelt beside thy bed.

My heart was wedded to the place,
  I could not leave it, if I would—
The changing years came on apace,
  And Death beneath the cottage stood!
Thy father, and thy mother too,
  Sleep now beneath the old yew tree:—
'Twere better thus—they never knew
  The deeper shame that came to 'hee.
They never knew of the bitter night
  That brings but the hopeless morn,
Of the breaking heart, with smile bedight,

Nor of the worldling's scorn ;
They never knew of the maddened brain,
With the brow so calm and smooth,
That hides, like the cankering rose, the pain,
With never a hand to soothe.
They never knew of the grief and care,
Nor the burning secret tears,
Nor the yearnings of the heart for prayer,
Subdued by sinful fears.
They knew not this, *poor* Maggie Bell,
As sped the sorrowing day,
They never knew of what befell
The child whom they had loved so well,
For whom they still did pray.
They left your chair in the same old spot,
The little table beside the cot ;
They watched the vines with tender care,
And the flowers still grew as when you were there,
And for many a day, and many a year,
They waited with little of hope to cheer,
While their eyes grew dim with the secret tear ;—
But she never came !—and the old yew tree
Will shadow but two, instead of three.

Oh, Maggie Bell, would that the knell
Had reached thy heart of that old bell,
Which then their requiem tolled :
It might, amidst thy bitter pain,
Have lured thy spirit back again
To those dear chimes of old.

* * * * * * *

I cherish thee still, sweet Maggie Bell,
As the girl that I loved, that I loved so well :
I never think of the grief, and the blot,
That blighted my love, that blighted thy lot.
I only think of the Maggie Bell
Who wandered with me through valley and dell,
And listened with me to the mournful knell
Which came to our ears of the old church bell—
That Maggie Bell,
Whom I loved so well !

THE NEWSPAPER.

We begin to see that books are growing to be right burdensome in the world. The newspaper, hitherto regarded as of little moment, except as a daily reporter of scandal and gossip, has grown to be a necessity, like your lump of Rockland ice in your tumbler of Croton. Moreover, we like sometimes a dish of gossip—everybody does; by this we do not mean that we love to hear our neighbors traduced, heaven forefend!—but we do like to know, we, as we sit in our elbow-chair, depressed by an east wind into a flimsy laxness of mental fibre, so that we can endure composedly the fly drowning in a tumbler, and the screams of its cousin drawn upward, bound loin and limb, into the net of a ruthless spider, and the dying groans of the wounded at Rivas grow to be fabulous, and the condition of Mormon wives ceases to be monstrous, and the venality of New York Aldermen fails to shock us—reduced, we say, to this demoralizing state of nervous prostration, what should we do were it not for a few sprigs of gossip mingled in the daily salad of domesticity?

We like to know if there is anybody in the world robust enough to do anything out of the ordinary respectable channel. We wonder at them, we in our supineness. The hardihood thus indicated inspires and refreshes us, and we see, in such, misplaced soldiers and heroes, lacking nothing but opportunity to rival the greatest marauders and murderers the world has ever worshipped in the shape of conquerors. We grow into a sort of elbow-chair emulation, and feebly place ourself in their situation, and wonder what we should be doing in like circumstances. These modern Parises, with their Helens—these incipient Tarquins—these expiring Sapphos—these enterprizing Jasons—these moaning Ariadnes of the press—all reenacting, in a small way, the crimes and the vices of a thousand years agone, diluting their passions from the black bitter of tragic straightforwardness into a rosy pea-green, tortuous sentimentality, which they are trying to hoist up into a virtuous atmosphere, fill us with amusement.

We wonder what we should do in like circumstances! Our neighbor's wife, who ran off with Mr. Snooks, did not care the snap of her finger about Mr. Snooks; but she was married at sixteen, and being defrauded of her girlhood and romance by the process, she blossomed out all at once at thirty into a romantic beauty, and Mr. Snooks being the first to admonish her of the fact, she took naturally to the highway of disreputability, and filled her head with free-love theories to justify her course. Mrs. —— is by no means a poet—no man would ever think of romance and moonshine in contemplating her portly form and reddish-brown skin; yet she is miserable enough for a she-Byron. Miss —— has donned the Bloomer, not because it is a capital working dress, and one which many ladies of distinction have worn this twenty years for mountain excursions and feats of swimming, but because it is the surest road to notoriety. And Miss A. and Miss B., to the end of the calendar, write books and novels to expend thereby their superabundance of words.

Then in turn Mr. —— writes of travels, because he is a vital locomotive; and Mr. —— poetry, because Tennyson did; and Mr. —— prose, because Irving did. Nobody now-a-days writes because his soul is full—because of the rich viands of his inner life, which he longs to spread before the few who can appreciate them, remembering that

> "Though in heaven the trees
> Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
> Yield nectar, though from off the boughs each morn
> We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
> Covered with pearly grain;"

yet the true poet will furnish forth a table at which the gods of Olympus might leave their nectar and ambrosia to partake, and the angels cast aside their odorous Asphodels, and Amaranths to share.

We might make exceptions to this in both men and women, but forbear at this time. We intend to show hereafter the short-comings of the many and the rare doings of the few. We intend to say some words—home to some, nigh to others—for our very heart is pained and sick of pretension.

The newspaper is becoming the great reservoir to receive the world's thoughts and ideas, but it is like a sieve, and cannot retain them. People read, and the paper is consigned to Biddy, who lights therewith the fire which is to broil your beefsteak. It was once thought that ladies used the daily news for curl-papers—this is a mistake—the ink is untidy—and the appearance altogether unsightly. For a while we were at a loss to know what was the meaning of certain dark colored rolls, stout in the middle and waxing slender at either end, containing a delicate wire thrust like a spit through the center, till we saw fair fingers rolling some golden locks over the same, and then we knew that newspaper papillotes had had their day.

Yes, the newspaper is read—if like the enormous Tribune, however, only in patches—and then cast down the muddy waters of oblivion; and before the readings of to-day are digested, the morrow is at your door with a more exorbitant demand upon your time and attention. Therefore are men and women striving to say something only for the immediate; they take no time for thought, for study or for art. All is hurry-scurry, helter-skelter, like the Walpurgis night of Faust.

Books will be little read, and newspapers (we include magazines and all unbound literature in the category) must be made *better*, or the national taste will be entirely corrupted. People must have sharper edges nowadays; they must learn to be more Attic in their wit. Editors must be less mealy-mouthed in discussing opinions, and more courteous in discussing persons. They must imagine themselves seated daily in the midst of a splendid saloon, with a true Republican audience, genius and beauty, learning and taste—the lily-souled virgin and the chivalric youth, the man with cigar and coffee, the woman with babe on her knee and a rose in her bosom, the girl with doll under her arm, and the boy with candy in his mouth—each turning over and scouring up and down their columns for congenial aliment. True, there is vice, and deformity, and squalor, and wretchedness, searching for something akin. God help the editors; they should be greatly wise.

No man should be an editor who is not a gentleman; no woman who is not a lady. By this we do not mean flimsy conventional, artificial persons by any means; but we mean persons of nice moral sense and delicate culture, who would regard a falsehood upon paper as a heinous offense; who would not deal in scurrility or blackguardism; who would carry their religion into all they said or did. All this is not incompatible with a robust common sense and an unflinching adherence to principle. Indeed, the finer the organization, the finer will be the perception, not only of the subtleties of ethical science, but of all the beautiful shades of life, purpose and action.

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST..... No. V.

BY ROBUR.

[THE sketches which we publish from time to time, from our young friend "Robur," under the title of "Life in the South-west," are not fictitious narratives, or dreams of the imagination coined at the home fire-side merely to amuse, but are real life-pictures, taken on the spot, and drawn with truth and fidelity to nature. There is instruction, therefore, as well as amusement, in his off-hand sketches.]

THE KENTUCKY HORSE-JOCKEY IN GEORGIA.

"A stranger in these parts, I reckon?"

I was fatigued by a week's traveling by stage-coach, over what they called an "alligator road," (the fates deliver me from such another,) and was not disposed to be very civil, and certainly not in a very agreeable humor, so, without raising my eyes from the floor, merely nodded my head with, "yes, you reckoned right first time."

A chair was placed by my side, and I was preparing to be very *uncivil*, when he continued:

"Great country this, sir, but no more to be compared to old Kentuck than an Alabama River alligator to one of our race-horses. A light from your weed, stranger," said he, out-stretching his hand to me.

His peculiar tone and address amused me, and excited my curiosity, so, for the first time, I looked up, and, with a half smile at his far-fetched simile, offered him my cigar.

He was apparently about thirty years of age—sunburnt, and dusty; his neck, which was almost bare, was encircled by a broad collar turned far back from the throat; his chin was beardless, but an incipient mustache adorned his upper lip, and his eye was like a fox's, so bright and cunning its expression.

His dress was evidently intended to be "*fast*," but the tailor had overstepped the mark by embellishing the *fancy* coat with a very wide-figured braid or binding, extending round the edges. In his hand he held a riding-whip, with which he amused himself by carelessly striking the tops of his boots.

Leaning toward me, he continued in a rather low and confidential tone, for there were many others in the room:

"Very good people in this section, but *slow*; not up to the boys that drive round Louisville. I knew *you* wasn't bred in these parts as soon as I saw your *gait*, when you drove up to the door and walked into the bar-room; reckon you'r from old Kentuck, or Virginia perhaps—they raise good stock in Virginia too!"

"Yes," said I, smiling, "I'm told they do, but I'm not so fortunate as to come from either State; my home is at the North, in New York."

"Well, you've a long road to travel," said he. "Going to make any stop in this place?"

"No, I take the coach to-night to Columbus."

"All right, we go the same road," he said, "for I've used up '*this one horse-place*'—sold the last pair of ponies I had to-day."

"Had you many horses when you came here?"

"No, I sold all but one pair of little Canadians before I arrived at this place. I started with forty head."

"Indeed!" said I; "you must be a dealer in horses. May I ask what you got for that last pair of ponies?"

"Yes, that's been my profession for some years, but I should give up the business, didn't I hate to see people ride such bad horse-flesh, as they do in *some* parts of Georgia, Alabama, and Florida. It goes against my feelings. Now, that last span of little Canadians I fairly *gave away*, as you may say, for I only got *five hundred dollars* for them; didn't sell a pair of the others for less than seven hundred."

"But," said I, somewhat surprised, "that must have paid you very handsomely."

"Gave me interest on my money, you know, which is all I care to make. They cost me, laid down in Kentuck, with all expenses from Canada, about forty-five dollars a piece; but as I said before, the most I care about it is to

see people ride *good horses*; 'taint the little money I make that is any object."

I said nothing, but was not altogether convinced of his disinterested motives.

The coach drove up to the door, and the night being fine, I mounted the seat with the driver, and had hardly seated myself ere my jockey companion also mounted, and took the vacant seat by my side, and again commenced, while I, resigning myself to the force of circumstances, listened.

"Sold one old horse that is pretty well know round this section, I reckon, but no one knows it yet though; sold him to the same man I bought him of last year. I'm afraid he'll be *profane* when he finds out he's got the same old nag again. But I let him judge for himself. He thinks he's *some* at a *trade*, but it takes *two* to do that you know, stranger. You see he don't care much for *fast* horses, but likes a *stylish*, gay animal, that will show off well before the women; so, when I was here last year, I sold him a splendid nag, one of the handsomest and best horses I ever saw; but I knew he would soon take the flesh off of him, and cool his spirit, by keeping him dancing round the streets, and I would be pretty likely to get him back again cheap; he paid me seven hundred dollars in gold, and gave me an old lame, broken-down horse in exchange, with a long switch tail, and a main that looked as though it had never been combed. Well, I took that nag home with me, had him rubbed down every day, well-fed, and in a few months made him as fat and lively "as a two-year-old." But mind you, 'twas all *oats*, and a week's driving would have made a frame of him again. I then cut off his main and tail, trimmed his fet-locks, and *filed* his teeth to make him look young, and brought him among my horses this time. When I saw Mr. G. I told him I thought he might be in want of a match for the horse I sold him last year. As I expected, he said he might want another, for the horse he bought of me 'was *used up, and thin as a rail.*'"

"Well," said I, "I've got the very thing you want; something hard to beat, very stylish, fine action, young and ambitious; but you mustn't expect me to *give him* to you for *nothing*, as I did that other horse. You can't have this one less than *nine hundred dollars*, and when you see him, you'll say he's cheap at a thousand. And off I started to bring him, after giving him a few cuts with the whip, just to wake him up before mounting. I soon was putting him through his paces before the door, to the admiration of Mr. G. and a few idlers that were standing near. After some little persuasion, I permitted *him* to mount him, but not until I had given many cautions, saying he was so *lively*, *young*, and scarcely broke—(I should have said broke down, he laughingly added.) Well, he liked him much; 'fine action,' said he, looking very knowing, 'and good grit,' but I'm afraid he's not so young as you think;' and then examining his mouth, he said, in an undertone to one of his companions standing near, '*not a day over six years or I'm no judge;*' and, turning to me, said he, 'I will give you just seven hundred and fifty dollars for him.'"

"Not a dollar less than nine," said I.

"Say seven hundred dollars, and the horse I bought of you last year," he urged.

"'*Twould be money out of pocket*," said I, but didn't say *whose* pocket, mind you, for I don't like to *deceive* people; "but," said I, "just for old acquaintance sake, and as you have always paid the cash down, as a gentleman *should do when he gets a bargain*, I'll say eight hundred dollars, and the old nag I sold you last year, though he wasn't never to be compared to this ere one!"

After some hesitation, just for the looks of the thing, you know, he paid me the eight hundred dollars, just one hundred dollars more than he gave for the other one, and got *his own old horse back again*, and I rode off on a horse that, in three months, will be as good as he ever was. I reckon when the main and tail of the horse he's now got begins to sprout again, some of his friends will recognize him, if he don't."

On my saying I should like to visit Kentucky, he said:

"If you do come, stranger, just inquire for me, and I'll sell you as good a horse to take on to York as you ever threw a leg over, and let you have him at a fair price."

I thanked him, and at the same time assured him, should I visit Kentucky, I should not fail to find him out, and more especially, should I think of purchasing "horse flesh," being now fully convinced of his disinterested motives in following his profession of a jockey, and of which profession I doubted not he was one of the brightest ornaments.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

For some months past the public mind has been in a feverish state with regard to the threatened difficulties with foreign powers, and especially with Great Britain. Our people feel that any difficulty with Spain, single-handed, could be settled to suit ourselves, in short order. So with France alone, though it would be a more serious matter, there would be no fear among our people of being whipped, though we might receive some hard blows. And even in a struggle with England, in which we could hardly fail at first to suffer very severely from her greatly superior naval power, we should certainly triumph in the end.

But should the three Powers alluded to combine against us, the conflict would be appalling and destructive. But even then, the latent power and resources of this country would insure a victory in the end, for the war would become mainly defensive on our part, and in such a contest, with the broad ocean between us, we need not fear even the combined power of Europe. We do not believe, however, that there is any very great danger of war at present with any foreign power. True, there are some serious questions of dispute and causes of irritation between our Government and Great Britain. True, we have sent home her Minister and three of her Consuls; but it has been done mainly from personal considerations, and need not necessarily bring the two Governments into conflict. True, we have some knotty questions to settle with regard to Central American affairs; but the chief Gordian knot, we believe, has been cut by the sword of General Walker. American influence and supremacy will be established on the great American Isthmus without a war with Europe.

NICARAGUA AND GENERAL WALKER.

THERE has been no subject affecting the interests of the United States, which has so stirred the hearts of our people, awakened their sympathies, and revealed to them the true position in which, as a nation, they stand related to the oppressive sovereignties of the Old World and the infant republics of this, as the present issues which are being developed concerning the Republic of Nicaragua.

In 1831 the Central American Confederation, consisting of the five States of Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua and Costa Rica, was dissolved, and each State assumed the functions of a separate and distinct nationality. Each became a republic, and adopted a

constitution; but the same influences which had brought about a dissolution of the Confederacy kept them in a continual state of internal dissention.

Since that period Nicaragua has been in an almost constant state of revolution. For twenty-five years, with the exception of short intervals of peace, the longest of which was less than two years, her people have been divided against each other, and engaged in a civil warfare of the most ruthless and destructive character. As a natural consequence, all of the useful pursuits and occupations have been neglected until the immense exports which she once made of gold, silver, indigo, cotton, sugar, rice, coffee and tobacco *have entirely ceased.* Agriculture was neglected—plantations went to ruins; the mines have been filled up, or are so overgrown by the rank tropical vegetation that it will require a new exploration to discover them; the rich indigo estates have become a tradition, and the people themselves demoralized and wretched.

We cannot follow Nicaragua through all her unnatural revolutions, and the causes which gave rise to them, or the effects which they produced. We purpose only to speak of the last one, which has brought her so prominently before the world, and is not unlikely to make her territories the theater of events of grave importance to the interests of the United States.

The commencement of the year 1854 saw Don Fruto Chamorro in the Presidential chair of Nicaragua. He was a man of great energy of character, a Granadian by birth and citizenship; but, unfortunately for himself and his country, he possessed a violent and despotic temper. He had obtained his elevation by the force of arms, and by the same means he determined to maintain it. He did not seek the affection or regard of his countrymen, and took no steps toward their advancement, either as a nation or a people. He only sought to maintain his own power. In May, 1854, he issued a decree declaring himself President for four years longer than the usual term. Of course the "democratic masses" rebelled against this unjust usurpation of authority, and got up a revolution at Leon, the largest city of Nicaragua. Their leader was Don Francisco Castillon, a Leonese of good family, possessed of a liberal education, and broad and enlightened views concerning national progress and the rights of citizens. He had spent many years in England as Minister for Nicaragua, had traveled much in the United States, with whose history and institutions he was perfectly familiar, and was well calculated to lead a revolution which had for its object the advancement of civilization and the equal rights of man. He was chosen unanimously as the chief of the Democratic party by the secret council held at Leon in May, 1854, and immediately took the field with about 500 men. A strong body of troops was sent to oppose them by Chamorro, and the forces of the Government were augmented by pursuing the most rigid and harsh system of impressment.

Thus two parties were formed in the country—the one styling themselves the Legitimists, and the other the Democrats.

The sympathies of the people were with Castillon, and he soon found himself at the head of a considerable force. He defeated the Legitimists in several engagements, and, besides holding Leon, took the cities of Realejo, Chinandega, Masaya and Rivas, and drove the forces of Chamorro into Granada, where he besieged them for ten months. From the lack of ammunition and supplies he was obliged to raise the siege and retreat to the north. In the meantime the Legitimists, having been supplied from Jamaica, by the British Government, with powder and shot, made head against the Democrats in the south; and, pursuing Castillon to Masaya, engaged him there in a bloody fight, which was terribly destructive on both sides, considering the number of men engaged. The Legitimists now held all of Southern Nicaragua, and were preparing for a new campaign against Castillon and the North. At this juncture, when foreign aid had been invoked to suppress the rights of the people—when he saw the banner of liberty which he had helped to raise trailing in the dust—Castillon sent an embassador to Gen. Walker, then in San Francisco, inviting him, on behalf of the Democratic masses of Nicaragua, to come and help remove from them the yoke of their oppressors. True to the dictates of his nature, ever ready to aid a suffering cause, either with his pen or with his sword, without dictating terms, or asking for reward, he fitted out a small brig in the port of San Francisco, and embarking with *only fifty-six men*, set sail for Nicaragua. He arrived at the port of Realejo early in May, 1855, and immediately marched to Leon, where, with his little band, he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Castillon tendered him the position of Commander-in-Chief, which Walker modestly declined, saying "that he came there not for distinction or personal advantage, but to aid an oppressed and struggling people; his

sword and his life were dedicated to the cause of Liberty, and he asked nothing in return." He was, however, appointed as General of Division and Commander of the Forces of the North, and was, in point of fact, the head of the army from this time forth, while Castillon devoted himself to the civil requirements of the State, and was President of the Democratic party at Leon.

Shortly after Walker's arrival in Nicaragua, General Chamorro died of an illness from which he had been suffering for many months, and was succeeded as General-in-Chief and President of the Legitimist party by General Corral.

During the Summer of 1855, there were many engagements between the two parties, in which General Walker was most frequently successful, although the Legitimists had the advantage in point of numbers and equipments.

Early in the month of August, at the earnest solicitation of Castillon and of the Constituent Assembly, and the citizens of the North, Gen. Walker accepted the commission of "Commander-in-Chief of the Democratic army." The number of Americans and native troops in his army had been gradually augmented until the forces under his command, on the 1st of September, amounted to twelve hundred native troops and two hundred Americans. The majority of the former were generally kept in garrison, holding important points and keeping up lines of communication, while the latter were almost constantly in the field.

About this period Castillon died of yellow fever at Leon, and General Walker, as Commander-in-Chief, found himself at the head of the Democratic party. By skillful maneuvering, General Walker succeeded in dividing the Legitimist forces, and early in October took the city of Granada by surprise, capturing the garrison and the entire military stores of the opposing faction. This was a death blow to the Legitimist party, who soon offered such terms that negotiations were opened between Walker and Corral, which resulted in a treaty of peace being signed and ratified on the last of October by the leaders of the respective parties.

By this treaty it was agreed that both parties should join under one peaceful Government. Don Patricio Rivas was declared Provisional President for fourteen months, and General Walker was acknowledged General-in-Chief of the army, who, with ministers to be appointed by the President, were to form the Government.

According to the stipulations of the treaty, General Corral, a day or two afterwards, entered the city of Granada with his troops, and was received by Walker. The two Generals then went through an imposing ceremony of solemnly ratifying the treaty in church. A Te Deum was sung, the Legitimist troops were joined to the Democrats, and became one army under command of Walker, and the following Government was proclaimed:

Don PATRICIO RIVAS, President.
General WILLIAM WALKER, Commander-in-Chief.
General MAXIMO XERES, Minister of State.
General PONCIANO CORRAL, Minister of War.
Don FERMIN FERRER, Minister of Public Credit.

Although the Democracts had gained the day, the new Government was composed of men of both parties.

Rivas, the President, is a gentleman much esteemed and respected; he is the head of an influential family, who have always been opposed to the Democratic party. For some years he has been Collector of Customs at San Carlos, at the outlet of Lake Nicaragua.

General Walker, Commander-in-Chief, filled the same office in the Democratic Government.

General Maximo Xeres, Minister of State, was Walker's predecessor in command of the Democratic army; he and Corral, the new Minister of War, having been the Generals of the two hostile armies during the greater part of the revolution.

Don Fermin Ferrer, Minister of Public Credit, is a wealthy citizen of Granada, who took no active part in the late revolution.

A very few days after General Corral had so solemnly ratified the treaty, letters were intercepted, written by him to some other leaders of the old Legitimist party, from which it was evident that he was conspiring with them to upset the Government, of which he had just become a member. He was immediately tried by court-martial for treason, and being found guilty, he was sentenced to be shot next day. With his party he was immensely popular, and during the revolution had displayed great ability as a military leader; but the evidences of his treachery admitted of no doubt, and he was shot according to his sentence, in the Plaza of Granada, in presence of the whole army. His summary execution had a very beneficial influence on the people, by inculcating on them the necessity of acting with sincerity, in whatever obligations they assumed.

The new Government was now formally acknowledged by Col. Wheeler, the American minister, the only foreign minister resident in the State. The President was also visited by

the Captain of the United States sloop-of-war Massachusetts, then lying in the harbor of San Juan del Sur.

The natural consequences of a restoration of peace, after a year and a half of revolution, were soon manifested in the return of many of the inhabitants, who had absented themselves, to avoid the horrors of civil war, and in the impulse given to all peaceful pursuits.

From this time forward General Walker is so intimately and prominently associated with the affairs of Nicaragua, that in speaking of one the other is understood. That for six months there was uninterrupted peace within her borders—that his influence in her affairs was such, that the humblest citizen had begun to think that there was *security in good laws* and a well governed land—that he had won not only the respect, but the love of the people, no one can deny.

The subsequent events are familiar to the general reader of the news of the day. The declaration of war by Costa Rica—the expedition under Schlessinger—his treachery and defeat at Santa Rosa—the return of the remnants of his army, wounded and dispirited—the last review upon the Plaza at Granada, where Gen. Walker addressed his soldiers previous to the battle of Rivas—the marching of the troops—the battle of Rivas, and the retreat to Granada—all of these events are well known, and will become records of history. Having thus briefly reviewed all of the circumstances which have placed him where he is, our purpose now is to speak of the *man*.

Is he a hero?—is he a statesman? We have been reading and writing of his career; we have been thinking of what he has achieved; we have been studying his position, the obstacles he has overcome, the materials with which he works—country, state and position, and we have come to the conclusion that he is both a hero and a statesman. For confirmation of our opinion we give in full General Walker's speech to his soldiers after the defeat of Schlessinger, and also his letter to Senator Weller.

The former was delivered upon the Plaza, at Granada, and we leave the description of the occasion in the exact words in which it is described by the graphic correspondent to whom we are indebted for it:

"The General, who had been confined to his room for three or four days, by a painful indisposition, observed them [the soldiers] from his window. Filled with anxious thoughts, he had been pacing up and down, pondering on the threatening combination of the States against him. Restive at inaction, chafing at the misfortunes which obliged him to change all his plans of the campaign, brooding over the shame of Santa Rosa, and fearful it had affected the morals of his troops, he took the sudden idea to address them. Ordering them, therefore, to be drawn up in a square before his door, he put on his hat, and, accompanied by General Goicouria, his new Intendante-General, and followed by his staff, he advanced briskly into the center of the square. The troops at once presented arms, and then having recovered their position, paused in breathless anxiety to hear what he had to say. Surveying them for a moment silently, he, in a clear, loud voice, commenced:

"'Soldiers!—We are engaged in no ordinary war. A powerful combination surrounds us on every side. A hatred to our race has united adverse States, and reconciled the most hostile and repugnant factions. The object of this league is to expel us from the land with which we have identified our lives; but through your fortitude and courage the effort is destined to defeat. Invited to this country when it was torn by civil strife, and so exhausted by long dissension that it had no vigor left to reconstitute itself, we undertook the task of a redemption and protection from the encroaching grasp of servilism. In defiance of all obstacles, in despite of armed opposition and regardless of every discouragement in the way of odds, we steadily pursued our purpose; and it is known to you at what sacrifices we have succeeded. The forces of the aristocratic party, which threatened to overwhelm the liberties of the State were checked and overthrown; the constitutional guarantees of free government were established, and a system of order so vigorous and comprehensive put in operation, that not even the most daring treachery or extended conspiracies have been able to disturb it. For six months a profound peace has been maintained; prosperity has blessed the country; private rights, whether of friend or foe, have been respected, and the laws so justly and equally administered that no man can lift his voice and charge against us a single act of injustice.

"'Notwithstanding this—notwithstanding all the sacrifices we have made, all the dangers we have encountered, all the sufferings we have endured—sacrifices not only of our blood in battle, but of our lives to the pestilence—bear witness the graveyard at Granada!—are we to be driven from this country, merely because we were not born upon the soil. ("Never! "never!")

"'No, soldiers! The destiny of this region and the interests of humanity are confided to our care. We have come here as the advanced guard of American civilization, and I know your hearts respond to mine, when I declare that sooner than retire before accomplishing our duty we will spill the last drop of our blood, and perish to the last man! (Loud cheers.)

"'Soldiers, the task that is confided to us is an arduous one. It is full of self-denial, risk and suffering, but it is at the same time full of promise. It spreads beyond the limits of ordinary vision, and comprehends the fate not only of Nicaragua, but perhaps the redemption and proper civilization of all Spanish America. (Enthusiastic cheering.)

"'Soldiers, this task, as I have said, is an arduous one. Obstacles are yet to be encountered, and difficulties overcome that may try our fortitude and courage by sterner tests than any we have yet experienced. We must content ourselves, too, in performing it alone. Though we should have been encouraged by those who claim to be enlisted in the cause of progress, we have not thus far had one voice to cheer us from the surrounding nations, while that to which we turned at the outset, with an almost filial yearning stands coldly by. But the nobler for us if we win unaided. The consciousness of our mission

is all the encouragement we require, and there is no man here so base as to wish to retire from the task and leave his share undone. (Cheers.)

"'Soldiers, in view of the great trusts confided to you, I need not impress upon you the importance of vigilance and order. To the officers and men alike, I look for that obedience and discipline which are the chief requisites of soldiers; and with these qualities, and the help of that Power who never deserts the brave and just, "victory and honor will be our sure reward."'

"The most vociferous cheers were given at the conclusion of this speech, and under cover of the acclamations the General retired. The effect was electrical, and the gloom, or seriousness at least, which had been worn upon the faces of the troops ever since the disaster of Santa Rosa, gave place to a bright glow of enthusiasm and of cheerful confidence. The men tossed up their rifles and repeated their shouts as they dispersed in squads across the Plaza; and even the officers, whose business it was to act more gravely, spontaneously shook hands and clapped each other on the back, by way of relieving themselves of their share of the excitement."

We have nothing like this in modern times; and a man who can so speak, and so act—who, surrounded by such difficulties and dangers, can thus infuse into the hearts of his followers the sublime determination "to perish to the last man" rather than forsake a noble cause, is worthy to be called a hero.

His letter to Senator Weller is deeply significant, not only as giving a clear insight into the character of the man, but as showing what Nicaragua plainly has a right to ask from our people and our Government, and what she is willing to give us in return. He writes:

"GRANADA, April 15, 1856.

"Hon. JOHN B. WELLER, *U. S. Senate:*

"MY DEAR SIR: By the last papers from New York I learn that when I was denounced in the Senate for the conduct Nicaragua has pursued toward the Transit Company, you were so generous as to undertake to defend me from the aspersions of men utterly ignorant of my character. In consequence of this I take the liberty of writing some facts in relation to affairs here, and these facts will, I think, prove not unimportant to the Government of the United States.

"You have doubtless learned from the newspapers how pacific was the policy Nicaragua proposed to pursue toward the other States of Central America. Notwithstanding all our overtures of peace, the neighboring Governments showed themselves, if not positively, at least negatively hostile to the actual administration of Nicaragua. It was constantly asserted, not only here, but thoughout Central America, that the States were stimulated to this conduct by English and French agents. But it was not until the correspondence of the Consul-General of Costa Rica in London was intercepted by me, a few weeks ago, that positive evidence was afforded of the active sympathy the British Government manifests for those who oppose the Americans in Nicaragua. The correspondence shows that England is furnishing arms to our enemies, and at the same time the whole British West India squadron is sent to San Juan del Norte in order that the moral weight of the English Government may be thrown into the scale against our Republic.

"I do not know how these facts may appear to the people of the United States, but to me they seem directly at variance with American principles and American interests. These facts are patent to all, and their significance is apparent to the most superficial observer. There are other circumstances connected with the present war waging in this State and in Costa Rica which may require interpretation in order to make their importance felt.

"The Government of Costa Rica has never yet declared was against the Government of Nicaragua; yet it has invaded our territories, and has murdered American citizens who have never forfeited the protection of the United States Government. This has been done under cover of a decree issued by the President of Costa Rica declaring war against the American forces in the service of Nicaragua. To declare war against the forces in the service of Nicaragua and not against Nicaragua herself is to deny in the most positive and offensive manner the right of Americans to engage in the service of a foreign State. Not only has this declaration of war been made in this offensive and unheard-of manner, but another decree has been published ordering all the American prisoners of war taken by Costa Rican forces to be shot. This is to deny to Americans engaged in a foreign service the common rights to which soldiers are entitled by the laws of war. Such decrees as those I have mentioned not only throw Costa Rica, as I conceive, beyond the pale of civilized nations, but they directly affect the honor and dignity of the United States.

"They (the Costa Ricans) attempt to control the American people and keep them within a limit which the American Government has never prescribed. Costa Rica says Americans shall not emigrate to Nicaragua and take arms in her service. It remains to be seen whether she can sustain herself in so singular a position. In such a war as they are now waging against us there can be but one result. They may destroy my whole force—a circumstance I deem almost impossible—they may kill every American now in Nicaragua, but the seed is sown, and not all the force of Spanish America can prevent the fruit from coming to maturity. The more savage the nature of the war they wage against us the more certain the result, the more terrible the consequences. I may not live to see the end, but I feel that my countrymen will not permit the result to be doubtful. I know that the honor and the interests of the great country which, despite of the foreign service I am engaged in, I still love to call my own, are involved in the present struggle. That honor must be preserved inviolate, and those interests must be jealously maintained.

"So far we have had great moral odds against us. The Government to which we all naturally look for aid and comfort has treated us with coldness and disdain. There has been no Government to encourage us and bid us 'God speed.' Nothing but our own sense of the justice of the cause we are engaged in, and of its importance to the country of our birth has enabled us to struggle on as far as we have done. We may perish in the work we have undertaken, and our cause may be for a time lost. But if we fall, we feel it is in the path of honor. And what is life or what is success in comparison with the consciousness of having performed a duty, and of having co-operated, no matter how slightly, in the cause of improvement and progress? I begin, however, to leave facts, and therefore will conclude.

"I remain, with high regard, your obedient servant,

"WM. WALKER."

Who can read this letter, especially the lat-

ter part of it, without being touched at the sublime heroism which it evinces?

Had he lived in an earlier period, when competition was less, when it was honorable and heroic to go out in quest of adventures, to go in search of the "golden fleece," the Eldorado, or the fountain of perpetual youth, to say nothing of the kingdom of the renowned Prester John, General Walker's name would have been inscribed at once upon the scroll of heroes. But in our day, with our cold, cruel skepticism of all that is heroic, our spirit of traffic and love of luxury, a man has a great deal more to do to win a name than in the days of earlier enterprise. Scarcely does he place himself in relation to any expedition before he is met with rivalry and competition. His placer of glory is invaded with rifle and bowie-knife, and he must be a man of keen resource and stalwart nerve to bide the issue. Such a man do we believe General Walker to be.

His position is altogether one of difficulty. He has to rule the most discordant elements—a people weak and treacherous, accustomed to oppression, and thence made servile with the vices of servility—a people accustomed to anarchy, and willing to abide in it, because it leaves them to plunder, as opportunity offers, in return for having been plundered. The immediate followers of Walker are mostly worthy men, many of whom have joined him more from the love of adventure than from any defined sympathy for his plans. They have been acting—they, a handful of men—with but slender aid from the people of Nicaragua, and devoid of countenance from their countrymen at home—more than this, they have been subject to the hostile plans and interference of European influence, both English and Spanish. Scantly provided with arms, scantily provisioned in every way, with a climate however beautiful in itself, yet dangerous to the unacclimated. With all these obstacles, difficulties and disheartenments in his way, General Walker has not only maintained his frontiers, not only held his ground, but has presented a gallant face to the world. Nothing has seemed mean or petty with him or his army. Nothing poor or ridiculous—nothing inflated or braggart. A calm self-poise—a certainty of personal resource invariably characterizes the man. Whether he fights or negotiates, he is fearless and manly. We cannot help respecting him. We watch his motions with interest—we read his despatches, and feel they are full to the purpose—we read his harangues to his soldiers, and see in them the Napoleonia spirit—the fire and confidence which made France, under the first Napolean, a nation of heroes—we see his soldiery must be enthused under such a leader to do all that men can do. We have heard that one of his men comforted himself after being wounded at Rivas with saying, "Well, the General 's like a father to us; he makes us all feel as if we were all heroes."

In bringing our sketch to a close we have only to add a few words in reference to the latest accounts received from Nicaragua, which come down to about the middle of May. The war with Costa Rica had been brought to a close. The severe battle of Rivas, which is destined to become as famous in history as the battle of San Jacinto, disheartened the enemy and soon determined them to evacuate the country, their final flight being hastened by the appearance of cholera in the army. The Costa Rican leader, on retreating from the country, addressed a letter to General Walker, soliciting protection and kind treatment for the sick and wounded, whom he was compelled to leave at Rivas and Virgin Bay, which request was humanely complied with. The transit route across Nicaragua, which had been interrupted and closed by the invasion from Costa Rica, is again opened, and passengers to and from California are conveyed across without difficulty, and peaceful occupations are again resumed throughout the State, and the rich resources of the country are beginning to be developed.

The latest accounts represent Walker and his men in good health and spirits, and the fortunes of the young Republic brightly in the ascendant. The people were in the midst of an election of President, and there seemed to be no doubt that President Rivas would be reelected. The Government is firmly established, giving peace and prosperity to the inhabitants, and an efficient protection from insurrections within or invasions from the neighboring States. Our Administration at Washington, though late in the day, has at last followed the popular impulse, and recognized the existing Government of Nicaragua, and received the Minister sent as her representative. A new era is opened in Central America, of the highest importance, not only to the States on that rich and interesting Isthmus, but to our own country and to the world. General Walker has already secured a niche in temple of fame, and has now a fair prospect of securing a place on the living page of history, in the long list of heroes and statesmen and successful founders of empires.

FASHION PLATES:

ENGRAVED FOR THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE.

We remember well, in the days of our childhood, and that was a great many years ago, a quaint old song commencing with the following stanza:

"Fashion, little flippant thing!
What in fashion did thee bring,
That the gentle folks should make
Such a fuss for fashion's sake."

It has long since been voted that a person may as well be out of the world as out of fashion. Perhaps the rule may hold true with reference to magazines as well as persons. We have therefore concluded to follow the fashion, and introduce fashion plates into the United States Magazine. Paris is the head-quarters of fashionable costume, and we shall avail ourselves of the latest and best publications from the gay metropolis on the subject, for the gratification and instruction of our fair readers. We prefer to give but few plates, highly and beautifully finished, rather than a larger number of poor engravings. American women are the most extravagant in the world. They wear, on ordinary occasions, fabrics

quite beyond the reach of Europeans of the same class. The courtly Duchess dons her velvets, brocades, and diamonds upon state occasions, to be carefully laid aside when the urgency is over. She dresses simply at home, and supplies in taste what is lacking in cost. In the street she rarely appears in a rich or striking costume, while our women literally look

"Like Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground."

This absence of expense and simplicity of life enables the European to expend thousands upon works of art, while our American houses are but meagerly supplied with objects of taste and beauty.

New York Fashions.—For the street, or promenade dresses, the full skirts are still worn, as are also the crinoline and hooped skirts; they are also made to trail from two to four inches behind; the lighter fabrics are invariably trimmed with flounces, from three to five in number. The corsage is plain, and closed in front, coming high in the throat; many are worn slightly pointed in the center of the front; the boddice is slightly rounded in front; the sleeves are worn very flowing, and recently a little shorter. Basques are still in universal favor; the skirts are worn from ten to twelve inches deep, and much trimmed, with fringe lace or fancy trimming to suit the material.

Morning dresses in solid colors, pink, blue, straw, and light buff, trimmed with rows of linen braid, or narrow ruffles edged with lace, reaching from the shoulder to the waist, and thence gradually widening to the bottom of the skirt. The ruffles are also gradually increased in width from the waist to the bottom. The sleeve is flowing, and trimmed to correspond with the front trimming. The blouse is still in favor for young masters from three to six years old. For young misses, the short full skirt, trimmed with tucks or flounces, low neck, full waist, and short full sleeves are generally worn.

Bonnets made of fancy straw, blonde, lace, ribbons, fruits, and flowers, intermixed, are generally worn; the cape is very deep and trimmed with blonde, flowers, lace, and ribbon. The bonnets are so very small that they have more the appearance of caps than bonnets.

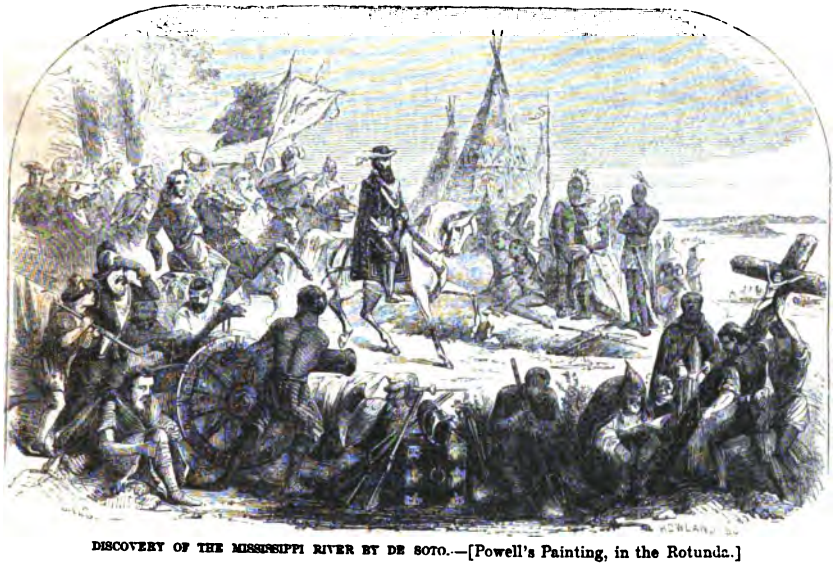
Description of the Plate of Juvenile Costumes.—*From the House of "St. Augustine."*—Little boy from three to four—Tunic blouse of plaid poplin, ornamented with revers and passementerie.

Little girl from eight to nine—Frock with a talma pelerine of silk stuff, trimmed with velvet intersected by small bands.

Little girl of nine or ten—Straw bonnet checkered with narrow velvets. Silk jacket. Sleeves short and double. Braces and long ends, trimmed all over with braiding and small buttons. Silk skirt of a very small check pattern.

United States Magazine.

Vol. III.].....AUGUST, 1856.....[No. 2.



DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER BY DE SOTO.—[Powell's Painting, in the Rotunda.]

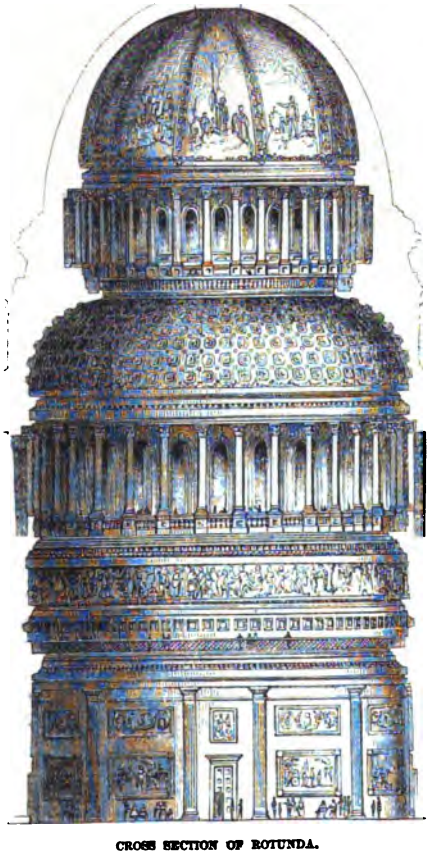
THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.....No. II.

Composed, as the population of the United States is, of emigrants and descendants of immigrants, from nearly every country in Christendom, unity and harmony of taste in architecture, sculpture and painting are not possible. Add to this the stirring, utilitarian habits of the people, and the want of time for the consideration of the merely ornamental and fictitious, it is self-evident that our taste must be educated, and from cultivation alone can we look for a full appreciation of the grand and beautiful, and a recognition of genius in its highest walks. The paucity of works of the highest grade of art among us, when our national and private wealth is considered, is not so much to be wondered at as is the fact that so much has been accomplished amid the turmoil and bustle of trade, manufactures, and politics. Creative genius, that power which "makes the marble speak, and the brook murmur down the painted landscape," which, in combinations before unknown, gives almost vitality to the marble and the canvas, has arisen in our land; and in Italy, the home of art and the great museum of the world, American sculptors and painters have been, and are, taking the first rank among their fellow-artists. Our private and public collections are becoming enriched by the contributions of native artists, and a purer and higher taste pervades all classes. In architecture the national taste has most rapidly increased, and it is difficult to find a city wherein its ecclesiastical and secular buildings, private and public, do not shadow forth a cultivated taste, and the existence of accomplished architects.

Washington City is daily becoming peculiarly noted, under the patronage of the Federal Government, for the number and elegance of its buildings. The Capitol, when completed, will stand for centuries, an example of grandeur, beauty and pure classical taste—a monument to the genius which designed, the liberality which furnished the means to construct, and

the engineering skill and administrative ability which carried out the plans. But to our subject again.

In the July number the reader was left examining the frescoes in the room of the Committee on Agriculture. Leaving the south wing by the embankment terrace, a brief walk brings us to the main entrance at the west front. Directly before us, as we face the building resting on the rustic basement, is a receeding portico with Corinthian columns and pilasters; this is the front of the Library, and is sometimes called the Balcony, which is by pre-



CROSS SECTION OF ROTUNDA.

scription a sort of love's exchange, which, during the pleasant days of the year, young men and maidens affect.

From the terrace we enter the basement, and unless we wish to descend to the *Crypt* prepared for the remains of Washington—but, as all know, not used for that purpose—or to transact business with some Congressional Committee, we will ascend this flight of steps, which, on a warm day, and after a few hours of sight-seeing, is not a desirable undertaking. Here we are, in the Rotunda! from its size and its ornamentation the most note-worthy place in the metropolis, or perhaps in the country. It is circular, 96 feet in diameter and 96 feet to the apex of the dome, which, by the way, was the original or true dome, and is contained inside of the dome recently taken down. The walls are paneled throughout the entire circuit, the panels being separated by Roman pilasters which support an entablature ornamented with wreaths of olives. The upper panels are decorated with festoons and wreaths of flowers. Four of these panels contain busts, in stone, of Columbus, Sir Walter Raleigh, Le Salle, and Cabot; the smaller panels over the doors contain each a sculpture of historical subjects; one of these is a work of much merit, and redeems, by its marks of genius, the feebleness of the remainder. It is Daniel Boone and two Indians; one of the latter is dead or dying at Boone's feet, while the survivor is contending with the hardy hunter for his life. The position of the figures—the calm, courageous determination of Boone: the bravery of the Indian, waging, as his face shows, an unequal contest: the picture the scene presents of an event but too common on our Western frontier, type, as it were, of the certain power of the white over the red race—are all exhibited with a truth and power that will strike even the most casual observer.

The eight large panels nearest the floor were appropriated to paintings of a historical nature by American artists. Four of these have for a number of years been filled with Colonel Trumbull's pictures. These, through numerous descriptions and engravings, are quite familiar; still it would be inconsistent with the unity of our design to omit them from this article. It was for some time, and may still be, the fashion to deprecate these pictures, more especially by our traveled countrymen, some of whom, from a taste created and matured by Murray's Guide-Book and several weeks' residence in Europe, have, *ex cathedra*, pronounced them mere daubs; and a supposed witticism of the eccentric John Randolph, uttered in the House of Representatives in 1828, has seemed to indorse these sentiments. Mr. R. called the picture which represents the Declaration of Independence, "*the shin-piece.*" We presume that, in the same style of criticism, Mr. Randolph would have designated a painting of an army as a leg-piece, because each officer and man, at least till after an action, would stand upon a *pair of legs.*

We do not claim for Col. Trumbull a genius or an ability of execution equal to Murillo or the

author of the Dresden Madonna; still, merely as works of art, these pictures are most meritorious, and will secure in all future time a high rank, as an artist, to the painter. But a greater and yearly increasing value attaches to these works, from the fact that the artist was himself a co-laborer in the great Revolutionary struggle; a member of the military family of Washington, intimately acquainted with the persons represented, and himself a participant in the stirring scenes snatched from oblivion by the magic touch of his pencil. But still another interest in them arises from the fact that they are a gallery of genuine portraits, thus enabling us and posterity to see the features of those brave men, who struck out from the welding fires of the Revolution those golden links which formed a chain capable of binding into one great nation the feeble and isolated Colonies.

The first of the series is, most appropriately, too, "The Declaration of Independence." Col. Trumbull devoted himself with untiring zeal and industry, traveling from one part of the Union to another, to collect the *materiel* for this great design. The scene represented is the room in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, where Congress met and decided on the important step commemorated.

On the right-hand side of the picture, seated at a plainly covered table, is John Hancock, the President of the Convention, whose name, in a firm, strong hand, opens the column of immortal names that are attached to the Declaration. The character of the man is visible in his open, intelligent and fearless countenance. Near the President, with the draft of the instrument in his hand, is the commanding form of its author, Jefferson, while in close proximity are Franklin, John Adams, Sherman and Livingston, members of the Committee. The members of the Convention are seated, but every eye is fixed on Jefferson, as the moment has arrived when these bold, great men, the representatives of the Colonies, are about, by the paper to be read, to dissolve the political connection of the Colonies with the Mother Country, and to proclaim to the world "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States."

The next picture is "The surrender of General Burgoyne, 1777," to General Gates, at Saratoga. What an hour of pride and triumph to the patriot leader and his gallant companions in arms, and what an hour of pain and mortification to the proud, haughty, and heretofore successful, British General. The intimate friend and companion of Burke, Fox and

HOWDEN'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

Sheridan, himself an accomplished scholar and wit, basking in the sun-light of favor, he had but a few months before promised his sovereign that he would speedily crush the rebels and restore peace to his revolted provinces. Nay, more, he was under a promise to meet Clinton at Albany; but when he reached that city, a prisoner, his friend had turned back from the Highlands, having been unable, even with the treachery of Arnold, to approach nearer to Albany. This painting contains portraits of Gates, Burgoyne, Stark, Morgan, Schuyler, Putnam, and many other distinguished officers.

On the north-west side of the entrance to the rotunda, from the west, is the third of the series. "The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown." This represents the great closing act of the Revolutionary drama, and with this scene the banner of the Union rose triumphantly to the breeze. Though Washington was present, he yielded to General Lincoln the honor of receiving the sword and surrender of the conquered leader of the enemy. This picture possesses an interest beyond the magnitude of the event it commemorates, because, in addition to portraits of Washington, Baron Steuben, Stevens, Trumbull, Hamilton, Wayne, Lincoln and James Clinton, it furnishes also the portraits, most of them noted for their accuracy, of our noble and brave allies. The young patriot, Marquis La Fayette, Count Rochambeau, Deuxponts, and Duke de Lanzun

GREENOUGH'S WASHINGTON.

and their companions are brought before us in their habit as they lived.

Leaving the field of battle, the artist next limns a scene in civil life, "The Resignation of General Washington, at Annapolis, December 23, 1783." Both the composition and execution of this picture called forth all the genius and skill of Col. Trumbull, and the moral grandeur of the occasion merits the efforts made. Here we see the fascinating face of the woman who won, and merited so to do, the Father of his Country. She is accompanied by her three grandchildren. Charles Carroll, with his two daughters, are also represented. This finishes the series by the artist and soldier, who evinced his patriotism not only in the field, but in his atêlier, by attempting to bring before his countrymen the scenes and men so intimately connected with the great era of the nation.

The "Baptism of Pocahontas" was the subject selected by Chapman to fill the panel assigned to him, but we have not space now to enlarge upon this picture, nor upon its immediate neighbor, "The Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto," by Powell, beyond the remark that the temperature varies very much in the painting, for while on one side two Indian women are without any garments, and seem quite comfortable, on the opposite side a man is wrapped in a large sized buffalo robe. However, the design and composition are much more amenable to severe criticism than the execution. The "Landing of Columbus," by Vanderlye, fills the next panel, and then comes Weir's great picture of the "Departure of the Pilgrim Fathers in the Mayflower," unquestionably a work calculated to give the painter a reputation co-extensive with the realm of modern art. We have stood for hours before it, and then returned again and again, each time to see new beauties, and to gaze upon that face of surpassing loveliness, the *wife of Miles Standish*. It is the very ideal of Saxon beauty—the eyes clear, deep, fearless, as a woman's eyes may be, yet devotional and confiding; they are turned upward, speaking the woman's trust in her husband, and the soul's faith in its God. There is no Grecian outline in the features—no angelic perfection in the face—it is simply the countenance of a woman beaming with intelligence and love. Miles Standish has features and form which challenge admiration, while the pale, sick boy, going forth on the tempestuous ocean, touches deeply our pity and our sympathy; nor must we forget the man of God, who, from the Bible, is finding meet words of hope and consolation for this brave band, who, for conscience sake, are about to seek a home in a far-off and inhospitable country, where faith and religion may dwell together in unison, without fear or restraint. This, like Trumbull's works, is national and historical, but not so, to our thinking, are the other works we have named.

There is also in the rotunda a plaster cast from Howden's statue of Washington at Richmond, Virginia. As the original is admitted to be a most perfect likeness of the great man it represents, we trust a marble copy may be made to replace this cast, which is not calculated to call forth any very warm feelings of admiration. But let us pass out on the eastern portico again, and examine the statuary.

Greenough, it is claimed by his admirers, had far more genius, far more of the poetry of his art, than any other American sculptor. Whether this is true or not, it cannot, we conceive, furnish the sole ground upon which his claims to fame and immortality as an artist are to rest. The genius of conception is doubtless the first order of genius, but without the power to give form and vitality to the workings of the imagination, such genius can never make a great sculptor or painter, poet or actor. We do not mean that a sculptor must necessarily be able to manipulate the marble, but he must have the power so to model his conceptions as distinctly to convey to other and less imaginative and poetical minds the thought that pervades his own. Originality alone, we know, is not necessarily genius; but where there is little or no originality in a purely imaginative work,

we may at least doubt the existence of a high creative power. To carry out this view, if Greenough's statue of Washington is simply imaginative, then it is not original, for Jupiter, years since, was represented in a similar position, reversing the arms, and similarly costumed; real and great genius would have *discovered* an attitude, not have *copied* it; or rather, have created the position itself. If it is not imaginative, but is intended to be an effigy of Washington, then why give him an attitude inconsistent with his nature and his duties! and throw around him a nondescript drapery, and place in his hand a sword, the style of which, even, he never saw or heard of? There is something very incongruous in this; we know that many claim that a statue must be draped in what is called classical style, but we deny the truth of the proposition, for why is it any more true of statuary than of painting or poetry? Suppose Trumbull had stripped Hancock and the members of the Convention of their national garments, and painted them all in Roman togas? Yet the argument used, that fashions change so frequently, that a statue of any subject having lived a half a century since, costumed correctly, would have on a dress quite as *outre* as a toga, must apply as well to paintings as to statuary. And who will admit that only Roman or Grecian robes should be worn in pictures? Greenough's statue of Washington. in the grounds east of the Capitol, has greatly disappointed most persons who have seen it, and we are of the number, for some of the reasons expressed above. It is not a likeness of Washington, nor are the proportions of the figure his; but what is he doing with the uplifted finger? Is it defiant, supplicatory, or thankful? Is it raised to Deity, or as a warning to man? We are aware what the artist's admirers say it means, but that is our cause of just complaint; the conception of genius has not been made manifest to the ordinary mind, else there would be no question of its attitude or its character. An artist who examined the statue with us, himself a true child of genius, says it was not meant as a representation of Washington, but is intended as an incarnation of Patriotism, made in resemblance of Washington because he was a patriot; that having achieved all that patriotism can do, the liberty of his country, he is thanking God for mercies so great. If this was the design of the artist, then he did not fulfill his contract with the Government, for they desired a statue of a real man, not a symbolical design. Mr. Clark Mills is designing and executing an

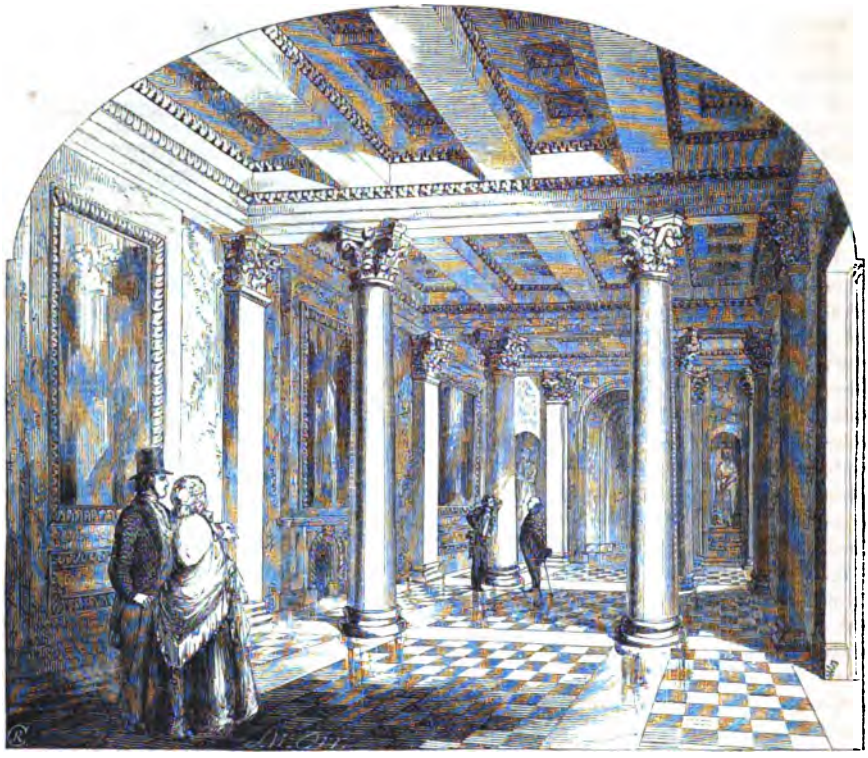
MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

equestrian statue of Washington. Suppose that Mr. Mills should conclude that a Centaur is the ideal of equestrian perfection, and should give us Washington as a Centaur, would that be more out of place than Greenough's Jupiter, with a slight likeness of the hero? There is what purports to be a Latin inscription on the Monument; it is:

"Simulacrum istud
Ad magnum LIBERTATIS exemplum
nec sine ipsa duraturum.
Horatius Greenough
Faciebat."

Is this good Latin? Faciebat is novel in this connection, and if it can be properly translated it is an affectation. Why not have the motto in simple, pure English, so that every person who reads it may comprehend its meaning? We Americans, as a people, are tolerably well educated for the duties of life, but Latin is not a national accomplishment, and its use, in its present position, has no beneficial tendency, and only serves to mortify a large majority of those who see and are wholly unable to translate it.

The cheek blocks of the eastern portico support each a group of statuary; certainly a bad location, as they injure the symmetry of the building and detract from its unity of design, and the statuary itself is in a bad position to be looked at or seen; a fair front view cannot be obtained, except by placing yourself 20 feet below the group, and 30 feet, at least, distant; this cannot be the proper stand-point to see the beauties of the works. Persico's group, "Columbus" and the "Indian Girl," is fanciful, but not altogether free from grave objections; the attitude of the girl is constrained and un-



SENATORS' RETIRING ROOM.

natural, and not chaste. It is exquisitely executed, and is the best conceived Indian we have ever seen in marble. Columbus, too, is a bold, striking figure, and his countenance is expressive and intellectual. The manipulation of both figures is almost faultless.

The opposite group consists of five figures, colossal in size. The type of our race, represented by a Backwoodsman, is not consistent with the idea—he is far too heavily made; his muscles have more the look of the anvil than the rifle and the woods, and the costume is Scotch, and the bonnet and shirt are not American. The Indian is much better, but his face is dark and frowning; and though the hunter's knife must have reached the citadel of life, not a muscle has relaxed, nor does his countenance exhibit any of the agony which the nerves, thus suddenly shocked, must evince. Indian traditionary stoicism cannot overcome the terrible agonies of sudden dissolution from so violent a cause. The Hunter lacks determination and fixedness of purpose; he is too merely animal, which does great injustice to the natural intelligence of the Western pioneer. The wife, it seems to us, should have been placed so as to see the result of the deadly struggle, not, as now, with her back toward her husband. She is, however, in a natural and graceful attitude; her anatomy is faultless, and the drapery admirably handled. The child is truly beautiful, and alone would make an artist's reputation. The dog is a failure; it is a breed never seen in this country—is too heavy for a hunter's purpose, and too high in flesh; his look is one of perfect indifference, and if his mouth is open to attack some one, it is apparently the white man as much as the Indian; perhaps it is the Indian's dog, and not the hunter's. This is the most elaborate and massive piece of statuary in the city, and was among the last of its author's works.

The vestibule of the basement of the northern wing, entering from the east, requires, from its novelty and beauty, peculiar mention; it is 52 feet 9 inches in length, 27 feet wide, and 17 in hight; the ceiling is arched, and is supported by eight massive piers or pillars, with caps ornamented with wreaths and foliage, with an equal number of pilasters. The finish and style of this room are not Grecian, or, in fact, a likeness of any ancient school, and may perhaps be

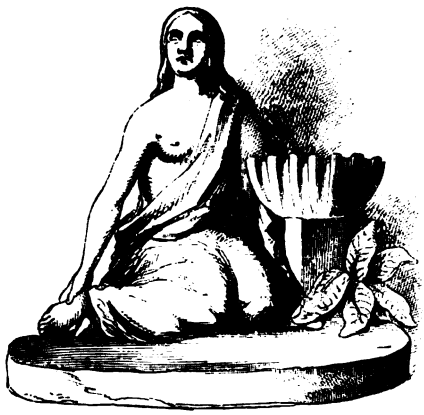
properly designated as American composite. The effect of the whole is pleasing, and seems peculiarly adapted to the secondary or basement entrance. On this floor are the Senate Committee rooms, and, fewer being required, the dimensions are larger than in the corresponding rooms in the south wing. The ceilings are domed, and are now painting, in fresco, in a style and finish which gives them the appearance of reality to a degree which we never saw equaled. The designs for the centers and some corners are finished; the allegorical portions are yet in the hands of the designer. As that which is now being done at the Capitol is the first real fresco painting ever executed in this country—the specimens that have heretofore been presented being only distemper or *guache* painting, in which the colors are mixed with glue, or size, and not incorporated with the wall, as in true fresco—and as the process is undoubtedly novel to many of our readers, we will explain: That in true fresco, or *fresh* painting, the colors are incorporated with the wall. Each day's work must be complete in itself, as within a few hours the mortar becomes too much set for the perfection of the operation. It is indestructible, lasting as long as the wall. The colors are mineral, and such as are not changed by the action of caustic lime. They are ground to powder, and mixed with water and slaked lime. No oil or vegetable matter is employed. There is nothing that can decay or change color; the latter is, in fact, a mortar of lime and finely powdered earths—as ochre, for example, mixed with pure water—the whole forming the last coat of plaster on the wall—the *intonaco*, as the Italians call it. Generally the composition is simple, and the coloring broad and free. Fresco requires rapidity of execution; as a whole figure is painted in one day, it does not admit of the delicacy and finish of oil painting. Its merits lie in breadth and grandeur of grouping, and the simplicity and vigor of outline.

MANTLE IN SENATORS' RETIRING ROOM.

The Hall of the Senate is arranged on a similar plan to that of the House, but smaller, being 112 by 82 feet. This leaves ample room for more corridors and sitting-rooms than in the other wing. At the present time the design of the Chamber is not far enough advanced to give the illustrations we proposed. Our artist has drawn the room we shall next describe in a skillful manner, giving a capital idea of the view merely of the form, etc., of the room; but the exquisite finish and the costly material used in this gem cannot be pictured. It is the retiring-room of the Senate, situated on the north side of the wing opening on the portico on that front. We do not know if the proportions are strictly correct by the rules of art, but they seem to us to be perfect, and convey an idea of completeness rarely met with. The dimensions are, length 38 feet, 21½ in width, and 19½ feet in hight. The ceiling is flat, recessed, and covered with pure white Italian marble. It is supported by polished Corinthian columns and pilasters of the same material, 16 feet 6 inches high, highly polished, with capitals carved in the most artistic manner. The walls are made of the richest Tennessee marble, with spaces for large plate-glass mirrors. At the two ends are niches designed for the reception of statuary. The mantle-piece in this room is so much an evidence of genius that we also furnish a drawing of it. The north and east rooms are reserved for the private visiting-rooms of the Senators. These rooms have paneled ceilings and other ornaments, which in most buildings would be considered very elegant. The Vice-President's room will also, when completed, be of surpassing beauty.

The manner of the construction of these buildings combines everything in the way of completeness, strength and durability, which science and wide experience can furnish, and nothing short of a war of the elements beyond anything known in this latitude, or Omnipotent Power itself, will shake it from its deep, solid foundations. Like the main building, the wings have sub-basements, and. when completed, the terrace is to be continued around the western fronts.

The great feature, however, is the dome, to be erected upon the plan covered by the report of the Superintendent of November last. We



FOUNTAIN STATUARY IN NICHE OF MAIN STAIRWAY.

have heretofore alluded to its general appearance. It is not as high from the ground as St. Paul's or St. Peter's, the former being 330 feet, and the latter 432, while this is 300 from the ground on the eastern side. It should be borne in mind that the Capitol is only 69 feet high to the cornice, while the dome rises 241 feet above the building. This is much higher, from the structure which it ornaments, than the dome of St. Paul's, and not very much below St. Peter's. To a view of the dome from the western approach, the most usual one by the way, and the front toward the inhabited part of the city, as well as to the river, 86 feet must be added, that being the difference between the floor of the basement and the ground at the foot of the main stairway. From this view, then, the dome will really be 386 feet in hight.

No change will take place in the interior of the rotunda till the stone cornice, which is elevated 44 feet above the floor, is reached. Above this cornice a vertical wall, with deep recessed panels, 9 feet in hight, will be raised, forming a continuous frieze of 300 feet in length, which should be filled with sculptured figures in alto relievo. Subjects for this great work should be purely, strictly national, and should relate only to this Continent. It would form truly a national gallery, and one which, if properly designed and executed, as it could be by American artists, would challenge the admiration of the world. Captain Meigs, in the report alluded to, has made some most appropriate suggestions of subjects for the studio. and we trust our artists will, even now, consider the subject, and be prepared to fill this great frieze with works for all time. A colonnade, formed by a series of attached columns, with large windows in the interspaces, which will pour a flood of light on the rotunda below, rises next above the frieze. Immediately above this colonnade springs the first dome, which, contracting to a diameter of 65 feet, will permit the eye to see, through the opening on a higher level, another and lighter colonnade, the whole closed in at the base of the lantern, and at a hight of 203 feet from the floor of the rotunda by a second dome of 73 feet span.

This upper dome, having sufficiency of light, and being paneled, should be richly painted. Being thus finished, it would be an object of universal admiration. Galleries between the exterior and interior walls, reached by various flights of stairs, will afford a facility of access to all parts of the dome, and from the openings the visitor may view the wide-spread scene of beauty within the extensive circuit of observation, or he may, from within, gaze down into the rotunda and each part of the structure beneath him.

The external form of the dome is peculiarly noticeable for its novelty and elegance, and will be a lasting monument to the creative genius of the architect. Above the base of the old dome, which has been retained as the base of the new one, a noble peristyle, 124 feet in diameter, is presented. It is formed of fluted Corinthian columns, 27 feet in hight, resting on an octagonal stylobate. This base is 93 feet above the flooring of the basement. The columns, that the requisite strength might be combined with comparative lightness, are to be constructed, under Capt. Meigs's plan, of iron. The trouble and expense of elevating stone of equal dimensions are thus modified and reduced,

FOUNTAIN STATUARY.

and much valuable time is saved. The finished specimens present a clearness of outline and uniformity in appearance which would not be surpassed if they were worked from stone. Difficulty was experienced in procuring patterns for the capitals, but they have been done in bronze; the one we saw, in the sharpness and finish of the volute, and the delicate foliage, evinces most skillful manipulation, and will furnish a pattern unexceptionable.

From the top of the entablature of the peristyle, which is 34 feet from the stylobate, springs an attic, with a diameter of 108 feet, and rising to a hight of 44 feet; the cornice of this attic is the base of the great dome, which is semi-ellipsoidal in its form, rising 228 feet from the basement floor to the base of the lantern. The lantern, beautiful in its form, is 52 feet in hight, with a diameter of 17 feet, and crowned, most fittingly, by a bronzed colossal statue of armed Liberty, 18 feet in hight.

The manner of building this gigantic structure requires study and an intimate acquaintance with mechanical powers; heavy masses of iron and stone are to be elevated from the ground to the roof of the Capitol, a distance of about 70 feet, and then again, step by step, till the apex is reached. Power, facility and accuracy are requisite for the accomplishment, and these have all been attained by the arrangements made. A steam engine placed on the roof works a crane of great strength, by which the material is raised from the ground, and then it will be applied to derricks of novel and scientific construction to send the huge masses still higher. Strength and completeness of finish will also be obtained as the work progresses. The old dome has been removed to the base, and much of the material for the new is on the ground, only awaiting the necessary appropriation by Congress to go on with its erection.

This brief description will, aided by our engraving, convey to the reader an idea of this truly beautiful and elegant structure, which, if it does not rival the domes of St. Peter's and St. Paul's in its altitude, will compare more than favorably with them, as well as with the dome of the Pantheon of Agrippa.

The reduction of the diameter at the top of the attic to 65 feet produces an effect peculiarly beautiful—and one, too, unseen in any similar work of ancient or modern times; but in addition to this, it will give great strength and solidity to the dome, and prevent that separation of the parts which has made the well-known

FOUNTAIN FIGURE.

crack in St. Paul's and compelled the binding of St. Peter's with iron hoops.

When completed it will be an object of unqualified praise and admiration, and will rank among the few great architectural monuments of the world. Being, as it will be, a source of great and just national pride, the expense, (of the dome,) which will be somewhere near one and a half million of dollars, is but a secondary consideration. Our National Treasury is overflowing, and here is an object which the strictest constitutionalist cannot regard as unconstitutional, nor the veriest State-Rights man characterize it as a local improvement, benefitting one State at the expense of the National Treasury. This Capitol is national property, and at a time when even those who are never alarmists consider the safety of the Union imperilled, we would that every man, from one extreme of the Union to another, could see this lofty dome, pointing heavenward, and, viewing in its strength, its great elevation, the symmetry of its proportions, the elegance of its detail, the harmony of all its parts as a type of the Union, and in the contemplation recall the many compromises and concessions which had to be made before a Government could be formed or a National Capitol required. Our description of the Capitol would be incomplete were we to omit a detailed account of one of its most useful and ornamental appendages—THE LIBRARY.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

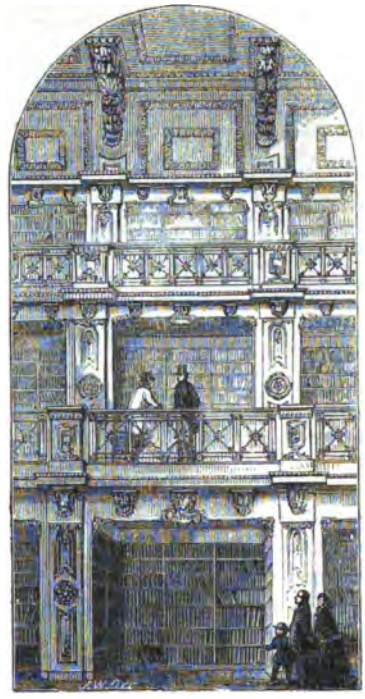
The great geographical extent of the United States, the number of cities scattered over the country, metropolitan in their wealth and character, the absence of any recognized National University, and the further fact that Washington is only the political capital, not, like London and Paris, the great center of wealth, of literature and population, is unquestionably the reason why we have no great national library. Such, however, is the fact, and though there is now in the Capitol a large collection of books, it is strictly and legally the "Library of Congress;" and though the public, by reason of the relaxation of the rule, which requires an introduction by a Member of Congress, are freely admitted, the people cannot claim it as a right. In addition to the Congressional, each Department has a library, some quite extensive and valuable, and, including the library of the Smithsonian Institution, these departmental collections must number 150,000 to 180,000 volumes, exclusive of mere documents; but to these no one but the employees of Government, excepting the Smithsonian, have access; and the clerks are confined to the libraries of their own Departments.

Mr. Jefferson, early in his Presidency, proposed a library for the use of the Executive and Members of Congress, and, owing to his exertions, a collection was made, called the

"Library of Congress." It was placed in the Capitol, and, numbering about 2,500 volumes, was destroyed by the countrymen of Shakespeare and Milton, when they burned the Capitol, August 24, 1814.

October 14, 1814, a resolution was introduced in Congress to purchase Mr. Jefferson's private collection, and in the succeeding year the resolution was passed, and the books purchased, and brought to Washington, and the "Library of Congress" again organized. This collection was enriched by many valuable additions till the year 1851, when the library contained 55,000 volumes. The room was not fire-proof, and a fire occurred, destroying 35,000 volumes. The room was much injured; the mouldings around the windows were destroyed, as were also some beautiful marble busts, the columns which supported the galleries, and the pedestals; the walls internally were damaged, and externally blackened. The destruction of these 35,000 volumes, many of them rare and valuable works, and difficult, if not impossible to replace, was a severe loss, not to the treasury, but to literature and to Congress. The fact that the room was filled with wooden alcoves and shelves, and was very far from being fire-proof, induced at once an inquiry as to the best way in which it could be placed entirely beyond destruction by the same element again, which inquiry resulted in the construction of the apartment now occupied.

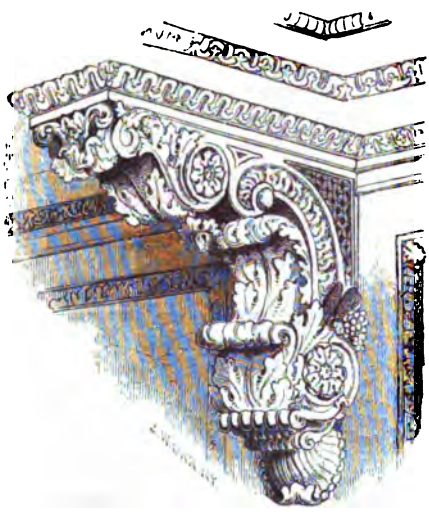
Soon after the fire, an appropriation of $75,000, in addition to the usual annual allowance, was made by Congress to purchase books, &c. This fund seems to have been most wisely and judiciously expended, as the admirable selections of books of standard excellence, and even of great rarity, fully demonstrates. The object of this library is not to furnish works merely to amuse, and such as appropriately belong to libraries intended for more general use, but to have at hand books upon such themes as require study and reference by members of Congress, in the great questions, foreign and domestic, which are constantly demanding their attention. With such works there is an excellent admixture of books of a different character; still the selection differs materially from any other library, except, perhaps, the Astor, in the country. There are now 60,000 volumes, bound, on the shelves, not including a large number of pamphlets, and about 50,000 public documents, which are daily becoming of value, and which each succeeding year will render still more valuable. Among the very rare books on the shelves is a copy of De Bry's



ALCOVE IN LIBRARY.

Voyages, perhaps the only copy in this country. There is also a copy of the remarkable work, with its splendid illustrations, of Lord Kingsborough on Mexico, to which he devoted years of time and study, expending an ample fortune in the printing and illustrations; and, to prevent its reproduction, destroyed all the valuable plates. There is, too, the London Gazette, complete, from 1665 to 1846, 175 years; a French Government work in 20 large folio volumes, printed in 1728, called a Collection of the History of France, containing everything of the least value ever published connected with ancient Gaul and France, down to the period of its publication; as also copies of Napoleon's Egypt; Champollion's works, and very many others, which might seem to claim especial mention here.

We have not the data at hand, but our recollection is that but two libraries, the Astor, in New York, and Harvard College, surpass the Library of Congress in the number of bound volumes, and but one other, located in Philadelphia, equals it. As a library of reference by the student of history, law, political economy, arts and sciences, it stands in the front rank, and under its present judicious management will soon be behind no kindred institution. The annual appropriation for books is $5,000 for the



CONSOLE SUPPORTING CEILING IN LIBRARY.

miscellaneous, and $2,000 for the law library.

During the session of Congress it is open daily, and is a place of very great resort, especially by the numerous strangers in town, but during the recess it is open but twice a week; this should be remedied; it should be opened on every secular day during the year, and the absurd rule about admission should be repealed. The letting no one but Members of Congress take books from the library we consider judicious and wise; they are responsible, and can always be found if books are not returned; but if every one applying could procure books it would require but a very short time to scatter them over the country, and the end of the first year of such a system would show more broken sets of works and more odd volumes than can be imagined.

The room occupied by the library is in the center of the western projection of the Capitol, and has in front of the windows a recessed portico with twelve Corinthian columns. It is 91 feet in length, 34 wide and 36 high, and will connect at each end with a room of corresponding hight, 29½ feet wide and 70 feet long, and with two other rooms 18 feet by 35, which will eventually be added, the suit of five rooms will be 302 feet in length, the smaller rooms to be occupied by Senators and Members of the House as private reading rooms. The room now occupied, the center one, has on both sides three stories of iron cases, each 9 feet 6 inches in hight. The first story is supplied with alcoves, projecting from the wall 8½ feet, with cases on each side of the projections. These alcoves are 9 feet 8 inches from center to center, with an ornamented pier or pilaster between them; these piers have richly ornamented medallions in the center, and are recessed or paneled; the upper portion contains fruit and foliage, well executed; the alcoves are connected by an architrave, which in the center bears a shield, ornamented with a wreath for the name of the subject of the works in the alcove; the corners of the architrave are relieved from a naked, sharp appearance by being filled by a rich foliage. The second story has similar alcoves, excepting that they are three and a half feet less in their projection, which provides for a gallery, resting on the alcoves below, for which the flooring, projecting over, serves as a cornice, supported in its projection by small consoles. The next story is similar to the second, except in depth; the gallery is continued around the ends of the room, and gains its support from heavy brackets. The flooring of these galleries consists of cast-iron plates, and the front has a handsomely designed balustrade of iron; the approach to these galleries is by cast-iron stairs, recessed in the walls at either end of the room. The ceiling is of iron, and is the first one ever constructed entirely of that material; it is suspended from iron trusses, which also support the roof, and is one vast skylight, 72 feet in length, supported from the lower side by 24 massive consoles, weighing nearly a ton each, highly ornamented with fruit, scrolls and foliage, and projecting five and a half feet from the walls. The ceiling is pierced by eight sky-lights six feet square, containing beautiful specimens of stained glass, which, with five large windows in the west side of the room, gives a volume of light below. It has also deep-sunken panels, orna-

PILASTER IN LIBRARY.

mented with foliated pendants and a very rich molding. The shelves for the books are of iron, and not a particle of wood or combustible material is used in the construction of the room; the walls, railing, in fact all the interior, is highly painted and gilded, and presents a gorgeous scene of elegance.

The other rooms will be finished in a corresponding manner, but they are necessary for the convenience of Congress, and cannot be used for the library till the House of Representatives is removed to the new wing. The architect and builder was Mr. Thomas U. Walter.

[It was expected, as was intimated in the last number of the Magazine, that a description of the new Senate Chamber, with illustrations, would be included in the present number; but the Chamber not being sufficiently advanced for the illustrations, that branch of the subject is postponed to another issue. In the September number will be commenced a description of the PRESIDENT'S HOUSE, with splendid original illustrations.]

ORNITHOLOGY OF THE UNITED STATES,

AND BRITISH AND RUSSIAN AMERICA.

BY JOHN CASSIN,
Of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia.

No. II.

FAMILY FALCONIDÆ.

The Eagles, Kites, Hawks, Buzzards, &c.

WITH this group we enter upon a division of the rapacious birds of much more graceful forms and much greater activity of habits than the Vultures. All the birds of this group are destroyers of life, and prey almost exclusively on animals killed by themselves; and, in fact, for much the greater part, apparently prefer that description of subsistence to the victims of death by disease or the decay of nature.

Endowed generally with great swiftness of flight, and with beaks and claws expressly adapted to such purpose, the larger of these birds live by the capture of the smaller quadrupeds, and of birds; others prey on fishes and snakes, and nearly all the small species hunt only insects. Their modes of capture vary considerably. Generally it is by stealthily pouncing on their victims when unsuspecting or complacently regarding themselves as concealed; but some pursue their prey steadily and with much courage and sagacity, while others pick up only harmless snakes and lizards, or rob their more successful or enterprising fellows.

In this family, and in the Owls, the singular anomaly exists of the females being larger and more vigorous than the males, and clad in more handsome plumage. The reverse of this is the case in all other families of birds.

The geographic range of the birds of this family includes the whole world. It is in tropical countries, however, where animal life is most profuse, that they are most abundant; but they are everywhere alike in habits, and the unrelenting destroyers of animal life.

Depending for sustaining their existence almost entirely on rapine and violence, and expressly adapted to such mode of life, yet evidently holding an important place in the great design of the physical universe, rapacious animals appear to be the impersonation of a principle, if we may be allowed to use the expression, involving one of the most momentous and mysterious of problems—the existence of evil in the world. They present a study in the science of Nature of the deepest interest. The prowling and treacherous wolf and jackal, and their kind, as well as the winged robbers of the air, have unfortunately but too strong analogies in that favored race which is the head of the animal world, and the brute presents the same intrinsic meanness which is characteristic of violence and injustice, of vice and of crime among men.

Rapine rules and reigns! and has been a profession not without a flourishing growth since about the time the world was created, or very shortly after. The founder of the dynasty thought exceedingly little of the Divine right of kings plead by his degenerate cion. Rapine rules! to-day, the descendant, not of the best nor the wisest, but of the strongest, the conqueror or the brigand; the former differing from the latter only in having scope and verge enough, has for his moiety and his inheritance much the greater part of this fair world of ours; and although the physical comfort of man has been greatly increased, the reign of peace, fraternity and happiness has hardly appreciably advanced since the days of Nero and Caligula!

THE EAGLES OF NORTH AMERICA.

1. GENUS AQUILA. Mœhring's Av. Gen., p. 49, (1752.)

The true or Golden Eagle.

Size unusually large; bill large and strong, compressed, curved and very sharp at the tip; wings long pointed; tail ample, rather wide; tarsi toes and claws, rather long, very strong: the latter much curved and very sharp. Tarsi feathered to the toes.

This group embraces about twenty species of various parts of the world, which are regarded as the true Eagles or the highest development of this form of the family of Falcons. Several of these species have had applied to

them the appellations Golden and Noble Eagles.

1. Aquila Canadensis. (Linnæus.)

THE AMERICAN GOLDEN EAGLE—THE RING-TAILED EAGLE.

The Golden Eagle of America may be easily distinguished from all other of our Eagles by its legs being densely covered with short hair-like feathers to the toes. This is a character of all the birds of this group or the true Eagles, of which that now before us is the only species yet known to inhabit North America.

This Eagle is properly at home only in the mountains. It is there, far away from the intrusion of the husbandmen, and almost beyond the reach of the hunter, that he builds his eyrie, and on soaring wing scours the valleys and plains for miles in search of food for himself and offspring. Frequently, and especially when his retreat is approached by man, he may be seen, in company with his mate, high in the air, sailing gracefully and apparently with little exertion, making large circles and closely observing the object of his search or his suspicions. In all the chains of mountains of North America, or very nearly so, this Eagle has been observed—most abundant, perhaps, in those of the Far West and of the North, but still occasionally met with in the Alleghanies and their dependent ranges—the Pokono of Pennsylvania and the Cattskill of New York.

In the Winter, when food fails in its usual resort, or when not engaged in the duties of providing for a family, the Golden Eagle makes an excursion to the lower countries, perhaps at the base of his native mountain, or flies over valley and hill, hundreds of miles, to the shores of the ocean. At that season there is scarcely any part of the United States that is not occasionally visited by this bird, though generally so watchful and cautious in its habits that it is approached only with much difficulty, and is rarely recognized as different from the young of the common Bald Eagle. To the eye, however, of any one accustomed to the observation of birds, this Eagle is easily to be identified by its majestic and powerful flight, whether soaring on a scout or a journey, or prowling in quest of a lurking grouse or rabbit.

The Golden Eagle of America is very similar to the bird known by the same name in Europe, and which also inhabits Asia. The Eagle of Europe has long been designated as "noble," and complimented with other adjectives usually expressive of exalted attributes of character; but, when applied as at present alluded to, of no meaning whatever. The idea of nobleness seems to have originated with the Romans, who regarded the Eagle with a degree of mythical reverence as the bird of Jupiter, and adopted it as a martial emblem and ornament. It is a great favorite in armorial or heraldic devices, and holds a high place as a national emblem in several countries, as is the case with the Bald Eagle of the United States.

The present bird was held in high estimation by the warlike tribes of the Indians of North America, and to be decked in the feathers of its tail was a much coveted point of the ambition of the young aboriginal warrior. The same is yet the case with some tribes of the Western Territories of this Republic, among whom this species and the Bald Eagle are known to have been reared from the nest for no other purpose than to procure their feathers. Legends and tales are not wanting to show that the Western Indians have inherited

a respect for the Eagles from former generations. One of the most singular of these stories, that we remember ever to have seen, is that of an Indian warrior who was displaying his oratory in narrating his exploits and extolling his prowess before an assemblage of his tribe. Pointing his knife, glistening in the sun, toward an eagle accidentally observed in the air, as a figure of speech no doubt intended to be very sublime, he called on it to descend. Much to the amazement of his hearers, and more so to himself, it obeyed him, and, swooping down with exceeding velocity, impaled itself on his weapon! This story is said to be current in some of the northern regions of the Rocky Mountains. The lucky *brave's* fortune ought to have been made by that performance. Calling eagles from the air strikes us as very much like calling spirits from the vasty deep; any one can do it, but it is quite a different business to make them come. Clear success in either ought to be noted favorably, even in these latter mystical days.

The account of the Golden Eagle by Buffon, known to almost every school-boy, by the translation in Goldsmith's Natural History, applies alike to the birds of Europe and America, but is unfortunately almost entirely fictitious. "Of all birds," says he, "the Eagle flies the highest." Not quite; the Black Vulture and the Turkey Buzzard can beat him easily. "How hungry soever he may be, he never stoops to carrion." Don't he? Many a Turkey Buzzard's supper he has stolen, and not only of carrion, but of exceedingly indifferent — in fact, of very bad carrion at that.

Wandering, as we have said, over nearly the whole of the United States, the Golden Eagle is not an uncommon visiter in the States on both the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards. In New Jersey it is met with every Winter, and is apparently only desirous of getting a reasonable supply of food, and by no means particular as to its quality. A wounded duck or goose is eagerly snatched up, and, if its appetite presses, he just as eagerly appeases it on the flesh of a dead horse or defunct dog. He is to be seen, however, most frequently on the wing, generally sailing in circles, with his handsome tail spread fan-like to its utmost extension, and, like the wings, kept nearly motionless. He scarcely possesses the swiftness of flight of the Bald Eagle, or, if he does, exerts it much less frequently.

It is a mistake in naturalists to suppose that young birds only of this species visit so far south as New Jersey. We have seen many specimens from that State, and a majority of them were in adult plumage. Both adults and young visit the coasts of this continent and the interior. Occasionally they prowl about the farms and plantations in a manner little different from that of the smaller hawks. A fine specimen, now preserved in the Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, was captured near this city in a remarkable manner. He pounced upon a cat, quietly dozing in the vicinity of a farm-house, but which singularly enough made such a successful resistance as to bring him to the ground, when he was knocked on the head by a boy who had witnessed the adventure. Other specimens in the same collection were caught by the toes and legs in steel traps. Specimens are brought to this city for sale every Winter, and frequently living.

This Eagle makes its nest of sticks and coarse weeds, loosely thrown together in the cliff of a secluded mountain, or sometimes, it is said, on a tree. The contents are usually two eggs, or young, though frequently but one of the latter, which, it is stated, is driven from the neighborhood by the parents whenever able to provide for itself.

Description and Technical Observations.—Aquila Canadensis. (Linnæus.)

Falco Canadensis. Linn. Syst. Nat., I, p. 125, (1766.)

"Falco Chrysaetos et Fulvus." Wilson, Audubon and other American authors. Wilson's Am. Orn., pl. 55, fig. 1. Aud. B. of Am., pl. 181; Oct. ed., I, pl. 12.

Large; tarsi densely feathered to the toes. Adult—Head above and behind and neck behind light brownish fulvous, varying in shade in different specimens. Base of the tail white, varying in extent by generally occupying the greater part of the tail; terminal portion glossy black. All other parts of the plumage rich purplish brown, very dark, and nearly black on the under surface Primary quills shining black; secondaries purplish brown, with a violet tinge; tibiæ and tarsi brownish fulvous, tinged with ashy; toes yellow. Younger—Entire plumage mixed with light fulvous; under parts paler than in adult. Total length, female, 35 to 40 inches; wing, about 25 inches; tail, about 15 inches. Male smaller.

Habitation—Temperate regions of all North America and confines of the Arctic circle. Spec. in Mus. Acad., Philadelphia, and Nat. Mus., Washington.

Observations—This species apparently takes the name of Golden Eagle from the yellowish

color of the head and neck as above described. The American differs from the European bird in being slightly smaller, and in having the colors, especially of the under parts, much darker.

2. Genus Haliaetus. Savigny's Hist. Nat. d'Egypt, I, p. 85, (1809.)

The Fishing Eagles.

Size large; tarsi short, naked, or feathered for a short distance below the joint, with the tibiæ. Naked portion and toes covered with scales; bill large, strong, compressed; margin of upper mandible slightly festooned; wings rather long, pointed; tail moderate; toes long; claws very strong, curved, and very sharp. This group contains about ten species of various parts of the world, some of which resemble somewhat the American Bald Eagle. All these Eagles subsist more or less on fish, and hence are called Fishing or Sea Eagles.

1. Haliaetus Pelagicus. (Pallas.)

THE NORTHERN SEA EAGLE.

This gigantic bird is the largest and most powerful of the Eagles. It is a native of the remote sea coasts of Northern Asia and America, and especially has been observed in the group or girdle of islands which stretches from one continent to the other. It also very probably extends its range into the interior of Russian America, and possibly southward, in the Winter season, into Oregon and California. Latterly it has been ascertained to be a visiter to the islands of the Empire of Japan by naturalists of Holland.

In size, and in the strength of its bill and claws, this Eagle far surpasses any other of its tribe. The Golden Eagle and the Bald Eagle are comparatively insignificant, and if its habits correspond to its powerful organization, as may safely be presumed, it is one of the most destructive of the rapacious birds. It appears, however, like other species of its genus, to prey principally on fish, which are caught either by its own exertions, or summarily appropriated from the acquisitions of more expert or more successful fishermen.

Though, like the Bald Eagle, the range of this extraordinary bird may be very extensive, yet the solitudes of the extreme northern parts of the two continents appear to be its proper home, where it has been fully demonstrated that although the resident animals of the land are necessarily restricted in numbers, yet the sea teems with multitudes of inhabitants There, in the bleak regions of almost perpetual Winter, the Great Sea Eagle reigns, a mighty chieftain, without a competitor, and with power not questioned, finding ample subsistence in the Arctic quadrupeds and the fish of the northern seas, or occasionally levying tribute from the hosts of feathered travelers making their annual pilgrimage to the land of their birth, and intruding on his domain. Even the famous Condor of the Andes, the largest of the Vultures, scarcely exceeds this bird in size, and in swiftness of flight and in power of beak and of talons is much his inferior.

Pallas, a celebrated Russian naturalist, was the first to give a satisfactory and reliable account of this Eagle in his Zoölogy of Asiatic Russia, (vol. I, p. 343, published at St. Petersburg, in 1811,) but it was previously noticed by the distinguished navigators, Steller and Billings.

This bird has never been observed as yet by an American voyager or naturalist, and few specimens only are contained in the museums of Europe. The only specimen in the United

States is in the collection of the Philadelphia Academy, and is from Bhering's Straits. From it the drawing was made for the cut now before the reader.

Several of the naturalists who have visited California since that country has become a portion of the United States have informed us that they occasionally saw large species of Eagles, or other large rapacious birds, of which they did not succeed in procuring specimens, nor in approaching sufficiently near to examine them satisfactorily. We do not despair of seeing the Great Sea Eagle, from California or Oregon, yet rewarding the exertions of some active and enthusiastic young naturalist.

The following is a translation of the account of this Eagle, by Pallas:

"Steller, worthy of a better fate, first observed this remarkable species, and in his manuscripts described it briefly. Now, also, I have before me an elegantly prepared specimen from my friend Billings, who, with the last navigator, explored the ocean between Kamschatka and America. This very large bird is frequent in the islands between Kamschatka and the American continent, especially in those noted for the unfortunate shipwreck and death of Bhering. It appears rarely in Kamschatka itself.

"In the highest rocks overhanging the sea, this bird constructs a nest of two ells in diameter, composed of twigs of trees, gathered from a great distance, and strewed with grass in the center, in which are one or two eggs, in form, magnitude and whiteness very like those of a swan. The young are hatched in the beginning of June, and have an entirely wooly covering. While Steller was cautiously looking at a nest from a precipice the parent eagles darted at him with such impetuosity as nearly to throw him headlong. The female having been wounded, both flew away, nor did they return to their nest for two days. But, as if lamenting, they often sat on an opposite precipice. It is a bold, very cunning, circumspect bird, and of savage disposition. Steller saw a fox carried off by one and dashed upon the rocks, and afterward torn to pieces. It lives also on dead substances cast up by the sea, and various offscourings of the ocean."

DESCRIPTION AND TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS.—Haliaetus Pelagicus. (Pallas.)

Aquila Pelagica. Pallas's Zoölogy of Asiatic Russia, I, p. 343, (1811.) Temminck's Pl. Col., I, pl. 489. Cassin's B. of Cal. and Texas, I, pl. 6.

The largest of the Eagles. Wings rather shorter than usual in this genus; tail wedge shaped, composed of fourteen feathers. Adult—large space on the forehead, greater wing coverts, abdomen and tail white, all other parts of the plumage dark brown or brownish black; bill and legs yellow. Younger—tail white, more or less marked with brownish black. All other parts brownish black; lighter on the head and neck. Quills black, the shorter quills white at base; bill and feet yellow. Total length, (female,) 3 feet 10 inches; wing, 2 feet 2 inches; tail, 1 foot 4 inches.

Habitation.—Russian American Islands, Japan. Spec. in Mus. Acad., Philada., from Bhering's Straits.

3. HALIAETUS LEUCOCEPHALUS. (Linnæus.)

THE BALD EAGLE—THE WHITE-HEADED EAGLE.

The Bald Eagle is the most fortunate of birds, having been immortalized as the armorial emblem of our country. Not entirely on the score of merit, nor of good moral character, as the great Dr. Franklin is said to have hinted, but he is at least a bird of highly respectable appearance; in fact, one of the handsomest of the Eagles.

Dr. Franklin objected, as we have said, to the bad character of the Bald Eagle, and rather preferred the Turkey. The latter would have been a very inappropriate selection; he is a boisterous and gostering style of fowl. Young America has no liking for too much palaver, and has proved to be much more of a fighting chicken than either Eagle or Turkey. The Eagle has it, though, and is rendered famous for all ages. May Young America always be right, as he ever has, and fight accordingly!

Notwithstanding the nobility of character usually attributed to the Eagles and brother birds of the family of Falcons, there is really nothing in their habits or history to be regarded as either noble or magnanimous. Such ideas seem to have originated when the sciences, and especially Natural History, was in some measure mythical and fabulous. Possessed of graceful forms, piercing vision, and soaring flight, these celebrated birds are well adapted to attract attention, even from the most dull or careless observer. They are, however, mighty plunderers, and nothing more. But they have a place in all literature; poets have sung of their prowess, and have vaunted them as types and similes. We could multiply quotations, very many of which are erroneous in fact and principle, and utterly improper to be entertained. When, from the mountain fastnesses of our native and beloved land, the Eagle darts before thee on strong pinion, be reminded only that thou art an American; regard him not as a type of nobility nor of conquest; like him, be free!

The Bald Eagle inhabits the whole of North America to the confines of the Arctic circle. It is found also in North-eastern Asia, and occasionally strays into Central Europe. In the vicinity of Hudson's Bay it is strictly migratory, arriving early in the Spring and departing southwardly in Autumn, and in the countries of the far North it raises its young as well as elsewhere almost throughout North America. It forms a rude nest, frequently of large size, and generally near a river, and either on a rocky cliff or, as a substitute, a lofty tree. In the Winter season both adults and young are constantly to be found in the vicinity of the sea shores of both sides of this continent, and also along the larger rivers.

This Eagle is essentially a fisherman, preferring, apparently, the capture of fish to any other occupation, though rejecting scarcely anything in the line of animal diet, especially when pressed by hunger. He is not at all above carrion feeding, and is a regular visiter to the carcasses of whatever domestic animals die during his Winter residence on the coast of New Jersey, and other States on the Atlantic. In fact, no small portion of his supply is derived from dead fish thrown upon the beach, but he occasionally captures them for his own account, as well as various kinds of sea birds, even of the largest species, such as swans and geese, and also small quadrupeds.

This handsome Eagle is easily recognized, when in adult plumage, by the pure white of his head and tail. When young his plumage is entirely dark brown. His nearest relations are the Sea Eagle of Europe, mentioned in this article, and several African species. He feeds his young with great attention and with profusion, supplying them with a full assortment of the smaller animals of the neighborhood, including, of course, fish.

DESCRIPTION AND TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS.—Haliaetus Leucocephalus. (Linnæus.)

Falco Leucocephalus. Linn Syst. Nat., I., p. 124, (1766.) Catesby's Nat. Hist. Carolina, I., pl. 1. Vieillot's Birds of North America, I, pl. 3. Wilson's Am. Orn., IV. pl. 36. Aud. B. of Am., pl. 31, 126; Oct. ed., I, pl. 14.

Adult—head, tail and its upper and under coverts white; entire other plumage brownish black; bill, feet and irides yellow. Younger—entire plumage dark brown, throat paler; tail, more or less mottled with white, extending with age. Total length, (female,) about 35 inches; wing, 23 inches; tail, 14 inches. Male smaller.

Habitation.—All of temperate North America. Spec. in Mus. Acad., Philada., and Nat. Mus., Washington.

THE NIGHT OF LOVE.

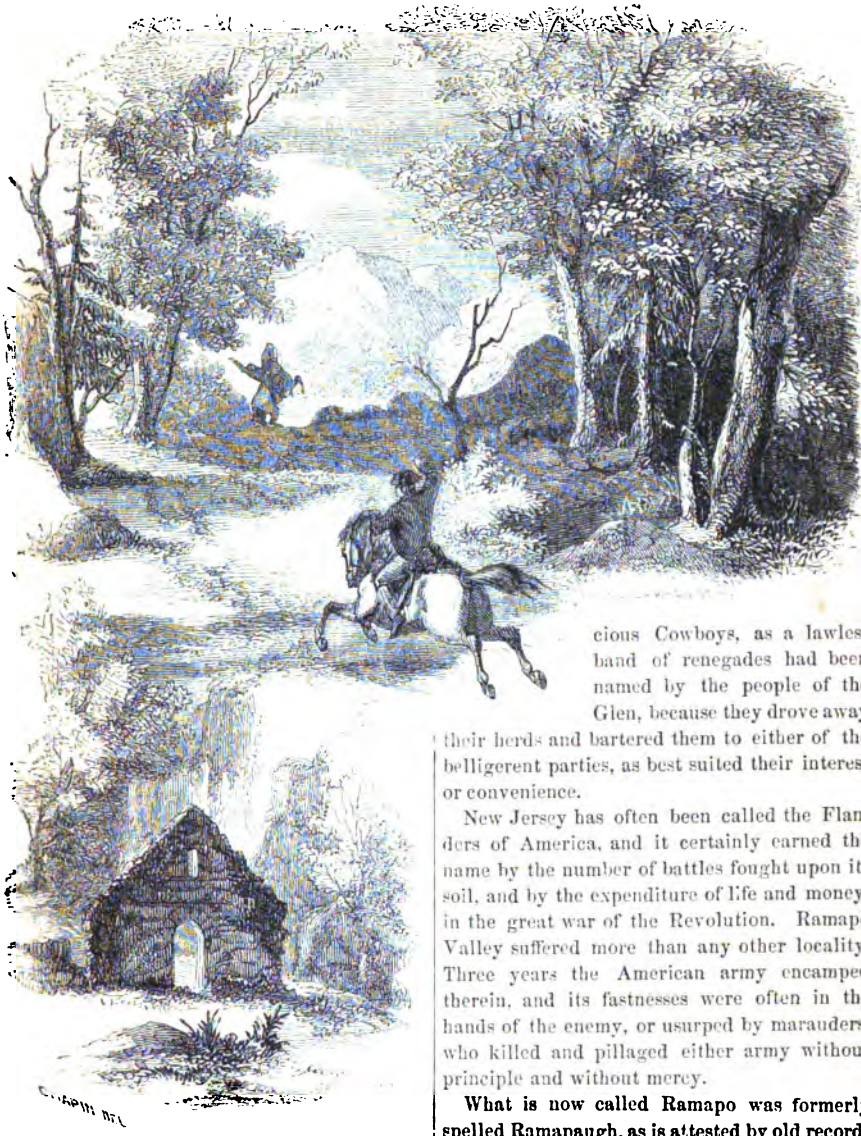
BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAGGIE BELL."

The night unto my soul has come,
  The overshadowing night;
Like bird returning to its home,
  From weary flight,
My love returns unto its nest,
And vainly tells my aching breast
    To be at rest

There is no star of promise in the sky—
  Not one inspiring star
Of hope or better destiny
  Gleams from afar—
My love must keep within its nest;
The night is dark, and it were best
    To be at rest.

The moon of faith in clouds has set;
  No hope-star beams above—
This heart must study to forget,
  Learn not to love—
My love must keep within its nest,
Too sacred for a maiden's jest,
    There let it rest.

The night unto my soul has come,
  The moonless, starless night;
My life henceforth has little room
  For love's delight—
My love will die within its nest
Of solitude; but it were best
    To die at rest.



THE INTERCEPTED MESSENGER OF RAMAPO PASS;

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

It was a bright morning in September when I first entered the Valley of the Ramapo. I had heard much of the picturesque scenery embraced therein, and knew the whole region was alive with historic and romantic associations. Here more than one romance had transpired, thus imparting to the beautiful valley something like a classical interest. It had been the scene of many a bloody outrage by the atrocious Cowboys, as a lawless band of renegades had been named by the people of the Glen, because they drove away their herds and bartered them to either of the belligerent parties, as best suited their interest or convenience.

New Jersey has often been called the Flanders of America, and it certainly earned the name by the number of battles fought upon its soil, and by the expenditure of life and money, in the great war of the Revolution. Ramapo Valley suffered more than any other locality. Three years the American army encamped therein, and its fastnesses were often in the hands of the enemy, or usurped by marauders, who killed and pillaged either army without principle and without mercy.

What is now called Ramapo was formerly spelled Ramapaugh, as is attested by old records still extant. The name is of Indian origin, the valley having once been the residence of a powerful tribe. For several years after the close of the War of Independence, the remnants of the tribe of Ramapaugh returned to the valley for the purpose of burying their dead, and to celebrate also some of the ancient festivals of their people. Slowly they dwindled away, till one solitary man, bent with years, returned to lay his bones with his fathers. He was taciturn and lonely—avoided companionship, and supplied his simple wants by trapping and fishing.

"Here," said my guide and friend, pointing

THE BALD EAGLE IN HIS AERIE.

to a slight opening in the woods, under a shoulder of the mountain, where the stream rested itself, in the shadow of the forest and rock, "Here was where he built his cabin—a stern old warrior, scarred in many a battle. But he was very gentle, though unwilling to talk, and shunning observation. We called him old Ramapaugh, and sometimes the Bald Eagle. He was a perfect Jove in aspect. Do you see that rock there, rising up naked against the sky? I have seen old Ramapaugh seated there by the hour—his blanket folded around him, his eagle tuft waving in the air, and he as motionless and as sharply defined as the rock on which he sat."

"Heavens!" I exclaimed, "what a grand statue he must have made there against the sky, the eagles wheeling above him, the river flowing beneath, and the old woods sweeping off in the distance. It was the genius of his people—silent, stern, gazing with an eye of rebuke upon the miserable interlopers who had robbed them of their heritage."

"Even so," returned my guide. "One day it was remarked there was no smoke from the hut of Ramapaugh—he had gone to hunt, it was thought—the next day it was the same. He might not have returned—Ramapaugh did not like any intermeddling. But when the fourth day came, and there was still no smoke curling like a stream of incense through the trees, up the side of the rock, Heavenward, we went in a body to learn what it should mean. The door of the cabin was closed; green branches were spread upon the floor—a pipe, inverted, was laid across the threshold—upon a pile of skins was stretched the body of the old warrior. His tomahawk was in one hand, his bow in the other; a quiver full of arrows at his side. His white locks were newly braided, and crowned with plumes of the war eagle, while his face was bravely painted; thus were the rites performed by himself, and thus had he gone out on that long journey, prepared to meet his people in the spirit-land."

As my guide finished his narrative he arose, and we both walked to a little inclosure, thickly grown with the wild raspberry and blackberry, looking like a small, lonely island in a sea of wheat, for the inclosure was in the midst of a cultivated field.

"Here," said he, as we leaned over the rude wall, "here are the ashes of the tribe, and in the midst we laid the body of Ramapaugh, just as he had prepared himself for burial."

We gazed awhile in silence upon the resting-place of the tribe. Indeed, the pretty cemetery looked to me like a beautiful funeral urn, in which was held the ashes of a nation. *Sic transit.*

As we proceeded up the valley, my friend, who was nearly blind with years, leaned heavily upon his staff and pointed out one locality after another as if by instinct.

"Alas! that you are blind," I exclaimed; "this lovely valley must be full of memories, and they will fade, one after another, for lack of some hand to transfer them to history."

"Even so," he replied; "and yet when I walk over this remembered ground, where I have wandered when a child, every spot rendered sacred by the footprints of the great Savior of our Country, who passed through here again and again, my youth returns to me once more—my memories quicken the worn organ of sight, and I see again."

I looked into the old man's eyes, and a clear light emanated therefrom; his cheek glowed, and the old man had renewed his youth like the eagle.

"Listen," he said; "I feel I am walking this valley for the last time; before I descend the silent one to the long bourne, I have a story to tell you, and you must commit it to paper. It is an incident which gave the turning point to the Revolution. It is true—it must be recorded—mind, it is true."

Mr. Pierson spoke sternly and slowly, as a man of ninety years has a right to speak to us of to day.

I promised to obey; and then the old man, who had stopped in his path, went on, pausing at intervals to point out the several places of interest.

"Do you see that old hemlock, there?" and he pointed to a column which shot eighty feet into the air, unmarked by a single branch, while the top spread itself into numerous branches. What the palm tree is to the tropical landscape, the hemlock or pine tree is to the hyperborean. "Stately as the palm tree" is a metaphor of youth and power in the Orient, and "shapely as the pine," "stately as the hemlock," are favorite comparisons with our aboriginals.

"That hemlock is on the old Hopper farm. and was a favorite spot with Washington; his camp was pitched under its branches during three campaigns. Yonder is the old farm-house. Dame Hopper was, in that day, a handsome young woman of twenty, and a favorite with the General. She still lives, with her descendants about her—five generations under one roof. Ah! children and grandchildren, to the third and fourth generations, are a heritage of the Lord, and reward those who lead a godly life."

The old man was thinking proudly of his own heritage.

"Madam Hopper kept open hospitality in that day, and the General was always a welcome guest. She preserves one room just as it was the last time the General occupied it. There are the chairs, the table, the pictures, painted on glass, of the Prince of Orange and Mary of England, his wife, religiously preserved. Old spoons of silver, of ancient and massive make, brought from Holland, are in the room, because Washington had made use of them. The bedstead is the same on which he slept, and no form has since that day been stretched upon it. The sheets and pillow-cases are all sacredly kept, unprofaned by other use."

"Truly, this Dame Hopper is a goodly dame," I replied.

"She is a woman of the olden time," he answered, with a significant glance, meant to convey a volume of rebuke to us of to-day.

"The Ramapo Valley is holy land to the patriot," continued the old man. "Its legends and its history had much of interest even before the War of Independence; and at that period every stage of the struggle was marked by some striking event in the valley. You see this old house on this little plateau, where the river winds around the rocky point. There transpired one of the atrocities of the Cowboys. I will show you more of them anon."

We seated ourselves upon a stone, while he gave utterance to what follows:

"Claudius Smith was a brave, handsome man, but devoid of all principle. He had been for a long time leader of the Cowboys; and though it may be presumed he would not himself wantonly imbrue his hands in innocent blood, still he was responsible for the atrocities of his accomplices, whose depredations were carried on under his own eyes. Smith was in a habit of entering houses at mid-day, when the men of the household were at work upon their farms, and having surrounded the dwelling, and secured the women from any power of giving the alarm, by threats, and even by gagging them, he and his followers carried away provisions, clothing and silver,

leaving the house naked of all articles of value. For this reason the inhabitants kept all valuables buried in the ground for many years, and families retired daily to the mountains, returning only at night, when protected by the male inmates of the household. At length Smith was taken prisoner and hanged for his crimes; but he left a son, Richard, a cruel, fiery youth, who swore to be revenged upon the Whigs for the death of his father; and for a long time he was the terror of the whole region.

"Yonder house was at that time occupied by a young Whig, devoted to his country, and who had been mainly instrumental in the capture of the leader of the Cowboys. The young man, despite the troublous times, had married one of the most beautiful girls of the valley. To this day she is talked of as the maiden loveliest of her kind, with a skin white as milk, and a cheek like the rose. But her great charm was a head of hair of such luxuriant growth that it reached to her knees, rippling like threads of gold. One night, when the young husband had stolen home to his beautiful bride, who lived there with her mother, these miscreants surrounded the house, and having bound the two women and secured the three without firing a shot—which they dared not do for fear of giving the alarm—they put the young man to death with their bayonets, in the presence of the women, he fighting desperately all the while. They were afterward found covered with the blood of the young husband, and nearly dead with horror. The girl's long hair had turned perfectly white."

When my guide had finished the narative we moved onward, keeping our path by the side of the beautiful Ramapo, which sparkled as brightly to-day as in that period of trial. At length we came to a bend of the river, and Mr. Pierson paused and pointed out the peculiarities of the ground.

"Look to the other side of the river," he said; "what do you see?"

I looked above and below. Above was a high ridge ascending nearly perpendicular from the bed of the river, lined at the marge by a ridge of green trees, which barely found a foothold, while here and there stinted trees and shrubs emerged from the crevices of the rocks, and cast the river into deep shade below.

"Look again," he said; "my eyes are dim and see but imperfectly what should be clear to younger eyes. Look half-way up the mountain; do you see nothing there?"

"Ah! yes, indeed; I see a projecting rock, rounding like a table from the surface."

"That is it. The upper edge will sustain a man with ease. The trees growing beside it can be drawn together, creating a perfect screen. The position commands the road upon both sides. No object could escape the observation of a person so stationed."

"Nothing above or below. It is as perfect a loop-hole as if built purposely into the bastion of a rampart for that very purpose."

"That is the Devil's Pulpit."

I started, for I had often heard of this spot, so celebrated in the adventures of the Cowboys.

"Yes, that is the Devil's Pulpit. Smith used to place his scouts in ambush, with preconcerted signals, and, having mounted yonder rock would reconnoiter the valley; and many a brave man was picked off who wandered through the valley totally unconscious of the terrible fate awaiting him. Detachments of men were picked off by shot after shot from unknown assailants. Cattle disappeared, and youth and maidens were waylaid and dragged into a terrible bondage by these unscrupulous marauders, who demanded large sums for their liberation.

"Yonder is the Thor, or King Mountain, the highest in the range. The German settler so named all high peaks. From the top of the Thor, New York bay and harbor may be plainly seen, a distance of thirty miles. Often of a morning the stately form of Washington might be seen standing here, like some fabulous demigod, reconnoitering the country. It was his favorite place of observation. If your eyes are good you will see a fissure in the face of the rock, as if it had been rent by an earthquake. Ascend there and put your ear to the crevice and you will hear the ticking of a watch."

"The ticking of a watch!"

"Why not the ticking of a watch? It is well known that Washington, by accident, dropped his into the crevice, and our people believe it goes to this day."

A smile upon the face of the blind is always peculiarly winning, and that of my guide had all the fun of a boy as he said this.

"Here we are at the 'Clove'," he continued, "which is so called because the mountains barely separate themselves upon either side to give passage to the river, leaving a narrow strip of alluvium, just wide enough to furnish a road down the valley. This narrow pass has been the scene of many an action worthy to be numbered with that of the Pass of Thermopylæ of old. Indeed it bears a striking resemblance to the features of that remarkable Pass."

"Here are the remains of a rampart; tall trees have sprung from the soil, and lean their great limbs against the rock. You can easily trace its position, however, and can see that whoever commanded this pass would hold the key to the whole valley. Sit down here, and I will tell you the story of the *Intercepted Dispatches*, just as I heard the story from the bearer of the same—from the lips of Montagnie himself."

We seated ourselves upon the old embankment, and my guide, leaning upon his staff, related to me the following story.

Let me first premise that Mr. Pierson, the relator, was, at the time of my visit, the proprietor of the town of Ramapo, which is composed entirely of his own workmen, employed in extensive iron works. From this valled the scenery at night has a peculiarly weird, unearthly aspect. The works are kept in action day and night, relieved by alternate groups of men; hence all night the bright sparks ascend amid the gloom, dancing and gleaming amid the foliage, which is peculiarly deep in color, and dense in growth, doubtless fed by the iron of the soil. Augusta Falls are now fallen into disuse, but have all the charms of a ruin. Passengers upon the Erie Railway are agreeably surprised to see an arch of stone by the wayside covered with vines, and a beautiful fall of water flashing in the sun. These are Augusta Falls, which has given rise to the romance of the Lost Angel.

Ramapo at this time is owned by several proprietors, the Piersons and Townsends being the principal, who are not a little proud of their estates, and well they may be. They live also a portion of the year upon them, and I can well testify to their elegant hospitalities. Judge Hagerman, who married into the Hopper family, is now, alas, no more; but I remember a week passed in the family enlivened by the kindly grace of the wife and the lively beauty of the daughter as among the brightest of my life. The Judge had the ardor of a boy, with great vivacity of intellect and goodness of heart—qualities as winning as they are rare. Alas! the beautiful valley has its sad memories now.

CHAPTER II.

"For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die." [HALLECK.

The Summer of 1781 opened with a better prospect of success to the cause of human freedom than even its most enthusiastic supporters had dared to anticipate. It was evident to all that the war, protracted to more than seven years, must soon be brought to a close; that a handful of people, who had so long struggled and bled for their country, must cease from their toil, or lose the hope of emancipation—the cherished desire to become a nation; for cold, and hunger, and nakedness had dogged the footsteps of war, and threatened to annihilate them altogether. We are called a braggart people, whose Fourth of July orations are one universal outbreak of national laudation. Let it be so. We, who in our day of small things, when we were held in derision by our foes, and when we, even to the truest and stoutest hearts among us, seemed but the Forlorn Hope in the vanguard of a disenthralled people—we, who then despaired not, and finally triumphed, have a right to glory in the past, a right to raise a shout of exultation the length and breadth of our fair inheritance, that our children, hearing, may learn to emulate the actions which have made us great as a people.

Thanks to the living God that it was not amid the stinted and down-trodden nations of the Old World that we were called to achieve a nationality, else might the fate of France, of Poland, and of Greece have been ours; made sanguinary by unaccustomed freedom, we might have rivalled the ferocious Parisian; or, hemmed in by overwhelming powers, have been dismembered and scattered, and be left to nations what the torso of a Hercules is amid the feebler proportions of statuary; or, again, be suffered to exist only because helpless and unprotected.

No, the whole world had been verging to that point when a nation should be born in a day. Men from all parts of Europe, capable of feeling a wrong or of appreciating a good, had sought a new portion of the great earth, whose magnificent features and uncontaminated soil were designed to cast the human mind into a fresher and larger mold. Whether impelled by religion, philanthropy, commerce, or the mere love of adventure—whatever the motive for going forth, the fact argued a courage and individuality of character which must have left its impress upon the generations succeeding From Maine to Georgia it was the same; Huguenot or Puritan, Cavalier or Burgher, each carried the seeds of a new order of things, each learned to spurn oppression as monstrous to the soil. The necessities of their condition had taught them self-reliance, and this self-reliance had imparted a sturdy manfulness, able to stand for the right.

Now the battle-cry of Lexington had been

echoed and reechoed from North to South. Each and every State had been watered with the blood of the patriot; sacred and holy were the drops which baptized the land to eternal freedom—the ashes of cities—little ones, it is true, but hereafter to shake the earth like Lebanon—the ashes of our towns and villages had ascended in the face of Heaven to call down the day of retribution. A needy and ill-equipped and ill-disciplined army, an army of boys, indeed—for it is well known that every true patriot sent forth his household cheerfully to the contest, and striplings of sixteen and eighteen crowded the ranks—had made themselves heard in many a hard contested field. Bunker Hill and Bennington, Saratoga, Trenton and Camden were but the higher points in the mounds of our battle-fields, and now it remained to strike the final blow which should decide at once the fate of the country.

It was evident that whatever might be the result, the feelings of our people had been too fully outraged for anything like sympathy to exist between us and our oppressors. We must be totally and entirely separated from them as a Government, or be reduced to that unnatural complaisance enforced by power over unwilling minds, which, covering the rankling and moldering elements of revenge, are liable at any moment to break forth, or if subdued, having the effect to harden and brutalize the national character

The campaign of the Southern army, under Greene, had been, on the whole, favorable to our cause, and, though Fabian in the greater part of its movements, had not failed to give evidence of power. The allied French forces were ready to coöperate wherever the wisdom of Washington should direct; and it remained for him to decide whether his movements should threaten Sir Henry Clinton in his position at New York, or be directed against the vaunting Cornwallis, who had stationed himself at the two points of Yorktown and Gloucester. The stress of the times, the evident crisis of events, which now became apparent, rendered the greatest circumspection requisite, as the least false step might plunge the army into disaster and ruin. It was a period of terrible and intense anxiety; on its issue depended the fate of the country, and the hopes of the patriot. The skillful management of events should prove whether the past had been the disorderly, accidental movements of a restless and turbulent class of men, opposed to the wholesome discipline of government, or had been the wise, concentrated and resolute action of a people determined, at all hazards, to hold fast to the prerogatives of freemen.

The calm mind of Washington took in all with its rare comprehensiveness, and came to results at once wise and for the general good. Hitherto his movements had been such as to lead Sir Henry Clinton to suppose that New York would be the unquestioned point of attack; and the impression had been given to our own army, so that the taking of New York had become the familiar gossip of the camp. It had been thus determined by a council of officers, but the subsequent reënforcement of the English army at the above named place, together with certain operations of the French fleet, had introduced a new feature, and led to a change of measures—a change known only to the few, and studiously concealed from the army at large.

CHAPTER III.

"For here amid these woods did he keep court,
Before whose mighty soul the common crowd
Of heroes, who alone for Fame have fought,
Are like the patriarch's sheaves to Heaven's chosen bowed—
He, who his country's eagle taught to soar,
And fired those stars, which shine o'er every shore."
[HOFFMAN.

Anxious as was the period of which we are treating, it was, as we have said, one full of hope. The revolt of the Pennsylvania militia at Morristown, and the subsequent mutinous rising of the Jersey corps, while they for a moment spread dismay through the country and increased the already overwhelming burdens of the Commander-in-Chief, had yet a bright side, and served to develop into stronger light the noble materials of which the army was made. Though importuned with the most flattering offers of pardon and emolument from the British, their liberty and exemption from military service fully guaranteed, they not only rejected such proposals, but delivered the emissaries of Sir Henry Clinton up to the Commander, to be dealt with according to the usages of war. They loved the cause and the country none the less, but goaded by suffering, had resolved to start Congress from its lukewarmness in regard to them.

Severe as was the crisis to the country at large, the individual trial was most heavily felt by Washington himself. He saw that another such Winter would sink the hopes of the country. Added to these emergencies, the aid of the French naval power had been far from efficient or salutary. There certainly had been too much disposition to independent action; a latent feeling of vanity prompting to single

trials of prowess between English and French arms, rather than combined and concentrated cooperation with the tactics of our own army. Washington felt all this, and by the most strenuous efforts, and the most skillful reasoning, counteracted the evil. He labored day and night, vigilant for every department of interest, and sustaining a correspondence, wonderful alike for its voluminousness and ability.

He had now concerted a plan of operations remarkable for adroitness and completeness, the features of which demanded the utmost powers of concealment on the part of all intrusted with the details; a concealment so well sustained, that to this day the whole matter is half shrouded in mystery, and now that we are able to look back to its entire success, we are compelled to regard the whole as superhuman—that something beyond mere human skill and forethought were requisite to bring about measures embracing so many contingencies, the favorable action of so many agents considered fortuitous, and the exact subordination of so many parts to the whole. Such were certainly the features of the remarkable events preceding the attack of the allied armies upon the encampment of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

At this time Washington and his staff occupied a low stone building in the village of Newburgh, a spot venerated yet as the headquarters of Washintgon. A place so sacred should be the Mecca of the region, where young and old should repair to reillume the ashes of patriotism or to enkindle its fire. Here, before a plain walnut table, covered with diagrams and dispatches, sat the Commander-in-Chief, late at night, maturing the plans of the coming eventful campaign. Absorbed and anxious as he was, there was a singular repose upon the fine features as they were bent over his task. An iron lamp suspended from the ceiling cast the light upon the top of the head, revealing its most classical and harmonious proportions, the hair slightly thinned about the temples, and flecked with the touches of frost. As the light stole downward, leaving a halo upon the scarcely contracted and noble brow, it showed the thoughtful depth of the clear, almost melancholy eye, and left the strongly compressed lips nearly in shadow.

As he perused a paper his hand instinctively grasped his chin, not with a philosophic touch, as we see in the pictures of Franklin, but with a firm grasp, the fingers spread upon the side of the cheek and throat, an attitude which indicated, not only a firmness of general character, but a concentration of purpose for the present contingency.*

He had just received dispatches from General Lee, by the way of Morristown, where a portion of the Northern army was located, by which he learned that Sir Henry Clinton, anticipating an attack of the allied arms upon the city of New York, had withdrawn a part of the forces of Cornwallis at Yorktown—this, too, at a time when the army of General Greene was making its way to the North. Washington saw at once the importance of a change of operations. The American troops,

WASHINGTON PLANNING THE CAPTURE OF CORNWALLIS.

suffering and enfeebled, were ill able to compete with a superior and high spirited foe, and it became doubly a measure not only of policy but humanity, to spare them the hazards of

* The author would here remark, that she was much struck with a painting, by Rothermel, illustrating the morning after the "Melancholy Night," in which Cortez is represented in this attitude of the hand, a position betraying at once the difficulties of a crisis, and the firmness to meet it.

loss as well as defeat. Every man was needful to the country, and every moment important in the cause.

He resolved at once to concentrate all the force of the allied arms against Cornwallis, leaving Sir Henry Clinton unmolested in the City of New York, conceiving that a bold and successful campaign in Virginia would decide the fate of the war, with less waste of blood, and less hazard to the cause than an attack against Sir Henry. In order to do this it was essential to leave the impression still upon the mind of the latter, that the movements of the army were designed against himself. He was now busy in preparing dispatches to the various points of the American army, demanding their coöperation, as also to the Commander of the French fleet, directing him to repair to the Chesapeake.

The inmates of the house were buried in slumber, except the personal friend and aid of Washington, the accomplished Hamilton, who walked back and forth under the piazza, waiting till the labors of the great man should cease. As he thus moved, occasionally immerging into the moonlight, and looking out upon the broad waters of the Hudson heaving up silver wavelets to the night, he looked less like the counselor of a statesman and soldier, than a young cavalier whose gallant bearing betrayed the dreams of ambition, and whose silken curls and intellectual head told that whether in lady's bower, or tented field, or stirring forum, the proudest of those dreams might well be realized.

A slight signal from within called him to the side of the Commander-in-Chief.

"Hamilton, I see nothing wanting to our entire success—but one further step to insure the delusion of Clinton, and which may induce him to withdraw the fleet from the Chesapeake."

"True," returned the other; "an intercepted messenger will do this."

"That is the point. Can we procure one trusty and willing."

Hamilton shrugged his shoulders. "We have trusty men in abundance, dear General—but a solitary man to risk the certain hazard of a score of bullets requires peculiar mettle."

Washington's hand had been for some moments pressed over his lips, so that the expression there could not be detected; but the fine, open countenance of Hamilton betrayed a pang which might have been a foretaste of his subsequent doom. He leaned his head upon the table, and, sinking his forehead into the palm of his hand, both were a moment silent.

"It must be done, Hamilton," said Washington in a low voice.

"I have been thinking of one, a noble fellow, crossed in love, too, which will make him indifferent to the future, at least for a while. It isn't necessary to tell him more than that he is to take papers a certain route to a certain destination."

This time Washington's features contracted sharply, and his face assumed that rigid aspect we so often see in drawings of him.

"It is the necessity of war, Hamilton; every man must take his life in his hands in times like these."

"I am thinking Montagnie is just the man. You may have seen him with me, General—a fine, handsome youth; bold as a lion, and versatile as a Frenchman. He is of Huguenot blood, as you see by his name. Montagnie has taken the wrong side in this war, so believes his Tory mistress, and the two have quarreled in consequence. I am confident her lover is ready to undertake the most desperate enterprise.

"It is necessary to use dispatch—by to-morrow we must be on the move."

"I make no doubt Montagnie is awake now; there is nothing so wakeful as your discomforted lover. I will send for him directly—and it may be we shall do double service—one to the country first; and, secondly, awake his freakish lady to a sense of what she is in a fair train of losing."

The young man spoke lightly, but the estimation in which he held Wendell Montagnie showed conclusively that the best spirit, both for man and country, lurked beneath.

CHAPTER IV.

"Yet nerve thy spirit for the proof,
And blanch not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof—
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshippers." [BRYANT.

A short time served to usher the young man into the presence of Washington. He was a mere youth, with an oval face, as yet ungraced by a beard, and brown, wavy hair clustering abundantly about his high, but somewhat narrow forehead. Brows as fairly defined as those of a girl overlooked a full, gray eye, which appeared black in the shadow of its long curved lashes. A nose slightly aquiline gave an appearance of spirit to a face which otherwise might have seemed too gentle. He was

tall and lightly made, with an air at once proud, yet respectable.

Washington regarded the youth with an evident look of surprised admiration, and then glanced almost reproachfully at Hamilton, as if he would say, "the sacrifice is too great." It may be that the shadow of the unfortunate Andre, so justly but painfully doomed, flitted before his mind's eye. Whatever it might have been, he stayed to affix his signature to a document, which he did, and then pushed the paper aside. Looking steadfastly in the face of the youth, he began:

"It is no ordinary man that must serve on this occason."

Montagnie started with something like impatience, and answered with a boldness and promptitude which carried its own charm.

"General, we all love and reverence you; there is not one in the ranks who is not ready to lay down his life, first for his country, next for your excellency; but, to save time, I must declare I, for one, can go on no service that will cast a stain upon my good name."

Washington now gave a gesture of impatience.

"Young man, I honor your sentiments. In ordinary times they are all that is essential; but now we need men who can forget all—forget himself, kindred and friends for country."

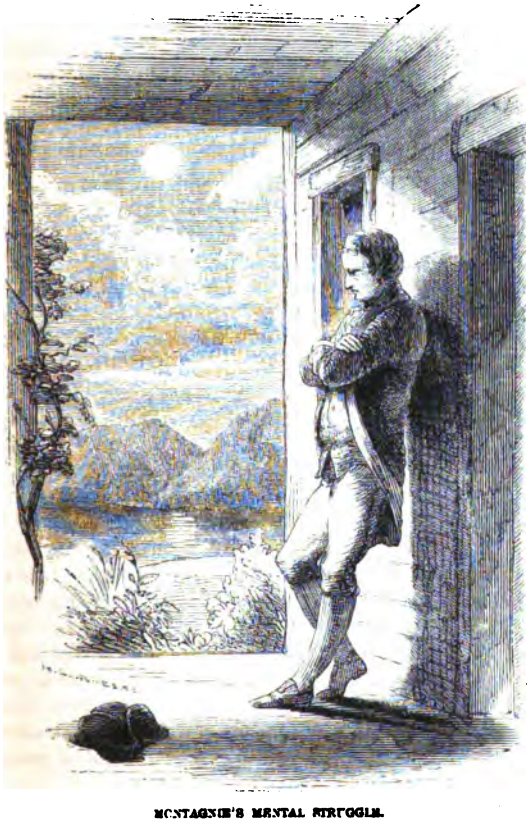
Turning to Hamilton, he continued, "Time wears; can you divine nothing further?"

Hamilton touched the shoulder of Montagnie, and they turned to the window, while Washington followed them with his eyes, his face assuming an expression of intense melancholy; both were eminently beautiful—both in the flush of youth, and as they stood in the pale light of the moon, there was something still and unearthly in their sharp outlines, as if "coming events cast their shadows before," and invested each with a strange interest.

Hamilton would have spoken, but Montagnie leaned his shoulder against the window frame and with a faint smile broke the silence:

"Say nothing, my friend. Washington has made the only available plea. Let me have ten minutes for thought. Call me when they are past."

Obeying the first warm impulses of his generous nature, Hamilton threw his arms around the devoted youth, and whispered "God bless you, Montagnie."



MONTAGNIE'S MENTAL STRUGGLE.

The young man stepped out upon the piazza, where, leaning his back to the wall, he firmly clasped his arms to his breast, and his eyes peered into the distance without being fixed by any one object. It would be difficult to follow the train of thought as image after image arose to his mind. The gesture of Hamilton had disposed him to a degree of tenderness, and the first gushings of emotion went forth to his mistress. True, she was capricious, scornful and petulant, but when did ever love ask counsel of wisdom? Many were the discreet, comely, appreciating maidens of the neighborhood, but they lacked the undefined graces of Katrina Mercein, who queened it over her admirers with an easy assurance that kept up a perpetual rivalry among the youth of the village. Notwithstanding this, she honored Wendell Montagnie with such an exuberance of freakishness, wit and smiles that all regarded him as the favored lover.

True, that very day she had spoken scornfully, even harshly, if a voice so sweet and lips so fair could be

thus disposed. She had stigmatized the cause so dear to the heart of Montagnie as "rebellious, treasonable and insane"—more than this, they, the supporters thereof—they, the half-clad and half-starved army, who had left the peace and comforts of home to march and countermarch before a nobly equipped foe—aye, die and be forgotten, leaving only the result of the conflict to brighten the hereafter—men like these Katrina had stigmatized as a "ridiculous rabble," "a host of ragamuffins," who must soon grace the gibbet in return for their folly.

Montagnie thought of these things bitterly; and his love waned as he recalled the scornful curve of her pretty lip, and the flashing of her bright eye coupled with words like these. He remembered that she had intimated that more than one British officer (who had found the way to the house of her Tory father) had spoken of himself with approval, and that wealth and promotion might both be his by a change of service. He felt no temptation here, rather a bitter scorn for himself that anything should lurk about him by which another should dare couple him with so base a thought. No, insignificant as he might be, he was all freedom's; doubly so when peril and shame were heaped upon her cause—doubly so when his own hopes were baffled.

Then appeared the image of Katrina, as she had sometimes appeared, gentle, winning and most womanly, and his mood softened. "She is worth the winning," he said to himself, "but I must not through her learn to despise myself."

Suddenly the thought of his mission flashed like a pang through his nerves. He was as yet unaware of its precise import; he had only learned that some one superior to the ordinary soldier was necessary to sacrifice somewhat for the public good. Then came the images of Nathan Hale, of Hayne, of Andre, and others whose deaths had been such that the mothers that bore them might well shriek aghast, as if the shame of the mode might leave its blighting shame upon the soul, and forever blend it with their memories. True. these were ennobled by the act which cast a temporary degradation about them—the fatal tree was to them the cross by which they had elevated the sentiment of patriotism to a sublimity second only to the greater one of religion; yet there stood the martyr men before him—scoffed, dishonored. helpless. strong only for the land to which each owed his allegiance.

A cold sweat started to his pores, and his arms fell to his side at the greatness of the sacrifice; nor was even he aware how the kindling embers of love of country were burning within him as these terrible images floated before him. Had not a price been set upon the head of Washington himself? Did not all the leaders of the Revolution act with this terrible alternative before them? Capture or defeat, the failure of the cause, and the stout men who made up the Congress of the people—Washington himself, the great, the revered—would each and all hang from the gallows tree, as the bones of Coligny, Cromwell, and others of the truly great have done before them, making that hallowed which was designed for a type of shame.

As thus he stood, he was roused by the exclamation of Hamilton, who had approached unperceived; "My God, this must not be," escaped from his lips, as he marked the deadly paleness of his friend.

Montagnie was instantly aroused. "I have decided," he said, laying his hand in that of Hamilton, and they entered the presence of Washington. Here each seated himself silently before the table. At length Montagnie broke the silence by saying, "I am ready for whatever you require."

"To-morrow," replied Washington, and his voice, though even in its firm tones, had a touch of huskiness unwonted to him, "I shall have a series of papers in readiness, which I desire to transmit to General Lee, by the way of Morristown."

Montagnie looked up with a smile of surprise, as if the torturing ordeal which he had just passed in his owu mind, had been a weak and childish waste of power, and he simply asked,

"Am I to know the nature of these dispatches?"

Washington's eyes were fixed upon the papers before him, as he replied,

"They contain details respecting the anticipated attack of the allied armies upon the City of New York."

Montagnie threw himself back in his chair with the air of one overwhelmed with intense self-disgust, and which for the moment bore down all other considerations.

"This is a mere boy's task, your Excellency I had foolishly nerved myself for a great sacrifice."

"You will secure the papers carefully about your person, descend the Hudson in the rear of the mountains; leaving them upon your left, you will follow the gorge of the Highlands, through the Cleave of the Ramapo, ordering your time so that you will do this before daybreak"

While Washington spoke this slowly and distinctly, Montagnie arose to his feet, amazed at what he heard.

"The Pass is in the hands of the enemy!" he at length ejaculated.

Washington had resumed his pen, and seemed unconscious of the presenee of the speaker, while Montagnie stood as if plunged in reverie, with his eyes fixed upon the unchanging aspect of Washington; but no vague and dreamy reverie wasted the faculties of Wendell Montagnie, as he thus stood; they were all keenly alive in disentangling the maze of thought spread out before him. Strange and bewildering surmises crowded upon him, as to the motives of the Commander-in-Chief. What could they be? Was he, the—noble—the true—the devoted, after all ——. No, no; the ingenuous blush of youth mantled his cheek, as the startling and unworthy thought darted across his mind; yet why expose his measures to the sure hazard of being known to the foe? The route prescribed was unusual, circuitous, and the Pass of the Ramapo in the hands of the enemy. Why not take the back road further to the North, which had been constructed expressly for the use of the troops, in order to keep the communication open between West Point and the Jerseys? Unable to solve the enigma, he was still resolved to act. At length a bright flush cast itself over his face, and a sad smile played with it as he broke the painful silence.

"I must double the ramparts of the enemy, take any quantities of winged lead, and be deprived of my papers."

Washington raised his head impatiently. and answered in a deep, stern voice, at the same time bringing down his foot with a heavy stamp upon the floor: "Young man, your duty is to *act* not talk."

This stamp of the foot is better than any parade of words, as revealing the internal fiber of the man Washington.

Montagnie bowed coldly, but turning to Hamilton he said:

"I shall be accounted a miserable dupe, a braggart fool; be it so, one might choose a more chivalric and better understood aspect of adventure, but it is a trifle to be ridiculous for the public good."

The bitterness of this trifling struck to the heart of Hamilton. and he ventured a few low words to the Commander-in-Chief; but whatever might have been his suggestion, Washington shook his head. and continued bent over his papers in a manner that showed, however much he might rely upon the readiness and breadth of apprehension of his young friend in ordinary cases, where an emergency demanded simply firmness of purpose, involving few conflicting elements, he relied solely upon his own judgment. Waving his hand in a manner that showed the conference was, for the present, at an end, he sat absorbed in his great plans long after those who had obeyed his counsel had retired.

[To be concluded in the next number of the Magazine.]

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

An Affecting Incident of the Plague.—In the village of Carreggi, whether it were that due precautions had been taken, or that the disease was of peculiar malignant nature, one after another, first the young and then the old, of a whole family dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a laborer, the mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumor appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for his family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighboring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determined not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them in a room, and sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down the stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlets, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door with a sigh, and went away. But the eldest, hearing the door shut, went to the window, and, seeing her running in that manner, cried out, "Good bye, mother" in a voice so tender that she involuntarily stopped. "Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching its little head out of the window. And thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled for a time to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length the latter conquered; and amid a flood of tears. and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her. She recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more.

COLONEL JOHN CHARLES FREMONT is recognized throughout the civilized world as one of the most remarkable men of the age. His extraordinary adventures, his wonderful escapes, his scientific observations, his valuable discoveries, his military exploits, his vast resources of invention, and power of endurance, are rendered illustrious by the fact that all his enter-

prises were self-prompted, and were directed solely to the aggrandizement of his country. And all this brilliancy of his public character is graced by the simplicity of his manners, the purity of his morals, the integrity of his actions, and the kindness and fidelity which have made him the idol of all who have served under him, or been associated with him in the public service.

His parentage justifies his history; for his father was a Frenchman, a descendant of the Huguenots, but attached to the country of his adoption; and his mother was an accomplished daughter of Old Virginia, and a true American woman in the best sense of the phrase. John was born at Savannah, in the year 1813, and is now forty-three years old, and is the youngest man that has ever been run as a candidate for the Presidency. And yet, if you measure life by its deeds, or by the number and value of its experiences, he has arrived at the age of full maturity. He is of just the age at which WASHINGTON, also then only a colonel, was selected as Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States in 1775—all know with what results. And Washington, too, originally a surveyor, was designated for his high office by the strangeness of his adventures, the brilliancy of a few partisan exploits, the variety of his experiences, and the disinterestedness of his patriotism, and not by his plodding diligence in the discharge of a common round of duties, or by a patient waiting upon time to advance him in some regular line of promotion.

Fremont's father died young, and he, like Washington, was left to the care of his mother. But there is a break in the parallel, for Washington was left to an inheritance of weath, but Fremont's mother drank the bitter cup of poverty to the dregs. She removed to Charleston, and was indebted to the kindness of friends for the means of supporting and educating her three little children. A Carolinian has communicated to the New York Tribune a little incident, growing out of these narrow circumstances of the family, which well illustrates the genuine American spirit of self-reliance formed by Nature in the bosom of young Fremont. When John was about twelve years old he thought he could do something for himself, and relieve his mother of the burden of his support; and accordingly sought employment in the office of Mr. Mitchell, a respectable lawyer, who took him into his house; but, for some reason, the family chose he should sit at a side-table for his meals. John was a hearty,

YOUNG JOHN AT MR. MITCHELL'S SIDE-TABLE.

willing and independent boy, and would not give up what he undertook. As he always had his catechism perfectly, he attracted the notice of the Bishop, who wanted to have him educated for a clergyman. Mr. M. found him so intelligent and faithful, that he also interested himself to obtain the advantages of a better education, and by the help of other friends he was admitted, first into the school of Dr. Roberton, an accomplished Scotchman, and afterward into Charleston College. Years afterward, and when the world was filled with the fame of Colonel Fremont's discoveries and exploits, a gentleman came into Mr. Mitchell's office and addressed him by name. Not recollecting the person, Mr. M. asked who it was. "What," said he, "do you not remember John?" Even then, he did not at once connect the idea of John with anything else, and asked him what he had been about, and where he had been. John replied that he had been in different parts of the country, doing several things; and at length Mr. M. recognized the little boy who sat at his side-table, now the distinguished Colonel Fremont, the path-finder of the Rocky Mountains and the conqueror of California.

A still more interesting matter, connected with his school education, and with his present position before the country, is given by Dr. Roberton, in the preface to an edition of Xenophon's Anabasis, published under his care in the year 1850. He is endeavoring to excite the young scholars, for whom the book was prepared, to dilligence, energy and perseverance in aiming at high excellence and pursuing their

object to command success. And, for their encouragement, he gives the following account of a youth who was a member of one of his classes. He says:

"For your further encouragement, I will here relate a very remarkable instance of patient diligence and indomitable perseverance.

"In the year 1827, after I had returned to Charleston from Scotland, and my classes were going on, a very respectable lawyer came to my school, I think some time in the month of October, with a youth, apparently about sixteen, or perhaps not so much (fourteen), of middle size, graceful in manners, rather slender, but well formed, and, upon the whole, what I should call handsome; of a keen, piercing eye, and a noble forehead, seemingly the very seat of genius. The gentleman stated that he found him given to study, and that he had been about three weeks learning the Latin rudiments, and (hoping, I suppose, to turn the youth's attention from the law to the ministry,) had resolved to place him under my care, for the purpose of learning Greek, Latin and Mathematics sufficient to enter Charleston College.

"I very gladly received him, for I immediately perceived he was no common youth, as intelligence beamed in his dark eye, and shone brightly on his countenance, indicating great ability and an assurance of his future progress I at once put him in the highest class, just beginning to read Cæsar's Commentaries, and, although at first inferior, his prodigious memory and enthusiastic application soon enabled him to surpass the best. He began Greek at the same time, and read with some who had been long at it, in which he also soon excelled. In short, in the space of one year he had, with the class, and at odd hours with myself, read four books of Cæsar, Cornelius Nepos, Sallust, six books of Virgil, nearly all Horace, and two books of Livy; and in Greek, all Græca Minora, about the half of the first volume of Græca Majora, and four books of Homer's Iliad. And whatever he read he retained. It seemed to me, in fact, as if he learned by mere intuition. I was myself utterly astonished, and at the same time delighted with his progress

"I have hinted that he was designed for the church; but when I contemplated his bold, fearless disposition, his powerful inventive genius, his admiration of warlike exploits, his love of heroic and adventurous deeds, I did not think it likely he would be a minister of the Gospel. He had not, however, the least appearance of any vice whatever. On the contrary, he was always the very pattern of virtue and modesty. I could not help loving him, so much did he captivate me by his gentlemanly conduct and extraordinary progress. It was easy to see that he would one day raise himself to eminence.

"While under my instruction, I discovered his early genius for poetic composition in the following manner: When the Greek class read the account that Herodotus gives of the battle of Marathon, the bravery of Miltiades and his ten thousand Greeks raised his patriotic feelings to enthusiasm, and drew from him expressions which I thought were embodied, a few days afterward, in some well-written verses in a Charleston paper, on that far-famed unequal, but successful, conflict against tyranny and oppression; and, suspecting my talented scholar to be the author, I went to his desk and asked him if he did not write them; and hesitating at first, rather blushingly, he confessed he did. I then said: 'I knew you could do such things, and suppose you have some such pieces by you, which I should like to see. Do bring them to me.' He consented, and in a day or two brought me a number, which I read with pleasure and admiration at the strong marks of genius stamped on all, but here and there requiring, as I thought, a very slight amendment.

"I had hired a mathematician to teach both him and myself, (for I could not then teach that science,) and in this he also made such wonderful progress that at the end of one year he entered the Junior Class in Charleston College triumphantly, while others who had been studying four years and more were obliged to take the Sophomore Class. About the end of the year 1828 I left Charleston. After that he taught mathematics for some time. His career afterward has been one of heroic adventure, of hairbreadth escapes by flood and field, and of scientific explorations, which have made him world-wide renown.

"In a letter I received from him very lately, he expressed his gratitude to me in the following words: 'I am very far from either forgetting you or neglecting you, or in any way losing the old regard I had for you. There is no time to which I go back with more pleasure than that spent with you, for there was no time so thoroughly well spent; and of anything I may have learned, I remember nothing so well and so distinctly as what I acquired with you.' Here I cannot help saying that the merit was almost all his own. It is true that I encouraged and cheered him on, but if the soil into which I put the seeds of learning had not been of the richest quality, they would never have sprung up to a hundred fold in the full ear.

"Such, my young friends, is but an imperfect sketch of my once beloved and favorite pupil, now a Senator, and who may yet rise to be at *the head of this great and growing Republic*. My prayer is that he may ever be opposed to war, injustice and oppression of every kind, a blessing to his country, and an example of every noble virtue to the whole world."

This shows how the character which Colonel Fremont has ever exhibited was formed in his youth, and thus early developed the qualities which have given him distinction in subsequent life.

For some reason he left the college without taking his degrees in course, but they were voluntarily conferred by the faculty on his return from the cruise he made in the sloop-of-war Natchez. While he was supporting himself by teaching and surveying, the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Poinsett, gave him the appointment of teacher of mathematics on board of the Natchez, then under orders from Charleston to South America, and there he served between two and three years. On his return, he passed a successful examination at Baltimore for a professorship of mathematics in the Navy, but declined the appointment, from a preference for the more enterprising employment of a civil engineer.

His first essay as engineer was in a survey for the purpose of improving the line of the South Carolina Railroad. In after years, when the unjust sentence of a court-martial had driven him from the Army, he was offered the Presidency of this very road, with a salary of five thousand dollars, but declined it, because his heart was set on California. He was then

appointed an assistant-engineer in the corps organized under Capt. G. W. Williams, T. E., (killed in the battle of Monterey,) and Gen. W. Gibbs M'Neill, to make a preliminary survey of the route from Charleston to Cincinnati. His labors were chiefly among the mountains of Tennessee, much of the time with only canvas covering and camp life. On the suspension of this work, he spent the Winter of 1837–'38 as an assistant of Capt. Williams, in making a military reconnoisance of the mountainous country then occupied by the Cherokee Indians. It was an exciting life, and a lesson in the endurance of hardship, which fitted him for other and more terrible experiences.

His next service was in the North-west, with M. Nicollet, a highly accomplished French savan, particularly skilled in astronomy, and specially devoted to geographical explorations and researches in natural science, "whose early death," says Humboldt, "deprived science of one of her brightest ornaments." He had made a scientific journey around the sources of the Mississippi, marking his course with astronomical observations, the accuracy of which caused his maps and surveys to be adopted by our Government. He was then officially employed to make a general exploration of the North-western Territories, and Fremont's well-known qualifications obtained for him the place of principal assistant. Under such a leader his ardent thirst for knowledge, his ready acquisition and faithful perseverance, could not but lead to great attainments, both in science and skill, and thus prepared him for that remarkable affluence and accuracy of observation which made the records of his own subsequent explorations the astonishment of the learned world. In his absence he was honored by President Van Buren with an appointment as Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. During the years 1838 and 1839 they performed two separate explorations of the whole region between the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, quite to the British line. On their return, another year was laboriously occupied in the reduction of their materials to the form of a report, with maps and other illustrations; and during all this time Fremont enjoyed the privilege of living in the family with M. Nicollet and the venerable Hassler, father of the American Coast Survey, and one of the most accurate and inventive philosophers of his age. The rare opportunity of daily association for a year with two such remarkable men, was, to such a genius as Fremont's, like living in a world of sublimated knowledge. He acquired such completeness of knowledge, such facility of application, such confidence in his own resources, such enlargement of views, as made all his subsequent deeds but the natural and spontaneous outpourings of his mind. In fact, his enterprises have all been planned, performed and described with a sublime simplicity, as if they were only ordinary services which any other man could both do and tell as well, if they only came in his way.

THE ELOPEMENT.—"NOW GO IT, JESSIE."

It was during this year, 1840, that he formed an attachment for Jessie Benton, daughter of the distinguished Senator from Missouri. She was in mind and heart worthy of his love, and the flame was fully reciprocated. But she was young—not yet

"sweet sixteen" — and he was poor, and nothing but a lieutenant, and so the consent of parents was withheld. To add to their trials of affection, he received a sudden and peremptory order to explore the course of the Des Moines River, then in the territory of the Sacs and Fox Indians. If that order was designed to wean the youthful lovers from each other, it failed in its object, for they are not of the fickle sort; and on his return from this expedition they took immediate measures to make all sure by a clandestine marriage, which took place on the 19th of October, 1841. It is said that the young adventurer, on handing his bride into the carriage, exultingly exclaimed—"Now, go it, Jessie"—and this has been a countersign to them ever since. It is only to be added, that the old folks, who already knew and respected Fremont, as soon as they found there was no help for it, cheerfully acquiesced in the result, in which they have had reason to be satisfied. The young wife has proved herself to be the fit associate of her heroic husband—particularly in her prompt suppression of the orders sent too late to prevent him from carrying out his great venture of 1845–'46, by which he made the conquest of California; and again, in being the first woman from the States that crossed the Isthmus of Panama, when she joined her husband in San Francisco in 1849.

But the delights of a wedded home were his solace, not his life. All this wealth of skill and energy naturally required an appropriate field of action. Attention was just now turned to our then only possession on the coast of the Pacific, the Territory of Oregon, and an exploration of the intervening region for the discovery of the best practicable route for emigration suggested itself to the ready mind of Lieutenant Fremont, as an enterprise worthy of his ambition. He therefore solicited and obtained from Colonel Abert, the accomplished chief of the Topographical Engineers, such an order as enabled him to command the means of exploring the country along the Platte and Kansas Rivers to the Rocky Mountains, by which he fixed upon the South Pass as the point for the Oregon emigrants to cross the mountains. He left Washington on the 2d of May; at St. Louis enlisted twenty-five *voyageurs*, who were trained to such service in the fur trade, started from the frontiers of Missouri on the 10th of June, reached the South Pass on the 2d of August, went through it to the head waters of the Colorado and the Columbia, and on the 15th of August ascended the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains, and planted the American flag thirteen thousand feet above the ocean, on a spot never before trodden by the foot of man.

An adventure which he had with the Indians at his first entrance among the wild tribes, il-

THE DOG FEAST.

lustrates at once the hazards of the journey, and his own remarkable aptness for dealing successfully with such people. On arriving at Fort Platte, the furthest outpost where white men were stationed, he found a bad state of feeling, on account of the misconduct of some white emigrants, by which eight or ten Indians had been killed, and nearly eight hundred lodges were in motion for revenge. His men were alarmed, and some requested to be discharged. Fremont remained nearly a fortnight, made all the inquiries in his power, engaged a well known trader, named Bissonette, to go as interpreter as far as the Red Buttes, 135 miles, and took all the other precautions in his power to insure safety, and then drew up his men and told them if any wished to be discharged, he was ready to pay them off and let them go. Only one man came forward.

Having completed his preparations, he resolved to dally no longer. He also took pains to conciliate the good will of the Indian chiefs, by a frank and conciliatory deportment, and by a cordial acceptance of all their attentions, however troublesome they might be. In the enjoyment of their more formal hospitalities he met some queer adventures, one of which he recites:

"Occasionally a savage would stalk in with an invitation to a feast of honor, a dog feast, and deliberately sit down and wait quietly until I was ready to accompany him. I went to one; the women and children were sitting outside the lodge, and we took our seats on buffalo robes spread around. The dog was in a large pot over the fire, in the middle of the lodge, and immediately on our arrival was dished up in large wooden bowls, one of which was handed to each. The flesh appeared very glutinous, with something of the flavor and appearance of mutton. Feeling something move behind me, I looked around, and found that I had taken my seat among a litter of puppies. Had I been nice in such matters the prejudices of civilization might have interfered with my tranquility; but, fortunately, I am not of delicate nerves, and continued quietly to empty my platter."

He then went to the fort to take leave of the friends there, and was soon waited on by four Indian chiefs, who forced their way into the room and delivered a note from Bissonette, warning him not to start until the party of young Indians had returned, as they would certainly fire upon him. When he had read the letter, the chiefs addressed him in person, expressing their own friendly feelings, and their inability to restrain the young men, and at the same time intimating that they were disappointed at not receiving any presents when a chief came among them from their great father, as they were poor and in want.

FREMONT ADDRESSING THE CHIEFS.

Fremont asked them to go with him until they met the young men, promising that they should spread their robes in his tent and eat at his table; but they said they were too old for the journey, and were themselves afraid of the young men, and had no power over them. He looked at them, and thought he could see that their great desire was to keep him from going through their country; and he at once resolved upon his course, and addressed them as follows:

"You say that you love the whites; why have you killed so many already this Spring? You say that you love the whites, and are full of many expressions of friendship to us; but you are not willing to undergo the fatigue of a few days' ride to save our lives. We do not believe what you have said, and will not listen to you. Whatever a chief among us tells his soldiers to do, is done. We are the soldiers of the great chief, your father. He has told us to come here and see this country, and all the Indians, his children. Why should we not go? Before we came we heard that you had killed his people, and ceased to be his children; but we came among you peaceably, holding out our hands. Now we find that the stories we heard are not lies, and that you are no longer his friends and children. We have thrown away our bodies, and will not turn back. When you told us that your young men would kill us, you did not know that our hearts were strong, and you did not see the rifles which my young men carry in their hands. We are few, and you are many, and may kill us all; but there will be much crying in your villages, for many of your young men will stay behind, and forget to return with your warriors from the mountains. Do you think that our great chief will let his soldiers die, and forget to cover their graves? Before the snows melt again, his warriors will sweep away your villages as the fire does the prairie in the Autumn. See! I have pulled down my *white houses*, and my people are ready; when the sun is ten paces higher, we shall be on the march. If you have anything to tell us, you will say it soon."

He then broke up the conference, returned to his camp, and mounted for an immediate start. The Indians, seeing his resolute determination, made no further opposition, but sent one of their number with him. The difficulty was all over. The soldier's eye had overawed the courage of the savages, and bowed them to his will.

His own account of the ascent to the top of the Wind River Peak, (now called Fremont's Peak,) is very striking, but we have only room for the description of the summit itself. After describing the last laborious ascent over snow and rocks, he says:

"I sprang upon the summit, and another step would have precipitated me into an immense snow-field 500 feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice; and then, with a gradual fall, the field sloped off for about a mile, until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. I stood on a narrow crest, about three feet in width, with an inclination of about 20 deg. N., 51 deg. E. As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity I descended, and each man ascended in his turn; for I would only allow one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before. During our morning's ascent we had met no sign of animal life, except the small sparrow-like bird already mentioned. A stillness the most profound and a terrible solitude forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place.

"Here, on the summit, where the stillness was absolute, unbroken by any sound, and the solitude complete, we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated life; but while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary bee, (*bromus, the bumble bee,*) came winging his flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of one of the men.

"It was a strange place, the icy rock and the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, for a lover of warm sunshine and flowers; and we pleased ourselves with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier—a solitary pioneer to foretell the advance of civilization. I believe that a moment's thought would have made us let him continue his way unharmed; but we carried out the law of this country, where all animated nature seems at war, and, seizing him immediately, put him in at least a fit place—in the leaves of a large book, among the flowers we had collected on our way. The barometer stood at 18,295, the attached thermometer at 44 deg; giving for the elevation of this summit 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, which may be called the highest flight of the bee. It is certainly the highest known flight of that insect.

"From the description given by Mackenzie of the mountains where he crossed them, with that of a French officer still further to the north, and Colonel Long's measurements to the south, joined to the opinion of the oldest traders of the country, it is presumed that this is the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains. The day was sunny and bright, but a slight shining mist hung over the lower plains, which interfered with our view of the surrounding country. On one side we overlooked innumerable lakes and streams, the spring of the Colorado of the Gulf of California; and on the other was the Wind River Valley, where were the heads of the Yellowstone branch of the Missouri; far to the north, we just could discover the snowy heads of the *Trois Tetons*, where were the source of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers; and at the southern extremity of the ridge the peaks were plainly visible, among which were some of the springs of the Nebraska or Platte River. Around us, the whole scene had one main striking feature, which was that of terrible convulsion. Parallel to its length the ridge was split into chasms and fissures; between which rose the thin, lofty walls, terminated with slender minarets and columns. According to the barometer, the little crest of the wall on which we stood was three thousand five hundred and seventy feet above that place, and two thousand seven hundred and eighty above the little lakes at the bottom, immediately at our feet. Our camp at the Two Hills (an astronomical station) bore south 3 deg. east, which, with a bearing afterward obtained from a fixed position, enabled us to locate the peak. The bearing of the *Trois Tetons* was north 50 deg. west, and the direction of the central ridge of the Wind River Mountains south 39 deg. east.

"The summit rock was gneiss, succeeded by sienitic gneiss. Sienite and feldspar succeeded in our descent to

FREMONT PLANTING THE AMERICAN FLAG ON WIND RIVER PEAK

the snow line, where we found a feldspathic granite. I had remarked that the noise produced by the explosion of our pistols had the usual degree of loudness, but was not in the least prolonged, expiring almost instantaneously.

"Having now made what observations our means afforded, we proceeded to descend. We had accomplished an object of laudible ambition, and beyond the strict order of our instructions. We had climbed the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains, and looked down upon the snow a thousand feet below, and, standing where never human foot had stood before, felt the exultation of first explorers. It was about two o'clock when we left the summit; and when we reached the bottom the sun had already sunk behind the wall, and the day was drawing to a close. It would have been pleasant to have lingered here and on the summit longer; but we hurried away as rapidly as the ground would permit, for it was an object to regain our party as soon as possible, not knowing what accident the next hour might bring forth.

"We reached our deposit of provisions at nightfall. Here was not the inn which awaits the tired traveler on his return from Mount Blanc, or the orange groves of South America, with their refreshing juices and soft fragrant air; but we found our little *cache* of dried meat and coffee undisturbed. Though the moon was bright, the road was full of precipices, and the fatigue of the day had been great. We therefore abandoned the idea of rejoining our friends, and lay down on the rock, and in spite of the cold slept soundly."

On his return down the valley of the Great Platte River, he encountered a disastrous wreck, and narrowly escaped the loss of all his papers, with the lives of himself and several of his associates, in descending the stream where it passes through a ridge by what is called a *canon*.* During the morning, they had passed three cataracts in their boat, and were delighted with her performance. The next was more threatening. It was a narrow chasm, between perpendicular rocks from three to five hundred feet high. As the little boat bounded along down the rapids, amid the deafening roar of the waters, they tried to steady her by placing three men on a crag of the rocks with a long rope made fast to the stern, but the force was too great, the men were jerked into the stream, and narrowly escaped drowning. They cleared rock after rock, and were so elated with success that they broke out with singing the Canadian Boat Song, and were in the midst of the chorus when the boat struck a concealed rock at the foot of a fall which whirled her over in an instant. He says:

"Three of my men could not swim, and my first feeling

* Pronounced *kan-yon*, a Spanish word, signifying a tube or barrel, and denoting the passage of a river between very high, perpendicular banks.

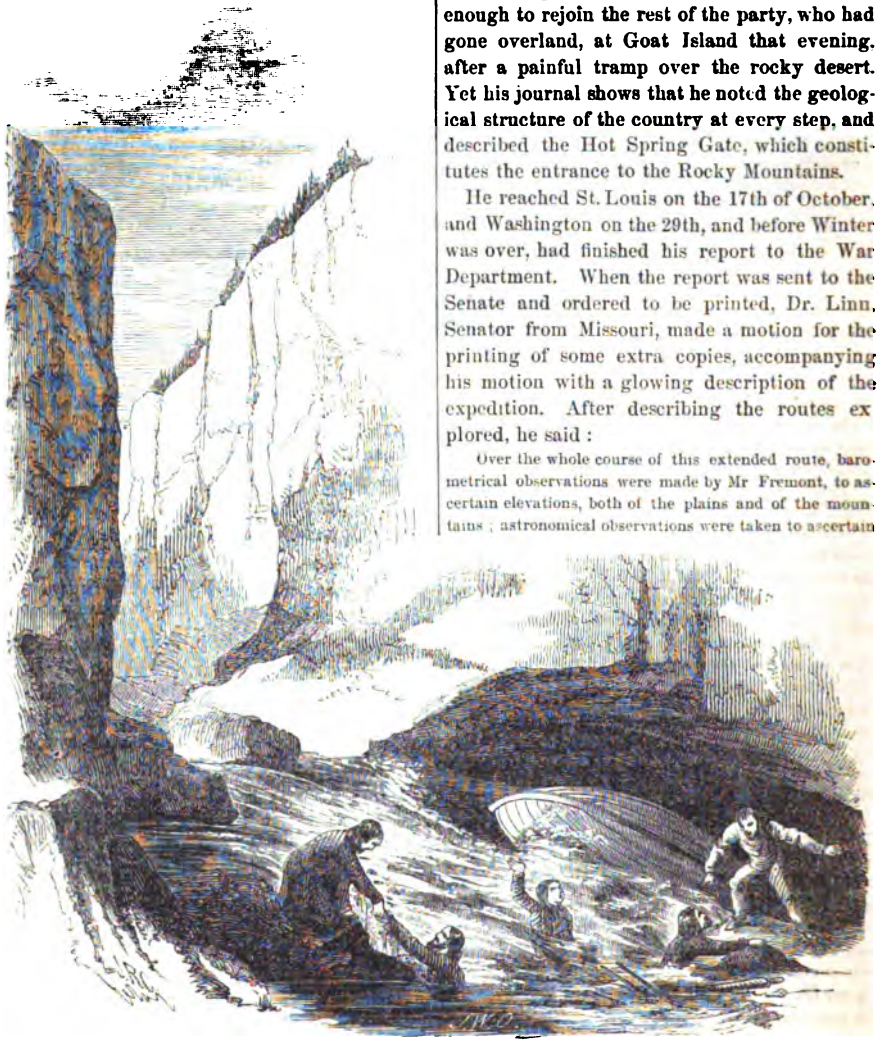
was to assist them, and save some of our effects, but a sharp concussion or two convinced me that I had not yet saved myself. A few strokes brought me into an eddy, and I landed on a pile of rocks on the left side. Looking around, I saw that Mr. Preuss had gained the shore on the same side, about twenty yards below; and a little climbing and swimming soon brought him to my side. On the opposite side, against the wall, lay the boat, bottom up, and Lambert was in the act of saving Descoteaux, whom he had grasped by the hair, and who could not swim; '*Lache pas*,' said he, as I afterward learned, '*lache pas chere frere*.' '*Crains pas*,' was the reply, '*Je m' en vais mourir avant que de te lacher*.' Such was the reply of courage and generosity in this danger.

"For a hundred yards below, the current was covered with floating books and boxes, bales of blankets, and scattered articles of clothing; and so strong and boiling was the stream, that even our heavy instruments, which were all in cases, kept on the surface, and the sextant, circle, and the long black box of the telescope, were in view at once. For a moment I was somewhat disheartened. All our books—almost every record of the journey—our journals and registers of astronomical and barometrical observations—had been lost in a moment. But it was no time to indulge in regrets; and I immediately set about endeavoring to save something from the wreck."

Favored beyond expectation, he succeeded in recovering all his registers, with the loss of one journal containing a variety of notes. A few blankets and one or two instruments were saved. The boat floated about a mile and a half, and was there stopped by fragments of rock which filled the channel, leaving no space large enough for her to pass. The party climbed up the rocks, and were fortunate enough to rejoin the rest of the party, who had gone overland, at Goat Island that evening, after a painful tramp over the rocky desert. Yet his journal shows that he noted the geological structure of the country at every step, and described the Hot Spring Gate, which constitutes the entrance to the Rocky Mountains.

He reached St. Louis on the 17th of October, and Washington on the 29th, and before Winter was over, had finished his report to the War Department. When the report was sent to the Senate and ordered to be printed, Dr. Linn, Senator from Missouri, made a motion for the printing of some extra copies, accompanying his motion with a glowing description of the expedition. After describing the routes explored, he said:

Over the whole course of this extended route, barometrical observations were made by Mr Fremont, to ascertain elevations, both of the plains and of the mountains; astronomical observations were taken to ascertain



FREMONT WRECKED ON PLATTE RIVER

latitudes and longitudes; the face of the country was marked as arable or sterile; the facility of traveling, and the practicability of routes noted; the grand features of Nature described, and some presented in drawings; military positions indicated, and a large contribution to geology and botany was made in the varieties of plants, flowers, shrubs, trees, and grasses, and rocks, and earths, which were enumerated. Drawings of some grand and striking points, and a map of the whole route illustrate the report, and facilitate the understanding of its details.

"The result of all his observations Mr. Fremont had condensed into a brief report—enough to make a document of ninety or one hundred pages; and believing that this document would be of general interest to the whole country, and beneficial to science, as well as useful to the Government, I move the printing of the extra number which has been named."

The publication of this report created great interest, even in Europe. The London Athenæum of March, 1843, says:

"We have rarely met with a production so perfect in its kind as the unpretending pamphlet containing this report The narrative, clear, full and lively, occupies only 76 pages, to which are appended 130 pages, filled with the results of botanical researches, of astronomical and meteorological observations. What a contrast does this present to the voluminous emptiness and conceited rhodomontade so often brought forth by our costly expeditions. * * * * His points of view are so well chosen, his delineation has so much truth and spirit, and his general remarks are so accurate and comprehensive, that under his guidance we find the Far West prairies nearly as fresh and tempting as the most favored Arcadian scenes, the hallowed groves of which were never trodden by the foot of squatting emigrant or fur-trader"

THE SECOND EXPEDITION.

No sooner was this service completed than our enterprising adventurer planned a still more extended and important expedition. He asked, and now easily obtained, orders to complete his survey across the continent to the mouth of the Columbia River. Having made his preparations at St. Louis, he there parted with his wife, and advanced to the frontier of Missouri as his point of departure. While resting here, he received from Mrs. F. a package of letters and dispatches. On his return, a year after, he learned, for the first time, that among the dispatches sent to St. Louis was an order suspending the expedition, on the ground that he had made his equipment too military, in having obtained from the arsenal at St. Louis a small mountain howitzer in addition to his rifles. This countermanding order the heroic woman detained, so that it never reached him, because she would not subject her husband to the disappointment of having his enterprise frustrated at the outset. It was doubtless very irregular in her to do so, but those who have hearts will easily put a proper estimate upon an act so resolute and self-sacrificing.

Leaving the frontier of Missouri in the month of May, 1843, he reached tide-water on the Columbia in November, and was hospitably entertained at the English Fort Vancouver by Dr. McLaughlin, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company. Having thus accomplished all that was in his orders, he might have come home at his ease by sea, or, tarrying till Spring have returned on his tracks. But his ambition sought a wider range. The vast central region of North America, a tract at least seven hundred miles square beyond the Rocky Mountains, had never been explored, and he resolved to make a Winter's work of it, with his twenty-five picked men, relying upon game for subsistence.

The maps had intersected that region with conjectural rivers, rising near the head of the Arkansas, and flowing in different directions to the Pacific and the Gulf of California. One, called Buena Ventura, was represented as running due west all the way, and emptying into the Bay of San Francisco. Gov. McLaughlin sketched a map of the projected route, and Fremont believed that such a river must have bottom lands, where he could Winter, with plenty of game, and grass for his horses. He set forth on this expedition in a south-easterly direction, passed the Oregon Mountains, and descended to the low country, and then skirted along east of an enormous chain of mountains, covered with impassable snow, and, to his surprise, found only a barren desert; no Buena Ventura—no grass—no game—no tidings of a river from the few Indians they met; nothing but death from cold and famine before them.

Something must be done. His astronomical observations, which he never remitted, told him that he was now in the latitude of the Mexican settlements at San Francisco, and but seventy miles distant; but the snowy mountains lay between, while no Indians would venture to be their guide in such a terrible journey. We will let Col. Benton tell the story, in the 134th chapter of his second volume:

"No reward could induce an Indian to become a guide in the perilous adventure of crossing this mountain. All recoiled, and fled from the adventure. It was attempted without a guide—in the dead of Winter—accomplished in forty days—the men and surviving horses—a woful procession, crawling along one by one, skeleton men leading skeleton horses—and arrived at Sutter's Settlement in the beautiful valley of the Sacramento; and where a genial warmth, and budding flowers, and trees in foliage, and grassy ground, and flowing streams, and comfortable food, made a fairy contrast with the famine and freezing they had encountered, and the lofty Sierra Nevada which they had climbed. Here he rested and recruited; and from this point, and by way of Monterey, the first tidings were heard of the party since leaving Fort Vancouver.

"Another long progress to the south, skirting the western base of the Sierra Nevada, made him acquainted with

the noble valley of the San Joaquin, counterpart to that of the Sacramento; when, crossing through a gap, he skirted the Great Basin, and by many deviations from a right line home, levied incessant contributions to science, from expanded lands not described before.

"In this eventful exploration, all the great features of the western slope of our continent were brought to light—the Great Salt Lake, the Utah Lake, the Little Salt Lake; at all which places, then desert, the Mormons now are; the Sierra Nevada, then solitary in the snow, now crowded with Americans digging gold from its flanks; the beautiful vallies of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, then alive with wild horses, elk, deer, and wild fowl, now smiling with American cultivation; The Great Basin itself, and its contents; the Three Parks; the approximation of the great rivers which, rising together in the central regions of the Rocky Mountains, go off east and west, toward the rising and the setting sun. All these and other strange features of a new region, more Asiatic than American, were brought to light and revealed to public view in the results of this exploration. Eleven months he was never out of sight of snow, and sometimes freezing with cold, would look down upon a sunny valley, warm with genial heat; sometimes panting with the Summer's heat, would look up at the eternal snows which crowned the neighboring mountains."

He returned to Washington in August, 1844, and the remainder of the year was occupied in preparing his reports for the Department, which were communicated to Congress, and when published, greatly increased his honorable fame as a geographical investigator, and an enterprising and successful explorer.

[To be continued.]

BAPTISM OF "THE CHILD OF FRANCE."

NOTWITHSTANDING all the efforts of Louis Napoleon to induce the Pope to come to Paris to baptise the young heir to the imperial throne, he has not succeeded. The Pope consented to stand godfather, but he could not be persuaded to go to Paris to administer the baptismal rites. He, however, sent a Cardinal to officiate in his stead. The preparations were extravagantly gorgeous, and the ceremonies imposing. They are described as follows: The baptism of the infant Prince took place on Saturday, June 14, amid general rejoicings. The procession of the Cardinal Legate, followed after a short interval by the cortege of the Emperor and Empress, took place according to the official programme. All along the route their Majesties and the Imperial Prince were repeatedly cheered. The enthusiasm was, in fact, universal. The interior of the magnificent cathedral presented a most animated and picturesque scene. On each side of the grand nave, and between the main columns, decorated with crimson and gold drapery, a series of seats were erected, also hung with crimson velvet and gold decorations. Through a vista of an assembled multitude in official costumes, interspersed with the gay toilettes of ladies, there was seen the grand altar, with its quaint, pointed and spiral illuminated architecture of the thirteenth century. Round about the altar seats were erected for the legislative body, the Senate, the diplomatic corps, the officers of the State, &c. Above these again galleries were formed, hung with drapery, between the clustering columns, for ladies. Immediately in front of the altar was a crimson platform, on which two crimson chairs were placed, and two *pries Dieu*, for the accommodation of their Majesties. Above, high up in the air, hung an elegant crimson canopy, lined with white and spotted with the imperial bee in gold. According to the programme all persons were obliged to be in the building before 4½ o'clock. Soon after that hour the various ecclesiastical dignitaries of France, including the bishops summoned by the Emperor from the provinces, made their appearance round the grand altar in full canonicals. At 6 o'clock the Cardinal Legate was received by the clergy, his Eminence being accompanied by his Roman attendants. He wore a crimson robe, such as that used by the Cardinals of St. Peter's on the occasion of a church *festa*. A throne was provided expressly for the Cardinal. Shortly after his arrival the boom of cannon announced the approach of the Emperor, the Empress, and the imperial infant. The officiating priests then chanted a preliminary service, and the tones of sacred music sounded through the building and hightened the effect. Before long ladies appeared dressed in blue, vailed in white and transparent drapery. They were the ladies of the Imperial Court in attendance on the Prince and her Majesty.

Shortly afterward the Emperor approached the platform in front of the altar, dressed in the uniform of a general of division, and wearing the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor. The Empress was robed in blue, vailed with white lace; her brow was ornamented with a superb ornament of diamonds and pearls, the hair being drawn back *a la Imperatrice*. Their Majesties took their seats before the altar as the guardian of the imperial child advanced. At this moment the voice of the infant was distinctly heard, as if he sought to announce his presence—an event which appeared to create some merriment among the circling crowd. The baptismal service then commenced at the high altar, and the heir to the throne was sprinkled with the blessed water. The Emperor and Empress afterward signed the baptismal register, first witnessed by the envoy of the Pope. Prince Oscar, of Sweden, then attached his signature, followed by Prince Napoleon, the Duchess of Hamilton, the officers of State, and other persons whose attestation Court etiquette demands on such occasions. The Emperor then took the infant and held it up to the multitude, amid the *vivas* of all present. This feature of the ceremony was in imitation of Napoleon I. on a similar occasion. The Empress appeared to be deeply affected, hung down her head and wept. The ceremony had now closed, the infant left the glittering scene, and the Emperor and Empress arose to depart. The shouts of the multitude outside the building proclaimed the close of an event which has baptized the heir of Napoleon III. to the hereditary rights of Emperor of the French. The godfather of the child (the Pope) was of course represented by the Legate, while the Duchess of Baden represented the godmother, the Queen of Sweden.

JOHN CABELL BRECKINRIDGE.

The subject of this sketch, although a young man, is not altogether unknown to a large portion of his fellow-citizens; and in his native State is one of the most popular men of the day. His family is one of the oldest and most respectable of the Commonwealth of Kentucky. His grandfather, John Breckinridge, was a staunch Democrat—a party leader in his day. He was elected to the Senate of the United States in 1801, and was United States Attorney-General in 1805–6. He was the author and advocate of the resolutions of 1788–89 in the Virginia Legislature. Many members of the family have been celebrated as statesmen and divines. The celebrated Presbyterian clergyman, Robert C. Breckinridge, is an uncle of the present nominee for the Vice-Presidency.

John Cabell Breckinridge is the only son of Cabell Breckinridge, a distinguished member of the bar, deceased some eighteen years since. John was born at the family seat, Cabellsdale, near Lexington, Fayette County, Ky., Jan. 21, 1821, and is, therefore, now in the thirty-sixth year of his age. He was educated at Center College, Danville, Kentucky, from which he graduated with distinction. His talents for composition and elocution were early developed; and although full of boyish fun and frolic, he could accomplish wonders on close application. After graduating at Danville, Mr. Breckinridge entered the Transylvania Institute, where he studied law under Chief-Justice George Robinson, Judge A. K. Wooley and Thomas F. Marshall. On receiving his license, Mr. Breckinridge emigrated to Burlington, Iowa, where he commenced the practice of his profession, as the associate of Mr. Bullock, a relative. Not satisfied with his prospects in Iowa, he returned to Kentucky, and for a time was settled in Georgetown, where he was married to Miss Birch, of that place. Soon after his marriage, from inducements offered, Mr. Breckinridge returned to Lexington, where, except during his

absence on official business, he has since remained, one of the leading members of the bar.

On the breaking out of the Mexican war, Mr. Breckinridge early came forward to aid in sustaining our national reputation. He was elected Major of the third regiment of Kentucky Volunteers. Unfortunately, this regiment was not mustered into the service until late in the campaign. When it did arrive in the enemy's territory, it was placed on the line between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico; and, excepting an occasional brush with a band of guerrillas, or other marauders, it experienced no active service, and did not arrive at the Halls of the Montezumas until after the American flag was waving over them While his regiment lay in garrison, Major Breckinridge was employed in the defense of Major-General Pillow, in that most singular and extraordinary set of prosecutions and counter prosecutions, which occurred between the General-in-Chief and his subordinates In these trials he is said to have exhibited much skill and acuteness as a lawyer. He enjoyed great personal popularity in his regiment, and, indeed, in the brigade to which he was attached

On his return to Lexington, Mr Breckinridge was elected a member of the lower branch of the Legislature of the State of Kentucky He soon gave evidences of his ability as a debater, and the other valuable qualities as a legislator, and his friends early predicted his rapid distinction.

In 1851 General Leslie Coombs was the Whig nominee for Congress in the Ashland District. For twenty years no Democrat had been elected from it It was the home of Mr. Clay, and it was deemed idle for a Democrat to make the race Breckinridge resolved to try. His opponent, Gen. Coombs, was well known as a popular orator, and he possessed, in a high degree, the affections of the Whig party. When they took the stump, according to Western custom, it soon became apparent that Breckinridge was decidedly an over match for his antagonist. After an animated contest, Breckinridge was returned by over 600 majority. His party became so proud of his services and the distinction he won during the first two years he was in the National Legislature, that they unanimously gave him a re nomination in 1853. The Whigs determined to conquer their enemy in their old stronghold, and brought out Robert Letcher to run against him. This gentleman had been in political life for thirty years. He had been repeatedly in Congress, was Governor of the State for one term, and had just then returned from a Mexican mission, to which he had been appointed by General Taylor. He had been, and was then, one of the most popular men in the State, and one of the best stump-orators. When "Black Bob," as Gov. Letcher was familiarly called, was put upon the track, the Whigs declared that "Old Boston" was entered, and that he would distance his competitor.

Never was so much feeling elicited in any Congressional canvass within our recollection. They began speaking together early in May, and there was not a day, except Sunday, until the first Monday in August, that they did not meet, and fight foot to foot, and hand to hand. They spoke as often as four or five times in one precinct. Their District was a large one, consisting of Fayette, Scott, Franklin, Jessamine, Woodford and Owen Counties. Letcher was not able to be present with his youthful opponent at every point. He would meet him every day at the place regularly agreed upon; but Breckinridge would often ride to some other precinct and make a speech at night One day, such was his activity, he went seventy miles and made three speeches. Never were partisans on either side more vigilant The friends of each spent immense sums of money. The contest resulted in Breckinridge being reëlected by a majority of 520 votes

One of the first public efforts of Mr. Breckinridge was his eulogy on Henry Clay, at the decease of the great statesman. During the first session of the XXXIIId Congress, and while the Kansas Nebraska bill was under discussion in Committee of the Whole, a violent altercation occurred between Mr. Breckinridge and Francis B. Cutting, of New York. Without expressing an opinion as to the merits of the controversy, we give a slight sketch of the debate, more especially to show exactly what were the offensive expressions. After some sharp sparring, during which personalities were indulged in on both sides, Mr. Cutting rose and said:

"I have given the gentleman an opportunity to reply, but a more unparliamentary and personal assault was never made on this floor. I offered to give the gentleman the floor, while his rage was boiling over, to let the hot words roll out. The day after the gentleman made his speech a colleague from New York objected, and prevented my getting the floor. I charged the gentleman with assailing my motives. The Committee has heard his answer. I ask whether he has not hurled an imputation against me for making the motion? How can he disclaim any attack when he followed it up by declaring my intention and motives were to destroy the measure to which I had not declared myself?"

Mr. Breckinridge—"Does the gentleman say I called m

question his intention and motives? I did not intend anything disrespectful, but alluded to the effect of the motion. I ask the gentleman to point to the occasion when I said it was his intention and motive to destroy the bill."

MR. CUTTING—"I submit to the Committee whether the whole force and scope of the gentleman's remarks were not an attack on my motives for making the motion I did. The facts are before the Committee. I scorn his imputation I stand here not superior, but his equal, having for myself a reputation equally as dear, if not as lofty, as that of the gentleman. I stand here the representative of a constituency of whom I am the impersonation. As far as concerns myself, and when he imputes objects and purposes. I hurl back the imputation with the indignation it deserves. Did I not state my views? How dare the member undertake to assert I professed friendship for a measure with a view of killing it by sending it to the foot of the calender? And when I said the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union had under their control the House bill, which they intend to take up, he retreats and escapes, and skulks behind the Senate bill at the bottom of the calender."

MR. BRECKINRIDGE, [rising hastily, in an earnest tone]—"I ask the gentleman to withdraw the last words."

MR CUTTING, [with emphasis]—"I will withdraw nothing What I have said, I have said in answer to the most violent and personal attack ever made on a gentleman on this floor."

MR BRECKINRIDGE—"When the gentleman says I skulk he says what is false, and knows it."

This expression caused great excitement. Members were uneasy in their seats, and cries of order, order, were heard from all parts of the house. Mr. Cutting continued his remarks, Mr. Breckinridge taking scarcely any further notice of them while in his seat.

Mr. Cutting challenged Mr. Breckinridge, and for several days, more especially in the cities of New York and Washington, there was an immense excitement occasioned by the affair. On referring to the papers of the day we find that on change, at the depots, in cars, ferry-boats and omnibuses it was the seven days' wonder. However, through the interposition of mutual friends—prominent among whom were the Speaker of the House, the Hon. Linn Boyd, and the Hon. Thomas H. Benton—mutual explanations were made, and a hostile meeting prevented.

On the accession of President Pierce Mr. Breckinridge was nominated as Minister to Spain. Family affairs compelled Mr. B. to decline. and Mr. Soulé was appointed.

After the expiration of his second Congressional term, Mr. Breckinridge returned to his home and profession at Lexington. At the last Gubernatorial election in that State it was the firm determination of the friends of Mr. Breckinridge to present him for that position; they were forced, however, to withhold him, he at that time not having reached the constitutional age—thirty-five.

Mr. Breckinridge was a delegate to, and active member in, the late Cincinnati Convention. When the nomination for the Vice-Presidency was about being made his name, among others, was mentioned. Linn Boyd, of Kentucky, had, however, been first proposed by the delegation from that State. Whereupon Mr. Breckinridge arose and said:

"Mr. President: How can I adequately express my gratitude to the noble State of Louisiana for this flattering manifestation of their good will? But, Sir, I have always held that promotion should follow seniority. Besides, I am already a candidate for the votes of the people, having been designated by the Democracy as the elector in my district, and expect soon to enter on an active campaign; to traverse the valleys and climb the mountains of my native State, in behalf of the distinguished and noble candidate we have already selected for the Presidency, and in advocacy of the glorious State-Rights platform, which we have adopted with such signal unanimity. There is still another reason why my name should not be pressed for this high post. The delegation of my own State, with which I cordially concur, have already presented the name of one of her sons—a tried and able champion of Democracy—for this very office. I can never consent that my name should be placed in opposition to, or my merits in competition with his. I beg, therefore, with grateful acknowledgement for the high compliment offered me by the delegation from Louisiana, that my name may be withdrawn." [Great applause.]

On the first ballot Mr. Breckinridge received fifty-five votes, and on the second he was nominated unanimously. When the result was announced the applause was deafening. The whole Convention arose, and, with waving of handkerchiefs and the loudest calls, directed its gaze upon the tall and graceful delegate from Kentucky, who had been so unexpectedly nominated for such an exalted post.

It was long before these demonstrations subsided so as to allow a word to be heard. At last the manly form of Mr. Breckinridge stood above the surrounding crowd, and silence and profound attention marking the aspect of the vast assembly, he spoke as follows:

Mr. President, and gentlemen of the Democratic National Convention: The result just announced is quite as unexpected to me as it could be to any gentleman on this floor. In the inferior and personal aspect of the matter, I beg you to consider all said that ought to be said on such an occasion. I am truly and sincerely without words to convey to you my profound gratitude for such an unexpected and signal testimonial of your confidence and favor. I may say sincerely, and call upon my associates in this body to bear witness to its *truth*, that in my course as a member of this body, I have made no concealment of my preferences, nor used any art or taken one step toward bringing about this result.

But it is not my purpose to make a speech. I merely rose to express to you the thanks of a true heart. I may add, too, the declaration of my high appreciation of the association of my humble name with that of the distinguished and tried statesman of Pennsylvania. I have always regarded Mr. Buchanan as the last survivor of that

noble band of American statesmen and orators, whose names are associated with the brightest glories of our country, and whose deeds constitute its most cherished memorial. He has come down from that generation to instruct and guide us of the present. He has lived down calumny and detraction, and now stands forth the peerless champion of Democracy, honored and beloved by his countrymen, and only waiting a few months to be clothed with the highest dignity the nation and the people can confer.

The platform you have so unanimously adopted, I need not, as a State-Rights man, say I cordially approve and indorse. With these true Jeffersonian principles, and with the temper of Jackson to enforce and maintain them, the Democracy will enter this contest with the determination to add another to the brilliant victories which have so often crowned their efforts. It would not be appropriate to discuss any general principles or enter further upon the issues which will be involved in this contest. I will therefore conclude by expressing my purpose to devote all my heart and mind to the great duty which has been so unexpectedly conferred upon me, and to strive to justify the confidence which you have manifested. [Immense applause. Loud cheers within and without the hall.]

There is no doubt that Mr. Breckinridge is the idol of his party in his own State. As a popular orator, there is no man in the West his superior; tall and commanding in person, he exhibits the most graceful elocution. He is rapid and vehement in utterance, yet distinctly articulates. He combines an intellect of high order with great personal accomplishments.

NATURAL HISTORY OF INSECTS.

A VERY interesting and instructive account of a series of experiments to discover the nature and origin of insect life has lately been published in Chambers's Journal, the details of which can hardly fail to interest most readers:

The belief in the generation of insects from putrid animal matter, which is now confined, if it exist at all, to the most illiterate, prevailed universally among the learned down nearly to the close of the seventeenth century. How it came to be exploded, it is our present purpose to relate.

There lived in Florence, about the year 1680, a physician of the name of Francesco Redi,* who was led by circumstances, which it is unnecessary to recount, to question the truth of the prevalent opinion. In order, therefore, to put it to the test of experiment, he caused three snakes, of a species which he calls *Angui d'Esculapio*, to be killed, and put into an open box. The snakes were soon covered with small maggots, which daily increased both in size and numbers; they were all shaped alike, being conical, but their dimensions varied considerably. Having consumed the flesh of the reptiles in an amazingly short time, they all succeeded in escaping unobserved through the fissures of the box, leaving the naked bones of the snakes in a corner. In further prosecution of his experiment, Redi had other three snakes killed, and put into a box as before. In a few days they were peopled with maggots of the same shape as the former; but some, smaller than the rest, were inclined to a flesh color; while the others were entirely white. Having devoured the snakes, they anxiously tried to escape; but as Redi had taken more care than before to secure all the outlets from the box, they were unable to effect their purpose. Gradually, therefore, they became more quiet, and after some time lay motionless, as if asleep. Shrinking into themselves, they imperceptibly began to take the form of eggs; by the twentieth day they had all assumed that shape. At first, the seeming eggs were of a white color, but by slow degrees they became first golden, and then red. Some remained of the latter color; but the rest continued to grow darker and darker, till they became quite black; while, from being soft and tender, their skins had changed to the hard and brittle shell of the chrysalis or pupæ. On examining both species more closely, Redi found that the black eggs were more strongly marked than the red, which were nearly smooth. At the end of eight days, the latter burst, and from each chrysalid issued a fly of a dull ash color, "turbid, dismayed, and, so to speak, wrinkled, unfinished," and with wings unfolded; but in the space of half an hour, it had dilated its little body, expanded its wings, "and, relinquishing the sad ash color, became dressed in a vivid green, marvellously brilliant. It was now so much larger than before, that it seemed impossible to conceive how its little shell could have contained it." In fourteen days, some of the black chryralids burst, and produced a larger fly, "black, marked with white, hairy on the abdomen, and red at the nether end, such as daily frequent butchers' shops, or any place where there is dead flesh."

The important fact, that one kind of meat should produce two kinds of flies, so antagonistic to the dogmas of the age, stimulated the experimentalist to fresh exertions. Instead, therefore, of only one kind, he put many kinds into different boxes, and obtained the same results as before, except that the different species of insects were more numerous.

He next put some skinned river-frogs into a glass vessel, which he left open. On the following day he found them covered with mag-

* He died in 1697.

gots, some sporting in the fetid liquor that had distilled from the frogs, while the others reveled in the carcasses themselves. On the third day they had all disappeared, leaving nothing of the frogs but the bones.

Some fish from the Arno were the next victims to Redi's inquisitive spirit, and these also were soon peopled; but on the fish, and on the sides of the box in which the fish were placed, he discovered not only maggots, but also some very small eggs, which, when crushed between the nails, gave forth "a white subtile fluid," clearer and less viscous than the white of birds' eggs. By the twentieth day they were all hatched; and the maggots had increased to twice their original size, weighing from twenty-five to thirty to the grain; but on the twenty-first day they were so amazingly enlarged as to weigh about seven grains each. Meanwhile, they continued to devour the fish, finally leaving nothing but the bones, and these "as white and clean as if they had come from the hand of the most delicate anatomist in Europe."

Having taken means to prevent their escape, which they all attempted, Redi watched their gradual progress toward perfection. The perfect insects were of five kinds—four of them he had seen before; the fifth, a little black fly, greatly exceeding in numbers the numbers of its pupæ, which were black and large, he had never observed till then. Seeing this curious disproportion between the number of the pupæ and the number of flies, he opened one of the former and found that they contained, upon an average, from twenty-five to thirty flies, but never more than forty.

After this, he made many more experiments, on lions' and tigers' flesh, and on various species of fish, flesh and fowl, cooked and raw, and found that the insects were promiscuosly produced on all kinds of meat; and, indeed, one piece would sometimes contain all the species he had discovered; and he generally observed not only maggots, but eggs.

These experiments strengthened the opinion he had been at first inclined to entertain, that the eggs were deposited on the meat by flies similar to those which they produced, instead of being generated by the putrid mass; and he was the more confirmed in this opinion, from finding invariably that flies resembling those afterward engendered in the flesh alighted upon it previously to the appearance of the maggots: "but vain," he adds, "would have been the doubt, if experience had not resolved it."

In order that he might, if possible, do this, he put into four wide-necked flasks a snake, some river-fish, some eels from the Arno, and some veal, and covered the mouths of the flasks with paper tied on tightly and sealed. Four other flasks containing similar meats he left open. In a few days the fish and meat in the open flasks were, as usual, covered with maggots; but in the closed flasks, the flesh, although putrid, was entirely free from them, although on the outside of the paper he found a few, as well as several clusters of eggs—the former having used, and still using, every endeavor to enter. After this Redi made many similar experiments, and always found that uncovered meats in a short time teemed with life; while, on the contrary, those that had no communication with the external air, corrupted, but never verminated.

During the course of these experiments, he ascertained the curious fact that when the common fly dies it serves as a nest for its own species, equally with any other kind of dead flesh.

Not yet satisfied, Redi determined on making a new experiment. He put some fish and flesh into a large vessel covered with very fine gauze. This vessel he then put into a large box covered with a similar gauze, so that the air might penetrate to the meats, while the intrusion of insects should be prevented. On these meats he did not see a single maggot, but frequently observed the little creatures writhing about on the outer gauze, trying to make their way through; and it was with difficulty that, on one occasion he succeeded in preventing two, which had got half through the inner gauze, from falling upon the meat. He also noticed flies, attracted by the exhalations of the meat, and unable to make their way to it, drop their eggs upon the gauze; some of them lighting on it, others hovering in the air during the operation; and he also noticed that each deposited six or seven eggs at a time. This was the point he wished to attain; and he had now discovered that insects supposed to be engendered by corruption were, in reality, propagated by their own species.

Notwithstanding this discovery, the belief in the spontaneous generation of insects in the body of *living* men and animals seems to have remained undisturbed till quite a recent period.

The curious transformation of the ova when introduced into the bodies of animals are established by direct experiment. Küchenmeister gave a number of cysticerci, taken from the hog rabbit, to a condemned criminal, at periods and varying from one hundred and thirty to twelve hours before execution. After death, a number

of young tæniæ, in different stages of development, were found in the intestines. After proving his position so far, the same experimentalist varied his experiment. Having produced a tænia serrata in a dog by feeding it with a cœnurus, he caused lambs to take the tænia joints, and obtained, in the short space of eighteen days, a development of the cœnurus in the brain, in the muscles, and under the skin of these animals. Von Liebold performed similar experiments.

Dr. Thomson is of opinion that in the human subject the tænia is produced by swallowing the larvæ of the scolox with the food, the common source of which animal is the cysticercus cellulosæ of measly pork. Upon the whole, the probabilities are that all such diseases will be found, when science has advanced further in this direction, to have a dietetic origin.

THE REVOLUTION IN CALIFORNIA.

One of the most remarkable revolutions ever known in this country—or, indeed, in any country—is now "in the full tide of successful experiment" in California. The people of San Francisco have resolved themselves into the original elements of democracy, taken the laws into their own hands, and repudiated the public authorities, and becoming a law unto themselves, have banded together for their mutual protection and the administration of public justice. What was known as the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, five or six years ago, is now revived, with increased numbers, a more powerful organization, a sterner purpose, and a more fearless system of operations. It is a fearful experiment, a terrible example to set, under a government of laws; but from all the evidence we have in the matter, it seems to have been an absolute necessity—a resort to a higher law, the first law of nature, "self-preservation." The public sentiment throughout the State of California is strongly in favor of the action of the Vigilance Committee; and if the Committee do not abuse their assumed powers, nor continue to exercise them longer than the necessities of the case may require, they will probably stand acquitted and approved before the tribunal of an enlightened public.

The cause of the present revolution is to be found, briefly, in the influx of the "off-scourings" of the earth into San Francisco, including gamblers, thieves, State-prison birds, murderers, convicted felons, and desperate characters of all descriptions. While the honest and respectable portion of the community were absorbed in the whirlpool of business, in eager pursuit after the "almighty dollar," careful to secure their "tithes of mint, annis and cummin," they too much neglected "the weightier matters of the law," as is almost always the case here in New York and other large cities The idlers, loafers and bad men were left to look after such little matters as the elections, the choice of rulers to govern the city and to govern the State, and to distribute all the offices and appointments of emolument, honor and profit.

Under this state of affairs, most of the offices of trust and power gradually worked their way into unworthy and corrupt hands. At last it became a settled thing that the honest people were sure to be beaten at any election, no matter in what numbers they went to the polls, for the ballot-boxes were ingeniously and fraudulently constructed with secret chambers. and "stuffed" with false ballots to insure the election to some accomplice of the desperadoes. Finally, even the criminal laws became a dead letter. Villains had no fear of committing crimes, for they felt sure of escaping the penalties of the law through the sympathies of those whose duty it was to administer the law. Some months ago a desperado by the name of Cora murdered Gen. Richardson, a United States Marshal. The murderer was arrested and put in prison. But there was no prospect of his ever being convicted and punished; he was only detained in prison till a convenient opportunity should occur for his acquittal or escape

More recently another murder was committed, which brought on the crisis. Another desperate character by the name of Casey. a former inmate of the New York State Prison who had gone to San Francisco and become a leader among the rowdies, published a Sunday paper, and had acquired considerable influence; this fellow deliberately shot down in the street Jas. King, the editor and publisher of the Daily Bulletin. The Bulletin was a fearless advocate of reform, and in exposing the villainies and villains of San Francisco, had alluded to the former imprisonment of Casey, and for this the editor was shot down in cold blood. Mr. King was a correct and worthy man, and highly respected throughout the city. His murder was a terrible shock to the community. Casey gave himself up to the authorities, (his friends.) and was committed to prison. The people well knew, if left in the hands of the administrators of the law, a hair of his head would never be injured. They rose up almost as one man, and said *this must not be;* this state of things

must exist no longer. The watchword was passed to the members of the old Vigilance Committee. Their rooms, which had been closed for several years, were reopened, the Committee reorganized, their numbers increased to five or six thousand by the voluntary enrolment of the first merchants, business men, and most respectable citizens of all classes. When all things were in readiness, two or three thousand armed men repaired to the jail and compelled the officers of the law to give up the two murderers, Cora and Casey. They took them to their rooms, and went through the forms of trial. Both were convicted of murder, and sentenced to be hung. The sentence was executed in front of the Committee-rooms in presence of many thousands of the citizens. The Committee considered this but the beginning of the work which public duty required them to perform. They determined to purge the city and the State of these criminal pests, at least so far as to banish them to distant lands. They continued in permanent session day and night. Many culprits were arrested, tried and banished, some to the Sandwich Islands, some to Australia—being shipped by the Committee on vessels bound to those places—and others were warned to leave the State in a given time and never return.

One of the persons thus arrested was Yankee Sullivan, the noted pugilist, formerly of New York. Sullivan had not the nerve to endure the ordeal he was to pass through, and committed suicide in prison. He first, however, made a long and important confession, exposing many of the frauds which had been committed at the elections by stuffed ballot-boxes, etc., and many cases of the darkest and deepest bribery and corruption. The Committee still continue their investigations, and the punishment of the wicked ones is now uniformly banishment. At the last dates the Governor of the State had undertaken to crush out the Committee of Vigilance. He had issued a proclamation declaring them rebels against the authorities of the State, and calling on the people to enroll themselves, en mass, under his authority to rescue the city from their usurped control. But a few hundreds, it is said, responded to his proclamation. He applied to Gen. Wool, the commander of the United States army on the Pacific, for a supply of arms and ammunition, but the General refused to comply with the requisition. In the meantime the Vigilance Committee's forces were constantly increased. At our last dates they were organized into ten regiments; their head quarters were strongly fortified, and they had six thousand stand of arms and thirty pieces of artillery. And the voice of the country, all the way back to the mountains, was calling to the Committee and saying, "go ahead, and if you want a hundred thousand more men, say the word and you can have them." The Vigilance Committee have published their constitution and an able and temperate address to the people. This latter document, which we deem of sufficient importance to copy into our pages, is as follows:

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA.

THE Committee of Vigilance, placed in the position they now occupy by the voice and countenance of the vast majority of their fellow-citizens, as executors of their will, desire to define the necessity which has forced this people into their present organisation.

Great public emergencies demand prompt and vigorous remedies. The people—long suffering under an organized despotism which has invaded their liberties—squandered their property—usurped their offices of trust and emolument—endangered their lives—prevented the expression of their will through the ballot-box, and corrupted the channels of justice—have now arisen in virtue of their inherent right and power All political, religious, and sectional difference and issues have given way to the paramount necessity of a thorough and fundamental reform and purification of the social and political body. The voice of a whole people has demanded union and organization as the only means of making our laws effective, and regaining the rights of free speech, free vote, and public safety.

For years they have patiently waited and striven, in a peaceable manner, and in accordance with the forms of law, to reform the abuses which have made our city a by-word; fraud and violence have foiled every effort, and the laws to which the people looked for protection, while distorted and rendered effete in practice, so as to shield the vile, have been used as a powerful engine to fasten upon us tyranny and misrule.

As republicans, we looked to the ballot-box as our safeguard and sure remedy. But so effectually and so long was its voice smothered, the votes deposited in it by freemen so entirely outnumbered by ballots thrust in through fraud at midnight, or nullified by the false counts of judges and inspectors of elections at noonday, that many doubted whether the majority of the people were not utterly corrupt.

Organized gangs of bad men, of all political parties, or who assumed any particular creed from mercenary and corrupt motives, have parceled out our offices among themselves, or sold them to the highest bidders;

Have provided themselves with convenient tools to obey their nod, as clerks, inspectors, and judges of election;

Have employed bullies and professional fighters to destroy tally lists by force, and prevent peaceable citizens from ascertaining, in a lawful manner, the true number of votes polled at our elections;

And have used cunningly-contrived ballot-boxes, with false sides and bottoms, so prepared that by means of a spring or slide, spurious tickets, concealed there previous to the election, could be mingled with genuine votes.

Of all this we have the most irrefragable proofs. Felons from other lands and States, and unconvicted criminals equally as bad, have thus controlled public funds and property, and have often amassed sudden fortunes without

having done an honest day's work with head or hands. Thus the fair inheritance of our city has been embezzled and squandered; our streets and wharves are in ruins, and the miserable entailment of an enormous debt will bequeath sorrow and poverty to another generation.

The jury box has been tampered with, and our jury trials have been made to shield the hundreds of murderers whose red hands have cemented this tyranny, and silenced with the bowie knife and pistol, not only the free voice of an indignant press, but the shuddering rebuke of the outraged citizen.

To our shame be it said, that the inhabitants of distant lands already know that corrupt men in office, as well as gamblers, shoulder-strikers and other vile tools of unscrupulous leaders, beat, maim and shoot down with impunity, as well peaceable and unoffending citizens, as those reformers who, at the known hazard of their lives, and with singleness of heart, have sought, in a lawful manner, to thwart the schemes of public plunder or to awaken investigation.

Embodied in the principles of Republican Governments are the truths that the majority should rule, and when corrupt officials, who have fraudulently seized the reins of authority, designedly thwart the execution of the laws and avert punishment from the notoriously guilty, the power they usurp reverts back to the people from whom it was wrested.

Realizing these truths, and confident that they were carrying out the will of the vast majority of the citizens of this county, the Committee of Vigilance, under a solemn sense of the responsibility that rested upon them, have calmly and dispassionately weighed the evidences before them, and decreed the death of some and banishment of others, who by their crimes and villainies had stained our fair land. With those that were banished this comparatively moderate punishment was chosen, not because ignominious death was not deserved, but that the error, if any, might surely be upon the side of mercy to the criminal There are others scarcely less guilty, against whom the same punishment has been decreed, but they have been allowed further time to arrange for their final departure, and with the hope that permission to depart voluntarily might induce repentance, and repentance amendment, they have been suffered to choose, within limits, their own time and method of going.

Thus far, and throughout their arduous duties, they have been, and will be guided by the most conscientious convictions of imperative duty; and they earnestly hope that in endeavoring to mete out merciful justice to the guilty, their counsels may be so guided by that Power before whose tribunal we shall all stand, that in the vicissitudes of after life, amid the calm reflections of old age and in the clear view of dying conscience, there may be found nothing we would regret or wish to change.

We have no friends to reward, no enemies to punish, no private ends to accomplish.

Our single, heartfelt aim is the public good; the purging from our community of those abandoned characters whose actions have been evil continually, and have finally forced upon us the efforts we are now making. We have no favoritism as a body, nor shall there be evinced in any of our acts, either partiality for, or prejudice against any race, sect or party.

While thus far we have not discovered on the part of our constituents any indications of lack of confidence, and have no reason to doubt that the great majority of the inhabitants of the country indorse our acts, and desire us to continue the work of weeding out the irreclaimable characters from the community, we have, with deep regret, seen that some of the State authorities have felt it their duty to organize a force to resist us. It is not impossible for us to realize that not only those who have sought place with a view to public plunder, but also those gentlemen who, in accepting offices to which they were honestly elected, have sworn to support the laws of the State of California, find it difficult to reconcile their supposed duties with acquiescence in the acts of the Committee of Vigilance, since they do not reflect that perhaps more than three-fourths of the entire State sympathize with and indorse our efforts, and as that all law emanates from the people, so that, when the laws thus enacted are not executed, the power returns to the people, and is theirs whenever they choose to exercise it. These gentlemen would not have hesitated to acknowledge this self-evident truth had the people chosen to make their present movement a complete revolution, recalled all the power they had delegated, and reissued it to new agents under new forms.

Now, because the people have not seen fit to resume *all* the powers they have confided to executive or legislative office, it certainly does not follow that they cannot, in the exercise of their inherent sovereign power, withdraw from corrupt and unfaithful servants the authority they have used to thwart the ends of justice.

Those officers whose mistaken sense of duty leads them to array themselves against the determined action of the people, whose servants they have become, may be respected while their errors may be regretted, but none can envy the future reflections of that man who, whether in the heat of malignant passion or with the vain hope of preserving by violence a position obtained through fraud and bribery, seeks under the color of law to enlist the outcasts of society as a hireling soldiery in the service of the State, or urges criminals, by hopes of plunder, to continue, at the cost of civil war, the reign of ballot-box stuffers, suborners of witnesses, and tamperers with the jury-box.

The Committee of Vigilance believe that the people have intrusted to them the duty of gathering evidence, and, after due trial, expelling from the community those ruffians and assassins who have so long outraged the peace and good order of society, violated the ballot-box, overridden law and thwarted justice.

Beyond the duties incident to this we do not desire to interfere with the details of Government.

We have spared and shall spare no effort to avoid bloodshed or civil war, but, undeterred by threats of opposing organizations, shall continue—peacefully if we can, forcibly if we must—this work of reform, to which we have pledged our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

Our labors have been arduous, our deliberations have been cautious, our determinations firm, our counsels prudent, our motives pure, and while regretting the imperious necessity which called us into action, we are anxious that this necessity should exist no longer; and when our labors shall have been accomplished, when the community shall be freed from the evils it has so long endured—when we have insured to our citizens an honest and vigorous protection of their rights, then the Committee of Vigilance will find great pleasure in resigning their power into the hands of the people, from whom it was received.

Published by order of the Committee,

[Seal of the Committee.] SECRETARY.

MRS. AUSTIN AND THE BEAR.

One of the great and almost insurmountable difficulties attendant upon the settlement of a new country is that of rearing farm stock, and preserving it from the attacks of wild beasts. The experience of the pioneers of civilization in the valley of the Ohio, on this point, taught them that, until the country became more fully settled, and the increase of inhabitants so great as to drive back the denizens of the forest to more distant lairs, they must depend upon their rifles alone for a supply of animal food for the table. On the principle of recompense, perhaps, it was not so hard as it might otherwise seem, for when pork and beef were scarce, "bar meat" was plenty—and *vice versa*. But then, it was hard when one took a notion to raise a pig or two to furnish his table in time of need, to find it missing some bright morning, and know that all that pork had gone to fill the greedy stomach of a bear or "painter." Many and frequent were the encounters at the sty between the settler and his dusky neighbor, the bear, in which the contest for the possession of the pork was maintained with vigor and determination on the one side, and on the other with a hungry energy which was deserving of commendation, if not of success.

Except when he could accomplish his object by stealth, however, bruin seldom came off the victor. The first note of alarm was sufficient to call from his pallet the watchful hunter, and the deadly rifle generally sent the intruder off a cripple, or stretched his carcass on the greensward, a trophy to the skill of his opponent. The women, too, were not backward in defense of their porcine friends when necessity called for exertion on their part to save them from destruction, as is evidenced by several anecdotes of their intrepidity on such occasions.

A Mrs. John Austin, of Geneva Township, one day, while her husband was absent from home, was alarmed by the sound of an unusual commotion among her pigs, and looking in the direction of the sty, which stood just back of the cabin, she beheld a bear just in the act of climbing over the inclosure among a group of three or four promising shoats, which she fondly hoped would one day fill the pork barrel and serve to supply her table with animal food during the long dreary months of the next Winter. For a period of many weeks had she nursed, watched and fed them, in anticipation of their future usefulness, and she could not bear the thought of parting with them. But how to save them?—that was the question. There was no one near to aid in their salvation, and she must depend upon herself, or lose her pork. The danger was imminent, and decisive action necessary. Her mind was soon made up; she'd save her pigs, or perish in the attempt. Calling her children, she sent them up into the loft and took away the ladder, that they might be safe in case she was unsuccessful or should be overcome by the bear. Taking down her husband's rifle, which hung on its pegs behind the door of the cabin, she carefully examined it to see if it was loaded, but, in her haste, overlooked the *priming*. The increasing confusion in the sty warned her that delays were dangerous, and she sallied forth to encounter bruin, who was already on his way to the forest with one of the pigs in his arms. The latter was giving vent to his fears in the most piercing and pitiful tones, while his captor, intent only on securing his prize, was marching off at a rapid pace on his hind feet, holding the pig as a mother holds her babe, and indifferent alike to his struggles and his pathetic appeals for mercy and relief. A momentary tremor seized upon the frame of the heroine, and the blood ran chill through her heart, as her gaze revealed the figure of a bear of the largest size—an antagonist whom many a stalwart hunter would have hesitated before attacking. No time was given her, however, to deliberate, for the bear had discovered her approach almost as soon as she turned the corner of the cabin. Dropping his burden, he turned to face his enemy, and presented a front which might have appalled a much stouter heart than that of our heroine; while the pig—language fails us in the attempt to describe the emotions which filled the breast of that now overjoyed pig, as he took his way with hasty strides to his former quarters, and snuggled down by the side of his companions, with many a grunt of satisfaction at his escape from the jaws of impending death. We leave it to the imagination of our readers, with the aid of the illustration, to supply a deficiency which our pen is utterly incapable of doing.

Standing thus at bay, in an attitude which threatened an attack on his part, the bear awaited the coming of his adversary. Fortunately, between her and him there was a Virginia worm fence, which formed a sort of breastwork, and offered a very eligible rest for her rifle. Resting her weapon upon the upper rail of the fence, she kneeled upon one knee, and took deliberate aim at the heart of her savage enemy. For the space of a minute the two remained in this position, until, assured of her aim, Mrs. Austin pulled the trigger. To her

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horror and dismay, the steel emitted sparks, but no report followed. The trusty rifle had missed fire. How shall we describe the feelings which heaved her bosom, as her eye glanced along the barrel until it rested upon the dark form of the bear, fearing lest he should spring upon her and tear her limb from limb. Her own life, and the lives of her children rested upon the success of her shot, and should he change his position so as to present a less vulnerable part to her aim, she felt that her hope was void and her fate certain. The animal still remained in the same position, however, and with as little movement as possible she drew back the hammer, and again aimed full at his breast. Again the piece missed fire, and her heart sank within her as she saw the bear move, as though he disliked his ambiguous position, and desired to change it. Not daring to lower her piece to examine it, and hoping that the third attempt might be more effectual, she again essayed to discharge it; but when, for the third time it failed to explode, she felt a sensation of horror creep over her which seemed to curdle the life-blood in her veins, and her limbs seemed palsied with terror as the bear—

who had by this time become disgusted with the idea of being made a target of—and that, too, by a woman—dropped upon all fours, and, as she thought, prepared to spring upon her. Satisfied, however, with his own exhibition of prowess—or, perhaps, fearful of attacking one who had shown herself so brave, he turned on his heels, and started off on a sidelong trot for the woods, the deep recesses of which soon hid him from sight.

Perhaps it was fortunate for Mrs. Austin that her rifle failed to explode. Had she wounded the animal instead of killing him, or failed to hit a vital part, no power on earth could have saved her from his savage vengeance. A wounded bear is one of the most terrific beasts to encounter, and the hunter will seldom attack one of these dusky denizens of the forest unless he has other arms to depend upon, should his rifle fail to strike the seat of life. She did not stop to consider the subject, however, but hastening back to her cabin, she threw herself upon the floor, and gave vent to her overwrought feelings in a flood of tears. The excitement which had gradually wrought her up to a fearful pitch of feeling was gone, and the revulsion was so great as to completely unnerve her. She soon rallied again, and her first act, on becoming more calm, was to offer thanks to that Providence which had watched over and protected her in her hour of need.

SARATOGA.

It is one of the peculiarities of our country that the history of every city, town and hamlet may be traced to its rude beginnings; the log cabin and little clearing that first dotted the wilderness, each has its romantic story, and though it may not be like the associations which cluster around the castles of the old world, the legendary tales of giants and genii, it is not the less sacredly embalmed in the memory of some "old family," and enshrined in the affections of their descendants. The strongholds of our forefathers were their brave hearts, and the strong right arm their sure defense. The trophies of their victories are the broad acres their children now cultivate, and the monuments of their skill are the cities and villages that stand almost as thickly as stood the forest trees in the days of the red man's glory.

In the seventh year of the reign of Queen Anne, on the second day of November, 1708, was granted to certain of her loving subjects the famous patent of Kayaderosseras, in the County of Saratoga. There were then perhaps twenty persons where there are now a hundred thousand, and the lands which are worth millions of dollars were then "sold for £4 ($10) quit rent, to be paid, in current money of the State of New York, yearly, forever on the feast day of the Annunciation of our blessed Virgin Mary," (commonly called Lady Day,) &c., &c. Besides the sum paid to the Crown, the original lords of the soil received "£60 ($150) current money of the Province of New York, and of sundry goods to them in hand paid." Another part of the stipulation with the Crown was, that a settlement should be made within seven years, or the title should be forfeited; and so little value was placed upon the purchase that not a clearing was made till they were on the point of forfeiture. In 1715 the first hut was built, and a hundred thousand acres was the bribe which tempted the adventurer to shoulder his ax and penetrate so far into the wilderness.

From that time until the close of the French war little more was done toward establishing permanent villages along the frontier, for the inhabitants were constantly exposed to the ravages of war, and had little time or opportunity to cultivate the arts of peace. It is known that the Indians were in the habit of slaking their thirst and washing, in order to be cleansed, in the fountains which are now used for the healing of the nations; but yet it is evident that they had no idea of the real value of the hills and valleys with which they parted for so paltry a sum. Gold was to them only a glittering bauble, and could they have foreseen that these rocks, and the sparkling waters which issued from their sides, could be coined by the white man into gold, they would not, perhaps, have *received the price*. That it was a good hunting ground they knew, but they knew also that the deer and the moose would flee before the step of the pale-face, and the smoke of the wigwam would not curl around the white man's cabin. So they fell back before the march of the pursuer, till. beyond the prairies and the great lakes, they have almost wasted away.

Sir William Johnson the Indian believed to be his friend. Alas, so prone was his own heart to kindness that he trusted his enemy when he spoke in the bland tones of friendship. The baronet wooed and won an Indian maiden, and the sister of the proudest of forest chieftains became the wife of one of England's titled lords. With her he obtained the favor of all her people, and lands without limit were added

to his possessions, and in the Revolutionary struggle all the warriors of the Six Nations rallied around the standard of Britain's King.

There is told a story that King Hendrick, another famous chief, once said to him: "Sir William, I have dreamed a dream."

"Well, what is it?" said the baron.

"I dreamed that the new regimental suit which you have lately worn became mine."

By the Indian's creed a dream was prophetic, and not to have granted what was thus typified as belonging to dreams would have been a breach of good faith and friendship. So the costly gold embroidered suit passed into the hands of the lord of the forest. Some time afterward, when the stratagem was forgotten by the Indian, Sir William says to him: "King Hendrick, I have had a curious dream."

"What is it?" was the reply.

"I dreamed that all the lands which lie within certain borders included in your dominions were mine."

"They are yours," said the chief; "but I will be careful how I dream with your Honor again."

Thus the skillful tactician gained what the stern conqueror could never have done.

Sir William acquired his title by defending Fort William Henry, and was wounded in the defense of Lake George, after which he took up his residence at Johnstown, about thirty miles west of the Springs.

With his name is connected the first authenticated account of the remedial efficacy of the mineral waters. He was ill, and the Indians said, "Come to the fountain which we will show you and be healed." They bore him on a litter through the woods, and he was three days making what was then dignified by the name of an "EXPEDITION."

He drank and was healed. There was no telegraph, no railroad, and scarcely a printing press in the land to send abroad the tidings. It was nevertheless told in Gath, and published in the streets of Askelon; and it is not strange that now the glory thereof has filled the whole earth.

There are those living who well remember when Saratoga was little more than a wilderness, who look around upon the thousands and thousands who assemble here—the beauty, wealth and fashion of the world—and think, "When I was a child and ran in careless play upon the sand, a few forlorn and pallid invalids were all that reminded me that my birthplace was for anything renowned." "I came here," said an old gentleman, "when there were but three good-looking houses in the place." Here is an old lady who watched the gradations of fashion more than seventy years at the most fashionable watering-place in the world, and can assure modern belles that they are not the inventors of hoops, or of scarcely any other extravagance. Here is a description of the petticoat in the days of old, and though not referring to a period quite so modern as the one she could remember, will apply equally well to any time in which it was worn: "The hoop has been known to expand and contract itself from the size of a butter-churn to the circumference of three hogsheads. Many are the inconveniences that accrue to her Majesty's loving subjects from the petticoats—as hurting men's shins, sweeping down the wares of industrious females in the street, &c. I sometimes entertained myself by observing what a large quantity of ground was hid under a spreading petticoat; and what little patches of earth were covered by creatures with wigs and hats in comparison to those spaces that were distinguished by flounces, fringes and petticoats." The petticoats are blown up into an enormous concave, and rise every day more and more. If the men should adopt the fashion of trunk hose, a man and his wife would fill a whole pew in church.

Afterward the petticoat was spoken of as "frightfully scanty," the shoes elaborately sandaled, the stockings of thick silk, and the pocket handkerchief as bearing a good seamstress hem, subject to no other ornament than its neat red mark in the corner.

Long, pointed waists, laced in front over white or colored satin, are by no means a modern invention, and the *sacques* and *negliges* of the present day are an exact copy of those worn half a century ago. Neither are the "strong-minded women" of our time the only ones who have donned male attire. Ladies are described by one writer as wearing cloth pelisses, formed like a man's coat, with a velvet collar, a round black beaver hat, silk cravat, and boots with high military heels, a sprigged black lace vail; the troussers, which peeped below the short petticoat, alone showing the weaker sex. This would correspond very well with the riding dress of a modern belle, but the driving dress of that period was a box coat and cape, a round white beaver hat, a cravat, and *Hessian boots;* the costume beneath the coat consisted of a cambric dress, sitting close to the form, sometimes without even a plait in the skirt, and gored in such a manner as to disclose the shape of the limbs. The robe was

netimes even dampened to make it sit closer. e lighter the clothing, the more fashionable. Those who think there is nothing like the ex- vagance of the Saratoga fashionables of the sent day, may here learn that our grandames re not without the feminine weaknesses ich led them to study the effects of toilet te as assiduously as is done by a modern le.

t was from the bubbling fountain inclosed in curious formation called "High Rock" t Sir William Johnson drank, and this, with "Flat Rock Spring," were the only ones erally known. The "Congress," which may some of its celebrity to its grand sounding ne, was discovered in 1792, and was seen is- ng from a little fissure in the rock; and for ny years was caught in tumblers as it ed, without any effort to enlarge the stream ncrease the facility of furnishing it to greater nbers. It is a well-authenticated statement moose and deer were in the habit of nging these waters to quench their thirst, ecause the peculiar taste was grateful to palates; and for many years after in- ls and fashionables made it a Summer nt, a group of Indian cabins might be seen, and there, in the surrounding forest, with lusky inmates sallying forth to fish in the m or hunt game in the woods. They have since resigned all right and title to the rietorship of the bright valley which was ng to them a cherished spot, and seem con- that a hated race should possess the soil which they were so long undisputed mon- . Yet there is every year a little rem- the degenerate sons of a noble race, who and pitch their tents within the village bs, and, living in filth and degredation, heir insignificant wares to those who have n rich upon the spoils of a crushed and ered people.

t there is now and then a remnant of y among them, even as they are, that at- the admiration and wins the love of a orn youth; and not many years since a naired maiden found herself perseveringly l by one whose wealth and high position d him among the noblemen of a Republi- nd. He did not dream of being rejected he offered his hand to a forest damsel, e said "Nay" to his wooings. for she did l consider herself of a nobler lineage, and nderstood too well that in his luxurious where he promised she should be his she would only live his slave. She said " and returned to her forest home to give her heart to a chieftain of her own tribe, to share with him the wigwam, and dress for him deerskins and cook for him venison, content. This is all that remains for her people.

It is not two hundred years since the whole surrounding country was an unbroken wilderness, and it seems impossible that anything less than the magic wand of some genii or fairy could have transformed it into a scene like the one on which I now gaze. From a neighboring site my vision encircles the length and breadth of the valley. The three great hotels are the salient points, and, when peopled by their throngs of Summer pleasure-seekers, are little villages by themselves. Each will comfortably lodge some six hundred persons, and each is furnished with all the elegancies of a luxurious home. Congress Hall was built in 1812, but, with only about half its present capacity. For many years it was the chosen retreat of the wealth and fashion of the nation; but, though seeming so spacious when it was first erected, it soon became narrow in its proportions and dingy in its adornings. The Union was then erected opposite, and in 1824 the United States, with cottages in the form of three sides of a parallelogram inclosing an open court, the grounds of which are entirely shut out from the noise of streets and the gaze of passers-by, and kept in all the perfection of an English park. Well we remember the first morning we looked out upon it, when the sun was just gilding the tree tops, and the birds were performing a grand oratorio that struck upon our ears as the sweetest melody we had ever heard by art or nature's musicians.

In 1855 Congress Hall was purchased by Hathorn & Hall, and, besides being entirely remodelled, increased to double its original capacity. Promenade ten times across its grand piazza and you have walked a mile. Being opposite the Union, the two seem like one, and the guests of both like members of one family. Putnam & Payne are now the proprietors of the Union, and they have this year added largely and improved greatly their establishment, which covers four acres of ground, inclosing a garden which is as quiet as any rural green, and rarely beautiful.

There can be no rivalship between these three hotels, and *the season* exhibits little variation in the amount of their patronage. Besides these are the American, the Crescent and Columbian, and innumerable private residences where visitors find the comfort and quiet of their secluded homes.

In the valley are nearly two hundred differ-

ent Springs, each differing from the other in some essential ingredient, which seems too marvelous to credit, but has been so well established that truth is in no danger now from the repetition. In one place there is a group of ten, in another three—but, however near together, never exactly alike. But the Congress, Empire and Hamilton are most used, and most agreeable to the taste. But around the Congress alone gathers the fashionable throng, because it is situated at the entrance of a beautiful park, where thousands may take a morning walk and scarcely meet by the way.

Pleasure is conducive to health as well as health to pleasure, and people always seek as much as possible to combine the two. We are always reminded of the pool of Bethesda as we stand waiting, not to be dipped in the water, but to have the water dipped for us, and no where else in the world, except perhaps at Baden-Baden, is presented a scene like the one we look upon any pleasant Summer morning beneath this crystal dome and along these graveled walks—thronged with lords and ladies gay; the air filled with the music of the band, the music of birds and the music of waters. It is the crowd of a great city, without its bustle and its noise, and here are the representatives of every kindred, tongue and people.

It must be that the waters are life and health to all who come, for the number who have tested them must now be millions. But it is curious that the gas which escapes from them is immediately fatal to the lives of all animals which happen to be immersed in it, and even fishes and frogs survive but a short time in the water. A sprightly live mouse was confined in the bottom of a glass which was filled with the gas, and it expired in less than a minute. A lighted taper will immediately be extinguished if immersed in it.

Bread made of the water, together with sour cream, is very light and palatable when warm, but when cold becomes heavy and clammy, like unleavened bread. It is much used by country people for hot flores and Indian cakes.

To add to the attractions of the waters the Saratogians invent, discover and congregate every species of amusement to tempt those who come to tarry; and after breakfast the throngs to the billiard rooms, ten-pin alleys, and some more exceptionable places, are as regular as to the spring. Amusement is the watchword, and it is very amusing to see those who scarcely believe in smiling at home partake freely of all that is set before them, quieting their consciences by saying, "It is only at Saratoga; once in our lives we may see a little of the world," and so they dance, and dress, and play; but what effect it has when they return to the hum-drum of every-day life we cannot say. We are inclined to think, however, that it is good, and not evil.

The assembling together of so many of different tastes, prejudices and habits produce an amalgamation and neutralization which is most beneficial to a great people. On the plains of Saratoga was struck the death blow to British tyranny, thus rendering it a *hallowed spot* to every American heart; and it is meet that here should gather together, from the four quarters of the Union, those who have inherited freedom as a birth-right, to talk with one another and strengthen national unity and love of country. It is the National Exchange, where the balances of interest are poised more gently, but more truly, than amid the wranglings of the Capitol.

AUNT BECKY'S LOAD OF WOOD.

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

Aunt Becky was poor; but she could not help that, and was not to blame for it. Her poverty was owing to circumstances entirely beyond her control. Like thousands of others of the poor of this world, whose "destruction is their poverty," she plodded through her daily little round with one single thought in her head, and that was how to keep soul and body together for that single day. Obeying the divine injunction, she took no thought for the morrow—"Sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof," to her. Her husband long ago took to drink, and soon went the way of all drunkards—first to the watch-house; then to Blackwell's Island; and then to Potter's Field. Before his final departure, however, he had managed to strip their humble tenement of everything movable, and sold it by piecemeal, day after day, for rum.

First went the little sofa-couch. It was hied away while Aunt Becky was gone to market, and she could get no trace of it afterward. Aunt Becky wept. It was the only genteel thing they had in the house. She had made the covering of it with her own hands; and it was a comfort to her to sit on it; and when her friends and neighbors occasionally dropped in to have a little chat, it was a comfort to her to ask them to sit on the sofa; and when they praised the nice article, the little glow of honest pride that mantled Aunt Becky's healthful cheek was surely pardonable. Aunt Becky

wept; and her husband told her she was a fool; he said the thing was no sort of use; they had plenty of chairs in the house, and she could sit on them. And so she did for a time, and tried to become reconciled to her loss; but presently the chairs began to disappear, one by one, till at last there were only two broken-backed ones left, that could not be sold for a three-cent drink.

Then the dishes in her neatly arranged cupboard slyly disappeared from time to time, till none but cracked and broken ones remained. And then some of her best clothes, and finally the mattrass on which she rested her weary limbs at night, all were taken stealthily away, and sold to pay for rum. At last the body of the brutalized and self-destroyed husband was taken away also, at the public charge, and buried in Potter's Field, leaving Aunt Becky pennyless, with one poor idiot boy twelve years old to feed, besides herself.

In a few days the landlord called for his month's rent in advance. Aunt Becky had nothing to pay with, and the charitable landlord gave her till the next day to clear out. She found a friend, a widow, as poor as herself, who occupied one small room with five small children. She told Aunt Becky to bring Johnny along, and they would try to do the best they could. So there were eight in that small room, to cook, eat, and sleep, when they could get anything to cook; and in the same room too, they did their washing and other work, when they could get anything to do. But if the widows had little else, they had abundance of kindness, and that made their lot comfortable.

Aunt Becky was forty; but she looked much older, for her hard lot in life had given her a careworn look, and brought wrinkles before their time. Still she had a vigorous constitution, and large powers of endurance, and could perform more labor than most women much younger than herself. That, however, availed but little, for she was poor; and the world around her was cold and selfish, and much of the time she could not get work to do. And when she did find work, her remuneration was screwed down to the smallest pittance. And then her purchases of the necessaries of life were all made at very great disadvantage. Her dollar never brought her so much by twenty-five per cent, and sometimes not so much by fifty per cent, as the rich man's dollar brought him.

Aunt Becky had to buy her coals by the bushel or by the peck, paying at the rate of eight dollars a tun, while the rich man paid but five dollars. She had to buy her little groceries by the pound, and the half-pound, and quarter pound, at a nominal price of ten to twenty per cent more than the rich man paid for his, who bought them by the quantity. Worse than all this, while the rich man obtained his full weight and measure, Aunt Becky's weight and measure generally came to her light and short. And to cap the climax, while the dealers gave out their best articles to the rich customer, the poor, damaged, unsalable articles were turned off upon Aunt Becky; for anything would do for the poor old woman. What if she did find fault and scold? Nobody cared; it was only a poor old woman. Verily, "the destruction of the poor is their poverty."

But Aunt Becky took things like a philosopher. Nothing really troubled her, save when her scanty means failed to procure a comfortable meal for Johnny. The boy's clouded intellect and inactive brain were fearfully balanced by a very active stomach. It took no small amount of food to satisfy his hungry cravings, and when not promptly supplied, he was sure to make a great ado about it, and his piteous moans and half-uttered complaints, which nobody but Aunt Becky understood, always reached her heart as soon as they did her ear. She cared little for herself; she could get through the day with a cold potato or a crust of bread without murmuring; but she had a tender love for her idiot boy, and Johnny's cry for bread gnawed at her own heart more painfully than the keenest pangs of hunger.

So, Aunt Becky's great business in life was to feed her idiot Johnny; and when she was able to do that, the day passed cheerfully and happily with her. Whatever little sum she might be able to procure by her toil through the day, Johnny's supper and breakfast was a pretty sure thing. If the sum was small, the provisions were of poorer quality; and if very small, she went without her own meal in order that Johnny might have enough. When her day's work brought her larger returns, her treasury was usually empty by the next morning, for Johnny was so fond of good things, and it did her so much good to see him eat them, that the luxury of the meal was always limited only by the last penny in her purse. So that in one respect Johnny's fare was like the manna in the wilderness; if Aunt Becky gathered little, he had no lack, and if she gathered much there was nothing over.

Aunt Becky had not long enjoyed the hospi-

taliy of her poor friend, the Widow Niles, (for there is no use in our keeping her name a secret, and thus depriving her of the praise that is her due,) before they began to discover that there were many advantages in their living together to counterbalance the inconveniences of a crowded room. They could do many things together better than one could do them alone. When Mrs. Niles was obliged to go out on errands or to procure work, Aunt Becky took care of the little children. And when Aunt Becky was abroad, her heart was quite at rest, for she knew Johnny would be kindly taken care of. So they lived in a sort of a miscellaneous partnership. The terms and conditions of their firm were not defined and fixed by the laws of the land—Aunt Becky and poor widow Niles were "a law unto themselves," and needed no written code to bind them to the path of duty. They had no disputing about accounts, no quarreling on settlement days, and no heart-burnings about the division of their profits. One law they knew by heart, and they practised upon it too—do unto others as you would have others do to you.

Widow Niles was of a delicate constitution and slender frame, but little able to stand exposure and battle with the rough elements of the heartless world around her, while Aunt Becky was robust and resolute, and well calculated to overcome difficulties. It was very natural, therefore, that they should come to the conclusion or understanding that the Widow Niles should, as a general thing, look after household matters, and that Aunt Becky should attend to the outdoor work, such as soliciting washing, sewing, going to market, etc. They were both good washers, and could do something at the needle. They tried their hand for a time at making shirts for sixpence apiece; but with all their dilligence, and working sixteen hours a day, they could not get bread enough for eight mouths, more especially as Johnny was included in the number. They therefore had to fall back upon washing as their main resource. In this occupation, by the weary endurance of severe labor, and prolonging their hours late into the night, they literally made both ends of the day meet, and kept themselves and children from starvation.

AUNT BECKY WOODING UP.

Seth Winslow was a neighbor to the poor widows, but more in the scripture definition of that term than in the vicinity of his residence; for

e did not even live on the same street. Ie was an industrious mechanic, well to do in he world, and occupied a comfortable house ı a cleanly strreet, while the widows' humble uarters were in one of those filthy by-streets f the great metropolis occupied promiscuously y poverty and crime. Yet Mr. Winslow was ɔt a stranger to the two widows. The nearest ay to his place of business led him directly y the dilapidated house where they had the ·ivilege of occupying a very uncomfortable ɔm at a very unreasonable rent. He was a ·ry early riser, but he had never gone to his ɔrk so early that he had not observed the dows already hard at work before him; nor turned so late at night that he had not seen em by the dim light of their tallow candle ll bending over the ıshtub or the iron-g-board. Seth Wins-v was a man of ıdly and humane lings. He had long :nessed the hard -struggle of these ɔ poor women, and l several times con-ɔuted something help them round rp corners, and therefore fairly ıed the right to :alled their *neigh-*

ne day while Mr. ıslow was at din-his daughter y, a kind-hearted, ly girl of twelve s came into the ı with a fine be-ɔlent glow mant-her face and ıing from her and accosted ather as follows: 'a t h e r, Aunt y is to the door, creature, and she know what to She's been all l the street try-ɔ pick up some and sticks or hing to keep her fire agoing, and :an't find any-thing. And her fire is all out, and her coals are all gone, and she has n't got a stick of wood, andno money to buy any. And she says if she can't get through with her washing and ironing to day, they won't have a mouthful of anything to eat to-morrow. Then won't poor Johnny make a time? Now, father, may n't I give her a few sticks of wood out of the wood house?"

"Oh, yes, yes, Mary; give Aunt Becky a few sticks of wood, so she can get through with her washing."

"Well, how many sticks, father?"

"Oh, give her an armful; give her an armful, my child."

"An armful, father? what, my armful or her armful?"

ROBERTS SC

ONE STICK TOO MUCH.

"Why her armful, of course, child."

"Well, how big an armful? or how many sticks, father?"

"Why, my child, give her as much as she can carry in her arms."

Away went Mary, with a light heart, and called Aunt Becky to the wood-house.

"Now, Aunt Becky, your washing has got to be done. Father has told me to give you some wood, so you can do your washing. He told me to give you as much as you can carry in your arms. Now, how much can you carry, Aunt Becky?"

"The Lord knows," said Aunt Becky, with the happiest look of resignation, "for I never tried; but I'll see."

Grasping a corner of her stout apron in each hand, she spread out a capacious platform, on which to erect a pyramid of wood.

"There, Mary, I'll hold so, and now you pile on the wood; that's a good child."

Mary piled on a clever armful. "There, Aunt Becky, isn't that as much as you can carry?"

"Oh, no," said Aunt Becky, "I can carry a good deal more than that."

Mary piled on several sticks more. "There, Aunt Becky, I know your arms will ache if I pile on any more."

"No, no," said Aunt Becky, "more yet, more yet, better let my arms ache once than hear Johnny cry all day to-morrow. Put on them three sticks there 'tother side of you, that's a good child."

Mary complied. "Why, Aunt Becky, I'm afraid you'll let it fall. It's up to your chin now."

"Oh, no, I guess I can carry more yet. Put on them two sticks this side of you."

The two sticks were carefully added to the load.

"Here's room for another stick on my left arm," said Aunt Becky.

Mary hesitatingly added another stick. "Why, Aunt Becky, you never can carry it in the world."

"Oh, yes I can," said Aunt Becky, as she carefully rose and turned toward the door, when her eye was arrested by a very tempting stick of dry kindling-wood. "There, put that stick on, Mary, and I guess that will do."

Aunt Becky probably had never heard how the last feather broke the camel's back. Mary very carefully laid on the last dry stick, and Mr. Winslow came out just in time to see the last motion. Aunt Becky took one slow step toward the door, when snap went her apron strings, and down went her whole load upon the ground. Aunt Becky stood motionless a moment—a perfect picture of despair. Then turning quickly with a half-imploring and half-confident glance at her benefactor, she exclaimed with earnest simplicity, "You see, I can go twice, I can go twice, Mr. Winslow."

Mr. Winslow's mouth puckered and his eye twinkled, as he replied with a benevolent smile, "Yes, yes, Aunt Becky, that's it; you can go twice, and that will make it all right."

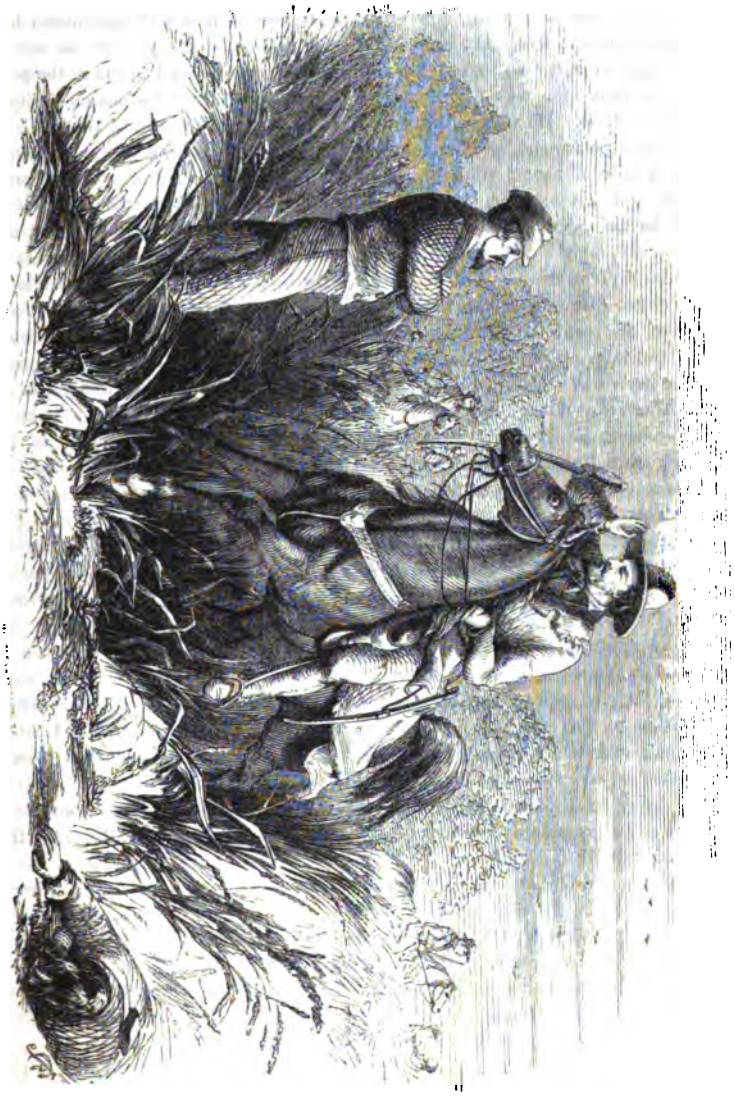
CAPTURE OF SANTA ANNA.

The sun rose bright and beautiful on the morning of the 21st of April, 1836, and shone with an unwonted brilliancy over one of those vast savannahs so characteristic of our south-western borders. Its earliest beams shone full in the face of the lion-hearted hero of modern Texas, as he lay sleeping at the foot of a solitary post-oak, which stood a little apart from a grove of timber on the edge of one of those vast prairies. The noisy bustle of the camp which surrounded him betokened preparations for the stirring scenes of battle, and all, save he, seemed wrought to the highest pitch of excitement and activity, in anticipation of the coming events of the day. Tired, worn and weary, he had thrown himself at the foot of this monarch of the forest, with his head resting upon a coil of rope for a pillow, to snatch from the passing moments a brief repose from the arduous duties of command. Arousing himself as the first beam of the coming orb of day shone full in his face, he sprang to his feet, and, casting his eyes upon that luminary, exclaimed: "The sun of Austerlitz has risen again." 'Twas the natal day of Texan independence. The little band of seven hundred brave and determined men who woke that day to do battle for their country's cause, were about to confront a force of three times their number, commanded by the Mexican Napoleon, in defense of their lives, their liberties, and their homes. The fate of Texas rested with that little army, and the events of that day were to decide whether, like a scourged whelp, she was to lie supine at the feet of her tyrant, and lick the hand that chastised her—or, like the glorious eagle-bird of America, she was to soar on the wings of freedom, to take her place among the free and independent nations of the earth.

As that sun went down the western horizon, his departing rays rested upon the person of that war-worn hero, reclining upon the same rude and rugged couch from which it awakened

at its coming on the birth of that eventful . But how different the scenes. Then, two isand men, in serried ranks, and in "all the e and pomp of glorious war," awaited with utmost confidence the onset of that brave devoted little band, who, to all appear-s, were rushing into the embrace of certain h. Now his fading light shone upon groups igitives flying in desperate haste from that 'ul and bloody field; while the thrilling awful battle-cry: "Remember the Alamo!" ding at their heels, precipitated their head-flight. One half their number lay stiff and where the knives and rifle balls of their lies had laid them; scores had fallen, as they fled, under the revengeful blows of their pursuers, and great numbers had sunk in death in the morass and bayou, which were bridged over with the carcasses of men, horses and mules. The victory was won, and Texan independence had been gained. Those noble-hearted, brave and hardy men returned to their camp, and laid them down to rest, conscious that the possession of all those cherished privileges for which they had so desperately fought was theirs.

Eight hundred Mexicans were prisoners in the hands of their enemies; but the prize, without which the victory would have been incomplete, had escaped their grasp. "The Napo-



THE CAPTURE OF SANTA ANNA BY LIEUTENANT SYLVESTER.

leon of the West"—the Dictator of Mexico—had not been taken. Early on the morning of the following day, Houston sent out various parties in pursuit of the fugitive. "You will find the 'Hero of Tampico,'" said Houston, "if you find him at all, making his retreat on all fours, and he will be dressed as bad, at least, as a common soldier. Examine closely every man you find."

Lieutenant Sylvester, a volunteer from Cincinnati, was riding over the prairie on a fine horse, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when he saw a man making his way toward Vince's Bridge. The moment he found himself pursued, the fugitive fell down in the grass. Sylvester dashed on in that direction, and his horse came very near trampling him down. The man sprang to his feet, and, apparently without the slightest surprise, looked his captor full in the face. He was disguised in a miserable rustic dress. He wore a skin cap, a round jacket, and pantaloons of blue domestic cotton, with a pair of coarse soldier's shoes. But his face and his manners bespoke too plainly that he belonged to a different class than his garb betokened; and underneath his coarse disguise, Sylvester saw that he wore a shirt of the finest cambric. "You are an officer, I perceive, sir," said the horseman, touching his hat politely. "No, soldier," was his reply, and he drew out a letter in Spanish, addressed to Almonte. When he saw there was no hope of escape, he inquired for General Houston. By this time Sylvester had been joined by several of his comrades, and mounting his prisoner behind him, they rode off together to the camp, several miles distant. As he passed the Mexican prisoners, they exclaimed with the greatest surprise, as they lifted their caps—"*El Presidente!*"

Humble and dejected, the prisoner was conducted into the presence of his conqueror, whom he found lying asleep, endeavoring to regain a portion of that strength upon which the superhuman exertions of the day previous, together with a serious and painful wound, had made such large and exhausting draughts. Fearful that the exasperated feelings of the Texans might lead them to revenge the murders of the Alamo and Goliad upon his person, he hastened to awaken the sleeping hero, that he might place himself under his protection as a prisoner of war, knowing full well that his only safety lay in the honor of his captor. Starting from his doze, Houston recognized the person of the President, and felt himself amply rewarded for all the trials, suffering and privation he had endured, in finding the hated and hateful oppressor of his country in his power. Waving his hand to a box which stood near, the only convenient seat at hand, he sent for Almonte, who spoke English perfectly, to act as interpreter.

Notwithstanding the highly exasperated feelings of his men, who could scarcely be restrained from venting their rage upon the author of the cold-blooded massacres of their friends and countrymen, the prisoner was treated with all the attention and consideration to which his rank and station entitled him. His own marquee, together with all his luggage, was given him, and a guard was stationed to protect him from the danger of assassination by the enraged men who surrounded him. Houston knew that the eyes of the civilized world were turned toward Texas at the present crisis, and felt that a want of magnanimity in this her hour of victory would be the death blow to her hopes of recognition as an independent State. It was not, therefore, without great anxiety that he watched over the safety of his charge, and, although suffering the most acute agony from a severe wound by which his ankle joint had been shattered, his most anxious attention was given to the comfort and security of the Mexican General. The "Government," who had fled in every direction previous to the battle, was called together, and Santa Anna given up to them. For seven months he was kept a close prisoner in the hands of his captors. Meantime a new Government had been inaugurated, with the "Hero of San Jacinto" at the head of it. The people of Texas clamored for the trial and execution of the Dictator, and the Congress of the new Republic passed an edict bringing him to trial, but Houston vetoed it, and restored him to liberty on his own responsibility. How many valuable lives would have been saved—how much suffering and misery been spared, and how different might have been the position of the United States at the present time, had his life been taken, is a question we are not bound to solve. An All-wise Providence directed the course of events—and, we are bound to believe, for the best.

"MACBETH" IN MODERN LITERATURE.

PROBABLY no other production of the human brain, of equal length, has furnished to the literature of subsequent times so large a store of familiar allusions and apt quotations as has the tragedy of "Macbeth."

This is doubtless owing in part to the un-

l character of the incidents of the play, to the inimitable *diablerie* of the scenes in h the "witches" appear, especially that of ;auldron—incidents and scenes which ab- the reader's attention, and imprint them- s vividly in his memory. But more than it was evidently written in the poet's best ls, and received at his hands a careful ration. It is brimful of Shakespeare; this is reason enough for its popularity, ell as for the fact stated in the outset. drama has served, therefore, as a sort of ty-fund of "wit and wisdom," for the ial benefit of those whose craft it is ive expression, by tongue or pen, to ;ht.

: writer proposes to present, in this con- on, a summary of the most current Mac- an proverbs. The world of authors and :s may see from this how largely they are ted to this single creation of a great in- t, while others may learn the unsuspected : of many of the most common allusions ily speech.

st, then, we find in Banquo's judgment of wierd sisters," who had just uttered their esy of Macbeth's future elevation, a la that has since served the turn alike of, disappointment and ridicule:

> 'The earth hath *bubbles*, as the water has,
> And these are of them."

y Macbeth is soon informed of the honor ng her lord, and also of the projected of the reigning King beneath her roof. esolution is forthwith taken; but now she hat her husband's nature is too full of

> "*The milk of human kindness*"

: part of assassin which she has allotted play. Now, this same "milk" has *kept*, ;h all manner of uses, from the day of Sweet Swan of Avon" to our own—is pparently palatable, and probably sup- laily the necessities of some scores of s of the quill and of the rostrum. In- t has grown common; so that *connoiseurs* w in the habit of skimming it, and serv- the "*cream* of human kindness" instead. e new article seems to have very much vor of the old.

dly less serviceable, in its way, has been

> "Procreant cradle,"

as the royal retinue approach Macbeth's Banquo assigns to the martlets that have nder its eaves.

triking expression of contending desire and dread is that of the traitor's soliloquy on the eve of his crime:

> "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly;"

an idea which he follows up with the suspicion that this death-blow will not prove

> "The be-all and the end-all here."

He then goes on to put a "rod in pickle" for the use of all our self-constituted social disciplinarians, in the form of an implied fear that these "bloody instructions," in which he was practicing himself, would

> "*Return*
> *To plague the inventor.*"

It were useless to imagine how many times a resuscitation of this pointed warning has been made to "plague the inventors" of self-seeking schemes, centripetal syllogisms, and other such pretty mental contrivances.

After such escharotic applications as this last, what a healing balm distils from the words in which the contemplated regicide recalls his *past:* he had won

> "Golden opinions from all sorts of people!"

A sentiment, by the way, peculiarly appropriate for general use during a "Presidential campaign." We commend it to the consideration of all parties in the present crisis.

At this stage of affairs Mrs. Macbeth taunts her husband with vacillation and imbecility, (a very unusual thing, doubtless, for one of her sex to do!) She tells him he is content to live

> "Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
> Like the poor cat i' the adage;"

the said adage being, as the critics inform us, "The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet."

The reply is the language of true bravery:

> "I dare do all that may become *a man;*
> Who dares do more, is none."

But, in this "bloody business," he suggests a failure; to which she answers with the well-known courageous averment:

> "But screw your courage to the sticking place,
> And we'll not fail."

Vulgo, "the sticking *point:*" but, *point* or *place*, it is all one to fledgeling academicians, and to various others, to whom it has been made, again and again, a monitor of the necessity of decision and perseverance.

How true the picture of night and sleep, so often repeated since, which Macbeth utters to himself as he goes to perform the fatal deed:

> "Now o'er the one half world
> Nature lies dead, and *wicked dreams abuse*
> *The curtained sleeper.*"

And what a sovereign thrust at all sly fel-

lows chargeable with spiriting about for censurable ends, he has left us in his request of the earth to hear not his steps,

"For fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout."

This simple quotation often serves better than columns of argument; for what a desperate scamp he *must* be who fears the stones even will turn tell-tales on him!

And now, when the murder of Duncan is consummated, the troubled perpetrator apostrophizes a blessing which he feels he has henceforth lost,

"Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care."

Very physiological, if we consider it; for the rents and raveling in the integrity of body and mind made by every day's toils, it is the province of sleep nightly to knit anew into wholeness.

Then comes a confession of the infinite force of guilt; the stained palm cannot be washed white;

"No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one red."

Macduff furnishes us with another apt simile for sleep, which he terms

"Death's counterfeit."

And young Donalbain, on seeing his father in his own gore, and remembering that he was in the midst of strangers, strikes out, in the moment of his prudent resolve to flee the country, what the "blood-and-thunder" novelists have found a most serviceable formula:

"There's daggers in men's smiles."

Our political parties owe much to Shakespeare, but for nothing are they more deeply indebted, perhaps, than for the following *bonne bouche* spoken by Macbeth in view of his plan of increasing his security by a new assassination—that of Banquo, when he says,

"We have *scotched the snake, not killed it,*"

and adds the less used complement,

"*She'll close and be herself*; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth."

Of Duncan, the regicide says:

"*After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well!*"

How appropriate, when the announcement comes anew that a busy career has been run out; but most so in allusions to the last sleep of those turbulent and unresting spirits, whose death seems a sequestration of part of the machinery of the world.

In opposition to the familiar adage, "A bad beginning makes a good ending," Macbeth testifies that

"*Things ill begun strengthen themselves in ill.*"

And since proverbs are certainly very useful and convincing things, it is convenient thus to have an equally good one for either side of a question, as occasion may require!

Learning that the son of his new victim has escaped, the royal assassin complains that he is still

"*Cabin'd, cribb'd, confined;*"

but, be it observed, by his *doubts and fears*. Much as this quotation is in vogue, it is almost invariably employed in speaking of material environments; seldom of the spiritual obstructions in respect to which it was originally uttered.

The tyrant's courteous introduction to the substantial work of the repast, to which the lords of his realm were invited, has been deservedly popular:

"*Now, good digestion wait on appetite,*
And health on both."

Very unluckily for the flattering prospects of a "good digestion," however, Banquo's ghost rises at this moment and takes the monarch's chair. In the perturbation of the moment the latter utters another "good thing." He says:

"The times have been,
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end."

We, of the present day, put this *mot* to a use very different from that it originally served; and, skillfully administered in severe cases of *noodleism* and *snobbery*, it has often proved "highly beneficial," as the medical reports say. The speaker goes on to add:

"But now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools;"

a sentence which serves rather for the reprobates than for the snobs.

The ghost being "continued," so is Macbeth's expostulations; and he cries out,

"*Take any shape but that!*"

Although this, with its author, was the language of entreaty, our politicians have found it to serve very well a different purpose; and with them it has become a standard shout for a victory gained or forshadowed.

And now, ruminating on the visit he has had, the troubled usurper inquires, as if thinking aloud:

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a Summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder."

From the witches, in the famous scene of the cauldron, modern literature has plucked the rattling couplet:

"Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble."

convenient to apply to all concocters of ef and harm; as is also the portraiture of ps engaged in the ceremonies—those

"Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray."

he inquiry what it is they do, the sorcer- eply with those memorable words,

"*A deed without a name;*"

en to their first promise of his immunity he punishment due to his crimes, the asks a new corroboration, in order that

"*Make assurance doubly sure;*"

he signifies to us his wish—in the lan- though probably not in the spirit, of ng orator—that he may yet sleep

"In spite of thunder!"

end he vows against the life of Mac- out the witches, now resolved to give last a glimpse of the truth, invoke the ion of the future line of Banquo's de- nts, in the few brief words in which, ap- human life and its objects, we moderns find so much deep pathos and true :

"*Come like shadows, so depart!*"

beth this sight is madness; and, as he he demands whether this line is to out to

"The crack of doom;"

erward adds:

"Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calender."

avengers of his tyranny and guilt begin th to combine and to gather strength. inquiry made of Rosse in England, he has fled, as to what is the "newest he replies in words which honest fel- menting the misdoings of their times, l occasion to reëcho:

at of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
ch minute teems a new one."

wolf is at last taken in the toils. The army nears Dunsinane Castle; and ant, musing on the changes that have ver his destiny, feels that his life has ito

"The sear, the yellow leaf."

usage has softened this into the "*sear w leaf;*" but many are not aware that, as it is of the pensive dreaming of tumn, it had its origin in an hour of erest disappointment, and in a heart ather by crimes and terrors, than by In such an hour he feels that he has ned

not loud, but deep; mouth-honor; breath;
he poor heart would fain deny, but dares not."

He appeals to his physician in behalf of his now distracted partner and prompter in crime:

"*Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;*
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?"

To this impassioned outburst science answers coldly that "therein the patient must minister to himself;" and, true as may be the decision, we do not wonder at Macbeth's reply:

"*Throw physic to the dogs;* I'll none of it!"

Shakespeare himself did not probably anticipate that "physic to the dogs" would become the accredited watchword of a medical party; for on his day the sovereign virtues of "pellets" and "wet sheets" had not dawned.

Now the battle rages, and Macbeth, catching up the report that comes from the outer wall, gives to the world a rallying cry which the politicians, and the indefatigable wet-nurses of associations for charitable, reformatory and miscellaneous purposes, take endless delight in repeating:

"*The cry is still* THEY COME!"

Last of all comes retrospection. The tyrant balances his account at the close of his day. He feels he "had almost forgot the taste of fears;" but it is because, as he owns to himself,

"I have supped full with horrors."

Now he who had shunned virtue and rectitude utters the misanthropist's cry,

"Out, brief candle!"

He should have known that life is not brief when well spent. And we cannot, therefore, agree that there is either truth or true beauty in the much quoted lines in which he proceeds:

"Life's but a walking shadow; *a poor player,*
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, *full of sound and fury*
Signifying nothing."

Although spoken respecting human life, the last sentence of the above paragraph has usually done service in the way of a castigation to be administered to *shams*, and to biped humbugs of the various familiar patterns.

The concluding adage which we draw from the brimming fountain of human life laid bare in this masterly tragedy furnishes, we are sorry to say, a rather ungraceful peroration to its many beautiful expressions of life and character; but it is a nut much relished by the controversialists, who doubtless would not forgive us even were we to "skip the hard words" that give unction to their favorite bravado. It is

uttered at the moment when all is lost to Macbeth; when he had learned the cunning falsehood of every promise of the witches on which he had hung a hope of final triumph; and when, meeting his now worst enemy in mortal combat, he shouts:

> "Lay on, Macduff;
> And damned be he who first cries *Hold, Enough!*"

Here the usurper falls, and the curtain speedily follows him. Virtue has been in a measure rewarded, and vice fearfully punished; and the lawgivers of the world of mimic life are, therefore, satisfied. Curious, is it not, how moral and methodical a place every man's fancy-world is?

To the above quotations, which, it is believed have become contributions to the expression of human thought in eloquence and literature, we will add a few others which we consider equally worthy of becoming so. Thus we find the villain's *role* laid down in these words:

> "Look like the innocent flower,
> But be the serpent under it."

So, a fastidious and, as it were, elegant immorality is characterized in the allusion to those who

> "Go the *primrose way* to the everlasting bonfire!"

A slovenly method in speech or business may be painted in the words,

> "With most admired disorder;"

and procrastination finds its antidote in the lines,

> "The fighty purpose never is o'ertook,
> Unless the deed go with it."

For unappreciated good men, and now and then as a *placebo* for whimpering and weak men, we know of nothing finer—because nothing in reality truer—than the following:

> "But I remember now,
> I am in this earthly world; *where to do harm*
> *Is often laudable; to do good sometimes*
> *Accounted dangerous folly.*"

And finally, "night's sombre shroud" we may sometimes replace by

> "The *blanket* of the dark;"

for much as the kid-gloved critics have desired the substitution of the more delicate term *curtain* for "blanket," in this solid old Saxon simile, we find authority enough for its use, whether in Drayton's verse, penned in 1596,

> "The sullen night *in mistie rugge is wrapped*,"

or whether we accept Malone's witty explanation, namely: that *blanket* was suggested to the poet by the "*coarse woolen curtain* of his own theater, through which, probably, while the house was yet half-lighted, *he had himself often peeped!*

What is it in some few sentences, comparatively, in an author's works that renders them quotable, and secures to them universal currency? Doubtless the fact that they are *pure crystilizations of the truth of human feeling or experience*, and that *condensed* as well as pure. Hence they are easily picked out from the inevitable drifts of common sand as gems of beauty and value, and conveniently bestowed for use in the mental storehouse. The great evil of the use of quotations is in the constant tendency to employ that as *authority* which, being itself the offspring of fallible human genius or judgment, may be very valuable for purposes of illustration or delight, but can never take the place of *proof*—a thing which exists in *facts*, not in *opinions*.

He who can give to valuable thought a truthful and condensed expression can himself pen that which others shall catch, assimilate and repeat. Such writers should not, to any great extent, rest in quotations drawn from others. And no writer should use quotations too freely, lest originality and invention be stifled beneath the luxuriance of memory. The thought that goes in leading-strings has never the stoutness of the thought that walks forth in the energy of its own good muscle.

WOMEN FARMERS.

WOMEN make excellent agriculturalists. The employment is full of health and life-giving beauty. It is one, also, that can be made profitable. A woman, however, must be willing to look to it herself. We believe a woman of common capacity can look well to the ways of her household, give meat to her maidens, and see also to the crops. We do not believe in the Bloomer costume for the parlor, or for the ordinary occasions of life, but we do believe in it for work. Don the Bloomers, women, and go to farming. Get health by the process, and what is quite as essential, get money, and then you may talk of rights. We believe in this Miss Peggy, who is described in a Southern paper:

> "ENERGY.—Miss Peggy Land, a young woman of Pickens County, South Carolina, about twenty-four years of age, after seeking womanly employment without pecuniary success, went to farming last year, and made cotton which netted her $100; her corn crop was two hundred and fifty bushels, worth sixty cents per bushel, and she raised thirty-five bushels of wheat, worth $1 50 per bushel. She accomplished this herself, without hiring She plowed, drove the cart, cut her wheat, and cribbed her corn."

EYES

s the eye is the window of the soul, from nce it looketh outwardly upon the world, ›hoveth us to consider the form, the size, the r, the texture, and the curtaining of the e, for the clearness of vision dependeth ıtly upon the conditions of the loophole. And , we must premise that although the eye be organ of sight, sight-seeing is by no means ·icted thereto; for there are sights "which hath not seen;" and these are discerned an internal sense, as yet but partially ›loped in most of us. We, ourselves, have ; than once been in that state when sight a diffused glory, and in a room where ; was no ray of light entering, at dark ıight, the rain falling without and the ters closed, no fire upon the hearth, nor ; of candle; yet did we see all things in the ı, to the homeliest objects—the white pages book, wherein a dear child had been makthe first pot-hooks of chirography, shone a clear light—a spermacetti candle looked ng like alabaster, while the silver candlewhich held it was not noted. Chairs, ›s and all furniture were as clearly dis-›d as at mid-day. At such times we have l that light did no more effect the eye, in ›resence of the sun, than it did the whole ›n. We grew blind, as it were, "with ex- of light"—we ached all over with sight-g—light entered the pores of the skin, and forth from the fingers—whence we infer hereafter we shall become "visual all." ;ain, blindness does not preclude a certain of noble vision. Homer needed no eyes ; he struck the sounding harp to the songs .e gods; and Milton hardly seems to have till the external eye refused to do its ;, and we perceive that he feels an inward ›ven in his bereavement. Who but a blind would have said, as if conscious of the ›n of his blindness,

> "Objects divine
> Must needs impair and weary human sense."

; remember, when our years were few and ıspiration great, we more than half envied ›lindness of the sublime bard; we thought ight of the dim earth might well be re-›d to "vision beatific." We are wiser and see the beauty, and feel the appropri-›ss of waiting in the vestibule of Heaven, r than to overstep earth on our way to.

lton's eyes must have been beautiful, for in the busts which we see of him, and portraits taken after he became blind, we perceive the lid to be large and finely separated from the brow, like to a well-proportioned door sliding freely; the socket is no contracted space, but a noble arch, spacious and roomy, allowing the ball a free motion, whether lost in divine contemplation or raised in welcome of some heavenly visitant. It is as if we beheld a goodly chancel in some grand old cathedral resounding with anthems, whose lofty and broadly arched window lets in the rapt messenger

> "Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire."

This great arch for the eye is very significant. It tells of a long race preceding, conversant with thought and high in culture—a family whose characteristics belong to the more developed aspects of our humanity, as distinguished from those who are, as compared to a Shakespeare, a Milton and a Michael Angelo, as a child beside the full man. The progenitors of Milton were already high upon the symbolic ladder before he stepped so near the summit, and drew aside the thin curtain which half reveals to us the sweet fields "dressed in their living green," and the amaranthine bowers where repose celestial hierarchies crowned with fair asphodels from limpid fountains.

Milton is not unconscious of the beauty of his eyes, and refers to them modestly, yet nobly, in a sonnet to his friend, Cyriack Skinner:

> "Cyriack, this three-year's day, these eyes, though clear
> To outward view of blemish or of spot,
> Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot."

That little clause "though clear to outward view of blemish or of spot" is very sweet and simple, and brings the ideal Puritan, with his great political problems and sublime poetic visions, humanly and tenderly before us. He would not be thought of as a weak, infirm, broken man, whose eyes overflowed with rheum; he was not unsightly, though bereft of sight. He seems to say I am old and blind, but not imbecile. Hear the pathos of

> "Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
> Of sun or moon or star, throughout the year."

A sweet tone of resignation follows, till, like an old war-horse remembering his battles. he glows in the magnitude of his achievements, and exclaims:

> "What supports me, dost thou ask?
> The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
> In liberty's defense, my noble task,
> Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
> This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
> Content, though blind, had I no better guide."

We do not think that Milton greatly mourned

the loss of his sight. The times were changed to him. The mighty Cromwell was no more; the grand superstructure of English freedom, which he had helped to rear, was all overthrown; better he should be blind. When the sun is eclipsed even eagles do not soar to the clouds. Better to sit in blindness and touch the harp to songs and visions rare as those experienced by the prophet in apocalyptic dream. He questions as a man mindful of duty:

"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"

and having reached the sublime assurance that

"They also serve who only stand and wait,"

he sings out his soul into the heavenly harmonies.

Milton does not describe eyes well. He gives us the impression they produce, rather than what the eyes were. They are outlets for the soul, not black nor blue, nor large nor small.

"Looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes."

The last is beyond any other poet. His phrase "love-darting" was old as the poets. and has not been neglected by our modern writers.

The eyes of Eve, the naked type of womanhood—chaste and beautiful from the hand of God, stately and fresh as the uncorrupted world—whose virgin heart was the first to pulse under the intimations of love, are chastely yet tenderly described in a few words, betokening the trailing clouds of the unseen, whence she had emanated:

"Heaven was in her eye."

A modern poet would have exhausted himself in sensual imagery, and yet the idea would have lacked the grace and appositeness of these few simple words.

An eye should be well framed; the socket should be nicely proportioned, sharply defined, and falling under the brows. An eye placed outwardly, upon the cheek as it were, lacks grace and modesty. It is like an uncurtained window. It has no grooving into the wall. It is a fact, not a poem. It is for use more than for beauty. It indicates an external character shallow and worldly. The eyes of the rabbit are of this kind; those of the eagle and lion are deeply set. A prominent eye betokeneth sensuality.

Plato, Milton, Shakespeare, Bacon, Michael Angelo, all had large sockets to the eye. As the brain is the great citadel of the soul, the head the tower to which it resorts in the last attack upon the stronghold of life, those whose souls are large and noble seem to require a corresponding spaciousness of vision. The eye must needs have space for movement. It must not be crowded in any way. It is a model of the planetary shape, and must revolve in a fair and free orbit. We could not think of the men who have imparted ideas to the world as having had contracted eyes. An artist who should represent them with eyes set in a small socket, imbedded in fat, or coming near together, crowding upon the nose, would be ridiculed for his stupidity, even did not tradition as well as art negative the assumption.

The Greeks were fond of representing the gods very broad between the eyes, as imparting majesty and grandeur of aspect, but this hath its bounds. Eyes approaching each other indicate energy and compactness of mind, bordering upon cunning; too near, the face becomes monkey-like. So, on the contrary, breadth between the eyes is Jove-like. Daniel Webster was broad here, and impressively dignified in presence. Exaggerate this feature and you produce stupidity; the face grows blank, if not idiotic. It is no longer that of a god, but that of the ox.

The ancients, especially the Greeks, who have given us the best ideals, were fond of a large pupil to the eye, one that nearly fills the socket, which imparts a lamping out of the same, and is supposed to go with clear sightedness. Nothing is more unpleasant than a pupil showing the white all round. There is a species of eye in a horse called "wall eye," which argues ill qualities, and this is of the kind. I have seen a pupil so large as to impress one as a burning flame from a cavern. Such an eye is very penetrating, but it is like a mask; the observer cannot learn anything from it. I think it devilish. We should imagine gnomes with eyes of the kind.

The form of the eye differs very greatly. The Circassians see little beauty in an eye that is not almond shaped, and they have a way of drawing out the external angle of the arc in order to produce this. The Chinese like a narrow eye, which we should call sleepy. The lid of that nation opens not below the pupil, as is the case in the most beautiful, but directly across the center of it; and as the line is elongated upon the temples, and the opening narrow, the Celestials look as if the soul were peeping through a crack.

The lid sometimes forms an oblique line, dropping as it were over the outer half of the pupil. This line is often the attendant of humor; it goes, also, with cunning and cruelty. It is monstrous in a woman.

The lid of the eye should be what its name plies—a cover, shutting over; firm, clear, in and transparent, the veins appearing like lelicate tracery. Shakespeare, speaking of the ɔlet, calls them

"Fair as the lids of Juno's eyes,"

d any one who has observed the texture of ɜ leaf in these flowers will at once see how ıdily a fine poetic fancy would perceive in ɜ veined leaf the image of a beautiful eye-. The eye should open low upon the cheek, ıich should imperceptably soften away to the e, and there exhibit a fine fringing. Any ickness upon the lower lid or an opening too up gives a gross expression to the face. The per lid should be deeply fringed with lashes rker than the hair, sweeping with a fine rve, and the whole turned a little back.

Prospero says to Miranda,

"The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,"

ıich expression makes that feature a marked e in the face of the daughter. We feel that r eyelids were peculiarly beautiful, drooping th their heavy fringe, and veiling the tenness of the island maiden's soul.

Persons of sensibility have the lid large. ıen it is thin and delicate it argues much reement of character.

A suffused eye betokeneth tenderness. Such one is often called a "liquid eye," and is ıch praised by the poets.

An eye habitually blood-shot indicateth much ıt, and an ill condition of the humors.

When what is called the white of the eye is y clear, tending to blueness, it showeth a r spirit.

An eye that inclineth to an upward look ɔweth a Sibylline character. This kind of eye ıetimes seemeth as if the person listened. ɔh an one should reverence himself, for it y be he is called of God. He should take ɔd how he heareth. The Sibyls and Prophets l an eye of this kind. Nothing mean or acherous goes with such an one.

Again, this expression has its exaggeration, in the idiot, who sometimes may be seen h his poor, unmeaning eyes lifted by the ır; but his is rather the roll of the dying son, and remindeth one of setting spheres. ere the dim vision here shall find a broader pe in the hereafter.

'he Jesuit is trained to conceal the expres- ı of the eye by lowering the lid, which he ıes only when unobserved, to study the face ınother, again to be dropped when any eye urned upon himself. This habit naturally ets cunning, and would of itself demoralize the finest eye, which must of necessity possess a candid out-look.

An habitual downward glance goes with melancholy; it may be with modesty sometimes, but more frequently accompanies craftiness and sordid pursuits. Milton makes it the mark of a love of gold. He says of Mammon:

"E'en in Heaven he wore a downward look,
More intent on Heaven's pavement, woven gold,
Than aught that's holy else enjoyed in vision
Beatific."

The wavering eye betrays cunning and inward consciousness of falsehood. The round world is based upon integrity, and the globe of the eye revolves harmoniously as the index of moral candor.

A person who winks the eye much is not to be trusted.

A flashing out of the eye may indicate inquiry; heat of temper also.

When Eve was told that the fruit was good to make one wise, we can easily imagine the out-look which accompanied the reception of the idea. I imagine this clear look into the earthly, closed one of the heavenly windows.

It is well known that persons who are on the verge of some great destiny have been known to exhibit something weird and unearthly in the eye.

The color of the eye is not of any great moment to most of persons, and yet the eye of genius is unquestionably gray. Blue eyes indicate a decided temperament—not a combination. They may go with a lymphatic temperament, with the nervous conjoined, and a touch of the sanguine, it may be; but there is a lack, a deficiency. So with the black eye—it goes with the bilious, and though favorable to endurance, is not favorable to insight. The blue eye is so fair that it will not well distinguish angel or devil—it lacketh force—it is deficient in completeness. Men of black, fiery natures like the blue eye, by reason of its coldness. When Oberon describes the bolt of Cupid, aimed

"At a fair Vestal throned in the north,"

and the shaft

"Is quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free,"

we feel at once he describes a blue-eyed woman. She is cold, and moony—fair and tranquil, and heaven y, albeit with much of limitation. She will not have clear vision, by reason that she belongs less to the sun than the moon. She will covet shadow—she is such in manner that you know where to find her. She has one

mode of sitting, of standing, and looking. You are sure of this. She does not pique curiosity. Her one way is very sweet, and lovely—but it lacketh variety. After awhile it chills. It is more lovely in youth than in age. As blue-orbed people are tender-eyed, do not have full-eyed vision, they are troubled with jealousies, and as they suffer from deficiency they dwindle out early, because they lack endurance. They die in consumption; are apt to have scrofulas and hysterics. If the hair of such persons be what the vulgar call red, it argueth much heat and inconstancy.

Black eyes, on the contrary, come from bilious blood. They belong to what the old astrologists called the "liverman." They argue endurance, and if by chance once fixed, are very constant, but they indicate jealousy, envy, and melancholy. They, like the blue eye, are not clear of vision—but they see a black devil sooner than a white angel, because they are of the earth, having terrestrial significations. Out of our sphere they answer to Mars more than to Venus. Somnambulists often have brown or black eyes, and they often see what they think to be spirits, even when awake; but as they do not hold all the temperaments, they cannot see clearly and judge with precision. Indeed, their revelations are to be taken with much reserve, because of the tendency existing in them to delusion and falsehood.

The gray eye is royal—it compriseth all temperaments, and is, therefore, universal in its significancy. It is better when the iris is mottled, as it were, with spots of brown upon a dark blue ground, which argueth great individualism. Such eyes see the black devil and know it to be black; they do not mistake it for an angel of light. They see, also, the white angel, and can number the pinions of his wings, and affiliate to his nature; but being full of themselves, and free of choice, and clear of vision, they do not mistake. A mere mortal is no demi-god to them; they do not fall down and worship very readily—they are eclectic and analytic, and compel all spirits to their proper spheres. Being regal and belonging to the sun, and aspecting Jupiter, they have a tone of command They read the blue eye at a glance, and it wearyeth them; the black eye they rebuke; but the gray is often cruel and tends to oppression. It is the eye of genius always, and the shape and size indicate the quality and force of the same. Gray eyes are but rarely crossed, or what is called "squint."

As to matters of love, gray-eyed persons affect either color, by reason that the gray eye is complete in itself, and holdeth the black and the blue, therefore each is comely to it. But it is better for the gray eye to look for one of its own kind, as being more regal, and, therefore, more likely to engage them deeply.

Poets praise eyes of all colors, suiting the song to the newest love. Moore says:

> "The brilliant black eye
> May in triumph let fly
> All its darts without caring who feels 'em;
> But the soft eye of blue,
> Though it scatter wounds too,
> Is much better pleased when it heals 'em."

They agree in one thing, however, that those eyes are the finest, irrespective of color, which look most kindly upon them.

When an eye is short-sighted the vision thereof lasteth late in life. Such are apt to affect study, and make close observers, albeit they lack courage and enterprise. They are terrible critics, by reason that they take objects in detail rather than in masses. They are constant withal, and for the most part honest.

Where the vision is long—that is, far-seeing—persons are given to roaming; they delight less in study of books than in observation of men and the traversing over noted places. They are liberal, broad, manly in character, but given to change.

A mean vision—that is, neither too short or too far—is best, and argueth clearness, and serenity, and good judgment.

Beware of a cross-eye, or what is called a squinting eye. The obliquity goes all through the character. Most of all beware of an eye that squints at intervals. It argueth craft and treachery. The imp of the soul has foolishly and wantonly intruded himself astride the vision, and mischief is brewing—therefore be on thy guard.

There are eyes which are gray, and yet have a yellow tinge like that of the lion; this argues great power and genius, and a royal, lion-like temper. John Neal, of Portland, hath such eyes.

Sometimes eyes emit rays of light in the dark, which indicates great magnetism. Margaret Fuller's eyes and those of Elizabeth Oakes Smith have been said to be of this kind.

Others have a weird introverted look, which is very fine. Sarah Helen Whitman's are of this kind, and Ralph Waldo Emerson's also. Theodore Parker's, on the contrary, wear an anxious out-look. The man has a spirit thrusting the whole of him out into hard action. It will give him no rest. He can hold nothing sacred or lovely in the background, but toils on

a sturdy artisan, scattering chips and s of fire about him.

ave known persons whose eyes were green. r A. Poe's were cold, unwinking, and of a gray, tinged with green. This is not well. Edgar A. Poe was a better man than the l believes, albeit that color in his blood d an ill condition.

used to wish that Daniel Webster's eyes only been gray. Those great, cavernous so grandly set, should have been royal in rt. Alas! they looked out with a melan- blindness, as not seeing life and God ly. They had too much black in them.

e eyes of some have a prophetic look, a eing beauty, which no art can reach; naturally lift the ball upward. If fixed the face of others, it is, as it were, by an ; they dislike the earth-look; they tire e horizontal; they seem to commune . Such were the eyes of "Eva, the sin- hild,"

> "Which turned instinctively to seek
> The blueness of the sky."

ch is the expression of all who are deeply ual and prophetic in character. The eyes Christ must have been of this kind while ing, and while uttering those sublime unions with the Father, "I and my er are one"—"Verily I say unto you the cometh and now is;" the soul of intui- looking into the far eternities as at the g present. But again, this eye has a ten- ownward look also—a protective, comfort- heavenly, sympathetic tone, as if it would ter to all the weary in spirit, commisser- he erring, breathe upon all the rays of tial benignity. This is a rare eye, Christ- and anticipating the angelic. It seems to "My peace I give unto you—Come unto nd learn the divine beatitudes of a lowly ." "Not as the world giveth give I unto

hers again carry with them sad presages. eel they are children of destiny. We look their melancholy depths with tender fore- ngs. We would willingly shield them, and ne to comfort them, albeit no sorrow has et lighted upon them. A lady with eyes is kind was caressing a child, when she rved the tears gathering in his uplifted

Why do you weep, dear?" she asked.

don't know; but looking into your eyes es the tears come into mine."

is was a rare and beautiful recognition. have observed the portraits of very many whose lives have terminated fatally, and find this same expression of presage. It is remark- able in the eyes of the Cenci and of Charles I.

> "The shadow of a coming doom,
> Of sorrow or of strife,
> When Fates conflicting round the loom
> Wove the sad web of life."

This presaging eye is very beautiful despite its melancholy, because the owner, moving in his own atmosphere, is unconscious of the charm he carries. He cannot read his own look.

Generally, weeping spoils the eye, rendering its humors red and turbid; but occasionally we find one over which tears seem to flow with a divine baptism. They lift themselves from the fountain like water-lilies, more beautiful from immersion.

I remember B. B. Thatcher, who wrote some exquisite lines, hardly remembered, named a woman who had eyes of this kind "fountain eyes," a delicate and poetic term, which still adheres to her.

> "Those fountain eyes, those fountain eyes,
> I see them in each dream
> Of day's delight, and every night
> Renews their sad, sweet gleam;
> Fair stars are they for me which rise
> In mournful beauty, those fountain eyes."

Some eyes have a steady brightness. You cannot say, Lo, here! or lo, there! because of their sweet changes, for they always brighten and flash. Persons of sentiment dislike these. Poets and artists rarely affect them, but they have their admirers among the worldly.

> "Ask me not where those stars light
> Which downward fall at dead of night,
> For in thine eyes they sit, and there
> Fixed become as in a sphere."

Those are the finest eyes which change with the emotions of the soul. The gray eye is like black, when warmed with passion; it is cold as the blue when in contemplation; it has the fire of one and the serenity of the other, with a softness and tenderness and variety which neither can equal. An eye should be capable of a stern, calm, cold look at times; one that can awe, if need be, without the aid of words. Indeed, the eye may express emotions better than the tongue. The sweetest and most expressive of all language is that of the eye.

There is yet another eye which is of the color of fine steel—clear, bright and burning. It is very expressive, and goes with force and intrepidity of character. William Lloyd Garrison hath an eye of this kind; Cassius M. Clay also, and I have seen it in a few women. It is not well in a woman, unless she be trained to great actions, for the reason that women who

find themselves impelled into action do not readily discern any field for achievement, and therefore become wayward, flighty, or it may be victims to false views of life. Mary Gove Nichols has an eye of this kind. It is very magnetic.

Poets trouble themselves little about the mere color of an eye. It is the expression only that impresses them. Camoens spoke of the eyes of his mistress as "sweetest eyes were ever seen," which Elizabeth B. Browning has exquisitely paraphrased. Catrina, who died early, is supposed to address her lover:

> "When the palace ladies, sitting
> Round your gittern, shall have said,
> 'Poet, sing these verses written
> For the lady who is dead,'
> Will you tremble,
> Yet dissemble,
> Or sing hoarse, with tears between,
> 'Sweetest eyes were ever seen?'"

The mistress of Alfieri was wont to sit with one hand shading her eyes. She delighted in shadow. Under her concealed orbs she looked out tenderly upon the face of her fiery-souled lover, and the effort must have been soothing and enchanting. These movements must be natural; if proceeding from art they have a contrary effect. Let a woman of a coarse soul or sinister mind affect this attitude, and she is to the observer nothing more than a cat intent upon a mouse. Ah! the soul must be beautiful first if the eye would be so.

When Othello first doubts Desdemona's loyalty, he says:

> "Let me see your eyes."

This is very touching. When a woman shrinks from the eye of love, she has fallen from her sphere like a planet falling adown the golden battlements of Heaven.

The eye of Beatrice, the heavenly mistress of Dante, inclined upward. Her lover must look heavenward also, or the divine rays from her eyes would have been lost to him.

On the contrary, the eyes of Dante's Francisca were softened by a drooping lid,

> "Sheltered by their fringe of jet,
> Beemed they downward all serene;
> I, a pious anchorite,
> Reading missal leaves between."

Sometimes an eye seems unfathomable, as it were. This may proceed from greatness of character, or from something concealed, either gentle or painful.

> "Thine eyes are like wells of unfathomed light,
> And thought, and love, in which I gaze, gaze,
> Yet find a depth beyond sealed from my reach."

Such eyes are too potent for the gaze of mortals.

Cleopatra's eyes were bold and black, with a slow voluptuous motion.

Aspasia's eyes must have been gray; so were Mary Stuart's.

Catharine de Medici's were black, but beautiful, notwithstanding their craftiness and cruelty. She had all the splendor of the tiger.

It is said persons addicted to the crime of poisoning have cold blue eyes; indeed, where the head of a blue-eyed person is broad between the ears, and the temperament low, they scarcely ever fail to be cruel.

Where the intellect is large, the temperament nervous and lymphatic, with blue eyes, the character is apt to be unimpressible and selfish.

The poetry of every people abounds with delicate allusions to the eye, and the imagery of each is drawn from the predominant characteristics of soil and country. "Gazelle-eyed" for the Oriental, "star-eyed" for the Northman, each selecting the fairest simile afforded to the senses. The ox-eye of Homer, as applied to Juno, would not pass current in our day, for the ox is associated with us more as a beast of toil than as a creature with large calm eyes, festooned with flowers, and moving in the ceremonials sacred to the gods.

The Songs of Solomon abound with voluptuous imagery in relation to the eye. Indeed, Oriental poetry is far more rich and imaginative in describing the eye than that of a people less luxuriant in fancy. The most extravagant metaphor and the most tender imagery are freely courted to describe the beauty of the eye, and the impression it produces. Nothing can exceed the grace and tenderness of this:

> "Behold thou art fair, my love; thou hast dove's eyes between thy locks,"

presenting at once an image of lovely gleaming eyes, looking out from the clustering curls that shade and soften them. Again:

> "His eyes are the eyes of doves, fitly set."

An ancient poem of the Hindoos, akin to the Canticles, is also full of exquisite allusions to the eye. Indeed, it would seem as if the soul of love beamed only from these windows of Heaven. "Whose eye sparkles like the water-lily" is supposed to express eyes of uncommon loveliness. Heri, the fickle Heri, has been disporting with the damsels, who are lavish of their caresses; he wearies at length, and longs for the idealism of a more profound passion. He seeks and yet fears to approach the injured Radha; he is haunted with her presence; her face

> "Resembles a fresh lotos, over which two black bees are fluttering."

A vivid simile for the angry eyes of a mis-

s—"two black bees." Meanwhile the eyes the sorrowful Radha "appear like moons ipsed;" and again she is "lotos-eyed," and in resentment.

hine eyes, which Nature formed like blue-water lilies, re become through thy resentment like petals of the crimson lotos."

Here is a soft, delicate mode of intimating change of the eye, the crimson lotos rather n "the red eye of wrath," which we find in sian. "Eyes soft as the antelope's" describe se of the lover of Heri.

Spenser, wrapt in the contemplation of super mental charms, describes his characters by alities rather than features, and therefore ves little or nothing to be quoted upon our ject.

The character of the poet may be inferred m the kind of eyes he depicts in his poems. akespeare is in this, as in everything else, ny sided. We are overwhelmed with allusns. Moore is voluptuous; he always sugsts the palpable rather than the ideal. He kes you think of the Irish song—

"Och! but my Norah has beautiful eyes,
That like eggs in a soap tub now sink and now rise."

Byron, on the contrary, is always ideal when eye is the subject. It glows with a mystic ht; it is a vase lighted from within.

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of good and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes—
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies."

Upon the whole, we conclude that great anty of eye must go only with a thorough d beautiful culture of the whole being.

MIGNONNE: THE PANTHER LOVER.

During the enterprising expedition into Upr Egypt, by Gen. Desaix, a provincial soldier l into the power of a tribe of Arabs, called Maugrabins, and was by them carried into desert, beyond the Cataract of the Nile. order to place a safe distance between themves and the French army, the Maugrabins de a forced march, and did not stop till ght closed in. They encamped around a foun n surrounded by palm trees. Not supposing ir prisoner would attempt to escape, they tented themselves with merely binding his nds; and after having fed their horses, and de their supper upon dates, they all of them pt soundly. As soon as the French prisoner s convinced of this fact he began to gnaw cords that bound him, and soon regained the liberty of his hands. He seized a carbine, and took the precaution to provide himself with some dry dates, and a little bag of grain, and armed with a scimitar, started off in the direction of the French army.

In his eagerness to arrive at a place of safety, he urged the already wearied horse until the generous animal fell down dead, and left his rider alone in the midst of the desert. For a long time the Frenchman walked on with the perseverance of a runaway slave, but he was at last obliged to stop. The day was finished; notwithstanding the beauty and freshness of Oriental nights, he did not feel strength enough to pursue his journey. Having reached a little cluster of palms, which had gladdened his heart from a distance, he laid his head upon a stone and slept without taking any precaution for his defense.

He was awakened by the pitiless rays of the sun, which fell upon him with intolerable fervor: for in his weariness he had reposed on the side opposite to the morning shadows of the majestic palms. The prospect around filled him with despair. In every direction nothing met his eye but a wide ocean of sand, sparkling and glancing like a dagger in the sunshine. The pure brilliancy of the sky left the imagination nothing to desire. Not a cloud obscured its splendor, not a zephyr moved the surface of the desert. The earth and the heavens seemed on fire; they met at the horizon in a line of light, as fine and glittering as the edge of a sword. There was a wild and awful majesty in the universal stillness! God, in all his infinity, seemed present to the soul!

The desolate wanderer thought of the fountains and roses of his own native province, and wept aloud. He clasped the palm as if it had been a living friend. He shouted to relieve the forgetfulness of utter solitude. The wide wilderness sent back a sharp sound from the distance, but no echo was awakened. The echo was in his heart!

With melancholy steps he walked around the eminence on which the palm trees grew. To his great joy he discovered on the opposite side a sort of natural grotto, formed by a pile of granite. Hope was awakened in his breast. The palms would furnish him with dates for food, and human beings might come that way before they were exhausted. Perhaps another party of Maugrabins, whose wandering life began to have some charms for his imagination—or he might hear the noise of approaching cannon—for Bonaparte was then passing over Egypt. The Frenchman experienced a sudden

transition from the deepest despair to the wildest joy. He occupied himself during the day with cutting down some of the palm trees to defend the mouth of the grotto from wild beasts, which would probably come in the night time to drink at the rivulet flowing at the foot of the palms. Notwithstanding the eagerness produced by fear of being devoured in his sleep, he could not finish his fortifications that day. Toward evening the mighty tree he had been cutting fell to the ground with a crash that resounded through the desert, as if solitude had uttered a deep groan.

The soldier trembled as if there had been a supernatural voice in the air. But like an heir, who soon ceases to mourn over a rich parent, he immediately began to strip off the broad and beautiful leaves to form his couch for the night. Fatigued by his exertions and the extreme warmth of climate, he soon fell into a profound slumber. In the middle of the night his sleep was suddenly disturbed by an an extraordinary noise. He raised himself and listened—and amid the deep silence he distinctly heard the loud breathing of some powerful animal. The sound fell upon his heart like ice. The hair started upon his head, and he strained his eyes to the utmost to perceive the object of his terror. He caught a glimpse of two faint yellow lights at a distance from him; he thought it might be an optical delusion, produced by his own earnest gaze, but as the rays of the moon entered the chinks of the cave he distinctly saw an enormous animal laying about two feet from him. There was not sufficient light to distinguish what species of animal it was; it might be a lion, a tiger or a crocodile; but the strong odor that filled the cave left no doubt of the presence of some large and terrible creature.

When the moon rose so as to shine directly upon the opening in the grotto, its beam lighted up the beautiful spotted hide of a huge panther? This lion of Egypt slept with her head upon her paws, with the comfortable dignity of a great house dog. Her eyes, which had opened from time to time, were now closed. Her face was turned toward the Frenchman. A thousand confused thoughts passed throughout the soldier's bosom. His first idea was to shoot his enemy through the head; but he saw that there was not room enough for that; the ball would inevitably have passed her. He dared not make the slightest movement, lest he should awake her; nothing broke the deep silence but the breath of the panther and the beating of her heart. Twice he put his hand upon his scimitar, but the difficulty of penetrating her hard, rough skin, made him relinquish his project. To attempt her destruction, and fail in the attempt would be certain death. At all events he resolved to wait for daylight. Day came at last, and showed the jaws of the sleeping panther covered with blood.

"She has eaten lately," said the Frenchman to himself. "She will not awake in hunger."

She was in truth a beautiful monster. The fur on her throat and legs was a dazzling whiteness; a circle of little dark spots, like velvet, formed pretty bracelets around her paws; her large muscular tail was beautifully white, terminated by black rings; and the soft, smooth fur on her body was of a glowing yellow, like unwrought gold, richly shaded with dark brown spots in the form of roses.

This powerful, but tranquil hostess, reposed in as graceful an attitude as a puss sleeping on a footstool. Her head rested on nervous outstretched paws, from which her long white smellers spread out like silver threads. Had she been in a cage, the Frenchman would certainly have admired the perfect symmetry of her dark form, and the rich contrast of colors that gave such an imperial brilliancy to her robe, but alone, and in her power, it was a very different thing. At the mouth of the cannon he had felt his courage rise with increasing danger; but it was sinking now. The cold sweat poured from his forehead, as he watched the sleeping panther. Considering himself a dead man, he waited his fate as courageously as he could. When the sun rose, the panther suddenly opened her eyes—stretched out her paws and gaped, showing a frightful row of teeth, and a great tongue as hard and rough as a file. She then shook herself and began to wash her bloody paws, passing them from time to time over her ears, like a kitten. "Very well done," thought the soldier, who felt his gaiety and courage returning—"She does her toilet very handsomely." He seized a little dagger which he had taken from one of the Arabs—"Come, let us wish each other good morning," thought he. At this moment the panther turned her head toward him suddenly, and fixed a surprised and earnest gaze upon him.

The fixedness of her bright metallic eyes, and their almost insupportable brilliancy, made the soldier tremble, especially when the mighty beast moved towards him. With great boldness and presence of mind he looked her directly in the eye, having often heard that great

›wer may be obtained over animals in that anner. When she came up to him he gently ratched her head and smoothed her fur. Her ›es gradually softened—she began to wag her il, and at last she purred like a petted cat; it so deep and strong were her notes of joy at they resounded through the cave like the lling of a church organ.

The Frenchman redoubled his caresses, and hen he thought her ferocity was sufficiently med he attempted to leave the grotto. The ınther made no opposition to his going out; it she soon came bounding after him, lifting › her back and rubbing against his legs, like ı affectionate kitten. "She requires a great al of attention," said the Frenchman smiling. e tried to feel her ears and throat; and, perıiving she was pleased with it, he began to ıkle the back of her head with the point of s dagger, hoping to find a favorable opporınity to stab her; but the hardness of the bones ade him tremble lest he should not succeed. The beautiful Sultana of the Desert seemed tempt the courage of her prisoner, by raisg her head, stretching out her neck, and rubıg against him. The soldier suddenly thought at to kill her with one blow he must strike r in the throat. He raised his blade for that ırpose; but at that moment she crouched wn gently at his feet, looking up into his face th a strange mixture of affectionate and tive fierceness. The poor Frenchman leaned ainst the tree eating some dates, and casting ı eye anxiously round the desert, to see if no e was coming to free him from his terrible mpanion, whose strange friendship was so ıle to be trusted. He offered to feed her th nuts and dates; but she looked upon ım with supreme contempt. However, as if ısible to his kind intentions, she licked his ›es and purred.

'Will it be so when she gets hungry?" ıught the Frenchman. The idea made him mble. He looked at the size of the panther. e was three feet high, and four feet long, ıhout including her tail, which was nearly ee feet more in length, and as round as a ıat cudgel.

Her head was as big as a lion's, and her face s distinguished by a peculiar expression of ıming. The cold cruelty of the tiger reigned re; but there was likewise something angely like the countenance of an artful man in the gaiety and fondness of the pres- moment. She seemed like Nero drunk. She l her fill of blood, and she wished to frolic.

During the whole day, if he attempted to walk away, the panther watched him as a dog does his master, and never suffered him to be far out of sight. He discovered the remains of his horse, which had been dragged near the mouth of the cavern, and he easily understood why she had respected his slumbers.

Taking courage from the past, he began to hope he could get along very comfortably with his new companion. He laid himself by her, in order to conciliate her good opinion. He patted her neck and she began to wag her tail and purr. He took hold of her paws, felt her ears, and rolled her over on the grass. She suffered him to do all this; and when he played with her paws, she carefully drew in her claws lest she should hurt him. The Frenchman again put his hand upon his weapon, with a view of plunging it in her throat, but he was still held by the fear that he should not succeed, and that the animal would tear him in pieces in her agony. Besides, he really began to have an unwillingness to kill her. In the lonely desert she seemed to him like a friend. His admiration of her beauty, gentleness and graceful activity became mixed with less and less of terror. He actually named her Mignonne, in remembrance of a lady whom he had loved in his youth, and who was abominably jealous of him. By the end of the day he had become so familiar with his dangerous situation that he was almost in love with its exciting perils. He had even taught the panther her name. She looked up in his face when he called "Mignonne."

When the sun went down, she uttered a deep melancholy cry. "She is well educated," exclaimed the gay soldier; "she had learned to say her evening prayers."

He was rejoiced to see the panther stretch herself out in a drowsy attitude.

"That is right, my pretty little blonde," said he; "you had better go to sleep first."

He trusted to his own activity to escape during her slumber. He waited patiently; and when she seemed sound asleep, he walked vigorously toward the Nile. But he had not gone a quarter of a league over the sand, when he heard the panther bounding after him, uttering at intervals a loud, sharp cry.

"Of a truth," said he, "her friendship is very flattering; it must be her first love." Before she came up the Frenchman fell into one of those dangerous traps of loose sand from which it is impossible to extricate one's self. The panther seized him by the collar, and with incredible strength brought him safe to the other side of the ditch at a single bound.

"My dear Mignonne!" exclaimed the soldier, caressing her with enthusiasm; "our friendship is for life and death."

He retraced his steps. Now he had a creature that loved him, to whom he could talk, it seemed as if the desert were peopled. Having made a signal flag of his shirt, he concluded to wait patiently for human succor. It was his intention to have watched during the night, but sleep overpowered him. When he awoke Mignonne was gone. He ascended the eminence to look for her, and soon perceived her at a distance clearing the desert with those long bounds peculiar to her species. She arrived with bloody jaws. When receiving his caresses she purred aloud, and fixed her eyes upon him with even more fondness than usual. The soldier patted her neck, and talked to her as he would to a domestic animal: "Ah, ah, Miss! you have been eating some of the Maugrabins. Ain't you ashamed? Never mind; they are worse animals than you are. But please don't take a fancy to grind up a Frenchman. If you do, you wont have me to love you any more."

This singular animal was so fond of caresses and play that if her companion set many minutes without noticing her, she would put her paws in his lap to attract attention. Several days passed thus.

The panther was always successful in her excursions for food, and always returned full of affection and joy; she became used to all the inflections of the soldier's voice, and understood the expression of his face. Sometimes he amused his weary hours by counting the spots on her golden fur, and observing how beautifully they were shaded; she showed no displeasure even when he held her by the tail, to count the splendid black and white rings that glittered in the sunshine like precious stones. It was a pleasure to look upon the graceful outlines of her form, the glossy smoothness of her neck, and the majestic carriage of her head. But she delighted him most when she was in a frolic. Her extreme gracefulness and agility as she glided swiftly along, jumped, bounded, and rolled over and over, was truly surprising. When she was darting up the rocky eminence at her swiftest speed, she would stop suddenly and beautifully, with head erect, as soon as the Frenchman called "Mignonne."

One day a very large bird sailed through the air over their heads. In the desert anything that has life is intensely interesting. The Frenchman quitted the panther to watch the flight of the bird, as he slowly and heavily fanned the air. In a few minutes the Sultana of the Desert began to growl. "She is certainly jealous," thought the soldier, as he looked at her fierce and glittering eyes. They gazed intelligibly at each other—and the proud coquette leaped as she felt his hand upon her head; her eyes flashed like lightning, and she shut them hard.

"The creature must have a soul!" exclaimed the Frenchman.

This account was given me by the soldier himself, while I was admiring the docility of the powerful animals in the menagerie at Paris. "I do not know," continued the narrator, "what I had done to displease Mignonne so much—or whether the creature was merely in sport—but she turned and snapped her teeth at me, and seized hold of my leg. She did it without violence—but thinking she was about to devour me, I plunged my dagger into her neck. The poor creature rolled over uttering a cry that froze my heart. She made no attempt to revenge my blow, but looked mildly upon me in her dying agony. I would have given all the world to have recalled her to life. It was as if I had murdered a friend. Some French soldiers, who discovered my signal, found me some hours afterward weeping by the side of her dead body.

"Ah, well," said he, after a mournful silence, "I have been in the wars in Germany, Spain, Prussia and France, but I never have seen anything that produced such sensations as the desert. Oh, how beautiful it was!"

"What feelings did it excite?" asked I.

"Feelings that are not to be spoken," replied the soldier solemnly. "I do not always regret my cluster of palm trees and my panther; but sometimes their remembrance makes me sad; in the desert there is everything and there is nothing."

"What do you mean by that? said I."

"I cannot tell," said he impatiently. After a pause he added, "God is there without man!"

Lean Diet.—A Methodist minister at the West, who lived on a very small salary, was greatly troubled at one time to get his quarterly installment. He at last told the paying trustee that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for the necessaries of life. "Money," replied the steward. "*You preach for money!* I thought you preached for the good of souls!" "*Souls!*" replied the minister; "I can't *eat* souls, and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a decent meal!"

Editor's Studio.

PHILOSOPHY OF AMERICAN POLITICS.

SECOND PAPER.

"History is Philosophy teaching by example."

THE lessons of history drawn from the experience of her nations, in other ages, require to be applied to Amer-an politics only with great caution and wisdom. During e struggle for Independence, those noble minds who con-olled our public affairs were made familiar with the eat names of antiquity, mainly for the sake of those ssons of pure patriotism, of heroic daring, of generous lf-sacrifice, of rigid integrity, and of devoted philan-ropy, which history furnishes. When they came to re-nstruct the frame-work of a National Government, ey were plentifully supplied with learned discussions and aborate descriptions, and subtle speculations and dis-isitions drawn from ancient and European history, inting out dangers, and suggesting means of security th for liberty and order.

But the practical statesmen who had the matter in hand und very little aid from all these fine-spun specula-ons; and so, after all, they had to rely mainly on their wn common sense, and strike out a course of their own. heir sagacity is seen in the system of government they tablished—a system, beyond all controversy, the wisest at ever was devised by men. And the reason is, that eir common sense followed the lead of their circum-ances; and, therefore, the frame of government fits the eople just as the shell fits a turtle's back, because it has rown out of the back itself.

It is curious and instructive to read the splendid litera-re put forth by the Federal politicians in Jefferson's day. ake the writings of Fisher Ames, for example. They are mong the finest models in our language as to style, and s rich in classical illustrations and allusions as a culti-ated taste will admit. But the gloomy forebodings which e derived from ancient history have proved as fallacious s his speculations were visionary. Results have been di-ectly the reverse of all his calculations. The things from hich he anticipated the greatest evils have proved our lvation; and the great evils that have actually come pon us originated in causes that entirely escaped his at-ention.

There is hardly more to be learned by the American tatesman from the history of modern nations. All of hem originated so differently, and all have such different leas fundamentally incorporated into their systems of overnment, that the analogies of their experience and urs are few and imperfect. No other nation has begun s very existence from a high state of civilization, with he full possession of the Common Law as a shield for per-onal rights, with the vernacular Bible as the basis of its eligion and the standard of its morals, and with the rinting press as the instrument for the universal diffu-ion of knowledge. In no other country has there been ach an opportunity of constructing an entire Federal ystem, so complete in all its parts. Never before had ationality and State sovereignty been harmonized by so killful a balancing of duties and powers, privileges and rerogatives. In a word, our system is unique in history, nd we must therefore be careful how we attempt to con-orm our institutions or policies to those of other nations nd other ages.

Still, we must be taught our lessons of political philos-phy from the history of the past. And we shall find the richest instruction on a vast variety of points from a careful consideration of our own history, which, brief as it is, can already furnish innumerable analogies full of the soundest principles and the most reliable instructions. We call attention again to the method of classification of political phenomena, which we indicated in the last number, where we proposed to arrange the annals of our Government into cycles of about thirty years, corresponding to the average life of man. By this methodizing of our observations, we shall be able to trace many striking analogies, and learn to predict many important results. Let us compare the phenomena of the cycle of thirty years that began under the administration of James Monroe, with that which began under the administration of Franklin Pierce.

And first, we observe that those leaders in the old Jefferson and Madison party who undertook to hold over, by carrying the old name and organization while abandoning the fundamental principles of State Rights and personal equality, seized upon a certain portion of the existing policy as their special care, such as the Protective Tariff and National Bank, which measures had come in incidentally, and formed no part of the proper distinctive policy of Jeffersonian Republicanism, and were, in fact, essentially incongruous with it. By exalting these incongruous incidentals into primary essentials, and taking the support of these under their special patronage, they formed a party platform entirely unlike the old one, while yet professing to cling to the ancient name, and to inherit by legitimate succession the old Republican organization. The same is true at this time in regard to those who claim the regular succession to the old Jackson Democracy. A few years ago they used to repel all attempts to make them pass resolutions on slavery on the pretence that their old Democratic platform was complete, and that they could not admit of the introduction of any "new issues." It was in vain to urge that all the old issues were settled in their favor so thoroughly as to leave them without an antagonist, and that now the true and proper course was to apply the radical principles of Democracy, State Rights and personal freedom, to the new questions which events were forcing upon the country. They kept on repelling "new issues," and shut their eyes to the exigency of passing events for fear they might call up some "new issues," and so they drifted along until all the bones of the old controversies were buried and rotten, and it is clearly no longer possible to keep up an interest in harangues about Tariff and National Bank, and equally impossible to avoid acting upon the living questions of the present time, which concern the relations of slavery to the constitution, and then they seized hold of a certain course of policy on slavery which had come along incidentally, and under pressing emergencies had been slid into rather than considerately adopted by the Democracy, and which was in fact incongruous with its radical principles, and then they exalted this incongruous policy to a primary place, and made the support of it the main issue, and the sole distinctive province of their party.

Another curious analogy in the case is, that some who have been prominent, if not actually leaders in the old Jackson party, now insist on their right to be leaders in the new struggle, which is organized on a totally different basis, and for the settlement of a totally different sort of questions; precisely as many of the leaders in the old Jefferson party assumed to be the leaders in the new struggle that was organized thirty years ago, simply because they had been popular leaders on a totally different field. And it is worthy of remark that none of the men who assumed to hold over the leadership from one cycle to

another—Clay, Crawford, Calhoun, etc.—ever attained national honors under the new agitations of the subsequent period. And it is already apparent that the agitation which is now opening upon the country is consigning most of the old leaders of popular opinion to the obscurity of private life.

These old leaders also assume that they represent, and guide and embody the Democratic party, just as the former assumed that the party of which they had become the heads was the identical old Republican party which, under Jefferson and Madison, had established the relations of the Federal Government to national and foreign affairs. But these latter found it necessary to adopt a designation which would distinguish them from those of their old associates who were also Republicans, but who held to Republicanism by principle rather than by policy; and, therefore, they took the name of *National* Republicans. Precisely in the same way the class of old Democratic leaders who now go in for the extension of Federal power are compelled to adopt the very same term of distinction, and call themselves *National* Democrats. Both classes forget that the very words are a solecism, because it is the essential idea of the Democratic party, as it was of the old Republican party in its day, to stand by individual liberty and State sovereignty at all hazards, and to promote the integrity and perpetuity of the Union *only* by keeping the Federal Government within strict limits, and preventing it from even the appearance of encroachment upon the rights of personal liberty and State rights. Consequently it is a self-evident departure from the old platform, when the so-called leaders of a portion of the Democracy begin to find that the term "National" is needed as an addition to the old epithet to designate their position.

It is curious to observe, also, how the leaders of the present day, as those of thirty years since, in assuming to be the legitimate succession of the popular authorities of the past, at once assume the position of "conservatives," and claim it as their aim only to *preserve* the existing policy, and just carry it out and complete it. Finding certain courses begun, thirty years since, Messrs. Clay and Calhoun and their associates assumed at once the distinctive patronage of those specialties, as if they were the sum and total of the objects of Government, and made the extension of that line of policy the badge of their party and the sole test of political fidelity. Whereas, the true idea of the popular function is *to watch against the perpetuation of power in the same hands*, and to take it away by a salutary rotation in office, just as soon as the present possessors indicate a disposition to accumulate and concentrate power, and to use the influence and resources of the country to perpetuate their own ascendancy. It is to prevent the perpetuation of power in fixed hands by a salutary rotation in office. It is to guard against the formation of cliques and castes of office-holders, by perpetually bringing forward new men, fresh from the ordinary associations of the people, and instinct with the common ideas of common folks. The recurrence of such changes can hardly be too frequent. We should exclude the idea that there is some occult mystery in the administration of government which none but the initiated can understand, and that therefore it is necessary always to seek candidates for office among those who have held office, or their children or relations. Thus, for instance, the statesmen of thirty years since found certain measures of finance in operation, which had come up incidentally as the means of meeting the exigencies of government, or as experiments, but wholly subordinate and no part of the general policy of administration. Those measures they attempted to put forward as the leading objects of government which should characterize the Administration, just as the present Administration has assumed that certain measures relating to slavery, thus incidentally adopted, are the sum and substance of government, to which everything else must give way; and, because they have made a hobby of supporting these subordinate measures, they claim to be regarded as the legitimate representatives of the great Democratic party which so bravely settled the financial policy of the Government.

Taking up these shreds of an existing policy, and exhibiting them as the whole system of policy which they wish to perpetuate and carry out in the fullest extent, they naturally put on airs as if they were the true conservatives, and as conservatives entitled to especial regard and veneration. Just so it was, thirty years since, with those who adopted the name of National Republicans. Those who familiarly remember the times thirty years since will be forcibly reminded of them by reading the following paragraphs from the Richmond Enquirer, the governing Administration organ in the South. Under date of May 30, 1856, that paper has it thus:

"We republish, with cordial indorsement, the following well-timed and admirable article from the Fredericksburg Recorder. The elections in our own State and everywhere else give the strongest indications that conservative men of all parties will enlist in the ranks of the National Democracy, in the struggle against the bigoted and fanatical factionists of the day:

"'THE OLD LINE WHIGS AND NORTHERN DEMOCRATS.—Conservatism is the distinguishing characteristic of Whigs and Democrats throughout the Union; radicalism the universal trait of Know-Nothingism, Black Republicanism, and all the other multifarious and infamous isms of the day. Despite of party names, a broad and well defined issue is about to be made between the conservatives, the lovers of the Union, the friends of law, order, property and religion, on the Democratic side, and the infidels, the licentious, the anarchists, the disunionists, the abolitionists and the agrarians on the other. No party is in sentiment and principle more conservative than the Old Line Whigs. Prejudice against the Democracy sometimes drives them into false positions for a time, but they are sure eventually to resume their conservative stand-point.'"

We might multiply quotations, from innumerable newspapers, and the speeches of Senator Douglas and ever so many orators, to prove the identity of the positions, and arguments, and philosophy, and policy of the "Conservative or National Democracy" of the present time with those of the "Conservative or National Republicans" of thirty years since, which, in like manner, absorbed the most determined of the old Federalists, just as this is now absorbing the most determined of the old Whigs, who declare that they are unconscious of a change. And this declaration is true; because they are still laboring, as they were before, to strengthen the General Government at the expense of State sovereignty; to preserve the Union by greater concentration of power, and by enforcing oppressive statutes; to preserve power in the hands of its possessors, and resist all rotation in office; to perpetuate a policy that is partial in its benefits, and oppressive to the masses, instead of rigidly applying the good old principles to the new questions, and settling the constitutional relations of slavery by a rigid subjection of its demands and necessities to the standard axioms of State sovereignty and individual liberty.

From these comparisons it is quite safe to prognosticate the results of the future. Unless our Government is now at last to degenerate into a consolidation, sustained by military power, draining the wealth of the people by exorbitant taxation, and preparing the way for a *coup d'état* and a dictator—which no man with the heart of a true American and the faith of a true Christian can apprehend to be possible in our day—then the history of the current

le will continue to bear a resemblance to the last. ar a violent struggle, the people will again prevail, and principles of State-Rights Democracy will begin to vail over the policy of partisan Democratic leaders who e become nationalized for the sake of slavery. The ggle may be fierce, or it may be long, and will be the or the other in some proportion to the magnitude of interest that is at stake, and its means of ramifying its s and extending its influence over the politics of the ntry. But, as sure as there is a God in Heaven, we be- the people will gradually find out who are their trust- thy leaders, and what are the true principles that t govern the relations of slavery; and make that ormous wrong" submit peacefully to its destiny, un- the Constitution, and the advance of civilization and Christian faith.

e issue is formed now, and can no more be evaded or out of sight. It is only this—whether slavery is to rn or be governed. God is for the right; the body of eople have no interest but for the right; a free press ree speech will surely make men see the right course. hese we are safe—our country is safe; and our be- liberties, having once passed through this severest l, will shine forth resplendent to all the world, and e to the end of time.

SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN.

r the agitation of the subject of Woman's Rights, has engaged considerable attention a few years has already effected something in the way of public n, is very evident from the many new sources of yment opening to women. The inventions of mech- —the cotton mill, the stocking loom, and the sewing ne—have nearly superseded the vast amount of rork in spinning, weaving, knitting and sewing, form- garded as the only legitimate occupations of women, aking butter and cheese and rocking the cradle. these avocations ceased to be profitable, our women have claimed a grand saturnalia of idleness; but y at once, with Yankee brains and Yankee inde- ce, turned their attention to other resources. The ame a ready, and often profitable medium; lectur- s assumed with more or less success, printing, eping, book-keeping, also found large numbers ly employed. The fine arts, poetry, painting and revealed innumerable votaries. Our women studied e and abroad, with true American courage and y self-poise. We intend hereafter to look to these nd painters, and sculptors, and see what they en doing.

eral of our cities, Schools of Design for Women en opened. Philadelphia, Boston and New York h large schools, where the pupils are making ex- progress, not only in drawing but designing, and hey execute wood-engravings with taste and pre- We found in the New York School of Design about ils, more or less advanced. At present they oc- ial rooms up five flights of stairs—but the light and the apartments well ventilated. We ob- he women of all ages were seated upon high fore a window, in which was sometimes placed geranium, in accordance with the taste or the the occupant—for women will worship the beau- ugh every impediment. All was cleanly and nd all the artist-students seemed in good health. was brought up to the head, not the head down to the work. They looked cheerful and Some were amateurs, others were to adopt a profession. We wish every woman would seek excellence in what she attempts more than amusement. We believe the woman who assumes the burin as a means of earning a support, as well as exercising her powers, is higher, and likely to reach higher in achievement than she who only seeks an accomplishment.

We found several engraving cuts for magazines, drawings for machinery, models for gas works, patterns for table-covers, &c.; and we were convinced that the lighter muscle and more delicate sense of woman rendered this branch of art better adapted to her organization than to that of the other sex. The small, light fingers have a peculiar affinity with the delicate lines of the graver.

Several pupils were studying anatomy, and drawing from what seemed to us meagre models. The art of composition and design were growing into use, with freedom of eye and familiarity of experience. Women are apt to follow a model too tamely. They have been restricted to a given routine till a constitutional caution and timidity have become organic. Time and practice will remedy the evil, but patronage and encouragement will do more. Already the School of Design begins to realize results. Orders flow in upon them, and Peter Cooper has promised to give them severrl rooms in the new Institute, which already begins to show its beautiful proportions, and will stand a proud monument of the munificence of a good man who does good in his own day and generation, and does not wait till death wrings the earnings of a life-time from the unwilling grasp.

We hope the school, now so well advanced in wood engraving, will turn its attention to designs and illustrations. Women must not be mere copyists. If they compete in any field their triumph will be incomplete till they are able to do all that can be done in the particular department. We wish to see these fine students of art illustrating our books of poetry, of history, and science. More than one woman has been for many years engaged in something of the sort. Mary E. Brooks, herself a poet of no mean rank, who used to write under the signature of Norma, has been long engaged on the drawings and illustrations for a work on crystals, botany, etc. Mrs. Webber, the wife of the ornithologist and botanist, prepares the designs and illustrations for her husband. Mrs. Scott, of Chicago, designs and engraves also. In Europe it is well known women engage largely in the elegant and lucrative arts of designing and engraving. George Sand is well accomplished in this way, and the world-renowned Madam Roland was an exquisite engraver.

The New York School of Design is likely to do much in the city for a large class of persons, who must look to it as a means of livelihood. The instruction, under the teacher, who seems to have an enthusiasm for his profession, is practical and thorough. Many who have learned their art in the School have found ready engagements as teachers, not only at home, but in the schools and academies of the South and West; and many more would gladly avail themselves of the privileges here to be provided, but are hindered by inadequate means. The School needs aid.

BOOKS AND BOOK-MAKING.

There is no use denying, or ignoring the fact: book-making and book-publishing have reached a crisis. Two years ago any book, of almost any quality, found a ready sale. A perfect furore existed for novels; hence vast numbers of this class of books, gross in construction, crude in material, poor in English and worse in morality, found abundance of purchasers. Literature and artistic merit,

originality of thought, or profoundness of speculation, deep insight or grave experience, were neither sought nor expected. We might name more than one book, representing in a greater or less degree these essentials in composition, which fell nearly dead from the press. Kingsley's Hypatia, with all its wonderful dramatic effect and powerful delineation of the characters and manners of the times, was unnoticed. Hawthorn, the great dissecter of the heart, and Dickens, with his overflowing humanity, were thrown completely in the back ground, while the holdens of literature, and the intense school of writers numbered their thousands and tens of thousands. Sometimes the *sect*, to which the writer belonged, would give to his book a mushroom popularity. It would sell, because it was "orthodox"—it had a great run, because it was "anti-slavery," or it created a furore, because it was a "Southern," production. In these cases it was not the merit of the book that induced a large sale, but the party to which it was addressed. No one claims high *artistic merit* for Uncle Tom—it is the great human heart that beats beneath its pages that imparts to it a *real power*. Other anti-slavery books have been better written and less popular. Then the author had the whole anti-slavery world and a very strong religious influence to give her a world-wide currency. It will do a work, and be forgotten. We name this as representing a class. We might name more than one book written by women, embodying much that is truly significant in literature, but which remain comparatively unknown—while the crude and gross delineations in books like Ruth Hall, Hot Corn, and Fashion and Famine, find their way to "thousands of hearthstones" throughout the country, and to readers unconscious of the poison lurking within.

But the public mind has had a surfeit, and rejects with disgust this unwholesome aliment. The excess of crude viands has created an appetite for what is of higher import. Books hitherto neglected are now called into the market. The few writers of genuine genius, who may have been mortified at the neglect which they encountered, are finding now a compensation. People are weary of solemn dulness, and undigested intensity, and gross scandal. The sense of the true and the beautiful is hungering for indulgence, and the author who shall now step into the field with some original and artistic work, will reap a bountiful harvest both in money and praise.

The American public is an easy, tolerating public. It does not care to discriminate its idols. "Give everybody a chance," is its motto, and hence it often amuses itself by blowing feathers into the air; and when it is tired of the sport, they fall to the ground. We have witnessed the rising of many a literary rocket, shooting like a meteor across the zenith, to fall backward with a few disconnected stars fast fading to oblivion. Nothing can live that is not en-vased. The form must be beautiful, or the creation sinks with the old chimeras of rude chaos and dull night. Milton lived a life of achievement, nursing in his great heart the desire at some time to write "something which his country would not willingly let die." Here was the true soul of an artist. Paradise Lost realized the hope.

BOOK READINGS.

The mighty river of Books runs low this season. Not half as many are published as there were last year. This is doubtless a relief, an advantage, to the reader; his attention is not so much distracted in a thousand ways by different objects, and his time flittered away in glancing at innumerable title-pages, that are floating by. He seems to have more time to pause, to scrutinize, to look at a few pages of a new book; and when, perchance, he finds one of real interest and value he can hold on to it, perhaps even read it through. We have just done so with one, which has an interest like that which Sir Philip Sidney ascribes to the poet—"to hold children from play, and old men from the chimney corner." It is translated from the French, and published by Derby & Jackson, with the title of "Jules Gerard, the Lion-Killer of Algeria."

Our young men who go out in search of rabbits and small birds, and pride themselves upon their manhood because, forsooth, they wade through mud and mire of a moonlight night, cracking at quail and aiming at snipe, would do well to read this book of stirring adventure and daring hardihood. Here is a man who treats all beasts as is unworthy of notice save the lordly lion. For ten years he on their trail; he tracks them to their solitary dens, watches their habits, and describes them with the zest of an epicurean Nimrod. He tells what he has seen and done in the true modesty of a hunter, who, with a courage and perseverance always greater than what he expends, looks lightly upon his achievements. It is true he does not undervalue himself, but he does not vaunt. His story is told with a quiet grace; he has an eye to the picturesque, and in the midst of peril fails not to see the soft beauty of the moonlight night, the dainty lair of the graceful beauty of the woods, and the imposing grandeur of the noble beast who comes majestically forward to confaont the foe. Then he makes the reader not only hear but feel the terrible roar which drives all lesser animals to their coverts as with irrepressible terror. A happy man was Gerard, with his true hunter instincts, glowing with enthusiasm at the approach of his game, sure as he was of victory, for his heart was brave, his aim unfaltering, and his trust in God not to be shaken. He looked upon himself as called to the work of lion-killing, in order to deliver the wandering Arabs from a foe more devastating than an army, a foe which came without scruple to their tents and villages, and night after night bore away a portion of their herds. As a study of the natural history of the lion the book before us is the best we have seen. It gives his movements and appearance with the fidelity of a true artist. We have been apt to look upon the lion as a terrible beast, prowling and murdering, whose kingly qualities were more than apocryphal; but we learn here the reason and nature of his regality. It consists in his coolness, his audacity, his muscular force, exhibited in great leaps, agile as a cat and elastic as the tiger; and, belonging to the same class, as he does, we can never affiliate him with either the one or the other. He sits down before his prey and takes it when ready, sure no creature can escape him. We find another hint in the book worthy of investigation. The writer believes in the power of the lion to magnetize his victims, and tells more than one store of men and animals following him to the woods to be devoured at his leisure, or to become the dainty morsel for a sick lioness or her unweaned cubs. The book, in any point of view, is full of interest, and fascinates by its graphic descriptions and hunter-like condor. Lion-catching and lion-killing are no easy things to be done, as we, who look at these creatures through their iron bars, are apt to suppose. Nor can we from these specimens form any estimate of their power from this point of view. We confess when we imagine the noble beast standing in his native glades, with fearless front and flowing mane, stepping forward to meet a dozen balls without a wink of the eye, and answering to the charge with roars of defiance, we are filled with grief and shame at sight of these poor broken-down kings crouching in their cages under the whip of the keeper, and wrangling and snarling for pounds of meat. It is the counter-

part of Napoleon—from the throne of France to the rock of St. Helena, fretting out his life about rats and poor crockery.

A GLANCE AT SOLOMON.—We have also been reading another book, of a very different character from the preceding, but not devoid of interest and instruction. It is published by M. W. Dodd, and entitled "The Book of Ecclesiastes Explained." The work is an attempt at explaining the apparent skeptacism of this remarkable portion of the sacred volume. The undevout reader is apt to regard it as the expression of one who, having tried every shape of human indulgence, surfeits upon each, and, like a *blasse* man, exclaims "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." He is the most learned man of his times—in correspondence with savans and princes, and entertaining embassadors from all kingdoms in princely wise, upon a throne of ivory, inlaid with gold; and yet he declares "the day of a man's death is better than his birth." Endowed with wonderful aptitude for study, a zoologist and a botanist, who "knew all herbs from the cedar of Lebanon to the hysop that grows upon the wall," he yet pronounces "much study a weariness to the flesh." An author of such merit that his books have come down to our own day, his Proverbs unrivaled in any literature for their practical wisdom, his Songs sweet as the dews of Hybla and the song of nightingales, he turns from all, exclaiming "of making books there is no end." In Ecclesiastes the wise man, thoroughly *ennuied*, cries what in modern phrase would be, "What's the use?" Ah! Solomon, Solomon! there had been wisdom in temperance. So wise for others, thou wert but little wise for thyself. That was a sad experience of thine, after winning the smiles of so many of the fair and frail, that led thee to exclaim, "A man among a thousand I have found, but a woman among all these I have not found."

The author of the work before us shows that after all Solomon, even in this paradoxial book, utters the convictions of a sound faith and the expressions of a devout soul. He sees therein clearly taught not only the great and comforting truth of our immortality, but that also of a final retribution.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

JUST two hundred years ago, 1656, England and France were then, as now, allies. England having taught crowned heads a lesson, unequalled before or since for its sublimity, had risen under the great Cromwell to the highest pitch of national grandeur. The throne, which had been but a tool to France, had given place to the chair of the Commonwealth, and now a sturdy good faith was to be the principle of British rule, while the like adherence was exacted from abroad. After having secured the inestimable gift of freedom at home, England at that time did not seek to abridge her influence abroad. She had no cowardly scheme of neutrality to uphold—free herself, she presented a fearless, independent front to her neighbors. She called them to severe account for their treacheries and falsehoods; remonstrated against aggressions, and interposed her protection for free principles wherever they might appear. A sharp manifesto is published in 1655, against the Spaniards, because of their depredations upon the commerce of England in the West India Islands, and the stand is made mainly upon the ground that England is Protestant and free, and she will not only protect herself, but she will carry her doctrines wherever she may. The Duke of Savoy issues an edict aimed principally against the Protestant believers of Piedmont, and threatens to drive them from their homes if within three days they do not conform to the Romish worship. The Reformers are unable to do this, and in consequence are "assailed by armed violence that turned their dwellings into slaughter-houses, while others without number were terrified into banishment, where now, naked and afflicted, without house or home, or any covering from the weather, and ready to perish through hunger and cold, they miserably wander through desert mountains and depths of snow, together with their wives and children." Such is the graphic description of this enormity, as given by Milton. Cromwell remonstrates manfully against this outrage. He sees in it a covert attack upon all that was dear to England. He remonstrates with the Duke himself, and sends letters of remonstrance to all the kingdoms then in alliance with England. He made the British nation to feel that they were great themselves at home, and respected abroad. There was no cringing policy then. England presented a lion face to her neighbors. Mark the contrast to-day. Freedom has been crushed in Italy—neither England nor America interferes or remonstrates. Liberty has been crushed in France, and England becomes a slavish adulator, kissing the hand stretched out to enslave the people. Not thus had England done in the proud days of her Commonwealth.

The letter we subjoin bears date Whitehall, Sept., 1656. This, with many similar letters, bears testimony to the care with which Cromwell protected the interests of even private individuals. The delicate hint in regard to treaties, is very significant. Our own Government might learn some wisdom by studying and emulating the dignified bearing of the English Commonwealth, as exhibited in her records two hundreds years ago.

"*Oliver, Protector of the Commonwealth of England, to the most serene Prince, Lewis, King of France.*

"Against our will it is that we so often trouble your Majesty with the wrongs done by your subjects, after a peace so lately renewed. But as we are fully persuaded that your Majesty disapproves their being committed, *so neither can we be wanting to the complaints of our people.* That the ship Anthony, of Dieppe, was legally taken before the League manifestly appears by the sentence of the Judges of our Admiralty Court. Part of the lading—that is to say, four thousand hides—Robert Brown, a merchant of London, fairly bought of those who were intrusted with the sale, as they themselves testify. The same merchant, after the peace was confirmed, carried to Dieppe about two hundred of the same hides, and there, having sold them to a currier, thought to have received his money, but found it stopped and attached in the hands of his factor; and, a suit being commenced against him, he could obtain no favor in that Court. Wherefore we thought it proper to request your Majesty that the whole matter may be referred to your Council, that so the said money may be discharged from an unjust and vexatious action. *For if acts done and adjudged before the peace shall, after the peace is renewed, be called into question and controversy, we must look upon assurance of treaties to be a thing of little moment.* Nor will there be any end of these complaints if some of these violators of leagues be not made severe and timely examples to others. Which we hope your Majesty will speedily take into your care, to whom God Almighty in the meanwhile vouchsafe his most holy protection. Your Majesty's most affectionate,

"OLIVER."

A sturdy defining of lines and treaties here—a fatherly protection of the interests of a private man. This was a new lesson to Kingcraft, and a similar one in our own day might be of infinite service to the world. Oliver shows the work plainly—intimates what must be done with the air

of a man who will not be trifled with. We wonder how many aggressions by foreign powers would need be committed upon the liberties and interests of American merchants before our Government would make a like, not to be slighted, remonstrance. A month before, Oliver had done the same thing in behalf of other merchants.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

The eightieth anniversary of the glorious Fourth was celebrated in New York with as much spirit and enthusiasm, probably, as attended the observance of the day half a century ago. Indeed, the disposition to commemorate the day seems to increase from year to year, giving hopeful indications that our people appreciate the institutions achieved by the valor of our fathers and left to us as a rich inheritance, and will preserve them inviolate for long centuries to come. There were on the late anniversary the usual ceremonies, and the usual amount of noise, confusion and smoke. For about twenty-four hours the whole city seemed to be one great "Chinese cracker," for it was one continual crack, crack, crack, from center to circumference. Then there was the ringing of the merry church bells, and the firing of great guns and little guns and pistols; there was the grand military parade; there were the throngs of perhaps fifty thousand people making their way out of the city, in steamboat and rail-cars, to escape the noise and excitements of the day and enjoy a little repose in the country; and there was the counter-current, about as strong, setting in from the country in order to witness the grand celebration in the city. And the day was closed by magnificent displays of fireworks in the parks and public squares at six or eight different points of the city. For this purpose the Common Council had appropriated the liberal sum of five thousand dollars. But this was a small item compared with what was spent for fireworks by the sovereign people in their individual capacity; for not only every street, but almost every house was brilliantly alive during the evening with crackers, rockets, Roman candles, serpents, or some of the countless forms from the skillful hand of the pyrotechnist.

Of course the usual amount of accidents occurred—fingers blown off and hands shattered by the explosion of pistols, buildings set on fire by accident or carelessness, people wounded by the discharge of guns and pistols which had been carelessly left loaded with shot or ball and forgotten. But after all the accidents were less numerous than might reasonably be expected under the circumstances.

The most interesting incident of the day, however, in New York, was the inauguration of a magnificent equestrian statue of Washington. This work had been for some weeks in the progress of erection at Union Square, at the junction of Fourteenth street, Broadway and Fourth avenue. The work of erection had been carried on under cover, so that the people had no glimpse of it till the whole work was completed: and the morning of the Fourth of July was set apart for its inauguration. At a quarter past nine o'clock in the morning, in the presence of a large military array, and many thousands of citizens, the canvas covering was removed, and revealed to the electrified throng the magnificent colossal work of art. The military saluted and fired, and the multitude shouted and hurra'd. Probably not less than a hundred thousand people in the course of the day and evening looked upon this interesting achievement of art, the work of Henry K. Brown. It was procured by the exertions of a few spirited individuals, at a cost of about thirty thousand dollars, which was liberally subscribed by about forty of our wealthy citizens.

An inaugural address on the occasion was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Bethune, by invitation of the Committee of Arrangements, for which purpose a platform was erected in front of the statue, where many persons of distinction witnessed the ceremonies and listened to the address. Dr. Bethune wound up his address by presenting the statue as a free gift to the *people*, in the following language:

"And now, fellow-citizens—not of this State—exult as we may at other times, and exult more we who were born on its imperial soil—in that designation; it is not equal to the occasion; citizens of the Union, hear me and bear witness, that in the name and by the authority of those who have erected this statue, I give it, before God and our country, to the People of the United States! From the St. Croix to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, it is theirs! And you, people of New York, individually and collectively, and not by any delegation of the trust, but as a democracy, shall be its guardians."

Dr. Bethune in the course of his remarks alluded in very complimentary terms to Mr. Brown, the artist, who was present, and was loudly called for by the multitude, and on making his appearance on the platform he was greeted with most hearty cheers. But we have only space to add a word or two more in reference to the details of the statue.

The weight of the horse and rider is about four and a half tuns, distributed as follows: The plinth, 2,000 pounds; horse, 2,700; the rider and other parts, 3,800. The combination of metals is as follows: 88 parts of copper, with nine of tin, two of zinc, and one of lead. The body of the horse was cast in one piece, and the thickness of the metal averages three-eighths of an inch. It was cast at Ames's foundry, in Chicopee, Mass.

The groupe is fourteen feet in hight, and is mounted upon a granite pedestal of equal hight. The statue faces toward the west. The *Pater Patrie* is represented sitting in the saddle, attired in the Continental uniform. His head is uncovered, and his right arm extended as if he was about to speak. The artist has modeled the face from Houdon's bust, the only statuary ever taken from Washington's person. Mr. Houdon came from France, in 1785, and reached Mount Vernon on the 3d of October of that year. He spent two weeks at that place. The work was modeled when Washington was in his fifty-fourth year.

DIAMONDS AND GOLD.

It is believed by many that science will yet discover methods of manufacturing these two precious articles out of the raw material, so that we may have diamonds as plenty as blackberries, and gold in as great abundance as iron. When that time arrives our California gold-diggers will of course turn their attention more to farming. Chemistry long since proved that charcoal or pure carbon was identically the same substance as pure diamond, only the one was crystalized and the other was not; and no method has yet been discovered of crystalizing charcoal so as to turn it into diamonds. But it is said the savans of Paris have got along so far that they make diamond *dust*, pure diamond dust, that has all the qualities of the real article, and cannot be distinguished from it, although they have not yet been able to consolidate it into the solid diamond.

Toward the process of gold-making also there seems to be some progress, and there are not wanting wise men, even in our day, who believe the wild dreams of the alchemists, of transmuting the coarser metals into gold, so much ridiculed in the world, may yet be realized. It has

been recently stated that J. F. Anger, of London, has secured a patent for an alloy of metal, which he describes as follows I melt in a crucible one-hundreth part of good copper. and while in a perfect state of fusion, add seventeen parts of zinc, six parts of magnesite, or substance of a like nature, though perhaps differing in name: three-sixth parts of ammonia, or salts of ammonia, one-eighth part of quicklime or other flux, and nine parts of crude tartar. The crucible is then covered, and the whole is allowed to come to a complete state of fusion. The metal resulting from this combination resembles gold in several of its properties.

Professor Draper of the New York University, a learned man, and one of the most able chemists of the day, in a lecture to his class, several years ago, used the following language:

"In this age of physical miracles one is tempted to ask, will the dreams of those victims of delusion (the alchemists) ever be verified? It has long been the custom of literary men, who are commonly profoundly ignorant of anything like exact science, to hold up the maxims of alchemy to popular derision. But we have seen much more unlikely expectations realized, and unquestionably the present tendency of chemistry lends support to its views. Of sixty elementary substances more than forty are metals, and many of them are so nearly alike that expert chemists are often puzzled to tell the difference between them. Does any man who has a proper appreciation of the universal simplicity of nature suppose that God has made so many elements that are indistinguishable? Is there anything laughable or unphilosophical in supposing that they are either modifications of one another, or perhaps all compounds of two or three more primitive forms? It requires some little degree of moral courage to present the facts as they actually are, and stem the derision of the conceited and ignorant; but the metals will one day be transmuted into one another, and the dreams of the alchemists all realized."

THE PRESENT NUMBER.

The first number of our new series has been received by the public and the country press with very gratifying expressions of approbation, for which we desire to return our hearty thanks Notwithstanding the impression which very naturally prevailed, that the first number of the new series was got up with extra effort and pains, and that subsequent numbers would show a marked falling off in point of excellence, we think we may safely say the present number, instead of falling below, rather rises above the last, in the greater variety and popular character of the articles and general excellence of the illustrations And we may add that the plans and arrangements of the publishers are so well matured, that we have reason to believe the Magazine will increase in interest as it gains age. An original American novel of a high order, finely illustrated, will soon be commenced in its pages.

The Intercepted Messenger of Ramapo Pass.—The highly interesting story with this title, commenced in the present number, must not be regarded by the reader as a mere romance or fictitious narrative. Although it is indebted to the imagination of the writer for many of the accessory embellishments, it is alleged to be, in its main features, historically true, the facts having been related to Mrs. Smith several years ago by Mr. Pierson, an aged gentleman of Ramapo, whose name is given in the narrative, and who said he had the story from the messenger's own lips. The circumstance of Washington sending a messenger with secret dispatches for the purpose of being intercepted by the British at Ramapo Pass, the account of the appearance and death of the old Indian Chief, the last of the tribe of Ramapaugh, the description of the old families of the place and their cherished relics, which had been hallowed by the presence of Washington, are given as historical facts A portion of this story was published a few years ago. It has now been much enlarged and historically improved by the author for the United States Magazine. The fine illustrations by our skillful artist have also added much interest to the narrative.

Our distinguished historians, Bancroft and Irving, consider the story of a secret messenger of Washington being intercepted at Ramapo Pass, as improbable on the face of it, from the fact that his dispatches would be sure to be regarded by the British as a decoy. There may, however, have been circumstances connected with the route, which we do not now understand, sufficient to remove that ground of improbability That the venerable witness, Mr. Pierson, was reliable and unimpeachable, and that he believed what he related is undoubtedly true. The aged people of Ramapo, also, generally believed the story or tradition of the messenger of the Pass, and tradition usually has its foundation in fact.

The Live Yankee.—For this lively, graphic, vigorous portraiture of the universal Yankee, in the illustrated poem in the Olio, we ought, perhaps, inform the reader we are indebted to our fair correspondent, Xenette, whose effusions have frequently graced the pages of this Magazine for two years past. Perhaps, too, the reader may think we ought to inform him who Xenette is. We don't know about that—we'll take time to consider of it. If a lady chooses to wear a vail, we have no right to lift it without her consent. When we say, however, that she is a young lady who has never known city life, that she resides far away in the country, almost in the backwoods, is self-supported and self-educated, and has but just left her school, the reader will perhaps agree with us in the opinion that she is a young writer of some promise.

LAMARTINE'S COURSE OF LITERATURE.

Alphonse De Lamartine deserves well of the world, as an author, a patriot, a philanthropist, and as a man. He is now suffering from pecuniary misfortune, and we are glad to see a movement in this country to bestow patronage upon his literary labors, under auspices and upon a scale that cannot fail to afford him substantial relief.

The work for which Lamartine asks of the people of the United States an intellectual hospitality is entitled "A Familiar Course of Literature." It will embrace all ages and countries.

The "Familiar Course of Literature" will be composed annually of twelve monthly numbers of about eighty pages each, making for one year two fine volumes of 500 pages each, in octavo, with the portrait of the author. It will be written exclusively by Lamartine. There will be one edition in French and one in English. For greater convenience, and to avoid the irregularities of arrival from Europe, the "Familiar Course of Literature" will be sent quarterly to subscribers—that is, three numbers at once. The first issue in the United States will take place early in September. It has already commenced in France.

The amount of the subscription is six dollars a year, payable in advance. No subscription will be taken for less than one year.

An agent and friend of Lamartine, Mons. Desplace, is in this country for the purpose of receiving subscriptions and extending the circulation of this desirable work. His headquarters are at the bookstore of D. Appleton & Co., New York, where he can be addressed. In reference to his agent, Lamartine says, in a letter to Mr. Bancroft, the historian, "I introduce to you one of my best friends, Mr. J. B. Desplace, who, out of pure affetion for me, visits America solely for the purpose of forwarding my interests."

In aid of this movement, a circular has been prepared, signed by quite a number of our prominent literary men and statesmen, which, on account of its general interest, we copy entire

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

We have heard with the liveliest fellow-feeling that the illustrious Alphonse de Lamartine calls across the Atlantic to the lovers of literature in the United States to take part with him in his struggle with the evil days on which he has fallen. In a letter to one of us he writes:

"Great reverses of fortune have come upon me since 1848, and above all in these latest times. I make head against them by labor. In behalf of this literary labor I have recourse to your countrymen. Give me aid and introduce me among them. Success is for me an affair of life or death."

No words of others could touch the heart of the public like this ingenuous appeal from a man who ever judged it inconsistent with his honor to accept emoluments or favors from monarchical Governments which he could not approve, but deems it right to look for help from the voluntary subscriptions of a free people to his productions as an author. This confession of hard necessity comes from a man who, as a poet, orator, legislator, historian and statesman, has united in himself more varied claims to distinction than any public man of our century. He may justly look for sympathy, for it is the unanimous testimony of those who know him well that while his own manner of living has all the regularity and simplicity of a man of exemplary industry, it has been the habit of his life to feel for and relieve the sorrows of others—to do good to those who were sick and suffering, and in want, according to his means, and often beyond his means.

When his glowing words, his personal intrepidity, and his love for progressive liberty caused him to be borne by acclamation to the highest place of authority in the most powerful nation of the Continent of Europe, it is a matter of history that he sought to use his popularity and the vantage ground of his station, not to usurp a dictatorship for himself, but to constitute France a Republic. Holding high and, for a time, irresponsible power, he retired from office poor, and with such spotless integrity that not even his enemies breathed a reproach on the purity of his administration in its relation to his personal fortunes.

A lover of peace and of his fellow men, he seized the very moment of the highest excitement of political revolution to repress the disposition for war, and in the name of the French people to utter an ineffaceable protest against shedding blood for political offenses.

Nor may we forget that, twenty-two years ago, when the United States pressed upon France its claim of indemnity for wrongs, and the two countries were for a season so arrayed against each other that the indulgence of national passion might easily have provoked a conflict, he saw that the demand of America was indisputably right, and rising superior to the sensitiveness of his countrymen, combated the opinions of some of those whose friendship he valued most, and by his manly eloquence essentially contributed to the settlement of the controversy on the basis of impartial justice.

But it is not by reminiscences of his public career that Lamartine asks for sympathy. He tells us himself that he wraps the obscurity of private life around him like a mantle, and entangled by no connections with Government, he comes before us exclusively as a man of letters. Wherever his plan is made known we find it is received with great favor; and we earnestly hope that the result may be such as to cheer the great man in his solitude, and lighten the intensity of his distress.

Washington Irving,
George Bancroft,
William C. Bryant,
Edward Everett,
W. H. Prescott,
Henry W. Longfellow,
George Ticknor,
James Walker,
Jared Sparks,
C. C. Felton,
Richard B. Kimball,
Charles King,
George P. Morris,
N. Parker Willis,
Fitz-Greene Halleck,
L. Agassiz,
A. D. Bache,
Joseph Henry,
Dudley Bean,
Robert C. Winthrop, late Speaker of U. S. House of Rep.
J. D. Bright, President of the U. S. Senate.
N. P. Banks, Speaker of the U. S. House of Rep.
Winfield Scott, Commander-in-Chief of U. S. Army.
Lewis Cass, U. S. Senate.
J. J. Crittenden, U. S. Senate.
John Slidell, U. S. Senate.
Humphrey Marshall, U. S. House of Representatives.
William H. Seward, U. S. Senate.
R. Toombs, U. S. Senate.
J. P. Benjamin, U. S. Senate.
W. W. Boyce, U. S. House of Representatives.
Hamilton Fish, U. S. Senate.
James C. Jones, U. S. Senate.
Alfred Iverson, U. S. Senate.
James M. Mason, U. S. Senate.
John R. Thompson, U. S. Senate.
Alex. H. Stephens, U. S. House of Representatives.
L. F. S. Foster, U. S. Senate.
Charles Durkee, U. S. Senate.
A. C. M. Pennington, U. S. House of Representatives.
Jacob Broom, U. S. House of Representatives.
Charles E. Stuart, U. S. Senate.

FREEZING AND BURNING.

These two operations, apparently so opposite in their nature, are undoubtedly identical in cause, as they are similar in effect when applied to the animal tissue. When we touch a red-hot iron, the caloric rushes with tremendous force from the iron into the flesh, instantly destroying the contiguous organization of skin, muscle and nerve, producing the most excruciating pain, and, if extended far enough, destroying all animal life. Now if this same piece of iron could be reduced as many degrees below our blood heat as it had been above, and we were to touch it, the sensation and effect would be almost precisely the same as the burn. The caloric would again rush with tremendous force, but the current would be changed in the *opposite direction*. It would rush *from* the flesh into the iron, destroying in its course the animal organization. We should be burnt as badly as with the red-hot iron. Dr. Kane, in speaking of the effects of extreme cold in his Arctic Expedition, says:

"At the appalling temperature of 40 and 50, or 70 to 80 degrees below the freezing point, cold became as insensible in its effects as heat, indeed, between the positive effects of the very high, and the negative of the very low scale, it was impossible to distinguish by sensation. Upon going out in the open air the face became incrusted with an icy rind, and the lips were glued together by the cementing aid of the beard and moustache. The trigger of a gun blistered the finger, and a jack-knife in the pantaloons pocket caused you to jump as with a sudden scald. During the long darkness, when they attempted to beguile the Winter hours with theatricals, an unfortunate Thespian dropped the pantomimic flat-iron as though receiving a sudden burn. Indeed, next day a row of blisters had given evidence of the truth that in temperature as in everything else, extremes meet."

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Blue were the eyes of the miller's daughter,
Brown and golden her wavy hair—
Swift was the rush of the silvery water
Tumbling over the mill-wheel there.

Spider-webs swung from each oaken rafter—
Swung and floated the whole day long;
Sweet was the music of Mary's laughter,
Sweeter the music of Mary's song.

Down to the stream grew the flags and rushes—
Roses, too, with their fragrance sweet,
Redder than roses were Mary's blushes
When in the forest we chanced to meet.

Steady and true was the mill-wheel's motion,
Bright was the foam-bell's sparkling dance—
Steadier far was the maid's devotion,
Brighter than waters her blue eye's glance.

Ah! well-a-day, the wheel is broken—
Ten long years has its creak been still;
Ivy-vines hang from the rafters oaken,
Ruined and idle now stands the mill.

To a rose-covered mound on the hillside, lonely,
Often I wander to weep and to pray;
Brooklet and bird to my ear sing only—
My soul hears a spirit-song sweeter than they.

G. A. A.

Editor's Olio.

GROANS—CRIES—TIGERS.

GERMAN and French physicians of late recommend to their patients to cry and groan to their heart's content, when suffering from pain, either from disease or from surgical operations. There is sound philosophy in all this. Cries and groans are the great safety-valves to the nerves. Every mother knows that when a child falls or bumps its head, and the disaster is followed by a lusty cry, she regards it as of little moment. If, on the contrary, it is still, or cries feebly, the injury is apprehended to be more or less severe, just in proportion to the strength or feebleness of the demonstrative cry. Nature is the best teacher. The animal cries sharply with pain on injury, and so long as it does so we fly to its relief. When it ceases, we know the danger is over or the case mortal. The very outcry throws the action from the delicate net-work of the nerves upon the blood-vessels and muscles, where more robust powers may turn aside the danger.

We recommend groans and cries. To the child with its little world of vast trials and overwhelming griefs, so little appreciated by us grown old in suffering, trained to endurance, hackneied in sympathy, and callous to human necessities, tears and cries are not only a relief but a positive comfort. We have known a sturdy young democrat, of a month old, who kept the whole house in uproar at his cries—great, honest, steady, comfortable cries, that might do the knowing ones good, but appalling to the uninitiated. Such a running about as he kept in the family! Such a trotting as he underwent! Such a hurrying up of hot flannels! Such swigs of catnip, balm, annise and calamus as were poured down that wide-open little red throat, to say nothing of magnesia, rhubarb and palma christi: then for the little kicks, and squaring off of those red fists, the writhings, gurglings, and chokings, followed up by trots and hard thumps upon the back! Verily the child took to existence hardly. All this time that so much commotion was raised by the graceless new-comer, he, the youngster, grew apace. A mellon vine running before a streak of lightning were a fit illustration of his growing. The beanstalk of Jack the Giant Killer was tardy in comparison. Bands were burst, small linen discarded, and pretty laces thrown to one side to make room for the young demonstrative. Such sleep as that child had was an admiration to all beholders. And yet we looked on with fear and trembling. We knew that the least stirring of the pent up vitality, the folding of the slightest shred of flannel under those ease-loving ribs would set him all afloat again. Those pretty smiles, and infantile greetings with the angels would be at once exchanged for such decided earth manifestations as would set the whole domicil in confusion. But the point was this: all these kicks and screams were beneficial to the lusty growth of the young scion. They worked kindly upon his development, albeit grievous to the senses of the looker-on.

If groans are good for the child, and cries the best kind of gymnastics, they are none the less so for the adult, whose skin becomes at once hard and wrinkled from the time he ceases to groan and cry. Women who weep readily, albeit they are not of the achieving kind, albeit they do not quite understand the solving of moral problems, or the inspirations of poets and heroes, from the fact of their belonging to mild, watery planets, always retain a soft, delicate beauty, quite refreshing, most especially to men of robust nerves, who love them by contrast. Women subject to hysterics, which consists of moisture, are always young and fair to look upon, by reason that when the fit is upon them they scream loudly, which greatly easeth the whole system, and the loud laughing, mingled with tears, does so greatly stir up and refresh the organs that they are as good as made new. Men are not unfrequently afflicted in the same way, by reason of the womanly part, which is the best and finest part of their nature, becoming for the time being in the paramount. While the fit is on them it behooveth them to be housed lest it be unseemly to a man. We are well aware that physicians, from certain data, which we will not stop to define or examine, deny this disease to men; but we could give good and valid reasons for believing the contrary, were not the authority of Shakespeare all-sufficient for the occasion:

"O! let not woman's weapons, water drops,
Stain my man's cheeks * * *
* * * * You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep. * * * *
O, how this mother swells up toward my heart;
Hysterica passio; down, thou climbing sorrow!
Thy element's below."

All the Poets make their heroes weep, from Homer down to the poorest, which might be unseemly to name. Heroes cry, and scream, and swear, unconscious that they do it, for their brains and nerves must find an outlet or snap asunder. Washington did this in the heat of battle, as did Gen. Taylor, and nobody thinks the worse of them for so doing. They were not carpet-knights, they were not "ambling in a lady's chamber," but stout men, doing stalwart duty for God and country, and no more conscious of what they said than the thick air of battle that carried the sound. Your out-speaking, out-thundering demi-god is no craven—no traitor. We will stake our best quill that Schlessinger was a taciturn man.

Jove is power in repose, but Jove is *Jupiter Tonans* also. He can thunder; he does not care who steals his thunder; he holds the armory of thunder, and cares not how many try their hand at it, so that they do it worthily; he derides only the attempt and failure. The outcries of power are sublime—such as the cry of the bald eagle, the roar of the lion—but we laugh at the voice of the goose and the bray of the ass, just as we should deride the bellowings of the Titans.

The Stoics, when they placed all virtue in endurance, did violence to the healthiest interests of our humanity. Your out-crying people are cheerful, healthy and freedom-loving. Those nations who have been the most remarkable for their taciturnity—the least demonstrative of their emotions—have always proved themselves the most cruel and vindictive; witness the ancient Lacedemoneans, and the modern savage. So men of the highest intellectual culture, who have no impulses, are always cold if not cruel. They do not cry and shout—not they; they do not scream in the market-place, and call from the house-top, and speak blood-tirringly from the stump. O, no; they stab in the dark—barricade themselves behind forms and ceremonies—and die at fifty, old, and parched, and shriveled, like a mummy of a thousand years. We believe in endurance. We are a Stoic, in fact; what else could keep us alive and writing in this age of freedom? But we must *write* this groan, because the times do not afford us opportunity to utter one in good faith. St. Paul knew the virtue to be found therein when he so well described "groanings that cannot be uttered."

It does our heart good to hear the cries and shouts of the people gathered in the Park, for instance, in New York City. Heavens! how they do shout; there is health and majesty both in their shouts. Your lean, discontented Cassius does not shout nor groan; he clings his lean arms close to his side, looking out from under his knit brows with a stern, lowering frown, while he holds the folds of his toga close to his ribs. It is good for the people to vent themselves in cries, and shouts, and groans. It gives health and vigor to the body politic, no less than to the human system. Who that has ever listened to the shouts of the New York masses but has felt the blood thrill to the ends of his fingers? Then their *groans!* Wo to the speaker, the statesman, the politician, the editor, who comes under the ban of the groanings of the people. It is deep and terrible, and significant as the muttering thunder which precedes the hurricane. It is not to be hushed—it is not to be stifled. We heard ten thousand people groan at the doings of the rulers in the Park at a mass meeting. It was fearfully ominous. A man is politically dead who has been thus groaned over. Administrators must take these things to heart. Your silent mob may be reasoned with, but your live, shouting one, venting itself in cries and groans, is to be observed narrowly. For it must and will find a leader who "can guide the whirlwind and direct the storm." It is said Young Italy has grown silent and gloomy; it indicates a gathering power to be felt hereafter. Young France, on the contrary, during the first revolution, gave way to horrible cries, like those of the tiger; witness their tiger doings, and apply the analogy. Crowns, courts, churches, institutions fell before the accumulated, unsuppressed madness thus engendered.

We are not sure but what is technically called "groans," in the popular sense, is a New York peculiarity; they apply them freely to unpopular men and measures. It has more dignity than the hiss, and is more to be dreaded also, for it clears the political horizon without caring much for the men it overrides. Your hiss is superficial and is easily surmounted; your groan is deep and deadly.

We have in New York, also, another demonstration of the people called the "Tiger." When the masses are greatly indignant, disgusted, or outraged, they vent themselves in fiery speeches; then, as by one voice, they shout "three groans for the traitor Schlessinger," or any other obnoxious individual, then follow the groans, loud, deep and determined. Should they cry still further "Now for a *Tiger*," that quick, sharp yell is fearful to hear, and wo to the individual if near at hand; he would be torn limb from limb.

The Tiger, however, is not necessarily a mark of disapprobation. It is rather a demonstration of life and action. A lively expression of any emotion of any kind. They give it to favorite speakers and public characters. Still, it is terrible, like the beautiful but capricious animal from which it takes its name. A stranger would be greatly terrified thereby. For instance, when the refined, beautiful Sontag appeared in the City of New York a serenade was given her, and there were loud calls for her appearance upon the balcony of the hotel at which she stopped. When she appeared, with her fine look of genius and blood, and bowed in her womanly grace to the multitude below, her handsome appearance, so like a revelation, wrought upon the sensitive New Yorkers, and they spontaneously gave her three cheers, followed by a *Tiger*, at which startling cry poor Sontag, overcome with surprise and terror, fled to the inner rooms, doubtful if she would not be torn in pieces. But she soon learned there was no danger; it was only a premonition of the enthusiasm which followed her every footfall in New York.

Americans are losing the calm silence which marked the men of the Puritans and the Revolution. We are combining the sturdy selfism of the English stock with the versatile mercurialness of the French. Our blood has outgrown the old English mist and fog, and the Dutch phlegm. This is a necessity of climate. We are very quick and irritable, and not to be trifled with. We are learning to work more with the spirit than the flesh; we ease the nerves by cries, and groans, and tigers, and such a people must be wisely ruled. Administrators must be careful of what they do; they must not provoke the irritability of the people unless they know fully how to allay it. We do not feel now as individuals so much as in masses. We go together as one man, and wo to the administration or the man who provokes public indignation. We would not like to be in the skin of Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, who lately so brutally assaulted Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts, in the Senate Chamber, if once the people of the country begin to give him groans followed by a Tiger. Public outbreaks are fearful when aimed at one man. It is God only who "stilleth the raging of the sea" and the tumult of the people.

SAILORS' WIVES.

"At one time there have been enumerated in Honolulu the wives of twenty-five sea captains. From such information as can be obtained, it is supposed that one in six of all whaling captains is accompanied by his wife. The practice is annually increasing. This is a new feature in the prosecution of the whaling business. Probably a score of American ladies have visited the Arctic Ocean during the past Summer. [Honolulu Friend, Nov. 17.

The above paragraph is more significant than might be supposed from a hasty perusal. The wives of our sailors are perhaps the most independent class of women in the community. Sailors are apt to be improvident to the last degree, and while upon ship-board can hardly conceive of any earthly use for money. The conditions of his voyage insure him a support while it lasts, and no sooner does he reach shore and receive a handful of gold than he is eager to expend it. But sailors' wives come in as most salutary checks upon this prodigality. They feel deeply the years of toil and peril expended in accumulation. They know how their own lives have been passed in a protracted anxiety for the beloved one so long absent upon the mighty deep. Then, again, there is the mother to be reverenced as well as remembered.

A sailor's mother is always old, and the first thing he does on reaching harbor and securing his wages, is to transmit a portion to his "good old mother, who is sure to pray for Jack, tossing about on the ocean;" so he writes her a brief letter—Jack's letters are always brief—the hegira from the Mecca of dear mother to the Medina of your dutiful son, Jack, being most rapid, and his chirography apt to resemble foot-prints upon sand. It is not long before his pockets are entirely relieved.

If Jack has a wife he is altogether a different being. Then in his old sea-chest begins to accumulate delicate shells, bright red beans, shark's teeth, flying fish dried, centipedes and lizards, and scorpions in spirits. He looks out for monkeys and parrots, and rare things of every kind, with which to delight and excite the wonderment of the beloved at home. A sailor who makes an improvident or bad husband is the worst kind of a man; for, as a general rule, they are deeply attached to their families, and the wives of sailors are among the most devoted we have ever known. Whalemen are often gone from three to five

years, and all this time the sole management of the property and family interests devolves upon the wife.

And when the rattling casement told
Of many a periled ship,
The anxious wife her babes would fold,
And pray with trembling lip.

She rears the children, buys and sells, and directs her affairs with great discretion and fidelity. She acquires a tranquil kind of dignity, a womanly self-reliance, which is pleasing to contemplate. Good order and thrift prevail in her household, even to a degree beyond those where the husbands are more immediately associated with the family routine. For men will be late, and will disarrange and keep a house more or less in commotion, while the habit of being sole head and director of the establishment gives to these women an entire and beautifully developed system.

The sailor is too much isolated from his kind. These men, who carry the products of nations from mart to mart, do it in sacrifice of nearly all the social affections. They encounter perils by land and sea, sickness and disaster and temptations in every shape, to advance our commercial interests, and yet they are the class least cared for in the community. They are good for nothing upon shore; off soundings Jack comes out in all his glory. But on land he reels and lurches about, and stares and wonders like a grown-up child. He knows little of conventionalism, and what he knows he despises. He has a way all his own. He is sure to mount a horse as being next best to a ship, and the animal stands but a poor chance, for ten knots an hour is slow going to a sailor. Then all the mock-auctions, all the strange out-of-the-way places, have an attraction for him. He likes an open space as he does sea-room, but he likes to dive into locker-looking courts and forecastle kind of streets, and caboose sort of old dwellings; and so he is pretty sure to get where he shouldn't go.

Now, the help for all this is to allow the captain and first mate, one or both, we should say both, to take their wives with them to sea. This would be an incentive to the sailor, and we believe the interests of commerce even would be advanced by such practice. There would be a demand for greater forecast and care upon the part of commanders, and the saving of life would no doubt be great, for many captains assert that the sense of discontent and bereavement produced by these family separations often becomes too painful for endurance. Women, also, will feel the need of higher culture, and a more thorough habit of study and mental improvement, and a more enlarged and disinterested mode of observation will prevail among them.

Many sailors' wives are good navigators, and take observations and keep the log as well as the captain. We have known more than one woman who quelled a mutiny aboard ship by her fearless deportment and resolute self-possession.

THE DEAD IN THE DEEP.

"A peopled home is the ocean bed."

A [illegible] notice, very full of interest, has recently been published by a Detroit paper of the successful descent of a submarine diver on Lake Erie to the wreck of a steamer, which had been lying four years at the depth of a hundred and sixty feet below the surface. A safe belonging to the American Express Company, and containing between thirty and forty thousand dollars in money, was sunk in the vessel, and several attempts have been made to regain it but without success till a few weeks since when a diver from Buffalo accomplished the wonderful feat. The steamer was the Atlantic; she was sunk off Long Point, on Lake Erie, in 1852. The Detroit paper says:

"It will be recollected that this steamer was instantly sunk, by colliding with a propeller, and that a large number of passengers were lost. The diver was protected by copper armor, and was under water forty minutes, during which time he had some strange adventures. The upper deck of the steamer lies one hundred and sixty feet under water, and far below where there is any current or motion. Everything is therefore exactly as it went down. When the diver alighted upon the deck, he was saluted by a beautiful lady, whose clothing was well arranged, and her hair elegantly dressed. As he approached her the motion of the water caused an oscillation of her head, as if gracefully bowing to him. She was standing erect, with one hand grasping the rigging. Around lay the bodies of several others as if sleeping. Children holding their friends by the hand, and mothers with their babies were there. In the cabin the furniture was still untouched by decay, and to all appearances had just been arranged by some careful and tasteful hand.

"In the office he found the safe, and was enabled to move it with ease, and took it upon deck, where the grappling irons were fastened on, and the prize brought safely to light. On opening the safe, it displayed its contents in a perfect state of preservation. There was in the safe $5,000 in gold, $3,500 in bills of the Government Stock Bank, and a large amount of bills on other banks, amounting in all to about $36,000."

The description of the beautiful lady standing on deck, at the still and solemn depth of a hundred and sixty feet, swaying to and fro as if saluting her visiter, forcibly reminds us of Mrs. E. Oakes Smith's poem of the "Drowned Mariner," from which we quote the following stanzas:

Bethink thee, mariner, well of the past,
A voice calls loud for thee—
There's a stifled prayer, the first, the last,
The plunging ship on her beam is cast,
O, where shall thy burial be?
Bethink thee of oaths that were lightly spoken,
Bethink thee of vows that were lightly broken,
Bethink thee of all that is dear to thee—
For thou art alone on the raging sea:

Alone in the dark, alone on the wave,
To buffet the storm alone—
To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
To struggle, and feel there is none to save—
God shield thee, helpless one!
The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past,
The trembling hands on the deep are cast,
The white brow gleams a moment more,
Then slowly sinks—the struggle is o'er.

Down, down where the storm is hushed to sleep,
Where the sea its dirge shall swell,
Where the amber drops for thee shall weep,
And the rose-lipped shell her music keep,
There thou shalt slumber well.
The gem and the pearl lie heaped at thy side,
They fell from the neck of the beautiful bride,
From the strong man's hand, from the maiden's brow,
As they slowly sunk to the wave below.

A peopled home is the ocean bed,
The mother and child are there—
The fervent youth and the hoary head,
The maid, with her floating locks outspread,
The babe with its silken hair,
As the water moveth they lightly sway,
And the tranquil lights on their features play;
And there is each cherished and beautiful form,
Away from decay, and away from the storm.

How perfectly and graphically this last stanza presents the scene described by the diver in the quotation from the Detroit paper. And yet the poem was written years ago, drawing its pictures from the inspirations of genius rather than the experience of facts.

POSTSCRIPT.—It is said to be a pity to spoil a good story. Nevertheless, having seen, since the above was put in type, another side to the story of the diver and what he saw, and what he didn't see, we feel bound to give it; not that we love poetry less, but that we love truth more. The following apparently plain matter-of-fact statement

from the Cleveland Herald, seems to knock the poetry of the Detroit paper "into a cocked hat."

"Mr. E. P. Harrington, of Westfield, N. Y., in his diving press, with leaden shoes, and with lead weights attached to his body, amounting in all to 248 lbs., with a rope around his waist, by which he could be raised to the surface, and a check or signal line in his hand, commenced his first descent. He was governed by the wreck line, and struck the promenade deck about forty feet aft the state-room, where the Express Company's safe was, which was in the third state-room aft the wheel-house on the larboard side. He remained on deck but one minute. After descending from 50 to 70 feet, depending upon the clearness of the air above, all is dark to the diver, and he is governed entirely by feeling.

"During four days he made eighteen descents to the Atlantic, remaining on board of her periods of from four to eleven minutes each. It was not until the third day, upon which he made seven dives, that he succeeded in getting to the state-room, during which he succeeded in breaking a hole through the wood work and getting a line fast to the ring of the safe, but found the aperture too small to admit of the passage of the safe. The next day he, by the aid of a saw, managed to attach a rope to the panel work and casing, so that the workmen above detached it. The safe was then raised.

"The Atlantic lies careened, her larboard side being 175 feet, and the water on her starboard 160 feet deep. The safe was about 157 feet from the surface. Upon her deck Mr. H. found a light sediment of three or four inches depth. He could, as we have said above, see nothing, and encountered nothing but the wood work, chains, glass and the chest. The water was very chilly, and Mr. H.'s hands were so numb that he could not by mere feeling distinguish glass from wood. It was only by the former breaking that he knew its material. He thinks his strength when below not more than one-tenth that he has when in open air. He suffered but little from pressure except two or three times, when such was the rush of blood to the head, that, as he says, he saw "bright flashes in his helmet, like electric sparks."

NOSES.

BY A PROFESSIONAL NOSER.

"Said Aaron to Moses,
'Let 's cut off our noses.'
Said Moses to Aaron,
'It's the fashion to wear 'em.'"

How the above amusing and authentic anecdote has been preserved to us would be an interesting question for the antiquary. Considering the lapse of time since the date of that remarkable conversation, it ought not to surprise us that so little of the lighter chit-chat of these humorous High Priests should now remain, but rather that *any* scrap could have clung to the memory of man for so long a period. Where Aaron acquired a notion so absurd cannot now be learned. It would appear that the influence of the more sensible Moses was sufficient to prevent the precipitate Aaron from ridding himself of a feature which, however unornamental, was certainly useful, if not indispensable. After reading a statement so disparaging, one cannot help losing somewhat of that respect for Aaron which, in a general way, attaches to the cloth. No matter if his nasal protuberance was as homely as that of the little boy who complained to his mother that his nose "grew *pugger* and *pugger* every day;" he could, on no principle, be excused for severing it from the face for which it was made. And if the act proposed would have been one of pure wantonness—which we suspect was the case—we cannot find words sufficiently energetic for the adequate expression of our shocked—nay, horrified feelings. On the other hand, we honor Moses with peculiar homage for his manly and dignified stand upon the nose of his friend. Note his gentlemanly deference to the opinions and usages of the Jewish community. In his laconic but comprehensive reply he says only, "It is *the fashion* to wear 'em." It is proper to infer that this reply had the happiest effect upon Aaron. It presented to him the inconvenience of being without a nose, in connection with the idea of singularity—of being "out of fashion;" which, in those days—when a man at two or three hundred was thought still young—must have been the most terrible one that Moses could have suggested. We may also believe that Moses had a reverence for the nasal feature, *as* a feature; and that it pained his sense of fitness and proportion to imagine the human countenance as divested of it. It is this feeling with which we sympathize most deeply in the present article; for the question of *fashion* has come to affect the *shape* of the nose, rather than the *existence*. It may sound oddly to some to speak of the nose in this technical way; but let them ask almost any mother to describe how, by innumerable pinches, she *fashioned* the noses of her offspring—redeemed them from "pug"-ness, or checked their banian-like tendency to turn toward the root—and they may begin to realize that the idea is not absurd.

Besides the notion of mere servile imitation in these artist-minded mammas—shaping a nose after the rich Mr. A's or the fasionable Miss B's—two ideas may be mentioned, as having a particularly controlling effect. First and most widely prevalent, is that of *beauty*. Few are insensible to the beauty or effect of a well-turned nose. After the eyes and mouth, perhaps, the nose takes the first place in a description of features. "She's very pretty—that is, *would* be, were it not for that horrid nose!" or, "what a fine nose Mr. C. has!" are expressions familiar to every one. The other idea is that of *character*. There is a great deal of character in a nose. That is, the nose is often made quite an index of character; not always, or perhaps often, knowingly, but *insensibly*, and not the less surely. Both these ideas will be further illustrated in the following analysis.

The *Grecian* nose is usually considered the finest and most noble of all the varieties. It is distinguished by its being "well planted" between the brows, and straight upon the ridge, and by its firm, well-turned nostrils. It lends dignity and grace to the countenance, and is significant of truth, honor, purity and delicacy of mind. Nobleness, openness and liberality of mind and heart are suggested byit. It may be mentioned here, however, that these signs are by no means infallible, and the same may be said in relation to those which follow.

The *Roman* nose is also much admired, as being indicative of manliness and vigor of mind, and loftiness of purpose. The ridge, instead of being straight, is raised in the middle, generally so as to form an obtuse angle, though sometimes it has a continuous curve. This variety of nose is suggestive of strength rather than delicacy, and of prudence rather than generosity. Both the varieties which have been mentioned depend much for their significance upon the purity of their "lines," and degree of perfection of "chisseling."

The *Aquiline* nose is curved and hooked, like the bill of the eagle. It is usually accompanied by sharpness and activity of mind, but is indicative rather of acuteness than solidity. It is also an accompaniment of cunning, selfishness, and rapacity.

The *Retrousse* nose is vulgarly called the "turn-up." It is rarely accompanied by nobleness or greatness of mind, but rather signifies one absorbed by self. The possessor of such a nose may be witty, sensitive, and "thin-skinned," but rarely generous, manly, or high-souled.

The "*Pug*" nose—the poor little pug nose; what need be said of the pug nose? Everybody knows the pug nose. Not "big enough to pull," or small enough to be called a

wart, it can neither be blown nor worn with satisfaction, and is only possessed by men as little in proportion as the excrescence itself. Napoleon gave small-nosed men a particularly wide berth—and there was reason.

There are modifications of all these varieties; and, indeed, a great proportion of all the noses may be termed modifications. We have the "bottle nose," the "carbuncle nose," the "rum-blossom nose," the "squab nose," the "flat nose," and the nose with the knob at the end. The next to the last named embraces the African nose. A wide nostril denotes a deep, full chest. A very red and highly-inflamed nose is significant of "apple-jack," which is a "weakness."

Washington had a very fine, wide-ridged Grecian nose. The Greeks are generally supposed to have Grecian noses. Wellington had a remarkable Roman nose, and most Romans have them likewise. John Randolph and Tristam Burgess had aquiline noses. "Turn-up" and "pug" noses are not commonly sported by great men."

A race of people—thank Heaven becoming extinct—called Yankees, have succeeded in converting the nose into a musical instrument, of wondrous power but somewhat deficient in sweetness. It is not commonly considered so good as the natural organ, and it is to be fervently hoped will in time be disused.

We have only to fancy the human countenance divested of the nose, to agree with Moses that the nasal appendage is "very good in its place." The advocates of Aaron's theory are becoming rare.

A GLANCE ALL ROUND.

"ORDER reigns in Warsaw;" but the Russians are rebuilding some of their fortifications and defenses in a manner that seems to indicate, that while they put their trust in God they mean "to keep their powder dry." In the meantime the Emperor is turning his attention to internal improvements and the arts of peace.

John Bull has wisely concluded not to fly in a passion and pitch into Brother Jonathan because Minister Crampton was summarily sent home. John even has no idea of dismissing Mr. Dallas. Mr. Crampton is made the scape-goat, and the enlistment difficulty is settled. The Central American dispute, John still thinks, is a fair quarrel, and offers to "leave it out" to a third party to say how it shall be settled.

But an awful rumpus had occurred between John and Jonathan at the last dates from London, which bid fair for a short time to knock all other quarrels into a cocked hat. A member of Jonathan's family went to the Queen's levee, or public reception, wearing a *yellow vest* and *black cravat*. The master of ceremonies had the great presence of mind and self-possession to stop the horrid looking "critter" at the door, and sent him off before he got inside to frighten the Queen. But it was evident the Queen had a narrow escape; and as soon as the thing became known out of doors London boiled over with excitement. The "Thunderer" roared, and all the lesser papers, Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, barked at the yellow vest and black "hankercher."

The Queen, however, showed good pluck, for no sooner was she told of what had happened at the door, than she intimated that she wasn't "afeared," and ordered the master of ceremonies to let the man in. But it was too late; the man had gone, and the American Minister had gone with him. When John understood that the Minister had left with the yellow vest, he looked quite aghast. Mr. Dallas, however, writes home to Mr. Marcy that there is a fair prospect of the matter being hushed up and settled without war.

Louis Napoleon is on his high-heeled boots; his baby has been baptized by a Cardinal, sent by the Pope expressly for the purpose; the Napoleon *dynasty* is considered established, and the French Emperor is regarded as the foremost sovereign in Europe.

The political volcanoes of Italy are still throwing up smoke, but the eruption is not yet.

The threatened invasion of Mexico by Spain is given up, and the ships of war have returned from Vera Cruz to Havana. Mexico has agreed to pay up certain Spanish claims, which the fleet went to enforce. President Comonfort is in funds now to do it, having confiscated most of the church property in the country, which produces a revenue of nearly twenty millions of dollars.

Nicaragua is fulfilling the adage, that "revolutions never go backward." The gallant Walker is still in the ascendant, and is unquestionably opening up a new and important era in the history of Central America. He appears to be the man for the times. The people of Nicaragua regard him as their deliverer from selfish and tyrannical rulers and civil wars. At our last dates they had elected him President by a very large majority of votes. It is said he will now model the Government after that of the United States. Rivas had retired from the Presidency in disgrace, having been reckless in squandering the people's money. He tried to start a revolution against Walker, but was immediately put down. Walker has now an efficient army of about two thousand men, well equipped and supplied, including two companies of artillery. The country at last dates was healthy.

In California the people are in the midst of a revolution, some account of which may be found in the preceding pages.

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST..... No. VI.

BY ROBUR.

LAW IN THE BACKWOODS.

ONE who has never traveled through the immense forests that extend over a large portion of "Uncle Sam's" farm, and more especially that portion usually called the South-west, has much to see of life and character not to be met with elsewhere, and little dreamed of by those who bud and bloom in the dust of our great cities. Here are to be found the hunter and trapper, who have not, perhaps, been within the limits of a city since childhood, have never seen the wonders of steam, or even heard of the mighty telegraph; for what cares he for such *things*, so long as he can boast that he "owns the best dog, and shoots the best rifle in *these diggings*?" Contented to live in a small log cabin, his wants are but few, and easily gratified, and seldom or never living near another habitation, the stranger is ever a welcome guest at his simple board.

There are few men so set in their principles or opinions as these sturdy foresters; and I regret to say they have little regard for either time or dates. Indeed, with most of them, principles never change—once a Jackson man always a Jackson man. I was told of one instance which throws the persevering consistency of our good old Long Island Jackson men quite into the shade. One resolute old democrat, who had made it a matter of principle to be on hand "at the polls" on every Presidential election since the time of Gen. Jackson's administration, and having the most unbounded admiration for that old hero, he regularly cast his vote for his *re-election*, even after the old General *had been dead for years*.

At last, however, on going to the polls on one occasion with his Jackson vote in his hand, he was thrown quite aback by a neighbor, who declared to him, upon his honor, that old Hickory had been dead these seven years. Our sturdy Democrat was puzzled for a while to know how to get along with his principles. But after retiring a short time, he returned again to the charge with a new ballot in his hand, written out in full, "for General Jackson's executors and administrators."

It was once my good fortune to travel through a part of the interior of Florida in company with a young lawyer, whom I will call O'Toole, he being of Irish descent, and overflowing with the social wit and humor so characteristic of his countrymen, and withal, possessing a mind of deep penetration, he was an excellent judge of human nature. In the course of our journey he told me he had promised an old acquaintance, a hunter, whom he occasionally visited for the sake of a week's shooting, to defend him in a suit that had been brought against him for his participation "in *a free fight*," and in which he had come off ahead. Said he, "If you have never seen a trial in the backwoods there is some rare sport in store for you, and which only one *fresh* from the city can fully appreciate."

As it did not take me out of the way, I readily consented to join him; and jogging on at an easy pace, letting our horses go pretty much as they pleased, in a few hours we came in view of a log cabin, before which several horses were fastened, and a little further on was to be seen another cabin of rather more prepossessing appearance.

"There," said O'Toole, "where you see the horses in front of the door, is the court-house, and I think the *Judge* (they are very jealous of the *title*) must be already there, for it is later than I had any idea of," looking at his watch.

As we drew near, several rough, good-natured looking fellows thronged to the door to greet us, and I found my friend was a great favorite with them all. After a hearty welcome, there was a loud rap within, and the court was called to order.

Let me describe the room. At the upper end was placed a small rough pine desk, or table, about three feet square, and behind it sat a man apparently fifty years of age, of portly form, and with a broad, bald head, and cheeks so round and rosy that they seemed like two ripe apples. Nature gave him a mouth that was originally clothed with smiles, but which had evidently been screwed down to a becoming gravity more in accordance with the *dignified* position the possessor now occupied. A pair of dark, green spectacles, with wide silver bows, rested upon his forehead, and before him, on the small pine desk, was a much worn and dirty copy of "Blackstone's Commentaries."

Upon a bench, directly in front of this grave and important personage, sat, in mute admiration, some half dozen stalwart fellows, each with a rifle resting on his arm, and a hunting dog curled upon the floor between his legs, and I soon seated myself upon a log that was placed on end directly back of this group. The Court being called to order, the Judge gravely called upon the plaintiff to state his case, which he did in a very plain, wholesome manner, calling upon one of the half dozen on the forward bench to verify it, at every resting point. Upon finishing, he was *cross-questioned* by O'Toole with all the gravity imaginable.

The defendant then arose, and began to give his version of the case, but was interrupted by the Judge who asked him a question, which, had he answered truly would have decided the case against him. O'Toole at once objected to the question being answered. The Judge *insisted*. O'Toole was obstinate in his refusal, saying such a course was contrary to all law and justice.

The Judge said *it wasn't*; and finally, after much talk in the same strain, he adjourned the Court for dinner, saying if he did not *then* answer the question he would give the case against him.

On leaving the Court-room, my friend took the Judge by the arm, and leading him to his horse, took from his saddle-bags a flask of whisky, and started for the house, where we sat down to drink and chat. The Judge, however, did not seem disposed to be very sociable in spite of all of O'Toole's efforts. His *dignity* had been evidently wounded; he had been touched in a tender part, had been *put down* on a point of LAW—and that, too, in the presence of those by whom he had been hitherto looked upon as an oracle. *'Twas more than human nature could endure.*

O'Toole soon saw how matters stood, and that his case was a desperate one, unless he could repair the wrong he had so carelessly inflicted; and therefore he said, "Now, Judge, you don't mean to say you intend giving the case against me, do you?"

"Yes; you would not let Jones answer my question, and I shall therefore decide against you."

"But," said O'Toole, as he winked to me, "if *he answers* you when the Court opens this afternoon, Judge?"

"O, that would make a difference," said he gravely, "and I should then consider the question in a different light."

"After finishing our meal of corn bread and roast potatoes, we took another drink on O'Toole's proposing "the health of his Honor, Judge B." The Judge looked very wise, and as pleased as he could without compromising his dignity, and we soon adjourned to the "Court-room."

When the Court was opened, O'Toole arose, and fixing his eyes on the Judge, with a very grave face, he said in substance as follows:

"Since this Court adjourned, your Honor, (placing great emphasis upon *your Honor*,) I have thought over the point of *law* in question this morning, and find that I was greatly mistaken, and entirely in the wrong; that your Honor was perfectly right, and that my client must answer *any questions your Honor* may see fit to put to him."

His *Honor* bowed very complacently, and with much gravity repeated the question, and was immediately answered by the defendant, who fatally committed himself. The Judge, putting on the wide-bowed spectacles, began slowly to turn over the leaves of the volume before him, "Blackwood's Commentaries," and in a few minutes arose and said, that after weighing both sides of the question, both legally and morally, he gave his decision for the *defendant*. But at the same time, with a stern countenance, he warned him if he was ever brought up before him *again*, on a like charge, *he would decide against him!*

CIRCULAR TO THE SMITHS, SPECIALLY JOHN.

WE yield to the request of the respectable *individual* to publish the following circular to the universal Smith family in America. At the same time we deny any disposition on our part to give a "boost" into the acknowledged ranks of "codfish aristocracy" to every straggler whose

"ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood;"

but the respectable "Sir John Smith" we consider fairly entitled to an honorable exception. He has acquired property, and has *risen* in the world; and having been seized with a laudable desire to climb his "old ancestral tree," in pursuit of family relics, with a view of forming a coat of arms to decorate the panel of his coach, we cheerfully give publicity to his quaint circular. *Editor.*]

TO THE SMITH FAMILIES IN AMERICA.

The subscriber, being desirous to collect the historical incidents pertaining to the numerous family, to which he is proud to belong, in order that what may be found therein of a valuable and worthy character may be published to the world, and in order, moreover, that he may be able to collect and prepare suitable armorial bearings for the panel of his carriage, takes this method of asking of his kinsmen in America all the desired information.

I have an indistinct recollection of having seen once, in the loft of my father's barn, a panel inscribed with a figure, evidently a baton of office, which profane observers pronounced a trowell, most likely from envy; beside this there was a segment of a circle, supposed to represent an Egyptian symbol, but I do not deny the common people perceived therein a horse-shoe—and various other symbols, too numerous to mention, wherein, I doubt not, great families' dignities were intimated. Now, this panel of which I speak was, without doubt, the remains of an ancient coach belonging to some one of the Smiths, although my son John, Junior—(his father having been John, grandfather likewise, thereby rendering our pedigree exceedingly difficult to reach,) my son John, I say, supposed he beheld in this venerable relic the side of what is technically called a monopede, or vulgarly a wheelbarrow. But this is owing to the irreverence of Juvenile America.

I find John Smith was one of the men who signalized themselves among the Indians, in the early settlement of the country, in Virginia. He was a mighty warrior, and an enterprising man in several ways. Prior to this John Schmidt, from a collateral branch in the Low Countries, had taken up his residence in Nieu-Nederlandt, otherwise New York. Joen Smigt had settled with the Swedes, in Connecticut, John Smythe in Pennsylvania, and Juan Smyt among the Spaniards of Florida. Indeed, I trace our family in each and all of the early Colonies, the name becoming modified by the people with whom they sojourned. I find the family was one of respect, and one of wealth. Indeed, by calculation I find that about one-tenth of the property of the country is in the hands of the John Smiths, and nearly half the honors thereof are divided among the same, so that an emulation exists to bear the cognomen of John Smith.

Under these circumstances, I desire all persons bearing the name of Smith to address me, in the City of New York, post-paid, informing me as follows:

What time did your ancestors come to this country?

Did they come, or were they *sent*?

If sent, what procured them such distinguished honor?

What profession did they follow?

What trade or handicraft?

Where did they settle themselves?

How many were christened by the name of John?

How many descendants belong to the same?

How many have distinguished themselves by notable deeds to which we would award family honors and distinctions?

How many have distinguished themselves by means which we do not care to have bruited about?

A speedy and concise answer to the above inquiries would be thankfully received by the subscriber.

New York City, July, 1856. SIR JOHN SMITH.

P. S.—If the letters should be directed to the care of the Editor of the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE, I having obtained that permission, they might be likely to reach me more safely. SIR J. S.

OLIO SEASONINGS.

BEN. FRANKLIN'S WIT.—"We must be unanimous," observed Hancock, on the occasion of the signing the American Declaration of Independence; "there must be no pulling different ways—we must all hang together." "Yes," added Franklin, "we must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

JUDICIAL WIT.—Lord Bacon tells of his father, Sir Nicholas, that when appointed a Judge on the Northern Circuit, he was by one of the malefactors mightily importuned for to save his life; which, when nothing he had said did avail, he at length desired his mercy on account of kindred. "Prithee," said my Lord Judge, "how came that in?" "Why, if it please you, my lord, your name is Bacon and mine is Hog, and in all ages Hog and Bacon have been so near kindred that they are not to be separated." "Aye, but," replied Lord Bacon, "you and I cannot be kindred, except you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon until it is well hanged."

A LADY'S READY WIT.—A "foine" young gentleman, in turning swiftly on his heel in Broadway, ran his head against a young lady. He instantly put himself in a position to apologize.

"Not a word," said the quick-witted maiden. "It isn't hard enough to hurt anybody."

The coxcomb frowned and sloped.

LITERAL.—A pedagogue told one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle, to spell hostility. "H-o-r-s-e, horse," commenced Pat. "Not horse-tility," said the teacher," "but hos-tility." "Sure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me the other day not to say hoss? Be jabers! its won thing wid ye one day, and another the next."

MATHEMATICAL.—"Humble as I am," said a bullying spouter to a mass meeting of the unterrified, "I still remember that I'm a fraction of this magnificent Republic." "You are, indeed," said a bystander, "and a *vulgar* one at that."

☞ The following may be found in one of the New Jersey churchyards:

"Weep, stranger, for a father spilled
From a stage coach, and thereby killed;
His name was John Sykes, a maker of sassengers,
Slain with three other outside passengers."

A BACHELOR'S DEFENSE.—A gentleman, meeting another on the street, said:

"I perceive you are a bachelor."

"Why so?" was the response.

"Because you have a hole in your stocking."

The accosted gentleman looked his friend straight in the eye, saying:

"Sir, a *hole* in the heel of a stocking is an accident of a day; a *darn* is premeditated poverty."

SELLING AT HALF PRICE.—A shopkeeper, in a small town, one day marked some handkerchiefs in his window with the tempting words, "Selling at half price." Shortly after, a lady who had traded with him before entered the

establishment, and, having looked at the handkerchiefs, inquired the price.

"Fifty cents apiece," politely replied the shopkeeper.

"Very well," said the lady, "you may do me up a dozen."

The handkerchiefs were cut off and delivered to the lady, who gave the shopkeeper a three-dollar bill.

"Beg pardon, Madam; but I—ah—told you the handkerchiefs were fifty cents apiece; that is—ah—six dollars per dozen."

"To be sure, I understood as much arithmetic as that. Six dollars is the price; half of six is three—that is half price. I think they are cheap enough. Good day, Sir."

The lady shut the door. The shopkeeper opened his eyes. For five minutes he stood still as a stump, gazing vacantly at the window; then, biting his lips, and coloring very red, he gently removed the card pinned to the hankerchiefs, and resolved to announce no more goods as "selling at half price."

☞ Sidney Smith says: "Most London dinners evaporate in whispers to one's next neighbor. I make it a rule never to speak to mine, but fire across the table; though I broke the rule once, when I heard a lady who sat next to me, in a low, sweet voice, say: "No gravy, Sir." I had never seen her before, but I turned suddenly around and said: "Madam, I have been looking all my life for a person who disliked gravy; let us swear eternal friendship."

A Ghost in Love.—An English paper relates the following story: A farmer who had lately become a widower, was aroused at midnight by the loud barking of his dog. On going to it the animal displayed extreme terror, whereupon the farmer took his gun and proceeded to an inspection. All at once he saw a phantom, clothed in a white sheet, rise behind the hedge. The farmer turned deadly pale, and his limbs shook with dismay. He, however, contrived to ejaculate: "If you come from God, speak; if from the devil, vanish!" "Wretch!" exclaimed the phantom, "I am your deceased wife, come from the grave to warn you not to marry Maria A——, to whom you are making love. The only woman to succeed me is Henrietta B——. Marry her, or persecution and eternal torment shall be your doom!" This strange address from the goblin, instead of dismaying the farmer, restored his courage. He accordingly rushed on the ghostly visitor, and, stripping off its sheet, discovered the fair Henrietta B——, herself, looking extremely foolish. It is said that the farmer, admiring the girl's trick, has had the banns published for his marriage with her.

☞ Judge Kellogg, a venerable citizen of Michigan, arrived in Washington last week. It was his first visit to the Federal Capital, and when the cars stopped he was a little uncertain where he was; but as he noticed that all the passengers were leaving the cars, he followed suit. As he entered the main hall of the depot, he saw a man engaged in caning another ferociously all over the room. "When I saw that," says the Judge, "*I knew I was in Washington* immediately."

Playing the Hind Legs of a Camel.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Post tells the following funny story:

"The man that plays the hind legs of the camel at the Folies Nouvelles Theater is just now the most talked-of individual in Paris. The circus has its elephants which stand on their heads, and gesticulate with their trunks, and gambol in various massive ways; and there are wild beast shows without number throughout the city. So the Folies Nouvelles, always up to the mark, caused to be constructed an out-and-out dromedary, and it is exhibited nightly to crowds of delighted spectators. A spotted body, properly humped, and a well-manufactured head, propelled, as large as life, and three or four times as natural, by two men inside. Their legs only appear to the public as furnishing forth the animal's lower limbs, and nankeen pantaloons essentially assist the illusion. The camel is led in by a little fellow in flowing clothes and a turban, who puts him through his paces in a highly accomplished manner, and whirls him finally off to the inspiriting music of a polka executed by the orchestra, the four legs keeping time in a correct measure. Just under the camel's head is a small window! Out of this window, while the show is going on and the points of the beast are being illustrated, suddenly issues the head of the man whose talents are developed in the hind legs! 'My God!' he says, 'what a role is this to put me into! The hind legs of a camel! Here, you keeper, give me a pinch of snuff, or I'll smother! 'Twouldn't be so bad if I had a decent man in the fore legs—but he's a bete, and stupid, and aint got no conversational powers, and smells disagreeably when he's warm! What a devlish piece to be sure, and I suppose it will have a great run; just my luck! Keep me swinging this infernal tail for a fortnight!' And in goes his head as suddenly as it came out, as the keeper raps the hind parts of the camel, and the polka commences. This, with the explanations of the keeper, which are ridiculous beyond expression, keep up a perfect roar of laughter, but more consummate nonsense cannot be imagined."

Wit of Charles Lamb.—The inimitable English essayist spent a large portion of his life as a clerk in the employment of the East India Company. The regular routine of clerkly business ill-suited the literary taste and wayward though innocent habits of our author. Once, at the India House, one in authority said to him:

"I have remarked, Mr. Lamb, that you are very *late* in the morning."

"Yes, sir," replied the wit, "but I go away *early* in the afternoon."

The oddness of the excuse silenced the reprover, who turned away with a smile.

[From the cabin scrap-book of a British naval officer, in our possession.]

An Irish Sailor's Prayer.—An honest Hibernian tar, who was a great favorite with the gallant Nelson, used to pray in these words every night when he went to his hammock: "God be thanked I never killed a man, nor no man ever killed me. God bless the world, and success to the British Navy."

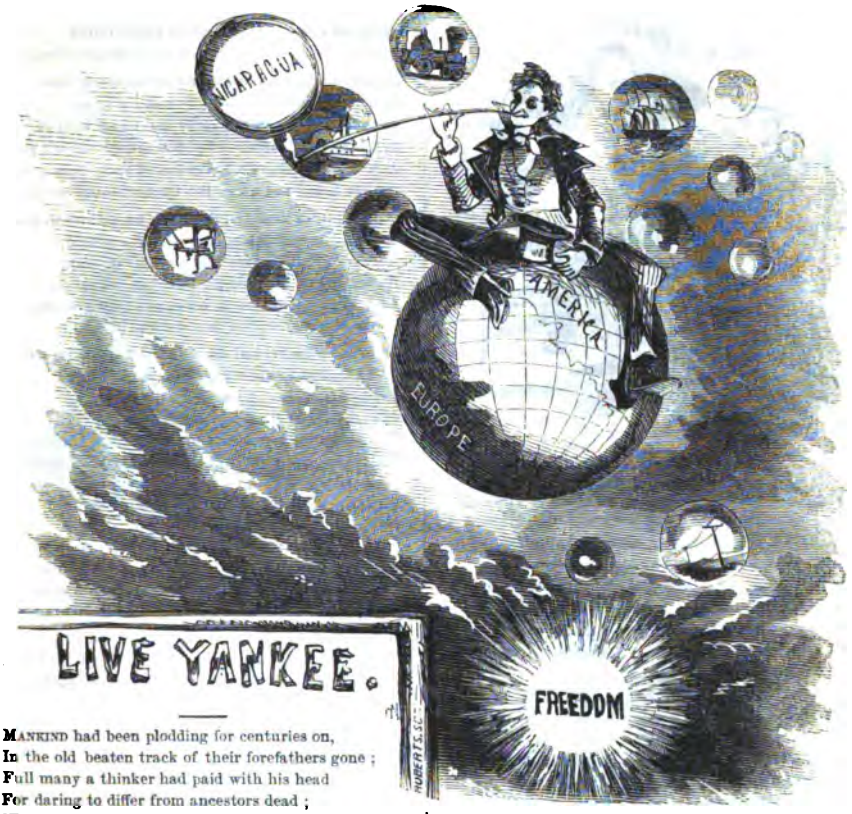
[From the same.]

English Income Tax.—The following curious return was made to the Commissioners of the Income Tax, in the year 1861, at Shrewsbury:

"I, A—— B——, do declare,
I have but little money to spare;
I have
1 little house,
1 little maid,
2 little boys,
2 little trade,
2 little land,
2 do. money to command.
By this you see
I have children three
To depend on me.
A. B."

[From the same.]

The Old Man's Answer to the College Boys.—Three students of Eton College were walking together one day, when they met an old man on the road, and wishing to pass a joke upon him, the first said: "Good morning, Father Abraham;" the second said, "Good morning, Father Isaac;" the third said, "Good morning, Father Jacob." The old man looked at them gravely, and replied, "I am neither Abraham, nor Isaac, nor Jacob, but Saul, the son of Kish, seeking his father's asses, and, lo! he has found them."



LIVE YANKEE.

MANKIND had been plodding for centuries on,
In the old beaten track of their forefathers gone;
Full many a thinker had paid with his head
For daring to differ from ancestors dead;
With hands red and reeking dark Bigotry stood
At the door of Improvement, still thirsting for blood;
While stern-visaged tyrants, with faggots and chains,
Were ready at all times with "penance and pains."

But a change was at hand—on a far distant shore
A young lad was growing in stature and power,
Whose sinewy arm, to maturity grown,
Would shake to its center old Tyranny's throne;
And rear 'midst the vales of his far-spreading West
A glorious asylum where Freedom might rest.

Yet the world gave no thought to the fast-growing boy,
As he followed the plow with his merry "gee-ho!"—
With his broad sun-burnt forehead, and torn, dusty hat.
For little she reck'd what the youngster was at.
She saw not the embryo thought unrevealed,
'Neath exterior so plain from her vision concealed,
Nor dreamt that the youth, in the depths of his mind,
Was revolving a truth that would startle mankind,
'Till it rang like a clarion over the sea—
"Lo, all men are equal! Lo, all men are free!"

The cheek of Oppression grew pale at the cry,
And he openly vowed that the youngster should die.
"Fine fashions, indeed," cried the dotard in rage,
"When a boy in his teens gets ahead of the age!"—
But the Yankee laughed slyly the panic to see,
And shouted still louder, "*Lo, all men are free!*"

"LO, ALL MEN ARE FREE!" answered valley and plain
And the old hoary mountains re-echoed again.
The winds caught the sound, and afar o'er the wave
Bore forth on their pinions the shout of the brave;
True hearts thrilled with joy as 'twas borne o'er the sea,
And thousands responded, "Lo, all men are free!"

YOUNG AMERICA.

JOHN BULL IN A RAGE.

The Yankee, since then, with his promising boys,
Has been constantly filling the world with his noise;
A shrewd, prudent farmer, contented and true,
With acres productive, and numerous too;
A pedagogue, noisy, with rod and with rule,
A miniature monarch—his empire a school;
A fun-loving peddler, high poised on his box,
Shouting still as he goes, "wooden clocks—wooden clocks!"
A shoemaker prophet, forsaking his awl,
With ghosts to converse, and on spirits to call;
A smith at his anvil, collecting once more
All the languages spoken at Babel of yore;
A learned M. D., of adventurous soul,
Stretching up for a peep at the frozen North Pole—
These are some of the numberless forms under which
He has sought to be famous, or useful, or rich.

At first a mere stripling, with slight boyish form,
He fearlessly mounted the car of reform,
And, taking a path, to his grandsires unknown,
He shouted aloud to mankind to *come on;*
Then darted away, never once looking back,
But took it for granted the world was on track.

"*You must think for yourselves!*" was the first text he took,
Without stopping to name either chapter or book;
And the sermon he preached had such marvelous power
That hundreds of converts were made in an hour.
That sermon was published, and priestcraft turned pale
As its burden was wafted on every gale;
And hundreds came thronging across the blue sea
To hear the new doctrine that THOUGHT should be free.

"*You must act for yourselves!*" was the subject named next,
And a *practical* sermon he preached from that text.
Mother England was audience then, and it 's known
The old lady was greatly displeased with her son;
So much so, indeed, that she left in a pet,
And, though years have gone by, she is vexed with him yet.

He early found out, what, indeed, was most true,
That *business* was plenty and *laborers* few;
So he made up his mind that amidst so much work
Not one of his family ever should shirk.
They should win themselves fame by *attention* and *pains*,
Work their way through the world, with their hands or their brains;
Each one as his genius or taste might direct,
And the WORKER alone should have claims to respect.

He urged that mankind ever lose too much time
In eating and sleeping—'twas really a crime
For people to spend full three half-hours each day
In taking their meals—why, the thing wouldn't pay;
And then *sleeping* six hours out of each twenty-four—
Sixteen hours and a half left for work—*and no more!*

With such teachings as these it 's no wonder to find
The Yankee outworking the rest of mankind.
A "Jack at all trades," yet a genius in each,
He regards no attainments as out of his reach,
And, where his own arm 's not sufficiently strong,
Forces Nature and Art to assist him along.

From the pure crystal depths of the sparkling stream
He has called to his aid his co-laborer, Steam.
For ages and ages, far down in the deep,
The mighty old giant lay snugly asleep;
But a keen-eyed philosopher spied him at length,
Drew him up from his stronghold, and tested his strength.

"A mighty strong critter is that, I must say,"
Said Jonathan, musing; "I guess it will pay
To set him to work—why a ninety-horse team
Couldn't do as much work in a day as that steam,
And I reckon we've room in this country of ours
To make a fair test of his go-ahead powers."

But what can the fellow be thinking of now?
He has rolled up his sleeves, and uncovered his brow,
And is working away with the courage and speed
Of one who is certain his plans will succeed.

He is building a boat, in the fanciful dream
Of impelling it over the waters by steam.
"What folly! what madness!" observers still cry,
But the Yankee says coolly, "I'll show you by 'n by!"
And, while they are thinking the work scarce begun,
The Steamboat is finished and ready to run;
And away, like a bird, o'er the smooth flowing stream,
It glides by the magical impulse of steam.

"That 's pretty fair speed," cries the Yankee, "but still
We can go somewhat faster than that if we will;
And I 'm in for *Railroads*, for it 's always my plan
To drive through the world just as fast as I can."

The plan is scarce laid ere the work is begun,
The planning and acting, with him, are but one.
The old hoary hills, that for ages unknown
Have stood in their primitive grandeur alone,
Look down from their wood-crested summits dismayed,
As their firm sides resound to the click of the spade.
The forest gives way at the strong ax-man's stroke,
As he sweeps from its basis the firm-rooted oak;
The river looks up with a wondering eye
At the proud arch suspended 'twixt her and the sky;
And the laborer's face wears a smile of delight
As the iron-rail lengthens each day in his sight.

Ho, here come the cars!—clear the track, boys—'tis done!

HURRA FOR THE IRON HORSE.

See the proud Iron-Horse gliding gracefully on!
And now, while each hill-top resounds to his scream,
Give a loud "three times three" to the good driver,
Steam.

"Forty miles in an hour," says the Yankee; "I guess
That 's a pretty fair method for using up space;
Now, if I could only annihilate time,

FATHER TIME BROUGHT TO A STAND.

I should think I had done something rather sublime."

Do you see that philosopher there? He has been
For a long time at work at a wondrous machine,
By which the electrical agent may act
In a way to develop this singular fact,
That lightning itself may be tied to a wire,
And news sent abroad by electrical fire.
"What a strange speculation! the man must be crazed
To dream of success" cry observers amazed—
But the Thinker toils patiently on, one by one
Removing obstructions, till, lo it is done!
And the Telegraph stands as a witness sublime
That the Yankee has triumphed *o'er space and o'er time*

One strange characteristic in him you will find,
Though truly with others as strange 'tis combined—
Which is this, that he ne'er has been able to get
Enough of what people call "elbow room" yet;
And if in his hands the whole world should e'er fall,
He would sigh for a "tater patch" outside of all.

The Persians, we read, knelt in worshipful awe
Whenever the sun at his rising they saw;
But the Yankee esteems it for him far more blest
Devoutly to worship the *sun in the West.*
A sunrise for years he has scarcely once seen,
So fondly turned westward his glances have been;
And he 's fully determined, so strong is the charm,
To migrate to *sundown*, and purchase a farm.

The Yankee *down East* is reflective and cool—
Plans with caution, and acts by a definite rule.
The Yankee *out West* lays his plans as he goes,
Binds himself by no rule, and no precedent knows.
The Eastern man *thinks*, while the Western man *acts*;
This investigates *principles*—that applies *facts.*
The Yankee down East makes his way through the street

THE YANKEE DOWN EAST.

With his head in a vertical line with his feet;
But the Yankee out West has such go-ahead power
That his head gets, in general, full three feet before—
One would think while observing his desperate pace
That the world had escaped him, and he was in chase.

THE YANKEE OUT WEST.

In the world's early hist'ry it doubtless is true
That the fav'rites of Genius were only the few.
But lately, less coy with his favors, we find
He is lavishly dealing them out to mankind;
And the Yankee, though some may pronounce it unfair,
Has been favored with more than an equal share.

His useful inventions, in far-distant lands,
Are lightening the labors of hundreds of hands.
The truths he 's discovered, of various kinds,
Are giving new impulse to millions of minds;
And Science, and Art, and Improvement, as one,
Do honor alike to America's son.

He considers it proper for every man
To have his own creed, and convert all he can—
To investigate all things that claim to be true,
However absurd they may seem at first view;
And the stranger and wilder the doctrine, or creed,
By far the more likely it is to succeed.

Hence Spirits, long barred from all intercourse here,
Have received from the tolerant Yankee a sphere,
For usefulness, such as they never before
Had found in their wanderings the universe o'er—

And each from the limitless stores of his mind
Pours "Divine Revelations" in floods o'er mankind.

Hence "Science," so-called, grown amazingly wise,
Finds thousands agape as with kindling eyes
He shows that mankind may their lineage trace
To that venerable stock, the Orang-Outang race—
That the world was created long ages before
The "beginning" we read of, and, what is still more,
Conclusively proves, to all *sensible folks*,
Old Moses a humbug—the Bible a hoax.

Hence thousands are ready their homes to forsake
At the call of their prophet, and start for Salt Lake—
Believing it best to effect a retreat
From the civilized world, with its snares and deceit,
With its tyrannous laws, and its irksome restraints,
And escape while they may to the land of the "saints"—
Impressed with the duty of spending their lives
In that glorious region of *husbands* and *wives*.

His methods for reaching the Temple of Fame
Are numerous, and some our attention will claim.
One finds himself blessed with a talent to rule.

EDUCATING YOUNG STATESMEN.

And seeks as his first field of action a school—
A term or two spends midst a score of young elves
All *able* and *willing* to govern themselves,
Till convinced that the true Yankee doctrine should be
That all *boys* are equal, and all *boys* are free.

Soon the rod and the rule are exchanged for the gown,
And the fast-growing lawyer sets sail for renown;
A few more removes and the scale is complete,
And our schoolmaster sits in the Senator's seat.
Whence he gravely proposes, by fool means or fair,
To pass before long to the President's chair.

Another, to statesmanship making no claim,
Pursues quite a different pathway to fame.
A Novelist, haply he comes out at last
With a book which eclipses all books in the past.
The newspapers puff it, though, mind, we don't say
That editors puff *for the sake of the pay*—
His book sells by thousands, and fair ladies weep
As they spend o'er its pages hours sacred to sleep;
And the Author, so gifted with talents sublime,
Starts for *Europe and fame* at the very same time.

Another, convinced that his talents were made
For humbugging, wisely takes that as his trade.
"He's a wonderful genius," cry hundreds at once;
"A genius," cry others, "say rather a dunce!"
"More scoundrel than dunce," a third party exclaims,
"Whose tricks and deceit every honest man blames."
Thus, while they're contending, more wordy than wise,
He fairly has humbugged them out of their eyes;
Then turning around, highly pleased with the fun,
Minutely explains to them how it was done.
All laugh at the joke, and exclaim "O, how plain."
But the Genius walks off, singing "*humbugged again*."

But true Yankee genius like Proteus of old,
Who could take any form that he chose, as we're told,
Not limited thus to the fame-seeking few,
Under numberless forms is presented to view.

Agriculture at once into Science expands,
And Art towers sublime neath his fostering hands;
Fair Science, long hidden from Penury's sight,
Unvails to the millions her glorious light;
Commerce spreads his broad wings to the favoring breeze,
And fearlessly claims as his empire the seas,
And Religion, from mists Superstition had wrought,
Unvailed, pours new light upon struggling thought.

And now, in conclusion, we've only to say
Long life to the Yankee! God bless him alway!
Give him increase of wisdom, and virtue, and light—
A government, stable, and governors right—
Till the nations the truth of his doctrine may see,
That "ALL MEN BY NATURE ARE EQUAL AND FREE."

THE YANKEE LAYING DOWN HIS DOCTRINE TO JOHN BULL, MONS. PARLEZ-VOUS, LAGER BIER, AND GREEN TEA

FASHION PLATES:

ENGRAVED FOR THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE.

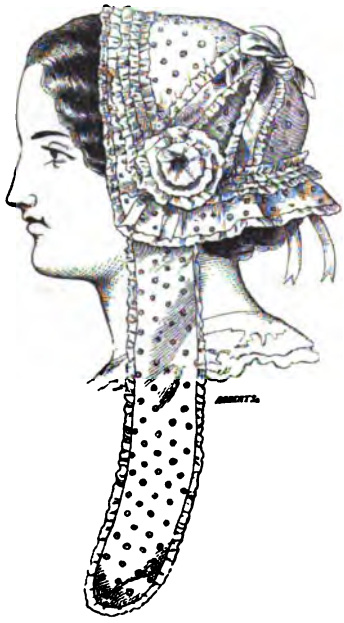
DINNER TOILET.—The coiffure consists of the natural hair set off behind by a small ornament composed of loops of white tulle with scarf-ends falling on the left side, and a Bengal rose with its foliage and a few tulle loops on the right. This little head-dress has a spring in it, and is put on as a *cache-peigne*. Dress muslin, trimmed with lace and mallow-color ribbon. The under-body is silk, cut away around the top. The muslin body is half-low, cut nearly square on the breast. The waist is pointed, but has neither a band nor lappets. Three rows of mallow ribbon trim the front of the body. The bottom one has two ends which hang down about 14 inches. Along the top edge there is muslin puffing between two rows of lace rather full—one turned upward, the other downward. Another row of puffing begins at the second bow, runs up to the shoulder, turns over, and goes down behind as a bertha. A narrow lace runs up from the puffing by the

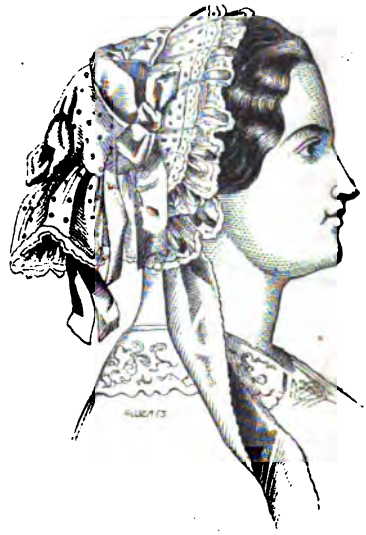
body; another row falls as a bertha. The sleeve is plain at the top for a length of four inches, and decorated with narrow mallow ribbon falling in rings; then comes a muslin puffing; a plain band, with small bows of mallow ribbon on it; a larger puffing and two flounces; one of these, the longer, is straight, and bordered with a narrow lace; the other is cut in vandykes and bordered with a lace. From the puffing on the flounce small mallow ribbons hang down. The skirt, which is three yards and three-quarters round, is trimmed with six flounces, each about a yard longer than the skirt. The first, which is put on at the waist, has its edge cut in vandykes, and trimmed with a lace about an inch and a half wide; the second is straight, with a lace two inches wide, and so on.

WALKING TOILET.—Felt crape bonnet, with a slanting crown covered smooth. On the front there is a bow of black blonde, the ends of which fall scarf-wise at the sides. A black blonde borders the front, and a deeper one falls over the curtain. Inside the front are: on the right a bow of red silk, and on the left a tuft of coral. White tulle lappets. Silk strings.

TOILET FOR HOME AND VISITS.—The hair is arranged in raised bandeaux, puffed in small waved locks. Cache-peigne of black velvet, with long ends. Redingote of pearl-gray moire, ornamented with satin ribbons and *Tom Thumb* fringes. Body high, with waist and no lappets. Sleeves have two puffs, and terminate in a flounce. On the body are five rows of gathered ribbon, surmounted by a narrow fringe, put on as frogs. The two highest are No. 9 ribbon; those at the waist No. 7. The first two reach as far as the shoulder seam and on the first puff. The other three only go to the seams of the plaits. The skirt is ornamented with ten or eleven rows. Those at the top are No. 7; those in the middle are No. 9; those at the bottom No. 12. At each extremity is a Watteau bow (the Watteau bow is formed of two loops forming a lance-head and two cut ends); in the middle are two loops only. There are bows at intervals on the puffs of the sleeves.

MANTELET.





No. 3—Capuchon cap of embroidered muslin, lined with colored florence.

No. 4—Muslin morning cap, with two embroidered insertions and valenciennes trimming; muslin barbes, bordered with valenciennes; silk ribbons.

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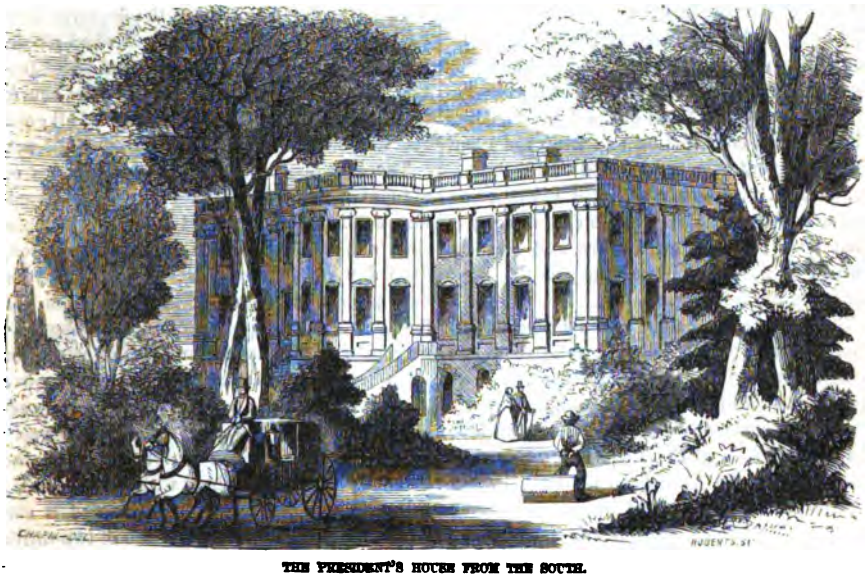


THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE FROM THE SOUTH.

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON..... No. III

THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE

In our first and second articles on the civil architecture of the United States, we selected the Capitol as the subject; not alone for its magnitude and its attractive beauty, but because it is the political domicil of two of the three great powers of the Government—the Supreme Court and Congress. We now present the domestic and political residence of the third power of the triune Government—the President's House.

In describing the house, and its grounds, we deem it apposite to allude, briefly, to our form of Government and its contrast with so called free Governments which have ceased. A pure, normal Republic, we presume, has never existed, though some of the ante-medieval Republics of Italy, Greece and Asia Minor took this character more nearly than any that have succeeded them, with whose history we are conversant. The Nomadic tribes, occupying the Great Steppes of Central Asia, it has recently been asserted, have a simple form of Republicanism, in place of the Pastoral Government so general in that region.

The great and fatal error evinced by history which characterized the Republics of ancient Greece, and those of the middle ages in Italy, viz: Florence, Siena, Bologna, Padua, Pistoia and others, was the want of a proper distribution of the powers of the Government. "All history shows," says the elder Adams, speaking of this class of Republics, "that caprice, instability, turbulence, revolutions and the alternate prevalence of those two plagues and scourges of mankind, tyranny and anarchy, were the effects of Governments without three orders."

That history, so terrible and appalling in its bloody characters of anarchy, tyranny, and the direst corruption of the first French Republic, demonstrates, beyond the question of any of the writers on theoretical Governments, that

the Legislative, Judicial and Executive powers must be separate and independent. Conventions, even though they may emanate directly from the people, soon divide into parties, split up into personal factions, and each member becomes envious, jealous and despotic, and conveys to the acts of the convention the impress of their individual feeling. A Triumvir, Consul, Praetor, or any other individual or associated head, combining all the powers of the Government, are equally unfit to attempt to carry on successfully, and for the welfare and interest of the people, the affairs of a Republic. The Purse and the Sword combined, cannot lie down in peace with Justice, for blind as she is represented, she can feel and mourn over the gross abuses of her functions and prerogatives which such a combination will heap upon her. Even the great Bonaparte found that a Republic, with all real power centered in one office, was such but in name, and he called France, what it was in fact, an Empire, and scarcely increasing his real power, changed the First Consul to an Emperor.

The theory and practice of our Federal Government is tripartite; the Legislative power is again sub-divided, and while the House of Representatives is democratic, coming directly from the people, the Senate represents alone the sovereignties of the Federal States. The President, for the period of his official existence, is the embodiment of the sovereignty of the people, possessing every power which the individual has, as one of the people, consistent with the legislative and judicial powers His election, however, is not strictly democratic, for he is not voted for or elected directly by the people, but is chosen by electors, and in a certain emergency may be elected by the House of Representatives—a feature in our organic law which should be at once changed; for the House that selects must have been elected more than two years before they exercise this important constitutional function, and in the rapid progress and mutation of events in this country, such a period of time may, nay, frequently does, make the views of the members antagonistical to the wishes and views of a majority of their constituents. But, added to this, is the danger of corruption, of fusions and factions—a danger by no means imaginary, as the past shows, and one, too, which gives a fearful power to 228 men—the selection of a President for 25,000,000 of people.

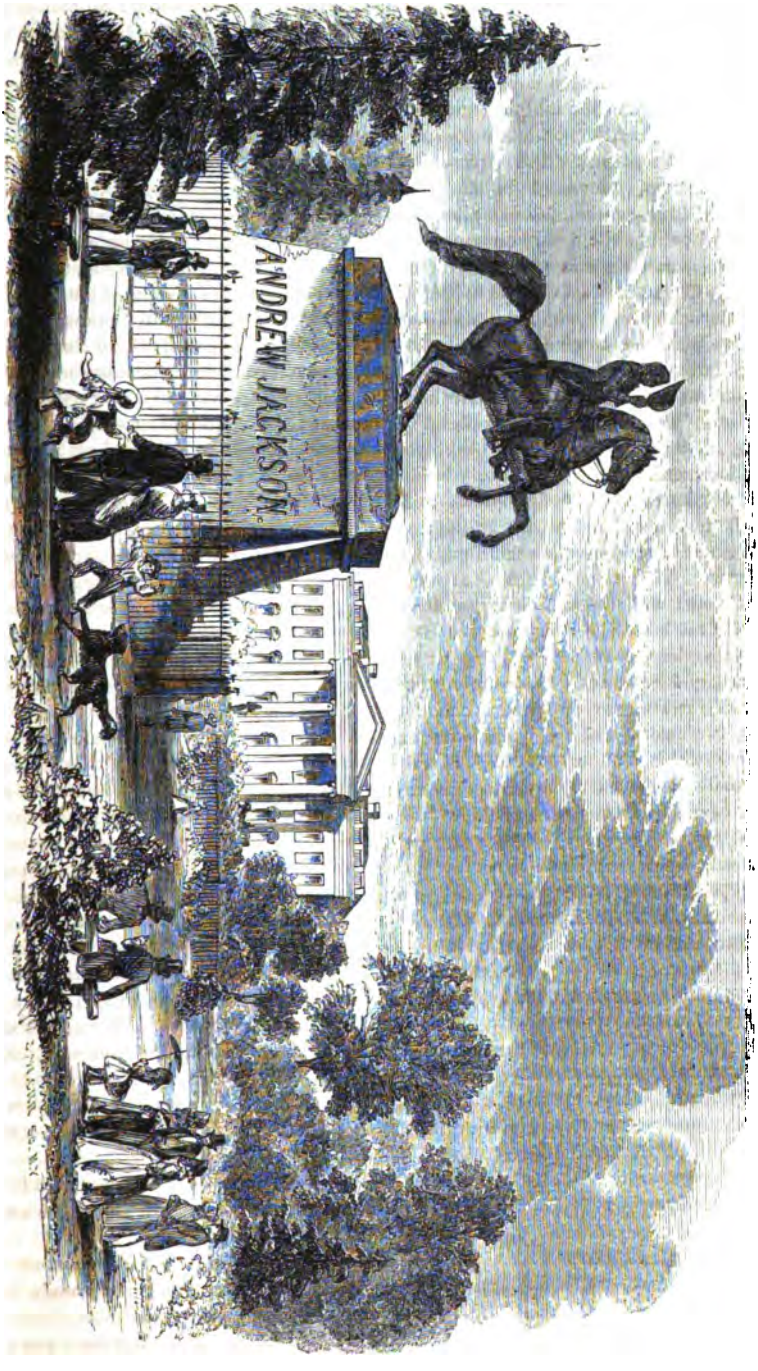
The President has more real power than Queen Victoria. He commands the army and navy; executes all laws; the Cabinet, so called, consisting of the Secretaries, Postmaster-General and Attorney-General, is not a constitutional institution, and is not in any way responsible for the acts of the President. These heads of Departments are nothing but secretaries of the President; all their acts are his acts; and should they be guilty of wrong or error, the liability is on the President, not them. Theoretically their decisions are the President's, and he can, in fact, change any of their acts. This was claimed by Gen. Jackson, and when Mr. Duane, the Secretary of the Treasury, refused to remove the deposits, Gen. Jackson removed him and appointed an officer, the present venerable and venerated Chief-Justice Taney, in his place. This action of course found opposers, but the settled view of all good constitutional lawyers was in favor of the act.

The President makes treaties, maintains or abrogates them, the Senate having confirmatory action; he can cancel any civil commission, and can, without assigning any reason, drop any officer from the roll of the army or navy; he may withhold the disposition of funds under an appropriation of Congress; may offer public lands for sale, or withdraw them from market; he is the appellate power from the Secretaries, and may reverse their action; in fact, his powers are almost too vast; in no case, however, can he interfere with the Judiciary, and in but three with Congress. He can veto any act passed by them, and it can then only become a law by a vote of two-thirds of the respective Houses; he can convene extra sessions of Congress, and at a called session he can, in an emergency designated by the Constitution, adjourn that body. Yet with all these powers in theory, very many of them are never exercised and never will be, excepting in great exigencies, and those most dangerous are always controlled, to a great extent, by an enlightened public opinion.

It will be seen that our Government, both in practice and theory, is tripartite; and this it is that so greatly distinguishes it from all Republics that have preceded it, and by it has the successful experiment of a Republican Government been carried on for so long a series of years, with such prosperity and such gigantic results.

The first mansion was erected in 1793, and stood till August, 1814, when it was entirely burned by the enemy, nothing being left but the bare walls. The present house was commenced in 1815. The plan was made by Mr. James Hoban, architect, from the design of the Summer House of the Lord Lieutenant of Ire-

land, situated in Phœnix Park, Dublin. How nearly it is a fac simile we are unable to say, but we are informed that it is not a copy, but similar in style only. Mr. Hoban was an architect of considerable ability and reputation, and, under his direction, the house was completed in the Fall of 1818; in December of that year, President Monroe and his family



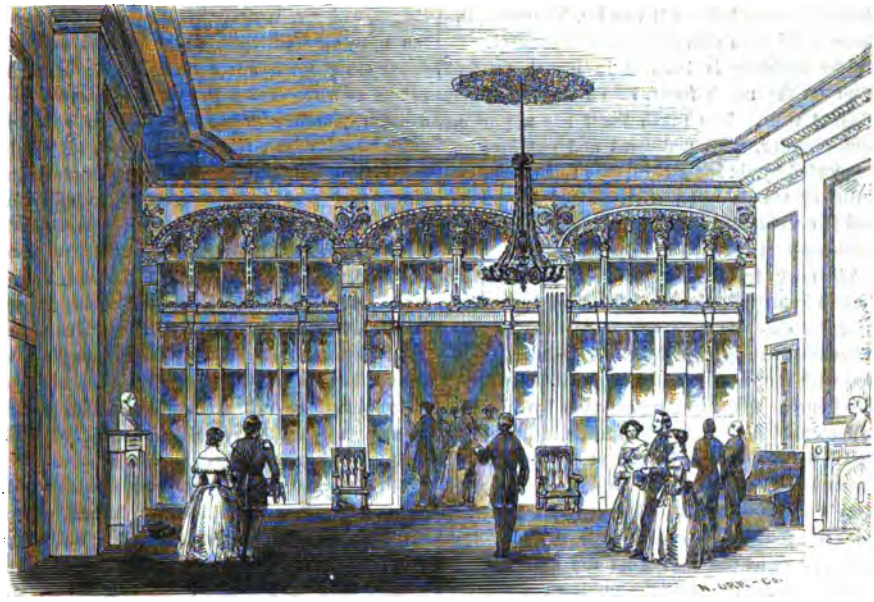
THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE FROM THE PARK.

moved in and occupied the building. Its internal arrangements were not materially altered. The expense of the house and outbuildings was between eight and nine hundred thousand dollars, but a similar structure could be erected now for about $100,000. The style admits of some ornamentation, but very little has been used; the balustrade is very plain, and is constructed of iron, painted white; and on the north side there is not hight enough.

The Executive mansion, thus commenced and finished, has remained till the present time with little exterior, and, until the incoming of the present Administration, interior alteration. It is situated on a public reservation, elevated to nearly the same hight as Capitol Hill, one and a half miles south-west of the Capitol. It is the center of a large square, on one side of which (the west) are two venerable old two-story buildings of brick, painted blue, looking very much like a college or seminary in a country village. One of these is occupied by the Secretary of the Navy and some of his bureaus; the other by the Secretary of War and a few of his bureaus. The fact is, these old tenements are not in good order; the flues do not draw, excepting in certain winds, and they are as far as possible removed from being fire-proof. On the east side of the square is the third of the old buildings occupied by the State Department. The fourth was destroyed a few years since by fire, being at the time in the occupancy of the Treasury Department; the loss to the Government and to individuals was really irreparable in the way of papers, of which no duplicates can be made It is said that these four buildings were erected by funds advanced by the State of Virginia, and which have never been refunded—the venerable mother of Presidents being too proud to ask its return, and Congress knowing nothing of the matter. In place of the old building so destroyed a large, showy, inconvenient edifice, shabbily built, was erected during Gen. Jackson's administration. It is nearly fire-proof, and almost accommodates the Department. The immediate grounds at either end of the Executive mansion are occupied as gardens and hot-houses, and with a mure or stable which stands a little in advance of the White House, in juxtaposition with the State and Treasury Departments. However some very plain democrat may rail against the extravagance in the appropriations for, and the magnificence of style of, our public buildings, he would never complain of the splendid stable appropriated to the President. Suffice it to say, that no respectable drayman in New York, with three horses, would have so mean and illy constructed a building—and its location is an outrage upon decency.

Between the mansion, which is approached on its north front by a broad semi-circular carriage-way with a flag-walk beside it, and Pennsylvania avenue, is an inclosure containing some shade trees, a few flowers, and the statue in bronze of Jefferson. This statue certainly merits more attention than it receives. It is a little beyond life-size; the figure is erect, in a perfectly easy and unconstrained position, with one hand holding a scroll, partly unrolled, containing the Declaration of Independence. The likeness is excellent, and the dress a counterpart of the costume of the Sage of Monticello. The artist's name is generally unknown, but we are informed it was modeled in Florence and cast in bronze in Paris. Its history is a little curious; it was ordered and paid for by then Lieutenant Levy, recently dropped, under the new navy law, from the list of Post Captains. He brought it home some twenty-two or three years since and presented it to the Senate. That august body, having no constitutional power to accept presents, and for divers other reasons them thereunto moving, some of which, as expressed in speeches, were not complimentary to Captain Levy, refused to accept it. It had previously been placed in the center of the rotunda, on a granite pedestal, where it remained, much admired, for a number of years; at length a Pharo, usually called in this country Commissioner of Public Buildings, arose, who knew not Joseph, or rather Thomas, and, like his Egyptian prototype, he threw the statue into prison. What a desecration—the only statue of the author of the Declaration of Independence, the third President of the United States, the sage, patriot and scholar, taken from its pedestal by some vandal officer and thrust into one of the dark vaults beneath the Capitol. The reason assigned was that Captain Levy refused to receive it back, and it belonged to no one. However, another Commissioner, with more taste, and infinitely more patriotism, brought it out from its obscurity and placed it where it now stands, in front of the mansion which the original occupied for eight years, and around the grounds of which he expended a large share of his private means, in improvements and embellishments.

On the opposite side of the avenue is a large square which has had divers names, but is now designated as La Fayette Square. The grounds were laid out by the lamented Downing, and



VESTIBULE.

are ornamented with two elaborately chased Eutruscan vases in bronze, with figures in alto-relievo. In the center is the famous equestrian statue of Gen. Jackson, by Mills. Of its merits or demerits we do not care to speak; opinions are various, and had we room even for an elaborate criticism, it would change no person's view. It certainly draws many visitors, and few can pass it without gazing at it.

The grounds between the mansion and the Executive buildings are filled with beautiful shade trees, which add much to the comfort and health of the occupants of the White House. The south front looks toward the Potomac, having a fine view down as far as Alexandria. Immediately in front, the ground is tastefully laid off, with two small hills, gradually sloping to the south; broad graveled walks, abundance of trees, iron cottage seats scattered around, the view toward the stream and the breeze from the water make this one of the most agreeable promenades in Washington; though attached to the mansion, the grounds are opened to the public, excepting on the Sabbath. On each Saturday afternoon the Marine Band discourses its music here, and the élite of the city, foreign and domestic, congregate to chat, show their toilets and flirt, just enough of the latter to keep the reunion from being dull. Usually the President, the Cabinet, and the Foreign Ministers and their wives may be seen here; thousands of ladies and pretty children, most bewitchingly dressed, make up, with the sprinkling of gentlemen, a scene of beauty and attractiveness which is preëminently one of the institutions of Washington, and to be met with nowhere else in the Union.

These grounds have a street running in the rear, which divides them from another and much larger inclosure, which stretches down to a portion of the river and canal. This last square contains some ten or fifteen acres: it has been, within two years, judiciously laid out and ornamented with shade trees and shrubbery; there is a very fine drive, serpentine, which extends a mile and more in its windings, and is, in proper weather, quite a fashionable drive, especially for ladies. Light iron and rustic bridges are to span the canal and connect this with the monument grounds, the plan of ornamenting which was made by Downing, and will be put into execution as soon as an appropriation is made by Congress.

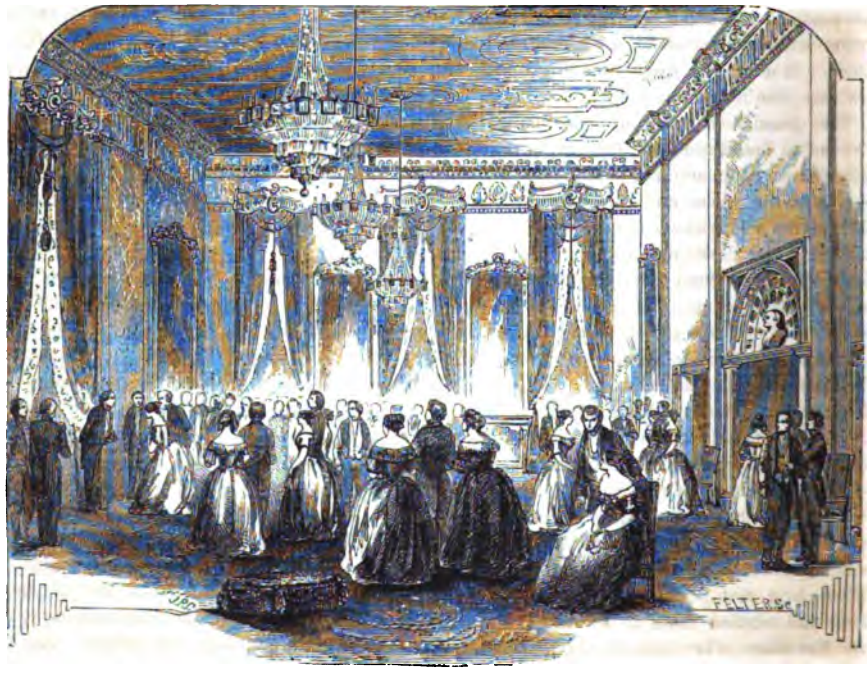
The Executive mansion is a pure specimen of Roman Ionic order according to Scamozzi, the capitals of the columns having four corresponding faces. This species of Ionic has as great simplicity as either of the other schools, and surpasses them in its clearness of outline and its adaptability to comparatively small structures; this is the only specimen, to any extent, that we are aware of in this country, and it is to us a matter of deep regret, that after mature examination and inquiry, we can

not certainly state who was the author of the design, but we believe it was Dr. Thornton, the same gentleman who designed the Capitol.

The building is 166 feet in length, 60 feet high on the north front, 73 on the south, and 85 feet wide. The south front has a portico semi-circular, with pediment and entablature, supported by six Ionic columns; this side of the building stands upon a rusticated basement, and is ornamented by ten Ionic pilasters, with semi-capitals between the openings.

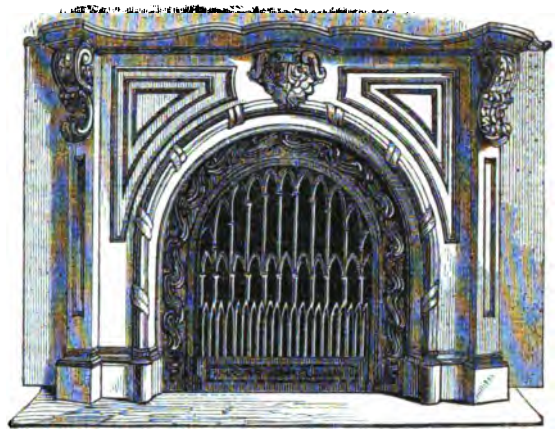
The north front has a portico 50 feet wide by 40 feet in depth; the stone flooring is divided near the exterior by a carriage-way. The entablature is supported by eight Ionic columns, and with four semi-columns against the wall of the house. The main entrance is by a highly ornamented doorway, which leads into a large vestibule, 45 feet wide by 29 feet in depth. Until the commencement of the present Administration this was a dark, gloomy place; at the back are four columns of marble, dividing this main or entrance hall from the hall leading from the East Room to the smaller rooms; between these was a heavy, unornamented wooden screen, with doors, and some very common looking sash and glass. The ceiling was white-washed, and at either end was a very, very old-fashioned mantle. On the advent of Mr. Pierce $30,000 was appropriated for the White House, and Mr. Walter was directed to suggest the necessary changes, which he did, and his suggestions were adopted, and will be mentioned as we describe the various rooms. The wooden paneling has given way to a light, graceful, airy iron screen, with ground glass; the ceiling has been frescoed with suitable devices, and new modern mantels supply the places of the old ones. The wooden box which formerly inclosed the doorway has also been removed, and replaced by a light iron structure. At this entrance stands, at all times, the door-keeper, or an assistant. He is the Lord High Chamberlain of the blue stick, and always knows whether the President can see the applicant or not, and discharges his duties as a high functionary on the household staff with a sort of *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*

Turning to the left you enter a short hall, from which the stairs leading to the upper story are constructed; crossing this hall, you enter the celebrated East Room, which, as Mrs. Adams says in her letter, part of which we copy below, was an excellent place for drying clothes in wet weather. Politicians have frequently made this room the text for many a philippic on the stump against the incumbent of the house. The last efforts to any extent in



EAST ROOM.

this way were made by Mr. Ogle, in the contest between Van Buren and Harrison; the splendors of its furnishing, according to Mr. O., far surpassed Windsor Palace and Versailles, and was but little, if any, behind a fairy structure. The simple fact was that it was about as shabby an affair as could be imagined, looking as if it had been furnished by a second-hand furniture dealer from the remnants picked up from hotels and steamers.



MANTLE IN EAST ROOM.

It is, however, a very showy room now, and for its uses could scarcely be improved. It is 79 feet in length by 39 in width, and 19 feet in hight. The ceiling is frescoed with artistic skill, and calls forth admiration from all who look at it. The carpet, which is of the richest pattern and with a pile unsurpassed, is in one piece, without seam, with a rich border, and weighed 7,000 pounds; the center is oval, extending two-thirds the length of the room. There are three large cut-glass pendant chandeliers. The mantles, of which there are four, are of fine marble, and of novel and beautiful patterns; over each, as well as at either end of the room, there are French mirrors of gigantic proportions—large enough, we should think, to reflect a regiment at once. The draperies, carpet, chairs and tables and fresco all harmonize, and are strictly *in keeping*. The uses of the East Room are various; during the Winter, at the Presidential receptions, the guests or visitors, after greeting the President, pass on to this vast place, and soon a circle of promenaders is formed. Standing on the edge of the circle, you will see Foreign Ministers, grave Senators, Cabinet officers, Congressmen, officers in full costume, and, as the programmes of Fourth of July processions say, "lastly citizens and strangers." Ladies go in full costume, and as the light is strong, the surroundings good, and the audience large and distinguished, it is a most desirable place to display alike the beauty of person and costume, and few of the fair daughters of our Republic lose the opportunity. In fact, the mixture of the different styles of beauty—the warm-blooded, dark-eyed, impulsive Southron, the blue-eyed, fair-skinned, graceful and intelligent Northerner, the whole-souled dashing Western woman, with her heart in her eyes, the Spanish, French and South American ladies—the rich costumes, the sparkling diamonds, the simple rose-bud in the hair of young maidens, the tone and reputation of so many of the male portion, serve to make the scene attractive and remarkable. In Summer, when large parties, including ladies, call upon the President, he usually receives them in the East Room. We pass from the East Room to the Green Room, which is, in fact, an ante-room, and was originally so intended; it is about 25 feet by 22, and is entirely furnished in green—the paper, carpet and furniture; the ceiling is beautifully frescoed. Next en suite is the STATE ROOM.

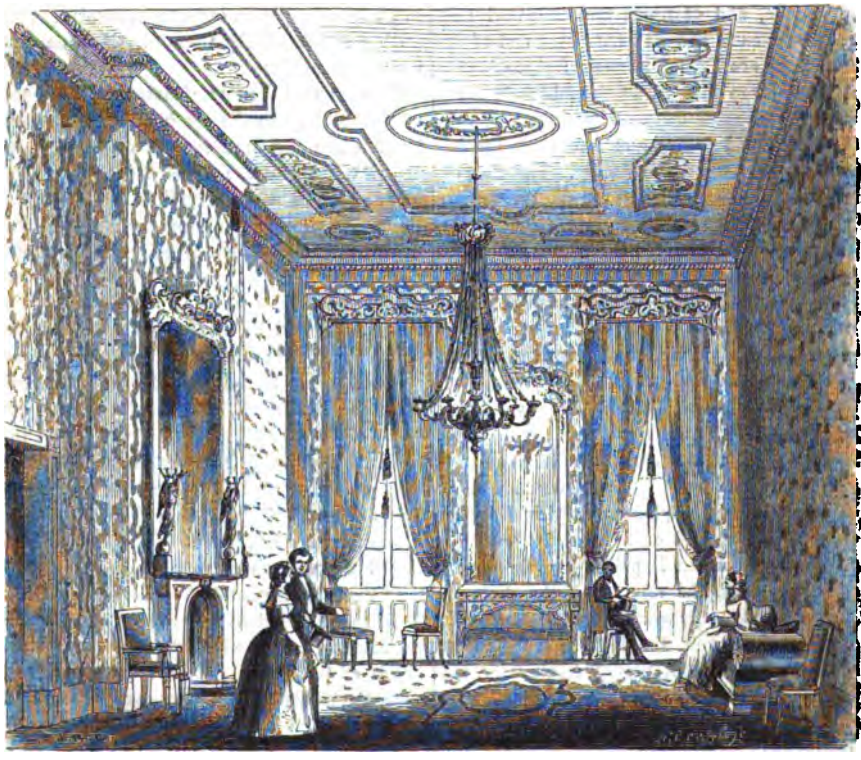
This is an oval room, situated in the center of the building on the south side; it is 40 feet by 29. The furniture is dark crimson, which adds a warmth to the Green Room on the one side and the Blue Room on the other. The State Room derives its name from the fact that it is there the President, as sovereign, receives such Foreign Ministers as are accredited to him, and replies to their speeches; all Ministers, our readers may not be aware, are not accredited to the President; Chargés des Affaires are accredited to the Secretary of State, but all call upon the President. On the 1st of January every diplomat at Washington puts on his full uniform, and, with secretaries and attaches, calls officially at 12 M. upon the President; they are received by the Secretary of State, by whom they are introduced to the President. If they have wives or daughters, they also call with the Ministers, and after their respects are made to the President they are introduced, with the Ministers, by the Private Secretary, to the ladies of the house. After this ceremony is over, the officers of the army and navy, in uniform, call, and then the people. The United States Marshal introduces, and such hand-shaking as the Chief Magistrate undergoes reminds

one of a pump-handle in a very dry time. The crowd pass into the East Room, and make their exit through one of the windows, temporarily made into a door. Up to Gen. Jackson's first term refreshments were furnished, but crowds of rowdies came and insulted the respectable portion of the visitors, drank and feasted, destoyed the furniture, and ended in a riot; since that music alone is furnished. Before leaving this suit we should mention that the great improvements and changes, the harmonizing of furniture and the blending of colors, and the judicious arrangement of the whole, are all the work of Mr. Walter.

Beyond the Blue Room is the State dining-room. It is not large enough, being 30 feet by 25. It is fitted up in appropriate style, and will accommodate a tolerable company; but as the Executive entertains Congress, the Supreme Court, diplomats and most of the distinguished people who visit Washington at his table, he requires a commodious and convenient dining-room.

The etiquette in the Executive mansion is not what it was under Gen. Washington, still it requires some little study. John Quincy Adams wrote a small pamphlet on the subject, which has usually been considered the court guide. Gen. Jackson was particular in all matters of etiquette, but Mr. Van Buren surrounded the President and the intercourse in the White House with more style and taste than any of our Presidents since the elder Adams. In going to the dinner table the Vice-President follows the President; then the Chief Justice, Speaker of the House; then Senators, Cabinet, Justices of Supreme Court and Members of the House. This was carried out by Gen. Jackson, who (Mr. Van Buren having no wife,) handed in to dinner the wife of a Senator before the lady of a Secretary and Justice of the Supreme Court, because these latter officers are appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the *Senate*. The private dining-room is also on this floor.

On the second floor, directly over the State Room, is the Library, which contains a number of documents collected by direction of Mr. Fillmore when President; adjoining this, on the north, is the President's private office, a favorite room with Gen. Jackson, and en suite is the room of the Private Secretary. The re-



GREEN ROOM.

CABINET ROOM.

mainder of this floor contains the dormitories. The position of the house does not seem to be healthy, as the miasma from the river constantly hangs over it at night; but this evil was much remedied by the construction of the canal, which drains what was a few years since a large swamp. The difficulty of warming the house has made it inconvenient and uncomfortable, but it has now hot water furnaces, which supply a genial heat and makes the rooms inhabitable. The expense of the alterations made by Mr. Walter absorbed the appropriation of $30,000, but the President is now permitted to live as comfortably as a private gentleman.

While the Executive mansion is a commodious and elegant building, still it is very far from being palatial, and is surpassed by numerous private residences throughout the country. It may be sufficient for the man who fills the Presidential chair; and we presume no candidate ever has, or ever will, object to the house—certainly not till after the inauguration. Yet it appears to us that as the residence of the sovereignty of the country, as the place where certain State ceremonies must be performed, especially with foreigners, it might be enlarged and beautified. There is nothing in the most radical democracy that can object to a splendid residence for the Chief Magistrate, for to a rich and prosperous, and, we may add, a refined people, a hundred or two or three hundred thousand dollars expended on a building can in no way endanger free institutions, or affect the stability of the Government. But certainly a country residence, nearly if not quite private, in the vicinity of the Capital, combining a healthy location with agreeable scenery, should be erected for the President; and not, during the hot Summer months, compel that officer, with his family, to do what no gentleman scarcely in private life does, spend Summer and Winter in the same domicil.

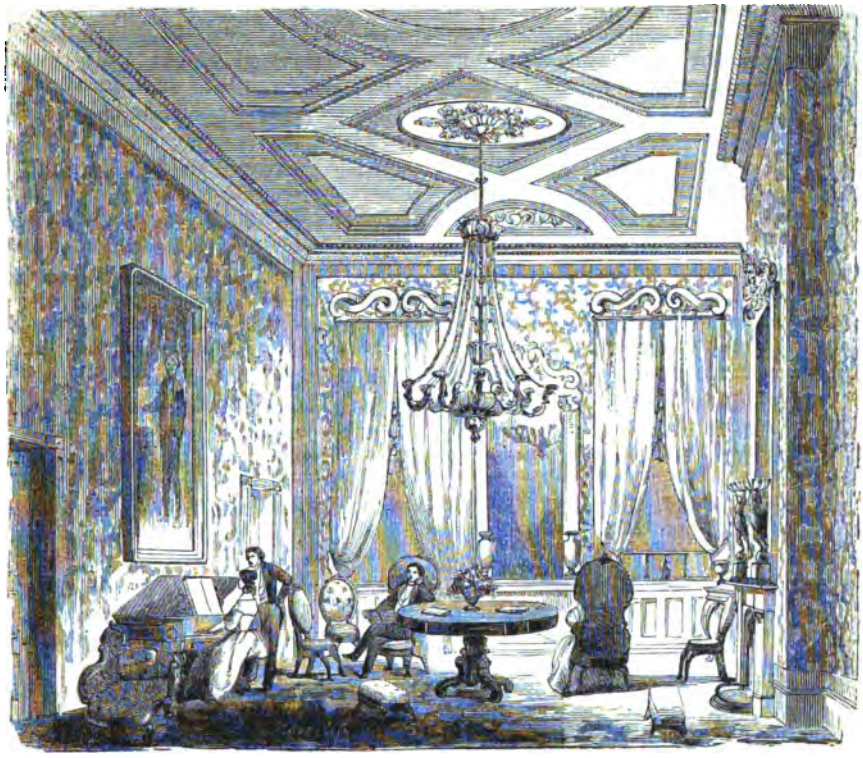
The material used in the structure of the White House is the same as that used in the old Capitol—white sand-stone; it is painted and looks tolerably well—better than in former years, when the exterior was whitewashed. However, the White House is the goal of every ambitious man in the Union; that term has become the synonym for the powers and duties of the President. Few men out of our immense population can ever expect to reach this elevation, especially as the importance of the office, and the number of aspirants, makes it yearly much more difficult to obtain. The duties devolving on the Executive at this time demand almost constant and unremitted labor, requiring great powers of physical endurance to sustain the incumbent; and these duties, onerous as they are, become daily more and more severe. The demands of a social nature would, if not in a great degree repudiated, absorb all the time of the President.

As contrasting the present condition of the

Executive house with its gardens, hot-beds and conservatory; its spacious grounds; its furnaces, sumptuous furniture, gas and improved healthfulness, we make an extract from a letter from Oliver Woolcote, the Secretary of the Treasury, written in June, 1800. He had come on to see about the building erected for his department and to seek for a private residence. Speaking of the White House, he says: "It was built to be looked at by visitors and strangers, and will render its occupant an object of ridicule with some and pity with others. It must be cold and damp in Winter, and cannot be kept in tolerable order without a regiment of servants."

The first Chief Magistrate who occupied the National Palace was John Adams, the second President of the United States. Mr. Adams had taken a most distinguished and active part in the Colonial struggle, and in the preparing the minds of the people for the revolution and for self-government. He wrote with clearness, force and perspicuity, and there is no doubt of the effect his writings had, especially upon the inhabitants of New England. He was conspicuous in all the preliminary movements, and, as a matter of course, he was a member of the Congress that determined upon the Declaration. He was one of the Committee that drew up that famous instrument, and, his biographers claim, shared with Jefferson in its composition. When Washington retired to Mount Vernon, or, rather, when he declared his intention so to do, Mr. Adams was at once named by many as his successor. Jefferson, however, had many friends, but Mr. Adams succeeded in the election. He came to Washington to take up his abode in the President's House, November, 1800, though the building was not completed. Mrs. Adams

BLUE ROOM.



RED ROOM.

wrote a letter to Mrs. Smith, her daughter, on the 25th of that month; after informing her of the fact that they were lost in the woods between Baltimore and Washington, and a description of the desolate appearance of everything she saw on the road, she says: "The house is on a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables—an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary. The lighting the apartments from the kitchen to parlors and chambers is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience that I know not what to do, or how to do it. The ladies from Georgetown and in the city, have many of them visited me. Yesterday I returned fifteen visits. * * * * But no comparisons; if they put me up bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires, *I designed to be pleased.* But, surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it. * * * We have, indeed, come into a *new country.*

"The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished; and all within-side, except the plastering, has been done since B. came. We have not the *least fence, yard,* or *convenience without,* and the great unfinished Audience Room, (East Room) I make a drying room of to hang up clothes in. * * * It is a beautiful spot, capable of any improvement, and the more I view it the more I am delighted with it."

If Mrs. Adams actually kept thirty servants, and that in a place where, from its location and newness, and the fact that most persons of condition in the vicinity owned their own servants, they must have been far from the best; and her position, domestically considered, far from enviable. There are bells now, and, as we have stated, most of the conveniences which Mrs. Adams complained were wanting. The customary establishments of the Presidents, which we think will bring a smile to the

faces of our trans-Atlantic cousins, is a steward, butler, chief cook, usually an *artiste*, coachman, groom, four or five dining-room waiters, assistant cooks, laundry women and chambermaids. The gardners, door-keepers and laborers, of whom there are, with watchmen, about fifteen, are hired by the Government. The expenses of the establishment, even with the gardners, &c., found by the Government, are very heavy, and no gentleman can retire from the office with funds enough to pay his fare home. Twenty-five thousand dollars, fifty-six, and even thirty years ago, was equivalent to $100,000 in the increased necessary expenditure of the President's house, and the immense advance in all the necessaries of life now. Most of the Foreign Ministers at Washington, of the first grade, receive very much larger salaries than the President.

During Mr. Adams's administration the country divided into two great political parties called Federalist, because that party believed in the necessity of strengthening the Federal Government, and Democratic, who insisted upon confining the federal in the narrowest possible limits, and in a rigid construction of the constitution. Hamilton was the head of one party, Jefferson of the other. Mr. Adams offered himself, through his friends, for reëlection, but was defeated by Jefferson, after serving but one term.

Mr. Jefferson did not, we are informed orally by an old and intelligent citizen of Washington, for we can find no record of it, occupy the White House till several months after his inauguration. He had it completed, and the grounds put in order; it is said, upon what authority we know not, that the stone wall on the south side of the President's grounds was erected by Mr. Jefferson at his own expense. There is no question of the fact, that with his knowledge of agriculture and horticulture, his taste and energy, much was done, and that the general plan of the grounds and the disposition of the trees emanated from him. He continued eight years, or two terms, in the President's house. He was succeeded, declining a reelection, by Mr. Madison. It was during the administration of this gentleman that the second war with Great Britain occurred. He, too, was one of the Revolutionary patriots—an active participant in the various conventions and in Congress, and a warm supporter of the Constitution; with Hamilton and another distinguished citizen, he wrote that able work upon the theory, practice and duties of our Government, the "Federalist." When party lines were drawn, he joined the Democratic party. In August, 1814, when the enemy entered the city, Mr. Madison had a narrow escape from capture—he fled into Maryland, and thence to Virginia. Mrs. Madison remained in the house till the last, and even cut out from its frame a picture of Washington, and saved some other articles.

Mr. Madison also remained eight years, and was succeeded by Mr. Monroe, another patriot of the Revolution, elected by the Democratic party. Mr. Monroe also served two terms, and was the last of those who had been participants in the ante-revolutionary movements.

John Quincy Adams was elected by the House of Representatives over Gen. Jackson, who had received the largest number of votes in the Electoral College. Mr. Adams entertained liberally and hospitably; and from his high social qualifications, the great variety and extent of his acquirements, and his agreeable family, his reign in the White House was extremely popular.

Gen. Jackson was the next tenant, much against the will of some political enemies, but in accordance with a large majority of the Electoral College. Gen. Jackson, in his high-toned manners, and with his remarkable dignity and grace, has never been surpassed by any gentleman, distinguished as they have been, who has filled the office. The stirring

STATUE OF JEFFERSON, IN FRONT OF PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

events of this Administration would be out of place here, yet we should be pleased, if we had room, to allude to the principal measures.

After eight years' occupancy by Jackson, Mr. Van Buren succeeded as the people's tenant of their National House. Mr. Van Buren had a larger private property than any of his predecessors or of his successors. He lived with great liberality; and his State dinners, in elegance of equippage and general style, have never been surpassed, if, indeed, they were equaled. Four years was the length of his lease, when a sort of forcible entry process was issued in favor of Gen. Harrison, who was put into possession of the premises by one of those whirlwinds which occasionally sweep across the political sky.

Alas! for human ambition and human hopes! One month had scarcely passed since the gorgeous pagentry of the inauguration when the dull booming of minute guns, the tolling of the bells, the national standard at half-mast and the saddened look betokened some national calamity; and such, indeed, there was. For the first time since the organization of the Government a Chief Magistrate had died, and one, too, who had recently received a most enthusiastic support. Harrison was entombed with pomp and circumstance; the White House and the public buildings were draped in mourning, and the Vice-President, John Tyler, became President, and removed, with his family, to the Executive mansion, where he remained nearly four years.

Mr. Polk succeeded Mr. Tyler, and during his administration the third war which this nation had waged with a foreign power occurred—that with Mexico, preceded by the admission of Texas into the Union. The result of the contest was the acquisition of California, then considered important only as affording safe harbors and adequate supplies for our Pacific fleets, but now a large and growing State; the youngest sister in the Confederacy, yet already becoming great and prosperous.

The Mexican War did more than this; it furnished Mr. Polk's successor, Gen. Taylor—a plain, honest, blunt, brave and successful soldier. He felt soon the physical and mental demands of the office, and was restless under its requirements. In a year and four months death again entered the mansion, and struck down the head of the nation.

Mr. Fillmore, as Vice-President, succeeded, and remained nearly three years its occupant. Courteous and bland in his manners, he was extremely popular as *our* tenant.

His successor was the present incumbent, than whom none have graced the position of master of the house better. Like some others of the Presidents, the miasma has affected his health, and he has suffered from fever, but not seriously.

Thus in fifty-six years the National or Executive mansion has had fourteen occupants. Who will next be permitted to occupy it is still with the people, and the solution of the question is looked forward to with deep interest and anxiety. May we not hope that whoever it may be, he will look to the history of the past; and, drawing wisdom therefrom, so conduct the affairs of this nation as to continue its well-being and prosperity.

ORNITHOLOGY OF THE UNITED STATES,

AND BRITISH AND RUSSIAN AMERICA.

BY JOHN CASSIN,
Of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia.

No. III.

The Eagles of North America continued.

4. HALIAETUS WASHINGTONII. (Audubon.)

THE WASHINGTON EAGLE.

This Eagle is stated by Mr. Audubon to have been discovered by him in the State of Kentucky, and noticed also elsewhere, but there has always been an air of doubt and mystery involving both this discovery and the existence

of the species. Most unfortunately, many statements made by this author have proved to be erroneous, which fact, and the egotistical and pretentious style of all his writings, have rendered it quite impossible for him to be regarded with entire confidence by naturalists, or entitled to high popular regard.

No specimen possessing all the characters of this bird, as given by Mr. Audubon, has ever come under the notice of any other naturalist; and late European ornithologists have regarded it generally as the young of the Bald Eagle, but in some instances as a pure invention. It is useless to attribute any feeling of envy or ill will to naturalists on this account or as an explanation; nothing of the kind exists. As an artist, which is Mr. Audubon's main merit, he has been far surpassed in Europe, and certainly equalled in this country. As a naturalist his works are very doubtful authority, and contain more errors and misstatements than those of any other modern author, and have latterly been left in total neglect.

Though, as we have stated, no bird is known which is *exactly* as described by Mr. Audubon, yet we are of opinion that there are two species of White Headed Eagles inhabiting the States on the Atlantic sea-board. They appear to be constantly different in size, and we are not without suspicion that one is the Northern and the other a Southern bird. The larger has the bill much shorter, and very much as represented in Mr. Audubon's plate of the Washington Eagle; and, in fact, is in all respects that bird, except that it has not the large scales in front of the tarsus continued without interruption to the toes, as represented in the plate to which we allude. That character we have never seen in any species of Eagle, and is unknown to naturalists.

At present, however, we have not had opportunities nor facilities for fully investigating this interesting question, and must content ourselves with expressing an opinion that the larger of the two supposed species is the Washington Eagle of Audubon, though, as we have said, it does not present all the characters of the latter. Numerous specimens of this larger bird are in the Museum of the Philadelphia Academy, one of which is figured in the present article.

Description and Technical Observations.—Larger than the Bald Eagle; bill shorter and more abruptly curved; entire plumage dark brown, mixed with dull yellowish. Quills nearly black; tail dark brown, more or less mottled with white. Mr. Audubon gives the following dimensions: "Length, 3 feet 7 inches; extent of wings, 10 feet 2 inches; bill, 3¼ inches; length of wing, when folded, 32 inches; tail, 15 inches; tarsus, 4½ inches."

Habitation—North America. Spec. in Mus. Acad., Phila. (?)

5. Haliaetus Groenlandicus. (Brehm.)

THE GREENLAND EAGLE.

This Eagle, we can only briefly state, is an inhabitant of Greenland, and has been usually regarded by authors on the natural history of that country as identical with the Sea Eagle of Europe, (*H. Albicilla.*) It also considerably resembles the Bald Eagle of America, but has the head of a uniform dull yellow, instead of white. It nests in cliffs and precipices, and subsists principally on fish.

Specimens from Greenland in the Museum of the Philadelphia Academy are apparently different from the European Sea Eagle. The young are exceedingly similar to those of the Bald Eagle, and can only be distinguished, on careful comparison, by its larger size and lighter color.

Description and Technical Observations.—Larger than the Bald Eagle. Adult—Tail white; head and neck pale yellowish brown, in some specimens very light; all other parts of plumage dark umber brown; quills nearly black; bill, feet and irides yellow. Younger—Entire plumage dark brown, with the tail mottled with white. Total length, female, about 40 inches; wing, 27 inches; tail, 12 inches. Male smaller.

Habitation—Greenland. Specimen in Mus. Acad., Philadelphia.

3. Genus Pandion. Savigny's Nat. Hist. of Egypt, I, p. 95, (1809.)

The Ospreys.—Smaller than the preceding Eagles. Bill short, curved from the base, hooked, compressed; wings very long; tarsi short, very thick and strong, and covered with small circular scales; claws large, very sharp. Contains three or four species nearly allied, inhabiting various parts of the world.

1. Pandion Carolinensis. (Gmelin.)

THE FISH HAWK—THE AMERICAN OSPREY.

This is one of the most remarkable of the American Eagles. Unlike his relatives, described in the preceding pages, the present bird possesses strong but comparatively slow flight, and subsists entirely on the product of his own industry and perseverance. He is exclusively a fisherman, molesting no other description of animals.

Of all the rapacious birds of North America the Fish Hawk is the only one not destroyed

THE FISH HAWK—THE AMERICAN OSPREY.

nor interfered with, but on the contrary, is a favorite. Its arrival from the South in the Spring in the Northern and Middle States is regarded as a certain harbinger of the coming of the migratory fish, such as the shad and herrings, bringing employment and plenty to the fishermen and dwellers on the coasts. Industrious and patient, the Fish Hawk builds a huge nest on the forks of a tree, perhaps at but a short distance from the dwelling of the farmer; but maintains the strictest neutrality toward all the domestic animals, and even the most fidgetty old hen of the farm-yard becomes quite accustomed and reconciled to his presence. He quietly resorts to the sea in exercise of his especial calling, and readily gains a plentiful subsistence. These considerations, with his attachment to and untiring care of his young, justly have induced for the Fish Hawk a character of entire respectability in the estimation of our people.

This bird sails about over the water with apparently much ease in quest of its prey, which it seizes generally when near the surface, but sometimes secures it by a bold plunge. Instances are on record of this bird having fastened upon a fish so large as to be beyond its strength, and perishing in the attempt either to carry it off or to disengage itself.

In addition to providing for himself, the Fish Hawk is compelled to contribute to the commissariat of the Bald Eagle, which, possessing greater strength and swiftness, robs him most unscrupulously. Rising from the water with a fish in his talons, he is terrified into relaxing his grasp by the Eagle darting toward him, which again seizes his prize before it reaches the water. This singular and interesting performance is of common occurrence on the Atlantic coast, and has been mentioned by nearly all our ornithologists.

The Fish Hawk is common on the coasts of both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

DESCRIPTION AND TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS.—Pandion Carolinensis. (Gmelin.)

Falco Carolinensis. Gmel. Syst. Nat., I, p. 263, (1788.)

"Falco Haliaetus." Of American authors.

Vieill. B. of N. A., I, pl. 4. Catesby's Carolina, I, pl. 2. Wilson's Am. Orn., V, pl. 37. Aud. B. of Am., pl. 81; Oct. ed., I, pl. 15. Nat. Hist. of New York Birds, pl. 8, fig. 18.

Legs, feet and claws very strong; wings long; head and entire under parts white; wide stripe through the eye downard; longitudinal stripe on the top of the head and occiput, and entire upper parts of the body; wings and tail deep umber brown; tail with about eight bands of blackish brown, and with the greater parts of the inner webs of its feathers white; breast with numerous cordate and circular spots of pale yellowish brown; bill and claws bluish black; tarsi and toes greenish yellow. Young, with the upper parts paler. Sexes alike. Total length, female, about 25 inches; wing, 21½; tail, 10½ inches. Male smaller.

Habitation — Throughout temperate North Am. Spec. in Nat. Mus., Washington, and Mus. Acad., Philadelphia.

With this species we close our account of the Eagles known to inhabit the United States, or the Northern regions, reserving the enumeration of a few doubtful species for a future paper.

A NICE POINT.

[From the German of Lessing.]

Say, which enjoys the greater blisses,
John, who Dorinda's picture kisses,
Or Tom, his friend, the favored elf,
Who kisses fair Dorinda's self?
Faith, 'tis not easy to divine,
While both are thus with raptures fainting,
To which the balance should incline,
Since Tom and John both kiss a painting.

THE POINT DECIDED.

Nay, surely John's the happier of the twain,
Because—the picture cannot kiss again.

ANDREW JACKSON DONELSON.

ANDREW JACKSON DONELSON, the American candidate for the Vice-Presidency, was born on the 25th of August, 1800. His father, the brother-in-law and intimate friend of Gen. Jackson, died in 1805, leaving his son in the care and protection of the old Hero of the Hermitage. Having completed his studies at the Nashville College, he was appointed a cadet at the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1819, having, by permission of the War Department, been allowed to pass the examination of the course of studies in three instead of four years, as is customary. He stood second on the list of the class which graduated with him, and was appointed a Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers. Mr. Donelson was then appointed aid-de-camp to Gen. Jackson, and went with him in this capacity to Florida, when that territory was received from Spain. He held this position until he resigned, in 1822, in order to qualify himself for the practice of the law, for which he was licensed in 1826, after attending the law lectures at the Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky.

Before he engaged extensively in the practice of the law, he entered again into the family of Gen. Jackson, in order to assist in the great popular movement which had placed the General in nomination for the Presidency. This movement failing, in 1824 Mr. Donelson settled upon the plantation where he now lives, adjoining the Hermitage, in order that he might be near the General, and contribute by his pen and counsels to the vindication of his character and fame. The elections in 1828 having terminated in favor of Gen. Jackson, Mr. Donelson was invited to take the post of Private Secretary, which he accepted, and continued to hold throughout the administration of that great man—Mrs. Donelson being with him, and performing what are called the honors of the White House.

After the election of Mr. Van Buren, who was anxious to give Mr. Donelson a high official

position near him, he returned with Gen. Jackson to private life, and continued until 1844 to assist him in the management of his correspondence, which was still onerous. In 1844, the Texas question being then the great issue between Mr. Polk and Mr. Clay. Mr. Donelson took an active part in that discussion, and was finally the negotiator who brought that State into our Union. Mr. Tyler, then President of the United States, sent a messenger to Gen. Jackson, stating the difficulties which were likely to defeat the efforts of the friends of that measure, and urging him to induce Mr. Donelson to undertake the negotiation. Mr. Donelson was then in Mississippi. On his return to Tennessee, finding that Gen. Jackson had pledged himself to the Administration for his acceptance of the mission, he at once undertook it, and the records of Texas and the United States show that he discharged the duties most ably and satisfactorily.

When Mr. Polk came into the Presidency, Mr. Donelson accepted the mission to Berlin, and also one to the central power of Germany, which last he held until he was recalled by Gen. Taylor at the close of 1849. Mr. Donelson had scarcely eached his home in Tennessee, in 1850, when he became enlisted in the effort to secure the settlement of the question then agitating the country and growing out of the acquisition of territory from Mexico. He attended the famous Southern Convention at Nashville, as a Union man, alleging that if propositions to break up the Confederacy were brought forward by that body, they ought to be exposed and denounced to the country. His decided course as a friend of the compromise of 1850 induced the leaders of the Democratic party who concurred with him in opinion to invite him to take charge of the Washington Union, in the columns of which paper he urged, with great force and ability, the principles indorsed in the Compromise, as the basis of the action of the Democratic party in regard to the subject of slavery. Finding, however, that the ultraists, North and South, could not be brought to recognize an organ which was in the hands of one who had consistently opposed the doctrines of nullification and secession, Mr. Donelson retired from his position soon after the period of Mr. Pierce's election. He no longer acted with the present Administration, but, on the contrary, entered warmly into the organization of the American party.

With these brief references to the prominent points in the life of this distinguished citizen, we close this narrative by stating that Mr. Donelson is not the adopted son of Gen. Jackson, as has been very generally supposed; the adopted son of the General bears his name. Mr. Donelson is the nephew, and to him was bequeathed the sword presented by the State of Tennessee to Gen. Jackson. It will be seen, by reference to the will of Gen. Jackson, that he presents this sword as a token of his love and affection for Mr. Donelson.

LIFE OF COLONEL FREMONT.

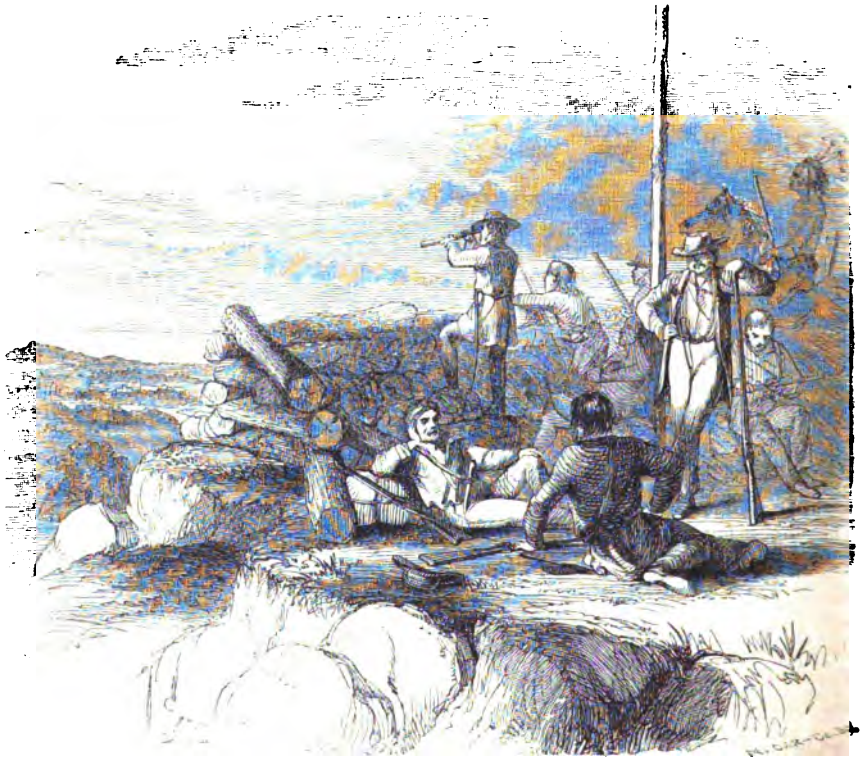
THIRD EXPEDITION—CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA.

A CONSIDERABLE part of the year 1845 was employed by Fremont, now a captain by brevet, in preparing the report of his second expedition, which was published in connection with the first report, by order of Congress. It was accompanied by an original map of the country he had traversed, containing exactly the results of his own explorations. It has a meager appearance to the general eye, but possesses, to the scientific examiner, a value quite unique, as being, he says, "wholly founded upon positive data and actual operations in the field." In traversing about 10,000 miles of the wilderness that then lay between the frontiers of Missouri and the shores of the Pacific, almost every camp station had been the scene of astronomical or barometrical observations, so that nothing supposititious was admitted. Connecting with Captain Wilks's surveys of the mouth of the Columbia River, it filled up the vast geographical chasm that had hitherto marked this central portion of the continent. To the geographical map was added a profile map, noting the elevations of the journey—first, on the route from St. Louis to the South Pass, about 1,600 miles; second, from the mouth of the Platte River to the same point, 1,000 miles; and third, from South Pass to the tide-water of the Columbia River, 1,600; in all, about 4,000 miles of profile mapping, founded on nearly 400 barometrical observations. Many towering peaks are also sketched in their place, rising thousands of feet above the traveled line. The scientific men of Europe appreciated the value of these reports with the accompanying maps and illustrations.

In the Fall of 1845, he set out on his third grand expedition, now better equipped for his work, with philosophical apparatus, daguerreotype materials and implements, and every requisite for a thorough exploration. From the northern head-waters of the Arkansas River, he passed south of the Great Salt Lake, and thence directly through the central portion of the Great Basin, the periphery of which he had

already skirted in part on all sides. His examinations of that strange region were minute and thorough, but unfortunately he has not yet found the necessary leisure to prepare for publication a complete report of his observations. And much of the special interest connected with them has been eclipsed by the splendor of the military career into which he was unexpectedly plunged, as it were, in a moment, while he was peaceably pursuing his scientific objects.

Arriving at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada, he found his men and animals too much weakened by the journey to scale the mountain hights, and he therefore directed them to proceed on to a pass below, while he crossed the range with a small party to Sutter's, purchased a suply of fifty cattle, and drove them down along the western base to the place where he had appointed to meet his people. But by some confusion of names of places, the people had gone much further to the south, and, after much suffering, had reached the valley of the San Joaquin, and were encamped near San Jose. It was now the month of January, 1846. Fremont went alone to Monterey, then the seat of Government, and procuring the United States Consul, Mr. Larkin, to introduce him, waited upon the Mexican authorities, stated his object to be purely scientific, to complete the survey of those portions of the continent, to find a southern route to Oregon, and asked permission to Winter in the valley, then abounding with both grass and game, and no inhabitants to be disturbed. The permission was granted. After recruiting his party, he proceeded onward, and on the 3d of March encamped within fifty miles of Monterey, where, to his surprise, he received a peremptory order from Castro to leave the country at once. At first he took no notice of this order, as he had given no occasion for any hostile demonstration; but when he heard that Gen. Castro was really in pursuit of him, he fortified his party with logs of wood, upon a high hill called Hawk's Peak, and hoisted the United States flag on a staff forty feet high; and there, in a quietly brave attitude, virtually defied the Californians to do their worst. From his camp he could see with his spy-glass that an attack was in preparation, and he also received from Mr. Larkin a letter telling him of Castro's orders



INTRENCHED CAMP ON HAWK'S PEAK.

to drive him from the country. His reply to Mr. Larkin, dated the 10th of March, is a model of a military dispatch:

"I am making myself as strong as possible in the intention that if we are unjustly attacked, we will fight to extremity, and refuse quarter, trusting to our country to avenge our death. No one has reached our camp, and from the hights we are able to see the troops (with the glass) mustering at St. John's and preparing cannon. I thank you for your kindness and good wishes, and would write more at length as to my intentions, did I not fear that my letter would be intercepted. We have in no wise done wrong to the people or the authorities of the country, and if we are hemmed in and assaulted here, we will die, every man of us, under the flag of our country.

"Very truly yours, "J. C. FREMONT."

His father-in-law, Col. Benton, once alluded to this hoisting of the United States flag in these terms:

"It was well and nobly done, and worthy of our admiration; sixty of our countrymen, three thousand miles from home, in sight of the Pacific Ocean, appealing to the flag of their country, unfurling it on the mountain-top, and determined to die under it before they would submit to unjust aggression."

They remained in their encampment several days, in hourly expectation of an attack. The men were strongly disposed to surprise Castro's camp in the night, but Fremont was unwilling to compromise his Government and the safety of the settlers in the country, by any violent act on his part. One day, toward evening, while they sat in council on the difficulties of their position, the flag suddenly fell, staff and all, to the ground. It was ominous. The men looked at each other doubtingly, and Fremont availed himself of this incident to decide their course. "Men," said he, "that means saddle up;" and before morning they were many miles distant on the flank of the San Joaquin Valley.

He moved leisurely down the San Joaquin, thence up the Sacramento Valley, through Northern California, and into the Territory of Oregon, encamping near the northern extremity of Lake Tlamath, in Oregon, on the 8th of May, his object being to find a route to the Willamet Valley.

At night, a couple of horsemen were seen in the distance, who did not look like Indians, and as they came up he found they were a couple of old trappers who had been of his company in the former expedition. They had been hired to conduct Lieutenant Gillespie, of the army, who had come all the way from the States, by order of Government, to overtake and communicate with Fremont. Gillespie had been a long time in the search, and encountered many dangers and no little suffering, and was now resting many miles behind, with only three men in company. Captain Fremont, with his usual promptness, started the next morning to meet him, and after a hard day's ride fell in with him at a distance of sixty miles. The only dispatch brought from the Government, at all this expense, was a letter of introduction from Mr. Buchanan, the Secretary of State, commending Lieut. Gillespie to his confidence. The message was a verbal and confidential one—not committed to writing for fear of being intercepted by the Mexicans—and was to the effect that Mr. Fremont should watch and counteract any foreign scheme on California, and conciliate the good will of the inhabitants toward the United States. Upon this intimation of the Government's wishes, Mr. Fremont turned back from Oregon, and returned to California.

On the night that he met Lieut. Gillespie, a serious disaster befel him. The men were greatly fatigued with their hard day's ride, and as Fremont had many letters and papers to read, the first tidings he had received from home, causing him to sit by the fire until after midnight, no watch was set that night. Once in the night the horses started as if in alarm—a circumstance often arising from the most trivial causes. Fremont took his revolver and went around the encampment, but all was still, and the horses became quiet as before. He had no thought of Indians, as he had ridden sixty miles that day from one direction, too rapidly for Indians to follow, and Gillespie had just come safely in the other direction with only three men. He himself soon yielded to fatigue and the stillness, and fell asleep like the rest. Suddenly, Kit Carson was awakened by the sound of a blow; it was an attack by savages. The four Delawares sprang up and seized their arms to fight. The shout of "Indians!" was raised. Fremont and his men rallied on the instant. The first fire killed the chief of the assailants, and the rest fled and were seen no more.

Two of Fremont's men were killed by the first blows of the Indian hatchets, and one of the Delawares fell in the beginning of the conflict, pierced full of arrows, three entering his heart. One of the men killed was Basil Lajeunesse. He was a favorite of Fremont's; had been his companion in all his journeys; generous, disinterested, faithful, brave, with unrivaled powers of endurance, he was mourned with unaffected sorrow. From the tracks discovered next morning it appeared that they had been attacked by a party of fifteen or twenty Tlamaths.

REPELLING THE NIGHT ATTACK.

Mr. Gillespie was afterward examined under oath before a Committee of the Senate, and stated that on the day he dispatched the two men to overtake Fremont, he arrived on the shores of the lake at sunset, his provisions exhausted and no game to be found. He encamped. hoping to hear from Fremont, but remained forty hours without anything to eat, until the morning of the 9th, when a party of Indians brought them a fresh salmon just from the lake, and appeared very kind and friendly. He then rode thirty miles and met Fremont, and they had the encounter just related. On examining the dead body of the Indian who was killed, they found him to be the identical chief who had presented Gillespie the salmon the morning before, and then appeared so friendly. The conclusion was that he had immediately collected his party and followed on, intending to murder and plunder them at night. It was their near approach that startled the horses in the night, and it was Fremont's removal from the light of the fire to examine the camp that prevented him from being the first victim of their arrows—Providence thus preserving him for other services to his country.

Gillespie, in his testimony, says: "The Indians had followed on my trail, and but for the promptness of Capt. Fremont my small party would have been overpowered by superior numbers and killed." Had Fremont started less promptly that morning to return and meet Gillespie, or ridden less vigorously all that day, or incumbered himself with any party beyond his nine picked men, he never could have received that confidential communication from his Government which Gillespie carried in his breast, and so would not have returned to California at the time he did, and consequently would not have been there in time to accomplish the important results that have followed. Rarely have so many important consequences turned upon a momentary decision for which there was so little apparent cause.

On the second day after this disaster, as they were on the march, the advance guard of ten men, under Carson, came suddenly upon a Tlamath village of over a hundred warriors. On the instant they rushed upon the village, and after a sharp conflict put the whole to flight; several of the Tlamaths were killed, and their village destroyed. The same day there was another conflict, in which Carson came near being killed. An Indian was seen fixing an arrow to let fly upon him; Carson's rifle missed fire, when Fremont, seeing his danger, dashed his horse "Sacramento" suddenly upon the Indian and knocked him over, and thus saved his friend. Carson said afterward, "I owe my life to them two—the Colonel and Sacramento."

The instructions intrusted to Lieut. Gillespie's memory, and now communicated to Fremont, were to the effect that a rupture was highly probable between the United States and

SAVING CARSON'S LIFE.

Mexico, and Fremont was directed to keep himself in a position to observe the course of events in California, to conciliate the good will of the people, and to do what he could to prevent that country from falling into the hands of the British, who it was known were planning to get possession of it as soon as it should be seen that Mexico was not likely to be able to retain it. There were at that time a considerable number of settlers from the United States along the Valley of the Sacramento, and to them Fremont at once directed his attention, losing no time in placing himself in communication with them. He found them in a state of alarm, Gen. Castro, the Mexican commander, having already issued a proclamation requiring the Americans to leave the country, although many of them had resided there for years, intermarried there, and become the owners of extensive properties.

At the time when Fremont encamped in the Valley of the Sacramento, he found three operations going on prejudicial to American interests—thus enumerated by Colonel Benton in his "Thirty years in the Senate," Vol. I, p. 691: "1. The massacre of the Americans, and the destruction of their settlements in the Valley of the Sacramento. 2. The subjection of California to British protection. 3. The transfer of the public domain to British subjects." The American settlers sent a deputation to him at his camp setting forth these dangers, and urging him to afford them protection by aiding them to cast off the Mexican yoke. Gen. Castro was already on the march against them; the Indians were incited to attack them; negotiations were already in progress to transfer the country to Great Britain; if anything was to be done, it must be on the instant. On the other hand, Fremont had entered California on an errand of peace; he had no knowledge of hostilities having commenced between the United States and Mexico, and he did not wish to implicate his Government, or expose his own honor to be questioned. But something must be done; the Indians, 600 strong, were in the field, and had begun to burn the crops of the American settlers, and he must decide at once. His decision was that of a man made for such occasions. He laid the case before his men, released them from their engagements in the service of the United States, and invited them to volunteer with him in defense of the American settlers. They, to a man, complied, and he instantly marched against the Indians, near forty miles distant, broke up and dispersed five villages in one day, and at a stroke annihilated the Indian combination, which had been the great terror of the Americans. He removed his camp to the Buttes, about 60 miles above where Sacramento now is; raised and organized a battalion among the settlers; sent a detachment to Sonoma, who intercepted a large number of horses destined for Castro's troops; captured Gen. Vallejo, with two colonels and other officers; drove De la Torre from Sansalito; crossed over to San Francisco with twelve men and spiked the guns of the battery there, and in 30 days had cleared all North California of the Mexican forces of every name.

On the 4th of July he was at Sonoma, and there celebrated the day by declaring California a free and independent State, and unfurling the new flag, a grizzly bear on a white field. In the letter which he wrote to his father-in-law, Senator Benton, and which is in print, he expresses his confidence that the United States Government would sanction his course; but, if it should not, he was prepared to resign his commission.

With one hundred and sixty riflemen he now started from Sonoma in search of Castro, who was intrenched south of the bay, at Santa Clara. On the 10th of July, being at Sutter's Fort on his way, he learned by a messenger from Commodore Sloat, that he had taken possession of Monterey on the 7th; from which Fremont thought war had begun between

Mexico and the United States. He therefore immediately pulled down the bear flag, and raised the stripes and stars.

It is proper to preserve here the record of the judgment pronounced upon these transactions by the Government of his country. We quote from the annual report of the Secretary of War, then the Hon. William L. Marcy, at the opening of Congress, December 5, 1846. After describing Fremont's proceedings up to the time when he resolved to seek safety for himself and the American settlers by the overthrow of the Mexican rule, the Secretary says:

"It was on the 6th of June, and before the commencement of the war between the United States and Mexico could have there been known, that this resolution was taken; and by the 5th of July it was carried into effect by a series of rapid attacks, by a small body of adventurous men under the conduct of an intrepid leader, quick to perceive and able to direct the proper measures for accomplishing such a daring enterprise.

"On the 11th of June a convoy of 200 horses for Castro's camp, with an officer and 14 men, were surprised and captured by 12 of Fremont's party On the 15th, at daybreak, the military post of Sonoma was also surprised and taken, with nine brass cannon, 250 stand of muskets, and several officers, and some men and munitions of war.

"Leaving a small garrison at Sonoma, Colonel Fremont went to the Sacramento to rouse the American settlers; but scarcely had he arrived there, when an express reached him from the garrison at Sonoma, with information that Castro's whole force was crossing the bay to attack that place. This intelligence was received in the afternoon of the 23d of June, while he was on the American fork of the Sacramento, 80 miles from the little garrison at Sonoma; and at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 25th he arrived at that place with 90 riflemen from the American settlers in that valley. The enemy had not yet appeared. Scouts were sent out to reconnoiter, and a party of 20 fell in with a squadron of 70 dragoons, (all of Castro's force which had crossed the bay,) attacked and defeated it, killing and wounding five without harm to themselves—the Mexican commander, De la Torre, barely escaping with the loss of his transport boats and nine pieces of brass artillery, spiked.

"The country north of the Bay of San Francisco being cleared of the enemy, Colonel Fremont returned to Sonoma on the evening of the 4th of July, and, on the morning of the 5th, called the people together, explained to them the condition of things in the province, and recommended an immediate declaration of independence. The declaration was made, and he was selected to take the chief direction of affairs.

"The attack on Castro was the next object. He was at Santa Clara, an intrenched post on the upper or south side of the Bay of San Francisco, with 400 men and two pieces of field artillery. A circuit of more than a hundred miles must be traversed to reach him. On the 6th of July the pursuit was commenced by a body of 160 mounted riflemen, commanded by Colonel Fremont in person, who in three days arrived at the American settlements on the Rio de los Americanos. Here he learned that Castro had abandoned Santa Clara, and was retreating south toward Ciudad de los Angeles, (the City of the Angels,) the seat of the Governor-General of the Californias, and distant 400 miles. It was instantly resolved on to pursue him to that place. At the moment of departure the gratifying intelligence was received that war with Mexico had commenced; that Monterey had been taken by our naval force, and the flag of the United States there raised on the 7th of July; and that the fleet would co-operate in the pursuit of Castro and his forces. The flag of independence was hauled down and that of the United States hoisted, amid the hearty greetings and to the great joy of the American settlers and the forces under the command of Colonel Fremont.

"The combined pursuit was rapidly continued; and on the 12th of August Commodore Stockton and Colonel Fremont, with a detachment of marines from the squadron and some riflemen, entered the City of the Angels, without resistance or objection; the Governor-General, Pico, the Commandant-General, Castro, and all the Mexican authorities having fled and dispersed. Commodore Stockton took possession of the whole country as a conquest of the United States, and appointed Colonel Fremont Governor, under the law of nations; to assume the functions of that office when he should return to the squadron.

"Thus, in the short space of sixty days from the first decisive movement, this conquest was achieved, by a small body of men, to an extent beyond their own expectation; for the Mexican authorities proclaimed it a conquest, not merely of the northern part, but of the whole province of the Californias.

"The Commandant-General, Castro, on the 9th of August, from his camp at the Mesa, and next day 'on the road to Sonora,' announced this result to the people, together with the actual flight and dispersion of the former authorities; and at the same time he officially communicated the fact of the conquest to the French, English and Spanish Consuls in California; and, to crown the whole, the official paper of the Mexican Government, on the 16th of October, in laying these official communications before the public, introduced them with the emphatic declaration, 'The loss of the Californias is consummated.' The whole province was yielded up to the United States, and is now in our military occupancy. A small part of the troops sent out to subject this province will constitute, it is presumed, a sufficient force to retain our possession, and the remainder will be disposable for other objects of the war."

Such was the state of things as it was then known to the Government at Washington, from the dispatches which left California in the month of August. The country had been conquered by Fremont and his volunteers; the capital, Los Angeles, was surrendered, and California proclaimed a Territory of the United States, and the credit was justly given to Fremont as the chief actor. One of the officers of the navy, Captain Minor, testified before the Military Committee of the Senate, as to the impression made by Fremont's entry into Monterey on the 19th of July. He was on duty on shore when Captain Fremont arrived. He says:

The undersigned believes that the appearance of this body of men, and the well-known character of its commander, not only made a strong impression upon the British Admiral and his officers, but an equally impress-

THE CALIFORNIA BATTALION.

ive and more napp. one upon those of the American navy, then at Monterey. For himself, the undersigned can say that after he had seen Capt. Fremont's command, all his doubts about the conquest of California were removed."

A British officer, Lieut. Walpole, R. N., then serving on board H. M. ship Collingwood, has published a more particular description of Fremont and his party, as he saw them enter Monterey:

"They naturally excited curiosity. Here were the true trappers—the class that produced the heroes of Fenimore Cooper's best works. These men had passed years in the wilds, living upon their own resources; they were a curious set. A vast cloud of dust appeared first, and thence in long file emerged this wildest wild party. Fremont rode ahead—a spare, active looking man, with such an eye! He was dressed in a blouse and leggings, and wore a felt hat. After him came five Delaware Indians, who were his body-guard, and have been with him through all his wanderings; they had charge of two baggage horses. The rest, many of them blacker than the Indians, rode two-and-two, the rifle held by one hand across the pommel of the saddle.

"He has one or two with him who enjoy a high reputation in the prairies. Kit Carson is as well known there as the Duke is in Europe. The dress of these men was principally a long, loose coat of deerskin, tied with thongs in front; trousers of the same, of their own manufacture, which, when wet through, they take off and scrape well inside with a knife, and put on as soon as dry. The saddles were of curious fashions, though these and a large drove of horses, and a brass field-gun, were things they had picked up in California. They are allowed no liquor, but tea and coffee only; this, no doubt, has much to do with their good conduct, and their discipline, too, is very strict.

"They were marched up to an open space on the hills near the town, under some large firs, and there took up their quarters, in messes of six or seven, in the open air. The Indians lay beside their leader. In justice to the Americans, I must say they seemed to treat the natives well, and their authority extended every protection to them."

Was there ever a finer description of the personal character of a partisan commander, or of a troop more worthy of their leader?

But we must give a little explanation of the state of things at Monterey. It is beyond a doubt that a plan was on foot to secure California for a British colony. The principal managers were Mr. Forbes, the British Vice-Consul, and Father Macnamara, an Irish Catholic priest. The plan was to obtain from the Mexican Government a large grant of land in the fine valley of San Joaquin, together with the towns of San Francisco, Monterey and Santa Barbara, to settle 10.000 Irish Catholics, and then declare independence and place the country under the protection of Great Britain. Macnamara went to Mexico and obtained a grant of 3,000 square

leagues, subject to the approval of the Governor of California—the object being, as stated in his petition, to prevent "the usurpations of an anti-Catholic and irreligious nation;" meaning thereby the United States. In the meantime the British Government had placed in the Pacific the strongest squadron it ever had in those seas, under command of Admiral Sir George Seymour, whose flag was hoisted on the Collingwood, 80-gun ship. This squadron and the American squadron, under Commodore Sloat, watched each other in the Mexican ports of San Blas and Mazatlan—the latter having special charge of all the interests of the United States in that quarter, with orders to attack California as soon as he should hear, through any channel, that war had commenced between the United States and Mexico. Macnamara was on board one of the British ships, ready to return to California to complete his scheme. Forbes had already, in April, 1846, had a conference with Gov. Pico, Gen. Castro, Gen. Vallejo and others, to arrange for the political movement by which the country was to be declared independent and placed under British protection, he pledging the seasonable presence of a protecting naval force. A meeting was appointed for the 15th of June to perfect the grant of land and concert the final measures.

At length Commodore Sloat, seeing how closely he was watched by the British squadron, put to sea, and in the daytime bore directly west, as if going to the Sandwich Islands; but in the night he tacked, and ran up the coast to California, arriving at Monterey on the 2d of July. He entered the port peaceably, and offered to salute the town, which the authorities declined, on the plea that they had not powder to return the salute; in reality, it is believed, because they were momentarily expecting the British fleet. Admiral Seymour, misled by Sloat's ruse, continued on his westerly course quite to the Sandwich Islands before he was undeceived, and in consequence was a whole fortnight later in reaching Monterey.

On the fifth day after Sloat's arrival he learned from San Francisco the movements of Captain Fremont in gaining possession of the whole northern division of California; and taking it for granted that Fremont, as an officer of the United States, was acting under the orders of his Government, he naturally inferred that this was sufficient information of the war having actually commenced, and therefore proceeded next day to take possession of the town of Monterey, and hoisted the American flag. The inhabitants made no resistance, and were not prepared for any, as they had relied upon the British fleet for protection. Commander Montgomery was sent to take San Francisco, where the American flag was hoisted on the 8th. A messenger had already been sent to Captain Fremont, who reached Monterey, as has been stated, on the 19th, with his troop of 160 men, and went immediately on board the Commodore's ship, accompanied by Lt. Gillespie, now his second in command. The Commodore immediately inquired of Fremont as to the authority under which he was acting. He said: "Mr. Gillespie told me nothing; he came to me at Mazatlan, and I sent him to Monterey, but I know nothing of his errand; I have acted upon the faith of your operations in the north." When Fremont told him he had no advices of the war with Mexico, but had acted on his own responsibility, the Commodore appeared to be troubled, doubtless recollecting the difficulty which Captain Catesby Jones got himself into two years before by taking possession of the same town of Monterey without orders. He therefore declined to take the responsibility of going any further toward the conquest of the

HOISTING THE AMERICAN FLAG AT MONTEREY.

FREMONT AND COMMODORE SLOAT

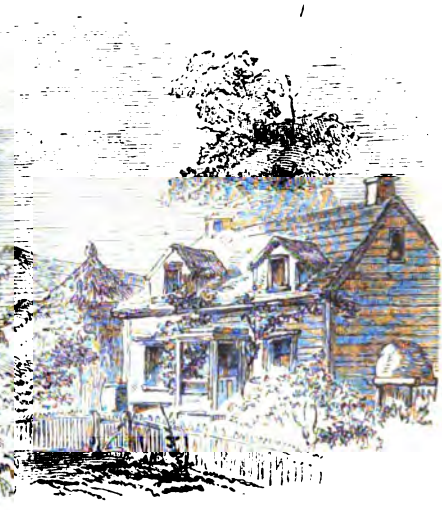
country, or of sanctioning Fremont's plan for completing the conquest. About the same time Commodore Stockton arrived, on the 25th, in the frigate Congress, bringing permission to Sloat to return home if he wished, which he gladly availed himself of, as his health was poor and his mind ill at ease, and sailed for home on the 29th, leaving Stockton in command. In the mean time Admiral Seymour, finding that he had come too late, and that the flag of the United States had already been hoisted, which he had no authority to attack, took Priest Macnamara on board his ship and left the country on the 19th, and thus the British scheme was abandoned, the grants not having been perfected by the signature of the Governor of California.

Stockton had come prepared to enter fully into the war, and at once sanctioned Fremont's plans, and proceeded to organize what he called a "navy battalion," of which he was commander, commissioning Fremont as major and Gillespie as captain—the victorious California legion forming the principal force. This ready coöperation and subordination was entirely voluntary on the part of Fremont and Gillespie, who were not under Stockton's command. Fremont said, in his defense afterward before the Court-martial, "We might have continued our independent position, and carried on the war by land." But they rightly judged it best for their country that there should be unity of movement and perfect coöperation, and they therefore placed themselves and their force under the Commodore's command. Thus they proceeded south, drove off the Mexican forces under Castro, took possession of Los Angeles, and on the 17th of August Commodore Stockton issued his proclamation announcing that California was in possession of the United States, and for the present under military law.

This was the state of things, as known to the Government at Washington. The services of Fremont up to that time were universally conceded, and are thus spoken of by the Hon. John A. Dix, of New York, in a speech delivered in the Senate of the United States on the 29th of March, 1849:

"In the execution of these objects, the young and accomplished officer at the head of our troops, Colonel Fremont, exhibited a combination of energy, promptitude, sagacity and prudence, which indicated the highest capacity for civil and military command; and, in connection with what he has done for the cause of science, it has given him a reputation at home and abroad, of which men much older and more experienced than himself might well be proud. That the country will do justice to his valuable and distinguished services I entertain not the slightest doubt. * * * The objects accomplished by Colonel Fremont, as subsequent developments have shown, were far more important than those I have referred to. There is no doubt that his rapid and decisive movements kept California out of the hands of British subjects, and perhaps out of the hands of the British Government, and it is in this point of view that I desire to present the subject to the Senate. * * * It is in this point of view that the transactions possess the greatest interest and importance, and that the sagacity, promptitude and decision of our youthful commander in California, at the time the disturbance broke out, have given him the strongest claims on his countrymen. Any faltering on his part—any hesitancy in acting, and in acting promptly—might have cost us millions of dollars and thousands of lives; and it might also have cost us a contest of which the end is not readily foreseen.

Resuscitation of Drowned Persons.—In Hull, an eminent physician of London gives instructions for the resuscitation of persons apparently drowned, totally at variance with the methods now in use. He says: There is one great impediment to the restoration of the function of respiration, which is the falling back of the tongue across the top of the glottis, or entrance into the windpipe. In order to remove this, the patient is to be placed upon his face and breast, and the body is to be turned on to the side, and then returned slowly to its former position. This motion, whose effect is to cause a considerable amount of air in the lungs to be expelled and reinspired, is to be kept up until breathing is restored, or all hopes of resuscitation from this source are abandoned.



CONFESSIONS OF A TELEGRAPH POST.

I WAS born and grew up upon the borders of a brook near the village of ——, in New York State, and but a few rods from the door of a little cottage, among whose inmates was one, a fair-haired girl, to whom I am indebted for my uprightness of form and character and healthy body. She it was who trained me up, when, but a small sapling, I was struggling with life. When I larger grew it was she that served to make the hours pass pleasantly away, for in the heat of the day, with her work in hand, she would sit by my side, singing sweet songs, while I, with out-stretched arms, shielded her from the noonday sun. She was my friend, my lover, and would gladly have saved me from the fate that has since been mine. Well do I remember the day when my doom was sealed. She was seated by my side when the noise of wheels approaching made her start from her seat, and in a moment a handsome middle-aged man drove slowly past us; but seeing her, drew the reins of his horse, and, gazing upon her for a moment, asked for a glass of water. She, with her generous nature, ran at once to the house to procure it, when his eye, in wandering around, fell upon me. He advanced slowly, and walked toward me, scanning me from the ground upward; and something told me his presence boded no good, for my heart fainted within me, and a cold shiver passed over my limbs. I was not mistaken, for when she returned with a glass of cool water fresh from the brook he said, "Will you sell this tree?"

"O no, Sir," she quickly answered, "I would as soon think of parting with my best friend." She would have said more, but her uncle coming up (for Mary was an orphan, and lived with her uncle,) the stranger put the same question to him; and, after some bargaining, he sold me in spite of Mary's entreaties. The stranger paid the money, saying the next day he would send for me, and drove off, leaving me to brood over my misfortune. O, how long that day seemed. Methinks the sun seemed never so hot; I was parched, and longed for one drop of water to cool my heated frame. When night came—the clear, calm night—and the moon and stars cast their soothing light upon me, I grew more calm. Long after the lights in the little

cottage had been extinguished I saw Mary sitting at her vine-covered window, gazing through the darkness until her eyes rested upon me, and I felt that at least she would not forget me. I heard her light step as it tripped daintily upon the green grass, and soon she was leaning against my side, her little heart beating against mine. Taking from her pocket a knife, she gently removed a small portion of bark from my side, and inscribed upon my breast one word that I shall carry with me through life—Mary. Her hand trembled with emotion, and a tear stole down her cheek and fell upon my trunk, as if to christen the act. She then returned silently within the cottage door, and I could see her by the pale moonlight as she knelt beside her little couch in prayer. I gazed upon her until sleep closed her moistened eyes and a sweet smile played upon her lips, and then I turned away, resolving that whatever befel me I would hold *her* memory dear, and watch over her through life.

The morning sun had scarce begun its upward course when I was startled from my reverie by the loud laugh of some one approaching, and soon I heard the wheels of a cart drawn up by the road-side, and two or three men advanced, each with an ax in hand, and I knew then my time had come.

"This is the tree," said one, taking off his coat to enable him to work more easily.

"What a beauty!" said another; "we must keep this aside for the city. You know Jones said he wanted the handsomest one for the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, and it will puzzle him to find one better than this!"

"How long before they intend to get this telegraph agoing?"

"In about a month's time I believe," was the answer; and then raising his ax high over his head, he buried it deep into my side, until I felt myself grow dizzy, and my head begin to shake and my body leaned to one side. I knew I was falling, so I nerved myself for one last look upon my friend. There she lay, still sleeping, in the early dawn, with a tear upon her cheek and a smile upon her lip, unconscious that ere sleep should leave her eyes I would be far away on my long journey. I was glad she still slept, and feeling a soft breeze stealing through my branches, I cast from me a young leaf, and it was borne into her chamber-window, until it rested on the pillow by her cheek. I knew she would recognize it, for I was the only tree of the kind near the cottage. At this moment I received another blow which severed me from my base, and then all grew dark before me.

When I awoke from my lethargy, I was so changed that I scarcely knew myself; all my branches were gone, and my bark removed, and I presented one long, straight, smooth pole, to all appearances devoid of all beauty, of all life. The past seemed like a dream, and the future—I dared not think of it. I was glad of one thing—they left me one relic of the past; I still carried upon my breast the name of my young friend, and something seemed to whisper that we should meet again, that I should yet exert an influence over her destiny. I thought of her as I last saw her upon her small couch, dreaming in her innocence, and how her little heart would beat when her eyes opened in the dewy morning, as she felt *my* leaf nestling beside her cheek, and how carefully she would place it in the little time-worn Bible, the gift of a mother's love, and how she would cherish it as a sacred relic from one who had always entered into her thoughts and feelings by day, and watched over her couch by night. I wondered where she would pass the twilight hours now that I was gone. I was the only thing she had to love. I knew every thought of her young heart as none other ever could. She never feared to speak her thoughts in my presence, and she seemed to understand every movement of my limbs, and my every thought.

I was soon hurried away and placed on board of a steamboat for New York. They laid me down beside a large pile of trunks, upon one of which, a long, wooden chest, was seated a young man in the garb of a sailor. His face was frank and generous in its expression; the mouth, that most expressive feature of the face, was finely formed, and wore upon it a trait of sadness. His eyes rested vacantly upon me, and one foot was placed upon my side. He was on his way to join the ship, and had just left the loved ones at home. The memory of that parting was still pressing upon his heart; and shaking himself, as if to drive such thoughts away, he put on a careless look and began whistling "A Life on the Ocean Wave;" and, sailor-like, he out jack-knife, leaned forward, and was about to commence hacking my side, when all at once his arm fell, as if powerless, his hand trembled, and with his elbow resting upon one knee, he shaded his eyes, and gazed wistfully at the mark upon my breast—Mary. Long he looked and his chest heaved with emotion, for the sight of that name seemed to bring a flood of memories back upon him, and I longed to let him know I sympa-

thized with him. But no, men will not believe that they can find sympathy with aught else but man, and they put their trust in those who but too frequently use it to carry out their own selfish ends.

It was dark when we arrived at the wharf in New York, and when all were hurrying ashore the sailor arose, and stooping, as if to raise his chest from the deck, he impressed a kiss upon the name that had so stirred his heart, and then was lost among the crowd.

Early on the following morning I was carried on shore, placed upon a cart, and hurried up a crowded thoroughfare, until I reached a brown-stone church with a lofty spire. Here I was taken off the cart and placed upon the sidewalk. Half a dozen men took hold of me, and putting my base over a hole a few feet deep, began, by the assistance of ropes, to raise me up, until at last I was once more upright and enabled to gaze around me. What a change! Instead of the song of birds, and the murmur of the brook, and the wind as it gently kissed the trees, I heard one long, low unceasing roar—the mingling of thousands of voices, of vehicles and artisans—and I thought what a change of life was mine, and how many new scenes I should now witness and take part in, and still remain unknown even to those who daily pass by my side—aye, and rest their limbs against me. Looking up and down the streets, on both sides of which I could see large buildings, some of which I learned afterward are called the Museum, old St. Paul's, the Astor House and City Hall, at length I caught a glimpse of the water. A large ship was gliding slowly adown the stream, and upon one of the yards I saw my companion of the previous night, the young sailor, loosening the sails, and at this moment the deep tones of old "St. Pauls" struck the hour of seven; and as the echoes were borne upon the breeze toward the sea, I whispered a God-speed to the sailor, and he was lost to my sight. I felt that I had now entered upon my new destiny.

[To be continued.]

THE MORMONS AND THEIR BIBLE.

The foul plague-spot of Mormonism which has fastened itself upon the great central heart of this continent, and which, despite all the purifying waters of the great Salt Lake Valley, continues in reeking foulness to spread over the land, must ere long become a subject of deep and absorbing interest to the whole people of this country. That fanatical, profligate sect, calling themselves a religious people, are increasing very rapidly. They have their emissaries all over the earth making proselytes to their licentious faith, who are constantly flocking by hundreds to Salt Lake Valley. This, added to the beastly habits openly followed by the whole sect, is increasing their numbers at an unprecedented rate. It must become a great question before long for this nation to decide, what is to be done with this foul blot upon the face of the Republic. Already that filthy people are making preparations to organize a State Government, and demand admission into the Union. Will they be admitted? We trust not till they shall have been cleansed from their moral leprosy.

We know a specious argument is urged, to show that they must be admitted as a State without questioning their religion, their morals, or their habits. It is said their polygamy is a part of their religion, and that our Government and institutions are founded upon the utmost freedom of religious opinions. The only questions that can be asked of a new State applying for admission into the Union, are—has she the requisite number of inhabitants; has she a Republican constitution? And that Congress would have no more right to refuse the admission of Utah because the inhabitants are Mormons, and profess a religion which allows them a plurality of wives, than they would have to refuse the admission of Nebraska, for instance, if its inhabitants were Baptists, and believed that Baptism should always be administered by immersion.

The argument is fallacious. Our Constitution, which tolerates every shade of religion, is the highest law of the land, it is true; but there is a *higher* law than that—the law of self-preservation. When a question of religion or morals goes to the very foundation of society, involving the deterioration, debasement and ruin of the race, there is an implied proviso in our free Constution which not only permits, but impels, the interference of governmental power to decide such question. It is a question simply of self-preservation, which is above all constitutions. We have no doubt that Mormonism would in time die out of itself; it has within it the seeds of death; we know not how long it might protract a sickly existence, but it must at last die a *felo de se*. But if it is to be left to die a natural death, or from the necessary effects of its unnatural life, let it go out in the obscurity of an isolated Territory, and not as a member of the family of States, to cast a disgraceful stain upon the history of our proud and glorious Republic.

We trust nine-tenths of the people of this country would scout the idea of admitting Utah into the Union as a State, till her people become sufficiently civilized to reform their beastly and degrading habits. But we go further; we do not believe it is the duty of our Government to let the Mormon profligates *severely alone.* Congress has extended over them territorial laws, and is therefore bound to give them all wholesome and necessary laws. And one of the first laws should be to put down, to crush out, that beastly practice which allows even the Governor of the Territory to have fifty wives, and others as many as they can support or enslave. There has been a bill to this effect introduced into one branch of Congress the present session. What has become of it? We fear it has been lost sight of among the mass of political and personal matters of less importance. The bill, if we recollect right, proposed to make bigamy, or polygamy, in any Territories of the United States, *a crime,* punishable, like other crimes, by fine, imprisonment, disqualification for office, &c. This is as it should be; let Congress pass such a law and rigidly enforce it, before they consent even to discuss the question of admitting Utah or Deseret as a State.

We did not, however, sit down to write an essay on Mormonism, but simply a word of introduction to the following account of the Book of Mormon, or Mormon Bible, as it is called. The sketch was prepared by a gentleman attached to the United States Army, who was stationed sometime in the Salt Lake Valley:

HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

The Book of Mormon pretends to be a revelation given to Joseph Smith, concerning the early history of America. It was first published in the year 1830, and purports to be translated from hieroglyphics (reformed Egyptian) written on certain metal plates found by the Prophet in the State of New York. Joseph could not read the plates with his natural eyes, but by looking through "two stones set in the rim of a bow" the hieroglyphics were immediately changed into English. The style is the same as King James's translation of the Bible, but is full of grammatical inaccuracies.

The book, the saints say, was originally written by a prophet named Mormon, a Nephite, and a descendant of Joseph, who was killed near the place where the golden plates were found by the Prophet, and who, before his demise, handed over said plates to his son Moroni, by whom they were buried in the ground, and through whom they were afterward revealed to Joseph Smith.

The whole work is about the size of the Old Testament, and is subdivided into books, called the Book of Nephi, of Mosiah, of Helaman, of Alma, &c., which contains the history of America from 600 B. C. to 420 A. D., and the Book of Ether, which fills up the interval from the building of the Tower of Babel to the former date.

According to this singular production, it would appear that at the time of the confusion of tongues at Babel, and the general scattering of the human race over the earth, a family of people, named Jaredites, were taken under the especial care of God, "and it came to pass that the Lord commanded them that they should go forth into the wilderness, yea, in that quarter where there never had man been. And it came to pass that the Lord did go before them, and did talk with them as he stood in a cloud, and gave directions whither they should travel. And it came to pass that they did travel in the wilderness and did build barges in which they did cross many waters." They appear to have journeyed in a western direction, through Europe or Africa, and "it came to pass that the Lord did bring Jared and his brethren forth even to that great sea which divideth the lands." Arrived on the shores of the Atlantic, they remained several years, when the Lord appeared to them again, and commanded them to "go to work and build after the manner of barges which ye have hitherto built, and they were small, and they were light upon the water, and they were built after the manner that they were exceeding light, even that they would hold water like unto a dish, and the bottom thereof was tight like unto a dish, and the sides thereof were packed, and the top thereof was tight like unto a dish, and the length was made like unto a tree, and the door thereof, when it was shut, was tight like unto a dish." (Book of Ether.) Jared was also commanded to make holes in each boat to let in air, which could be stopped by a plug at pleasure, and "two stones touched by the finger of God were placed inside to give light to the passengers." Having embarked in these singular boats, "the Lord God caused that there should a furious wind blow upon the face of the waters towards the promised land;" and after three hundred and forty-four days the Jaredites landed upon the eastern shore of North America. Here they founded a vast empire, and attained a high degree of civilization. For the space of fifteen hundred years they flour-

ished; they were blessed with prophets, and visions, and revelations; plagues and famines were sometimes sent to try them, but prosperity crowned them as a nation. At last great wickedness began to prevail among them, and God became enraged. He swore that he would destroy them; dissensions sprang up—they split into two nations—made war upon each other, and after numerous battles, described in the Homeric style, none were left of the race of Jared, except three men—two chiefs, Coriantunn and Shiz, and the Prophet Ether. "And it came to pass, that when they had all fallen by the sword, save it were Coriantunn and Shiz, behold Shiz had fainted with loss of blood, and it came to pass that when Coriantunn had leaned upon his sword, that he rested a little, he smote off the head of Shiz, and it came to pass that Coriantunn fell to the earth, and became as if he had no life, and the Lord spake unto Ether, and said unto him, 'Go forth;' and he went forth, and beheld that the words of the Lord had all been fulfilled."

The history of the Jaredites being at an end, Ether made a record on metal plates, and deposited them in the ground, where another people, of whom we are about to speak, discovered them.

About the time when these events were occurring, a second race, belonging to the tribe of Joseph, had started from Jerusalem, under a prophet named Lehi. This was the reign of Zedekiah, King of Judah. The Lehites, unlike the Jaredites, were led by God in an eastern direction—"And we did come to the land called bountiful, because of its much fruit, and also wild honey; and all these things were prepared of the Lord that we might not perish; and we beheld the sea which we called Irreantum—which, being interpreted, is many waters." (First Book of Nephi.) Here the Lehites built a vessel, and embarked, the winds and currents carrying them over the Pacific Ocean and landing them on the western coast of South America. Ten years after this another family of Israelites, of the tribe of Judah, were brought out in like manner, and settled under the name of the people of Zarahemla, in the northern part of South America, where they were discovered subsequently by the Lehites.

The families that came out under Lehi did not long remain one people, but divided themselves under two of his sons, Nephi and Laman, into separate nations. The Nephites were in possession of the Pentateuch and many of the Prophets, as far down as Jeremiah. They led a godly and moral life, but were continually persecuted by the wicked Lamanites, who fell away completely from grace, and a set of bandits called the Sadiantin robbers. The Nephites, however, flourished and built cities over a great part of North and South America, while the Lamanites were cursed with a black skin, like the present Indians, who, according to Mormon belief, are a remnant of that ancient people. The Nephites not only had prophets among them who did all sorts of wonders, but Christ himself came down among them shortly after his resurrection. The advent of the Messiah on the American continent is stated to have taken place in the year 34 of modern chronology, and his appearance was accompanied with a great variety of celestial and terrestrial phenomena.

Mountains were upheaved, rocks were rent, lakes and rivers became dry and torrents gushed out in barren places. Many wicked people were destroyed, and only the most righteous of the Nephites were permitted to look upon the radiant face of the Saviour. "And it came to pass that as they understood, they cast their eyes up again to Heaven, and behold they saw a man descending out of Heaven, and it came to pass that he stretched forth his hand and spake unto the people, saying, behold I am Jesus Christ; and it came to pass that the Lord spake unto them saying, arise and come forth unto me, that ye may thrust your hands into my side, and also that ye may feel the prints of the nails in my hands and in my feet, that ye may know that I am the God of Israel, and the God of the whole earth, and have been slain for the sins of the world." (Book of Nephi.) The account of the teachings of Christ to the Nephites comprises a large part of the Book of Mormon. They are, however, nothing but the sayings of our Saviour taken from various parts of the New Testament, jumbled together in a mass, and in some places altered in a most blasphemous and sacrilegious manner to suit the peculiar views of Joseph Smith. As a sample of their modifications, take the following: "And he (Christ) said unto them in this wise: Shall ye baptise; and there shall be no disputations among you. Behold, ye shall go down and stand in the water, and in my name shall ye baptise them, and there shall you immerse them in the water, and come forth again out of the water." This, of course, settles the question of immersion or sprinkling forever.

Having explained the leading doctrines of the new dispensation, and appointed twelve apostles to preach the gospel over the whole

of America, Christ was caught up into Heaven, and the Nephites for a long while lived in accordance with the wondrous revelation that had been given them. As time elapsed, however, and the appearance of the Messiah became only a tradition, the people began to disbelieve, and God became so enraged that he let the Lamanites upon them to destroy them from the face of the earth. The Lamanites at this time were living in South America, and the Nephites in North America. Battle after battle ensued, in which millions fell on either side, but finally about four hundred years after Christ, the Nephites were driven to New York State, where they were all killed except Mormon and his son, Maroni, "and now it came to pass that after the great and tremendous battle at Cumorah, behold the Nephites who had escaped into the country northward, were hunted by the Lamanites until they were all destroyed; and my father also was killed by them, and I even remain alone to write the sad tale of the destruction of my people." (Book of Moroni.)

It is now generally admitted on all hands that the Book of Mormon was not written by Joseph Smith, but that the whole groundwork of the story was furnished to the Prophet by Sidney Rigdon, in the shape of a manuscript which he stole from a gentleman named Solomon Spalding. This person, who was a minister of, we believe, the Methodist persuasion, devoted all his leisure hours, for many years, to the writing of a work called "The Manuscript Found," in which he gave an amusing and very plausible account of the origin of the American Indians. It was, however, merely intended for a religious novel. Falling into the hands of Sidney Rigdon, who was a printer, he and Joseph Smith saw in it at once the foundation of a magnificent scheme of religious imposture. The original work was accordingly modified to suit their plans, and was finally announced to the world as a translation from golden plates found buried in the ground, and revealed by an angel to Joseph Smith. Alla-il-Alla, and Joseph is his Prophet.

[As a further illustration of the principles and practices of Mormonism, we append a few extracts from a public address by their leader and Governor, Brigham Young, delivered in the Tabernacle at Great Salt Lake City about a year and a half ago.—Ed. U. S. Mag.]

Before the Book of Mormon was printed, and immediately after Joseph Smith obtained the plates and the revelations he received concerning this record, being the record of the Nephites and the of Lamanites, who are the fathers of the present aborigines of our country, and in which the Lord told him that he was about to set to his hand the second time to gather Israel, the war commenced against him, this was long before the book was printed. I will now tell you all a secret, although it has already been read to you; it is this: Christ and Belial are not friends; they are enemies. We ask where Christ's church is? My conclusive answer is: if the Latter-Day Saints do not constitute the kingdom of God on the earth the Church of Jesus Christ, it is nowhere to be found upon it. It is easily proved by the Scriptures that no other church, professing to believe in the Old and New Testament, bears hardly a resemblance to the ancient true church in the fullness of the doctrines of the Lord Jesus.

So far as morality goes, in many instances I have no complaints to make. Thousands and millions of people live according to the best light they have, but the Holy Priesthood is not on the earth unless the Latter-Day Saints have it. It is the priesthood again given to the children of men; shall I say it out? (Yes.) That raises the devil and makes all hell angry; and the servants of the devil will run to and fro, and publish his lies about Christ and his church on the earth. They are not angry with me or with you; and the professors of Christianity, the priests, are not angry with us, but they are filled with wrath and indignation with themselves, and with the Almighty. Why are they angry? Because they are men, and like other men. If a man sees his house about to fall, if he sees something or other continually gnawing and gnawing, and picking, and operating upon the foundation, and discovers that by and by the house must fall, perhaps when he is asleep, or when he is gone from home, and destroy his women and children, he is all the time worried, and in a stew; all the time watching with a fearful looking for the time when it will crumble to pieces. This is the difficulty with the professing Christian world. Is it so with the Infidel? No, he does not care anything about the matter; but those sweet, loving, blessed Christians, the priest in the pulpit, and the deacon under it, and the sage followers of their own nonsense and traditions of their fathers, are the ones who are at war with the eternal priesthood of God.

Who is it that stirs up the devil all the time? Those sanctified hypocrites, those old sectarians who profess so much sanctity and so much religion. They see that their old favorite dwelling is crumbling to the dust, never to be rebuilt again before Mormonism will triumph. That is what stirs up all the mischief. It was priests who first persecuted Joseph Smith. I will here relate a few of the circumstances which I personally knew concerning the coming forth of the plates, from a part of which the Book of Mormon was translated. This fact may be new to several, but I had a personal knowledge with regard to many of those circumstances.

I well knew a man who, to get the plates, rode over sixty miles three times the same season they were obtained by Joseph Smith. About the time of their being delivered to Joseph by the angel, the friends of this man sent for him, and informed him that they were going to lose that treasure, though they did not know what it was. The man I refer to was a fortune teller, a necromancer, an astrologer, a soothsayer, and possessed as much talent as any man that walked on the American soil, and was one of the wickedest men I ever saw. The last time he went to obtain the treasure he knew where it was, and told where it was, but did not know its value. Allow me to tell you that a Baptist deacon and others of Joseph's neighbors were the very men who sent for this necromancer the last time he went for the treasure. I never heard a man who could swear like that astrologer; he swore scientifically, by rule, by note. To those who love

swearing it was musical to hear him, but not so to me, for I would leave his presence. He would call Joseph everything that was bad, and say, "I believe he will get the treasure after all." He did get it, and the war commenced directly.

When Joseph obtained the treasure, the priests, the deacon and religionists of every grade went hand in hand with the fortune teller, and with every wicked person, to get it out of his hands, and to accomplish this a part of them came out and persecuted him.

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It was told a certain person, while he was on the plains, that President Zachary Taylor was dead and damned, and it has gone through the States, from side to side, that I said so. It was first given out that the Mormons said so, and then that Brigham said so; well, I backed it up, because I knew it was true. I have just as good a right to say that President Taylor is in hell as to say that any other miserable sinner is there. Was he any more than flesh and blood? I have as good a right to canvass him, in a religious point of view, as I have to canvass the peasant upon the dunghill. He has gone there, and so have many others; and the Lord Almighty is removing the bitter branches, as foretold in the Book of Mormon.

The newspapers are teeming with statements that I said, "President Pierce and all hell could not remove me from office." I will tell you what I did say, and what I now say: the Lord reigns and rules in the armies of the Heavens, and does his pleasure among the inhabitants of the earth. He sets up a kingdom here, and pulls down another there, at his pleasure. He walks in the midst of the people, and they know it not. He makes kings, presdents and governors, at his pleasure; hence I conclude that I shall be Governor of Utah Territory just as long as he wants me to be; and, for that time, neither the President of the United States, nor any other power, can prevent it.

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"What is agoing to be done with these turbulent Mormons, these outrageous Mormons?" I will tell you what might be done, and what ought to be done. The Government of the United States, and the Presidents of the United States ought to treat the religion of the Latter-Day Saints as they do Methodism, Presbyterianism, Quakerism, Shakerism, and many other isms, and say, "Here, I wish you to hold your tongues about the Mormons, for they have just as good a right to their religion as you have to yours." And when the people petition for this or that, (as the right of petition should never be denied,) it is the duty of those who are addressed to hearken to the petitions of the people, and to let them have officers of their own choice; for the appointing power is elected by the voice of the people, and the mass of people hold the reins of Government in their hands. Then let the people carry out those principles they have adopted and profess to abide by, and when we wish for a Governor or a Judge, or any other appointed officer, let us have the men we prefer, and not those who will run away and report falsehoods about us.

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Do you suppose that I am going to crouch down, and suffer this people to bow down continually to the rod of corruption? No. Come on with your knives, your swords, and your faggots of fire, and destroy the whole of us rather than we will forsake our religion. Whether it is true or false is none of your business; whether the doctrine of plurality of wives is true or false is none of your business. We have as good a right to adopt tenets in our religion as the Church of England, or the Methodists, or Baptists, or any other denomination have to do in theirs. Our doctrine is a Bible doctrine, a patriarchal doctrine, and is the doctrine of the God of eternity, and of the Heavens, and was revealed to our fathers on the earth, and will save the world at last, and bring us into Abraham's bosom, if we ever get there. Are the officers of the Government the judges of our religion? It is none of their business whether it is true or false. I know whether it is true or not, and that is enough for me; you know, brethren and sisters, and that is enough for you. If they do not believe it we do not trouble them with it.

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What is the Kingdom of God agoing to accomplish on the earth? It will revolutionize not only the United States, but the whole world, and will go forth from the morning to the evening, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, so shall be the ushering forth of the Gospel until the whole earth is deluged with it, and the righteous are gathered.

The sinner will slay the sinner, the wicked will fall upon the wicked, until there is an utter overthrow and consumption upon the face of the whole earth, until God reigns, whose right it is. As it was said in the days of the Saviour, "If we let this man alone, you may depend upon it that through his influence he will take away our place and nation." If you let Mormonism alone, I will promise that every honest man and woman in the United States will be in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and be governed by the Law of God.

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When strangers come among us they often feel diffident, for we keep to ourselves here in these distant parts, and do not always immediately know whether we are about to receive friends or enemies into our community. We have been persecuted and driven, and been a scoff and a byword, and when strangers come among us they feel a delicacy in making our acquaintance. I say, brethren and sisters, be frank with strangers, and when you talk with them or are in their presence, live your religion, and do not vary one particle from the truth.

You say, "I love my God and my religion." Then manifest to them what your religion is, and if they are honest, ere long they will fall in with it; if not they will take up their line of march and leave us.

BRITISH SOVEREIGNS IN RHYME.

First William the Norman:
Then William, his son
Henry, Stephen and Henry:
Then Richard and John.
Next Henry the Third;
Edwards, one, two and three;
And again after Richard,
Three Henrys we see,
Two Edwards, three Richards.
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess,
Then Jamie, the Scotchman,
Then Charles, whom they slew,
Yet received, after Cromwell,
Another Charles too;
Next James the Second
Ascended the throne;
Then good William and Mary
Together came on,
Till Anna, Georges four,
And fourth William all past,
God sent us Victoria,
May she long be the last!

THE INTERCEPTED MESSENGER OF RAMAPO PASS;

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

CHATER V.

"Love peeps into the warrior's heart
From the tip of a stooping plume,
And the serried spears and the merry men
May not deny him room;
He'll come to his tent in the weary night,
And be busy with his dream,
And he'll float to his eye in the morning light,
Like a fay on a silver beam." [N. P. WILLIS.

It was yet the gray of the morning, when Wendell Montagnie opened his mother's door to say a few words of greeting before he should start upon his mission. Early as it was, for it was scarcely four, the matron was already up, looking "to the ways of her household." There was something extremely touching in the demeanor of the dames of the Revolutionary times—a sober earnestness which imparted a dignity and appropriateness to all their movements. Dame Montagnie was as yet young and unchanged by time; but devoted and happy in her domestic relations, self had become so secondary with her as to rarely enter into her calculations. No lurkings of vanity divided her singleness of duty, and no love of gossip interfered with the well-ordering of her peaceful household. As yet the children of the region had grown up with an instinctive perception of the harmonies of life, the excessive training of our modern times being as yet unknown; they were obedient and orderly, pious and brave, because such was the atmosphere they breathed, and such the nutriment at their mother's breast, but the how and the wherefore were questions as unnecessary as they were unheard of.

Among these, the children of Dame Montagnie stood preëminent for neatness and good behavior. The clear eyes of the mother were alive with affectionate interest in all their childish movements, and her own staid, gentle demeanor infused an unfailing element of harmony. Tall and slender, her habitual attention to the wants of those about her had given a slight stoop to her shoulders, not unbecoming, while the motions of her hands were of that wavy, directing kind which we sometimes see in old paintings, and which springs naturally from the habits of authority gently exercised.

She stood now in her loose morning robe, just within the hall, and her maidens were passing back and forth, taking the necessary orders for household labor. Pans and milk-pails glanced by, intermingled with the swing of short petticoats, and the liberal gleams of tidy ankles. A pretty Dutch damsel, with a smart foot and coquetish boddice, was counting out skeins of linen for the loom, which hung partly upon hers, and partly upon the arms of Dame Montagnie. The mother welcomed her son with a bright, open glance, and then with more speed than heretofore, she counted the remaining skeins and gave them into the hands of the pretty Gertrude, who dropped a curtesy, which threw the brief skirt into some action, and then disappeared. Mother and son now entered the room together.

"I have come, dear mother," began the youth, "only to say good morning. I must, within an hour, be on my way to Morristown, carrying dispatches for the Commander-in-Chief."

The mother laid her hand tenderly upon the shoulder of her son, and was silent.

"I may be gone a few days, and I may not return till the movements of the army decide upon further measures," continued the youth.

"That is, my son, till some decisive battle shall determine the fate of the country."

The silence of Montagnie gave assent, and she laid her head upon the shoulder of her child. The youth felt her trembling pulsations and knew, that slight as was the external manifestation, it told of deep and intense anguish. She at length raised her head.

"I am proud, Wendell, of the favor shown you by the good General, but in order to merit it do not risk too much a life so——"

Her voice ceased, and the sentence remained incomplete, but the young man knew what was meant by the tears that fell upon his shoulder, and which the thin dress of the season rendered palpable.

"Country and friends, dear mother," returned Montagnie, after a pause; "I feel as if all that I can do, to yield my life even, were nothing to honor the one and prove my worthiness of the other."

A warm pressure of the mother's arms was the only response. At this moment the horse of Wendell was brought to the door, and she lifted her head.

"Go, my son, and God be with you," she whispered, not daring to trust herself with another look at his face.

Montagnie was soon in the saddle, but as he turned away from the house, his horse stumbled. "Lord a mercy, massa, don't you go," cried Jake, the black attendant. "The horse feel ill-luck, oh, gorry, massa, wait;" and run-

ning on before, the good fellow went through a variety of gesticulations designed to avert any evil influence that might be in reserve. Gaily waving his hand, and waving kisses to the little ones whose heads now appeared at the various dormer windows, and whose little voices called him to return, he rode away. Passing down the principal street, it was natural that he should glance at the windows of old De Witt as he went by. To his surprise Mistress Katrina was leaning from her chamber lattice, humming a gay air, as if all the world were as merry as herself.

Montagnie inclined himself from his saddle, and was about to pass on, when she accosted him.

"How far do you ride, Mr. Montagnie, so bright and early? Wait a bit, and I will have my pony and try a race with you."

Before he had time to reply she darted away, and in a moment more was standing under the stoop, her light flaxen curls tossed by the fresh morning air, and her cheek, into which the color of the peach glowed, and now flushed by coquetry, or it might have been a deeper feeling, the hue invaded for a moment brow and neck.

"I fear I cannot share your race this morning," said Montagnie. "I am ordered upon service which admits of no delay."

"And pray where do you go, Mr. Montagnie, that you claim the right of incivility to a lady?"

"Pardon me, Miss De Witt, my time is not my own now—it is pledged to the service of my country; but at some future day, may I not claim the promise of a morning ride with you?"

The maiden slightly elevated her eyebrows, and tapped her foot lightly upon the step, as she replied—

"In good faith, Mr. Wendell, I never know anything beyond the present moment, which I find abundantly pleasant." There was a roguish smile mingling with these words which induced the young man to dismount, and more than this, to take the hand of the little lady, which he carried to his lips.

"Well, and where do you carry that fine horse of yours—good hunter, noble hunter;" and she lavished endearments upon the horse as if to provoke the spleen of its master. "Neow don't take him deown to camp," she laughed, her silvery accent assuming a nasal twang, a species of mimicking which could sit well only upon a pretty woman. Even this grated upon the ears of her lover, who turned almost coldly away.

"I must not wait here, Miss Katrina, however pleasant it may be. But, Miss De Witt, I must say, I could wish—oh, how earnestly!" he resumed in a warmer tone, "that our cause were as dear to your heart as it is to mine. You do not, you cannot know the nobleness of the men who are struggling to make our country free. You know not the blood, the sacrifice—God forbid that you should know! but the time will come when it *will* be known, and then these men will seem little less than demigods."

Katrina looked up into his face so admiringly, even tenderly, with trembling lip, that had not the youth been filled with the magnitude of the sentiment which now absorbed him, he would have spoken more tenderly, and more in reference to his fair listener. The maiden felt piqued, and tapping her toe again upon the sill, she responded in a gay voice—

"Truth! Mr. Montagnie—honor bright! I did not think you had been so eloquent. Did I not regard loyalty as the jewel of virtues, one indeed which holds all others in harmony, you might convert me to your new system of doctrines!"

"I know what you would imply, dear Katrina;" this time the girl laid her hand upon the riding whip in the hands of her lover, and kept her lids bent downward. "I know you would say, that he who is disloyal to king, may be disloyal to love; is it not so?"

Katrina looked up with her archest smile—"I cannot make speeches and commentaries both; but, truth to say, we were so content and secure before this terrible war, and the English officers so courteous, that really I see no good in killing them."

Montagnie laughed heartily at the simplicity of this pretty speech, from pretty lips, and then said:

"Aye, if that is all, Katrina, we wont quarrel. But now I know not when we shall meet again. Perhaps not till the fate of the country is decided."

A slight shade passed over the face of Katrina, which she chased away with her usual address—and she inquired—

"Well, and where do all these gallant Hotspurs charge?"—and she hummed in an under tone the words of Yankee Doodle:

"Father and I went down to camp."

Montagnie recoiled with real bitterness, and placed one foot in the stirrup—

"Miss De Witt, God forbid that I should cross your path in the least. There is not—there can be no sympathy between us!"

THE INTERVIEW.

Katrina's fair brow reddened, and she even bit her lip; but the tears gushed to her eyes a moment after.

"Wendell, I dare say you are right. My sentiment of loyalty is as strong as yours that you call patriotism. I like not this facility of change."

Montagnie would have replied—he would have answered to the tears rather than the words of Katrina; but at this moment the rough hand of old De Witt was laid upon her shoulder, who drew her into the house, pouring out at the same time a mixture of Dutch, French and English invective against herself and the "renegade young rebel," as he was wont to call Montagnie.

Right glad was Wendell thus to have escaped the scrutiny of both mother and mistress, in regard to his destined mission. Neither had conceived of the peril he was about to encounter, and now that nothing lay before him but his duty to his country, he rode on with freer heart, losing his individual importance in the magnitude of the cause. Then he remembered the contempt of Katrina for this very cause, and again he felt himself a freer and stronger man, as he said to himself—

"Everything is contemptible—everything in life, in times like these, except the hopes of the freeman. I will forget her, as I do myself."

Then the tear of Katrina glistened before his mind's eye, and he put spurs to his horse that he might waste the undue sensibility which it engendered by action. Wheeling his horse round an angle of a street he gave one last glance to the windows of old De Witt. There was the gleam of a white handkerchief from the window. The young man paused an instant, waved his hand in the air in return, and then passed on, ready to meet peril—it might be death.

CHAPTER VI.

"So come the eagle-hearted down,
So come the high and proud to earth,
When life's night-gathering tempests frown
Over their glory and their mirth."

[GRENVILLE MELLEN.

Upon returning to the camp, Montagnie found the usual routine of military duty unchanged. There were the morning review, the camp fires, the fire arms stacked for inspection, and the poor garments of the soldiery spread out for washing and airing, together with the ordinary sounds of light jesting, and mirth half bitter and half careless, growing out of the hardships or inaction of the period. Some, more prosperous than others, were sending their clothing to the neighboring farm-houses for renovation—and groups of these messengers were disposed about, giving to the scene an aspect of cheerful, busy idleness, far from being unpicturesque, as the morning sun lighted the white canvas tents, and a fitful breeze swayed them to and fro. Montagnie was surprised at this appearance of inaction, having supposed, from the remarks of Washington and Hamilton, that the troops were to be immediately on the march.

Reaching the quarters of the Commander-in-Chief, he found all in readiness for his departure, together with another dispatch to be delivered at West Point, which he received from the hands of Hamilton.

"I shall sell my life dearly as possible, you may be sure, Hamilton—but really I should be glad to know upon what pretext I lose it," said Montagnie.

Hamilton this time looked grave, was severe

and his answer was so ambiguous that Montagnie felt himself treated after a school-boy fashion, as if expected to obey quite as much because he is young in years as because he is subordinate, and to whom it is not worth while to give a reason.

"When you reach Morristown," replied Hamilton, "all will be made clear to you."

"Reach Morristown! I shall do that when I am bullet-proof, Colonel, not before. Confound this mystery; I wont stay to be shot like a lame pigeon, be the case what it may; if a stout heart and good horse can double the ramparts of Ramapo unscathed, I shall go through. Farewell."

He put spurs to his horse, and was away as he spoke; but presently wheeling round, he returned to the side of Hamilton.

"My friend, I have quarreled with my mistress, and withheld the truth of my mission from my mother; I would have you set me well with these in case"—the young man dashed a tear from his eye as he spoke, and Hamilton replied only by a warm pressure of the hand.

Montagnie at first rode on with a speed adapted to the excited state of his own feelings. But as the noble scenery of the Hudson opened before him, and his eyes wandered away where mountain swelled beyond mountain in the distance, a sense of individual nothingness grew upon him, while nature, the great material world, loomed into a gloomy vastness, a solemn and overwhelming magnitude, crushing and grinding him down like the omnipotence of a fate. Gradually the rein slackened and he moved mechanically onward, feeling himself impelled to a certain doom. Montagnie was young in years, with a strong and buoyant physique, through which the finer elements played with a readiness of response like that of the wind harp to the passing breeze—and as the melody of water and wild bird found their way to his ear, his mood changed to one of human interest; and then it was that he felt the vigorous pulsations of his own heart, and how strong was life within him; then arose that instinctive love of the latter which we lose, perhaps, never—or only when the toils and evils of the world have filled us with weariness and disgust, and its hollowness has made us long, God forgive us, that we long in impatience of spirit, for the true and eternal.

What wonder, then, that Montagnie looked upon the earth, beholding a new beauty therein; that his own nature felt anew its capacity for enjoyment, and its terrible counterpart for suffering! What wonder that his nerves recoiled from the trial before him, and he grasped at life as a thing he could not resign; he in the flush of youth and vigor, with hope, and love, and honor before him! Ay! the last—honor—he ground his teeth at the thought—a gorgeous bauble, understood only by the few, and graced always by the funeral garlands of its victims! Idle as it seemed to him now, the word had its spell of power, and carried him beyond the momentary weakness; again he lost himself in the urgencies of life—again he felt his own subordination to the good of others.

"It must be," he said, "that the few will be sacrificed to the many. The poor fellows who are fighting our battles die and are forgotten—what does it matter, so long as a fair inheritance is preserved for the many who shall come after us?"

He rode on in silence, as he thought, and now became subject to one of those peculiar operations of the mind by which it carries on a double process of thinking, one of which is distinct and tangible, and the other a deeper under-current, betraying the secret reality of an engrossing subject—the first being the mere mechanical train of thought by which we try to escape from the latter.

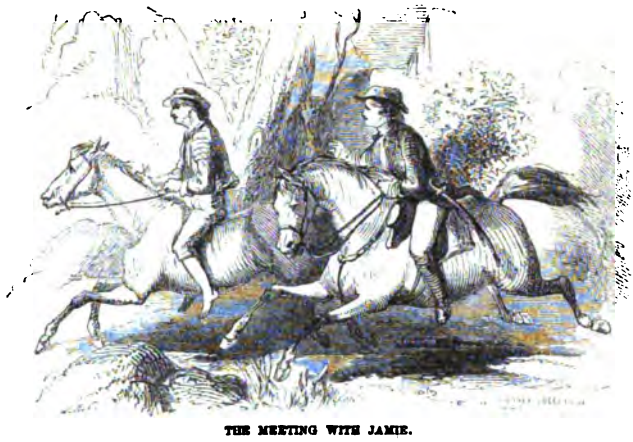
> "Ay, but to die—to go we know not where;
> To lie in cold obstruction and to rot—
> This sensible worm motion to become
> A kneaded clod—and the delighted soul?"—

He turned sharply round, supposing some one was repeating the passage, and shuddered to find himself alone. Again he rode on, thinking as before, and again the startling language came back to his ear, and it was not till his senses had tricked him in this way several times that he became fully aware that the words proceeded from his own lips.

Startled and ashamed, he now fully roused himself. "It must be that I am a contemptible coward—a coward at heart, acting manfully only when upheld by the undefined influence of others, but slinking from peril when left to myself. It is but death that I brave—death that must come to all at some time, and what does it matter whether we meet it on the battle field, in the full companionship of blood and carnage, or fall a solitary mark for the destroyer!"

Such were a portion of the many thoughts which stirred in the bosom of the youth as he entered West Point. Here he was delayed longer than he had anticipated, so that the day was fast wearing when he again found himself on his route. He had not proceeded many miles when he became aware of a horseman

somewhat in advance, who kept the road he was traveling, but at such a distance he could not determine the character of the stranger, though convinced he was himself an object of scrutiny. At length, reaching a part of the way where the hills presented a narrow defile, open for miles in front, he put spurs to his horse and confronted the rider, who, astride of a miserable, stumbling rosinante, could not compete with the better mounted Montagnie.



THE MEETING WITH JAMIE.

He was a thin, pale youth, ragged and barefoot, and having no saddle, the marvel was how he contrived to keep his sitting upon the back of the animal at the pace in which he moved. Indeed, it would seem as if both horse and rider were at that precise point of emaciation which established an entire mesmeric sympathy between them, the bones of the two mechanically swinging in concert, and the yellow locks of the one tossing just as did the mane of the other, so that at a distance they not unaptly suggested the idea of the waving, shadowy outline of the last of the Centaurs.

"My poor Jamie!" exclaimed Montagnie, as he drew near enough to see who it was. To his surprise the boy rode sullenly onward without reply, urging his feet into the sides of the beast to increase his speed, as if he would avoid the speaker. Montagnie hurried on, and looking into his face, found him in tears. Alas! it is for the beautiful to weep and awaken sympathy in the human breast, and they do so confiding in their power; but the poor, the aged and the ugly, turn aside to screen the anguish of the heart, well knowing that the tenderness of response is not for them. Too truly they awaken but a distressing pity, and we give them silence, a commiserating silence, or the condolence of the lips, while the impulsive arm, and the answering tear, or the warm pressure of the hand, is withholden.

"My poor Jamie! what do you here, so far from the camp?" said Montagnie.

The boy sank his head into his bosom, and the tears showered from his eyes, but he was silent.

CHAPTER VII.

"His simple love of duty and of right—
Oneness of soul in action, thought and feeling;
His mind disturbed by no conflicting light,
His narrow faith, so clear in each revealing,
His will untrammeled to act out the part
So plainly graved on his untutored heart."

[HOFFMAN.

James Haven, or Jamie, as he was always called, was one of those poor unfortunates of this world whom we sometimes meet with, all of whose faculties are large and active, except those of the reflective character, by which we are brought into clear relation with those about us, and are made capable of those combinations which insure us understanding, power and efficiency, and enable us to assert our rights upon our fellows.

Poor Jamie had lived a sort of vagrant life, attaching himself here and there as whim or impulse should dictate, and when torn from his prop by the harshness of others, by death or accident, suffering the most intense anguish. At such times he betook himself to tears and prayer with the wildest fervor, for he had in early life been taught the rudiments of religion, and his own constitution predisposed him to worship, from that blind reverence which instinctively leads the rudest man to adore something above and beyond himself. He would pass whole days in supplication, till his incoherent and agonized mood wrought upon the sympathies of some kind heart, and a word of gentleness, a tone of benevolence, warmed the spirit of the unhappy youth into gratitude and affection to the giver. It was a singular fact that Jamie intuitively attached himself only to the finest and noblest natures. Unlike many in his situation, his passions were of the most amiable kind; no sensuality or grimace be-

longed to him, and thence he wore an expression of touching melancholy most painful to the beholder.

Jamie had grown up amid the disorders of the time, seeing men suffering and hungry, dying by bloodshed, living in tents, watchful, laborious and insecure, and he naturally thought this the common order of society—that men were created to march and counter-march, and hew each other down, rank and file. For many years he had followed the movements of the army because of his extreme attachment to the person of Washington, but the gravity and preoccupation of the great man were oppressive to one so constitutionally reverential, and of late he had devoted himself to Wendell Montagnie, whose more youthful impulses gave relief to the faculties of the poor boy. He was thin and pale, not so much from neglect as the exhausting activity of a mind always perplexed, and always on the alert to do some good to the object of its affection. Being of a harmless, taciturn nature, he was allowed free range of the quarters of the Commander-in-Chief, and there is no doubt that in this way secrets of the utmost importance to the country found a lodgment in his brain, without detriment to any one, for his movements were regulated solely by his affections, and these, as we have said, were devoted for the present to Washington and Wendell Montagnie.

The latter was now both perplexed and surprised at the manner in which Jamie seemed determined to avoid him; but supposing this arose simply from a wish to be with him, and a fear that he should be sent back might be the cause of his present emotion, he soothed him by expressions of kindness, and patted his hand upon his shoulder after the manner he would caress a mute favorite in the shape of a horse or hound. Jamie grew more tranquil, and at last, reining in his horse beside his friend, looked into his face so long and steadily that Montagnie felt a superstitious dread creep over him, as if the stony eyes of a Fate were fixed upon his face.

"Well, Jamie! speak out," he at length said; and knowing that the boy was unable to arrange his thoughts into words while in motion, he also came to a stand.

Jamie twisted himself round upon his horse and replied:

"I want to take the papers down to Ramapo."

Montagnie grew alarmed to find the secret so well known, and gave him an evasive answer.

Jamie dismounted by the roadside, and gave his bridle into the hands of Montagnie; then, seating himself upon the ground, he pressed both hands upon his temples, as was his custom when trying to make an unusual mental effort. Mogtagnie, annoyed as he was, and impatient of delay, was obliged to place himself beside him, when Jamie suddenly poured out the contents of his brain without pause, lest he should lose the connection of events.

"I was under the table, half asleep, when I heard Washington plan to go to Yorktown instead of New York, and send you to be shot and robbed at Ramapo. I heard the whole; you are to lose the papers and be killed, killed, dear Mr. Montagnie, and the crows to feed on you, and leave poor Jamie without a friend! Oh! oh! oh! Give me the papers; I am going down there to tell them not to fire, or if they do, to kill Jamie and not you."

The whole light now broke upon the mind of Montagnie, and he saw at once through the mystery of his mission. He was long arranging the threads of thought, regardless of the tears of the devoted boy, till he was roused by his taking the bridle again from his hands.

"No, no, Jamie; you must go back," he said; "you have had a bad dream, Jamie—you must go back. I am going to Morristown."

The boy looked earnestly at him and shook his head. "Well, I am glad of that; I will go too."

"No, Jamie, I must go alone. When I come back to Newburgh you shall have new clothes and a hat, and live with me. Now go and tell my mother I said she must take good care of poor Jamie."

The boy looked at his ragged habiliments as if the thought of them were an accustomed one, and then laid his hand first upon his head and then upon his heart.

"Oh! Mr. Montagnie, it is here and here that I feel pain, and when they kill you Jamie must die too."

Montagnie was affected at this simple devotion, and urged him to return. Finding entreaties of no avail, he resorted to a more peremptory tone, and directed him instantly to go back and tell Washington what he had learned. "Tell him, Jamie, all you have told me, and tell him all is well; mind, Jamie, and say it is all well."

The boy looked more perplexed than ever, but turned slowly away in obedience to his friend, and it was not till Montagnie saw his figure recede in the opposite direction that he felt safe in pursuing his route; and as he did so, the lesson which he had just learnt from this poor imperfect creature sank deeply into

his breast. Here was a being ready to lay down his life in the singleness of affection for one who had fed his yearning soul with the crumbs, as it were, that fell from the table of human sympathy—but who, grateful for the pittance, lavished all his faculties, and courted death itself as a return. He felt humiliated before him, and found himself a sadder, but higher toned man from what he had seen. The frolicksome, beautiful Katrina faded in the mistiness of fancy before his more manly perceptions, and one by one the noble and true-hearted arose in their pure statuesque proportions before him—seeming to point upward in their calmness of mien. Then came the fair matronly image of his mother, whose every look was affection, every thought an aspiration, and he felt that she, even she, would say "go," on a mission like this, where secresy and fidelity were so much required, as well as a certain tone and breeding, to give the greater reality to the movement. A dull man might perform the office, but the unwonted route, in the face of a foe, would raise the suspicion of craft, and therefore courage and address were the more requisite. Then, too, he saw the delicacy which had induced Washington to conceal his real intentions from him, that, as a gentleman, his integrity might be free from blemish, for, however questioned, he could know nothing beyond what appeared on the face of the dispatches which he carried.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Here through yon western arch the moon sinks low—
The mists already tinge her orb with blood;
Methinks I feel the breath of morn e'en now—
Knowest thou the hour?" [LOUISA J. HALL.

The times and the places have changed since the period of our story; but there are those still living who point out the various routes of the agents of Washington in going to and fro from the different encampments of the army. The road is still in preservation which he caused to be constructed for their convenience, four or five miles to the north and west of the Valley of the Ramapo, which was at that time in possession of the British, whose foraging parties greatly annoyed and distressed the inhabitants of the district. There are those who point out the path of Montagnie adown the valley, and show point after point which he passed, and how this and that position was under the protection of our own troops, and others were held by our foes. The walls of stone are yet visible where stood the forges sometimes worked by our enemies, and sometimes by ourselves, in this region of iron, as the district changed hands in the chances of war. Still do these mighty engines of power belch forth their smoke and flame from a hundred forges, making the old woods to ring with the clanking of the metal as they did more than a hundred years ago.

The battlements of Ramapo no longer bristle with artillery, nor resound to the tramp of the sentinel; the weary traveler, as he descends the narrow defile, no longer trembles lest some outrage, justified by the tumult of the times, be perpetrated upon himself; but in place of its ancient solitude, disturbed only by the moccasined feet of warrior or hunter, and in place of the pomp and circumstance of war, the black and fiery locomotive, like some huge dragon, rushes with burning speed along the highway, and plunges into the gloomy defile, leaving its thick vapors and breathings of flame to mark the path it has trodden. The footsteps of peace now mark this beautiful and picturesque region, developing wealth and enterprise sufficient to ennoble any other nation, but by us, unaccustomed to limitation, regarded only as a natural and every-day affair. The Erie Railroad, one of the grandest projects of any country, covering a length of more than four hundred miles, now threads the Valley of the Ramapo, passing under the very battlements once held by our foes.

The stars of a clear Summer night looked softly downward as Montagnie moved adown the valley, and all the air was so still that the sound of his horse's hoofs broke upon the senses with a preternatural loudness at once startling and annoying, hemmed in, as he was, by the converging hills, which upon either side presented an almost perpendicular wall. From their top and sides the stiff pines shot upward, gloomy and unyielding, their angular outlines affording no relief to an excited fancy. The rapid torrent of the Ramapo rushed onward in its compressed bed, and now and then a screech-owl, started by the unwonted sound of steps at such an hour, flapped his heavy wings and sought a deeper shade. Forcibly did the appropriate imagery of Scripture arise to his mind, as thus in solitude and at midnight he moved along this narrow defile: "Yea, though I walk through the dark valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

Looking upward he perceived the stars begin to pale in the sky, and now was the time to increase his speed as he neared the ramparts. He put spurs to his horse, and then checked

him again, for he caught the echo of hoofs galloping behind him. Already the light gleamed through the termination of the valley, and he heard the stirring sounds of the garrison, vigilant in their early duty. Looking backward, the obscurity prevented him from distinguishing the form of the stranger, whether friend or foe, and he had hardly time to reflect upon either when the horseman dashed by him with a speed that baffled pursuit: but as he came into the faint light from the opening valley, Montagnie was appalled to behold the square outlines of Jamie Haven tearing down the valley to the post of the enemy.

A terrible suspicion crossed his mind, and he darted forward, calling upon him to halt, in a loud voice. Jamie paid no heed, if indeed he heard the command—and being mounted upon a fresh and vigorous beast, left his pursuer far in the rear, while the whole valley resounded with the sharp ring of the horses' feet as the two approached the ramparts.

"Should he prove traitorous," thought Montagnie, drawing a pistol from his breast—"My God! his treason or his imbecility will be ruinous to the country"—and obeying the terrible impulse, he discharged the weapon: but Jamie was beyond his reach—and now Montagnie heard the loud challenge of the sentinel—the roll of the drum, followed by the sharp ring of a volley of musketry.

Sick at heart he dashed onward, and arrived in time to find the poor youth surrounded by the enemy, who were lifting him, faint and bleeding, from the ground. Springing from his horse, Montagnie pushed all aside and lifted the head of the poor boy in his own arms.

Jamie looked up, and a loud and ghastly laugh sent the blood in torrents from his wound.

"Oh! Mr. Montagnie, I got here first—I have saved you. Jamie had no friends"—he murmured, falling backward.

The tears gushed to the eyes of Montagnie. "My poor boy! dear Jamie!" he cried. The youth opened his eyes, smiled faintly, and was dead.

There was such entire devotion in the death of Jamie—based upon an affection so single, so divested of all alloy, that Montagnie found himself swayed by painful and conflicting emotions. He pitied, and this sense of pity was the more distressing that the nobleness of the act was allied to the highest heroism; and, therefore, to pity was to degrade, while at the same time the actor was so imperfect that sympathy for him must of necessity be through the sentiment of human compassion. He held the head of the youth long after the breath was departed, vainly hoping to see him revive, that he might show that affection and gratitude which now converted the lifeless clay before him into that of a martyr. Oh! how did every pang, which the sufferer must have endured in his weary life, rise reproachfully to the eyes of Montagnie, as if things which he might have prevented!

Filled with these emotions, he followed, mechanically, the body of the youth into the fort, scarcely conscious that he was himself a prisoner, and only outraged at the rude manner in which his poor garments were searched in quest of what he might be supposed to carry. When deprived of his own dispatches, he saw that his whole mission was accomplished, yet how little had been done by himself to forward the object in view. The simple affection of Jamie had been a shield, both to himself and country.

When the inhabitants of Newburgh retired for the night which we have been describing, the tents of the soldiery gleamed in the silence, and the whole round of military duty seemed unchanged. The many little offices performed by the poorer part of the population were still open. Many of the garments of the troops were in their possession, and nothing gave indica-

DEATH OF JAMIE.

tion of change. When the morning appeared, not a vestige of the camp remained. So silently and so secretly had the work been performed, that all seemed like a spell of enchantment. Where had been the stir and the tumult of armed men, was now an unbroken solitude.

The well known orders of Washington upon this march, so celebrated in our annals, "to avoid the use of powder, and depend upon the bayonet," shows how important at the period were silence and celerity of movement. While the army was making its way to the Jerseys, by the back road of which we have spoken, the "Intercepted Dispatches" were conveyed with the greatest possible speed to Sir Henry Clinton at New York, and led to a movement in accordance with the hopes and intentions of the Commander-in-Chief, that of the withdrawal of the naval force of the British from the Chesapeake to the Harbor of New York.

Subsequently followed the battle of Yorktown, so fatal to Cornwallis, and vital to ourselves. It is true, that in the siege of that place, the disparity of numbers might have served to insure success to our arms, but the skill of Washington was less displayed in the last final blow, which made our cause triumphant, than in those preparatory measures, originating in a mind whose severity of detail was only exceeded by the vastness of its comprehension and the clearness of its foresight. The combined movements of the various departments of the enemy; the readiness of our French allies; the happy conjunction of favorable winds and tides; the patriotism and bravery of our devoted men, wonderful as each and all of these were, might still have been ineffective but for the Intercepted Messenger of Ramapo Pass.

CONCLUSION.

"Man, perchance,
Soured by the world's sharp commerce, or impaired
By the wild wanderings of his Summer way,
Turns like a truant scholar to his home,
And yields his nature to sweet influences
That purify and save." [L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The interests of nations are decided upon battle-plains, with a waste of life and treasure that might seem for the time being to suspend the more gentle and individual emotions of humanity; but we find this is far from being the case, for man, with his multitudinous faculties, works out his various and stirring personal interests in the midst of the most appalling obstacles. The love-god folds a scarf, a locket, a blossom, or billet doux under the cuirass of the soldier, and he is doubly brave in that some beloved or beautiful being trembles for his destiny. Men learn to take life in detail, and thus no one point becomes the all engrossing one, and thus we are useful—content—*common place*—with here and there a hero, who has the power to spurn all things inconsistent with the greatness of a mission. We revel on the present at the expense of the future—prodigal of to-day, and feeding upon husks to-morrow.

At the period of which we are treating, there were many in this region, as well as in other parts of the country, who remained inactive, notwithstanding the stress of the times. Some of these were secretly attached to the cause of the country, and others not the less favored the British. Among the first of these was the hero of our story, who, prior to the event we have here described, had more than once done good service to the country. Really religious in character, he had more than once, under the garb of a minister of the gospel, obtained important information for Washington and his aids. This character was no farce to him, and he readily assumed it when the urgencies of the country required such aid.

But in rendering this service he had never carried a word in writing. He had been treated with entire confidence by Washington, and had relied solely upon an honest heart, a mind fanciful in resources, and a memory that never failed him.

He had more than once visited in this way, as a spiritual aid, the captive Americans at New York City, and had confronted Sir Henry Clinton himself. He exhorted the faithful of either army to sobriety of life, and to bend their minds to the contemplation of eternal things, rather than waste themselves amid the temptations and perils of a soldier's life, forgetful of the Christian warfare. If to screen the purposes of an emissary, willing to do something in the cause of patriotism, he sometimes assumed an extra appearance of cant, he may well be pardoned therefor, and the nasal twang, if not altogether natural to him, the better concealed his designs; he cared not for the contempt cast upon himself, so long as the cause of God and country were advanced.

Of course Montagnie was not unknown to many in the hostile camp, and no sooner did he see the body of poor Jamie decently disposed than he mounted his horse, and attempted coolly to go on his way, assuming at once the aspect of a clergyman. Slightly relaxing his muscles, and drawing his hair down upon his temples, the goodly youth wore an aspect so

sanctimonious as well might lead his captors to doubt his identity.

"Here, where are you going?" demanded a soldier, who had watched his movements with some scrutiny.

"Even as the Apostle Philip exhorted and instructed the Eunich riding in a chariot, what hinders that we should here turn aside and worship? Let us pray, my brethren, remembering the Lord while it is day, lest the night come when he may forget us."

Taking his hat from his head, and resting his hands upon the pommel of his saddle, he seemed about to proceed, when the men wheeled by him with a rude laugh.

"No, no, you young hypocrite, didn't we catch a sight of you tearing along the road as if the —— were in pursuit of his own? Besides, we have a bone to pick with you; so dismount and wait further orders."

"The Lord forgive you, ye sons of Belial; if I rode in a manner unsuited to a messenger of the Lord, know that these are times when even we are commanded to gird on carnal weapons, to subdue the flesh, and be instant in service. If ye found carnal writings upon my body, of which ye have dispoiled me, am I responsible for the doings of those who may have converted a vessel of the Lord to ungodly purposes?"

"Ha, ha!" cried the soldier, dropping the reins of his horse. "So young a blade to carry such a withered up heart;" and, intent to carry the intercepted dispatches speedily as possible down to New York, they wheeled about, thinking time of more value than even the punishment of a foe.

"Look here, you spooney of a man—look here; these will do the job for you. Go back and tell him that sent you, we are ready for him."

MONTAGNIE AND THE COWBOYS.

With this he held up the dispatches, with the signature of Washington.

By this time the men put spurs to their horses, and Montagnie, looking after them till out of sight, did the same, casting off at once the air of sanctimonious humility so little accordant with his person, which was stout and firmly made, and his mind acute and comprehensive.

A moment after, Montagnie might be seen tearing down the road at a most unclerical speed. The men of the garrison sent after him three cheers and a round of bullets, supposing his speed to be caused by shame of his defeat.

Montagnie at once struck across the country and joined the army of Washington in time to be in at the battle of Yorktown.

It is unnecessary to follow further the various characters of our story, the result of which may be easily anticipated by our reader.

In after years a stone was raised to the memory of poor Jamie. The story of his devotion, his sad life, and great human needs, was often told about the hearthstone of Montagnie. Even Katrina grew to reverence the greatness of principle which carried men through poverty, hardship, and death itself, that no shackle should disgrace this glorious Western heritage.

Time works its changes in all, consigning the warped and woofed in imbecility to their legitimate contempt, and aiding in the development of the true and good in those of a stronger make. Whether it was time or love, both or one, which converted the pettish and spoiled girl into a high-spirited and noble woman, perhaps even Katrina herself might have found it difficult to say; we are only assured of the fact, and that Mistress Montagnie, who had once regarded her with cold displeasure, learned to love her with a most motherly tenderness.

With that strange perversity said to be characteristic of the sex, Katrina was led to love Montagnie devotedly at the time when her own power over him was least in the ascendant.

He had been heard to say more than once, what Katrina as often declared she never would overlook in any man, namely, that "a man must be not only base but a fool, to heed a woman when his country was at stake," a speech which argued so much of manly determination, that Katrina, audacious as she was, found herself careful never to encroach upon. Even Mistress Montagnie confessed to the staidness and gentleness of Katrina, for the short space which kept her son absent about the person of Washington. But these things are

unnecessary to detail, our object being not to write a "love-tale," but to tell the story of "The Messenger of Ramapo Pass."

MAD ANN, THE HUNTRESS.

One cold, raw November evening, toward the close of the last century, an individual was traveling through the unbroken wilderness which skirted the banks on either side of the Great Kanawha River, in the western part of the State of Virginia, mounted on a beautiful black pony, whose sleek, glossy hide betokened the care which was bestowed upon his grooming, and whose slender, but well-knit limbs, broad chest and spirited head showed evidence that he was the choice of a good judge of horseflesh. The traveler was pursuing an old Indian trail, running westward from Covington to Point Pleasant, at the confluence of the Great Kanawha and the Ohio Rivers. The dress of this individual was of a mongrel character, and a close observer might have been undecided which of the two sexes should claim our subject for its own. But let us describe the costume of this doubtful character.

The head was bound round with a flaming

MAD ANN ON HER BLACK PONY, CARRYING INFORMATION TO THE GARRISON AT POINT PLEASANT.

red bandana handkerchief, from beneath whose folds there fell, and fluttered on the breeze, long, grizzled locks of coarse, matted hair, which gave it a wild and savage appearance; a great coat of coarse material incased the upper part of the figure, while from either shoulder hung suspended a bullet-pouch and a powder-horn. In the belt, which encompassed the waist of this personage, was a tomahawk and a scalping-knife; and another belt sustained a short but very serviceable rifle, which was strapped to the shoulders, but could be unslung for immediate use in case of need. The nether limbs were encased in a pair of buckskin leggings, which reached from the hips to the feet. The feet were covered with a pair of beautiful Indian moccasins. Around the waist, and depending two-thirds of the way to the feet, was a *petticoat*, which, in riding, did not form so striking a feature in the garb of this singular being as it did in a pedestrian attitude. Imagine a short, thick-set, coarse and masculine figure, with a face bronzed by exposure, and marked with the unmistakable outlines of care and passion, and you will have a fair portraiture of Anna Bailey, or "Mad Ann, the Huntress," as she was commonly called, for our traveler was a *woman*. A woman in nothing save sex, however, for every instinct and feeling was masculine. She hunted, rode and fought like a man, and, man like, she delighted in all the excitement and adventure of border life. She was on her way to the garrison at Point Pleasant, to convey information of importance to the commandant thereof—a service on which she was frequently engaged, as she was much less likely to be disturbed by the Indians, who deemed her insane, and who always look upon a person in that condition as under the special protection of the Great Spirit.

As night closes around her she prepares to camp, for which purpose she slackens her pace, and after selecting a spot to suit her, rides on about half a mile and dismounts. Relieving her pony of his saddle, bridle, &c., which she secretes in the adjacent underbrush, she turns him loose to graze at his leisure; and retraces her steps—carefully following in the trail she has just made—to the spot selected, which is the foot of a large tree, whose roots afford a sort of niche in which she can recline and sleep. She then digs a hole about eighteen inches deep, and large enough to contain a small fire, and allow room for her legs on either side of it. Striking a light, she builds a fire with dead twigs, which she carefully covers up, so that it shall exhibit no light by which to attract the attention of any straggling red-skin warrior. She then takes her seat, with her feet resting in the hole, and her petticoat so arranged as to cover it, except a small opening for draught; in which position she takes her meal, consisting of an Indian cake or two, washed down with copious libations from a flask, which is a constant companion of her travels; in fact, it is doubtful if she ever parts with it. In this situation she sleeps till the morning, when she calls her nag by means of a peculiar whistle, and mounting him, pursues her way through the wilderness.

Such is a fair specimen of the every-day life of this singular being, who spent two-thirds of her time in the woods, either hunting, fishing, or carrying messages from post to post—by which latter occupation she rendered great service toward the close of the war with the Indians, on the Western frontier.

Of her antecedents little is known, except that she was the wife of a dissipated fellow, who, while under the influence of liquor, and overcome by the eloquence and flattering promises of the recruiting sergeant, enlisted in H. B. M.'s 7th foot, and was immediately sent to America, to aid other of H. B. M.'s servants in subjugating the rebels against his Majesty's authority. When lots were drawn to see who should bring their wives with them, Bailey was fortunate enough (?) to draw a ticket; and consequently Ann came to America. Her husband passed through the campaign of 1780, and was killed about its close, leaving his wife a widow. Disgusted with the life of a sutler, which she had been leading, and yet attached to the adventurous life of a camp, she determined to become a warrior on her own account. She accordingly went to the western part of Virginia, which was at that time suffering all the horrors of Indian warfare, and took to the woods for a living. Her eccentric habits and peculiar costume, in connection with her mode of life, induced the belief that she was crazy, and she was commonly called "Mad Ann," when spoken of; but no one dared to call her so to her face. She was very profane, and often intoxicated—the natural consequences of the life she had led while in camp—and could box with the skill of one of the fancy men of her native country; and as pugnacity was one of the striking characteristics of her nature, she had frequent opportunities to exhibit her qualifications in this line. Notwithstanding these faults—which, in a new country, were not viewed in the same light in which they would be looked upon in more polite society—she be-

came a great favorite with all who knew her; and "Mother Ann;" and her black horse, "Liverpool," were always welcome guests at any and every cabin where she might chance to stop On such occasions it was her delight to gather around her a group of listeners, and relate the adventures, trials and difficulties she had met with in the course of her checkered career; and often the sympathetic tear would gather in the eyes and course down the cheeks of her audience. She could read and write, and possessed a considerable amount of intelligence for one in her walk of life. After the close of the wars with the Indians, she spent her time in hunting, and the skill she had acquired in the use of the rifle was such that she seldom wasted a shot. She died in Ohio many years since.

THE PURITAN HORSE-BLOCK.

THERE it stands, as it stood a century ago. It is true, time, enfolding it year by year, has worn away its fair proportions; but still it is the old horse-block, once so essential to the farm-house. As I regard it more nearly I perceive a little black heap at the base, and a small torrent of brown crumbs furrowing one side. Ah! time has not been idle here or elsewhere. The little foot that rested so lightly upon the summit, and then so gracefully swung into the silver stirrup, has long since turned itself to the daisies, which it was once wont to press so daintily. A modern belle would scorn the old "horse-block." She sets her foot upon the palm of her cavalier and springs to the saddle, at once familiar and disdainful. Not so the belle of a hundred years agone. The horse-block was not needful as of mere use. It was a sober fact, and in accordance with time and manner. The demoiselle of that day was as light as now, and more proud and haughty; more chary of her smiles, and more careful of her sweet presence. She had less of form in her greetings, less of method in her pride, but there was more sincerity in the one, and far more of reality in the other. Her pride was not a pique of the temper, but an ingredient of the blood; hence her courtesies were all carefully timed, and her condescending smiles never without their meaning.

There stands the old "horse-block," by the old hanging gate, under the shadow of the great elm The gate used to creak when I was a child. I remember how I used to run to see who was coming up the long avenue of trees, riding slowly as under a green canopy, with flecks of gold glistening between, for the "man" (that was the Puritanic name for the attendant) would not swing open the great gate on light occasions. The gate creaked heavily, but not unmusically, upon its great wooden hinges in those days; it is now worn into the soil, and at every opening displaces a semi-circle of earth—it is preparing its own burial.

I seated myself upon the top of the horse-block, and saw the gay cavalcade sweep by as in the olden time. Suddenly the old orchard was alive with voices. Children were tossing the golden fruit, pelting each other with shouts of laughter, and yet their laughter seemed very orderly, a Puritanic decorum subduing the face to a well-conditioned sobriety, coupled with mirth! How could it be otherwise? The little boys were each cased in velvet breeches, buckled at the knee, with tight stockings and silver-buckled shoes. Large ruffles stood out regally from the neck, and stiffened about the wrists, while long braids of hair, with knots of ribbon, depended upon the shoulders. Who could be obstreperous in tights and long waistcoats, and frills and cues? Little, decorous men they were, softening their mirth down to the conditions of gentlemanly costume.

Then the maidens. They were lovely as dreams, albeit the mirth scarcely went below the gleam of the eye and the demure dimpling of the cheek. How should it, dressed as they were in all the proprieties of the times?—hair combed back from the brows to the back of the head, and there braided in heavy coils, fastened with silver bodkins. Long boddices framed upon whalebone, and mercilessly indicating the plump proportions of exuberant health, scarcely shaded by the muslin tucker; arms cased in sleeves tight to the elbow, terminating in a wilderness of ruffles. A profusion of petticoat, short in front and trailing behind; the feet in pointed shoes with high heels. It behooved the maidens to be decorous in their mirth, for the antics of our hoydenish belles would have ill-become the high heels and low boddices of the olden times.

Suddenly the mirth ceased; there was a sound of feet and neighing of horses. The Sabbath had come. The front door of the great house opened, and a princely man walked slowly forward. His broad-brimmed hat not ungracefully showed the rich brown hair which escaped from the cue, and softened the white brow. That cue was a miracle of taste, wound round and round with folds of ribbon, terminating with a knot, and a little curve

of brown hair left purposely to indicate its beauty. His step is slow and stately—he does not look back upon the procession at his heels—he knows they are all walking two and two—he knows every cue is cut of the same angle—he knows every broad brim is of the right dip—he knows every pair of breeches is propelled in strict conformity with "law and order"—and every blue eye is fixed upon the lappets of the preceding coat. He is the head of a Puritan rule, and nothing short of sobriety and strict observance can follow him.

The lady, on the other hand, walks with an equal staidness—her train sweeps over the left arm—it needs no fixing—its heavy widths of brocade were arranged before she left her bower—her folds of hair will take a worldly curl under the soft coif, but she has done her best to subdue them; her straight, trim boddice will show more than she likes of the white bust, but Puritan eyes are not given to unseemly wanderings, and the matronly air is no wise to be trifled with. But the mother, unlike the father, occasionally turns a grave, calm eye backward, where, two and two, walk the little men in breeches and buckles, and two little maidens in high heels and hoops. Her supervision, truth to say, nipped a small giggle in the bud, and choked off a whistle which had nearly upset parental discipline.

By this time the party has reached the horse-block. That heavy black charger contrasts well with the graceful white filly. How gravely, and yet with what an elaborate fineness those high-heeled shoes ascend the horse-block! How carefully the full petticoats are gathered into folds, and yet how wickedly and unpuritanically their worldly cut shows off the fair proportions of a comely shape!

Of course the tall, handsome Puritan mounts first, and, wheeling his horse round, the wife seats herself daintily upon the pillion, with its blue broideries and broad housings edged with silver fringe. It is a goodly sight, that handsome pair with their rich robes, and the black, strong horse so well carrying his burden.

David helps Mary by the tips of her fingers to the top of the horse-block, springs into the saddle of the white filly, and wheels around, while the dainty little Miss seats herself upon a pillion behind him, her white arm half encircling his waist. The younger girl and boys follow with more alertness, with here and there an exaggerated press of foot upon the stirrup, a visible stiffening of the back, a sly twitch of rein, forcing the horse into un-Sabbath-like movement, for even Pilgrim blood was difficult to repress.

And now the great gate creaks upon the hinges. The stout, black charger is out, with a heavy, solid step—the white filly attempts to start ahead, but the black is old in the ways of the family, and by an emphatic bearing repels the impertinence. The chestnut colt curvets and bridles, proud of the little Lizzie, whose eyes are so wondrous in their blue depths—he tosses his elegant mane, and his long tail sweeps the ground. The four other boys fall into procession; cues float upon the wind; buckles gleam in the sun; white robes gleam amid the green trees; and now they ascend the hill; the trees bend nearer and nearer, and the branches are thrown back by quick movements of young hands. I hear the tramp of feet upon the granite ledge; one by one they disappear; the white filly has dashed aside and wishes to lead; the brown has tossed his nose into the branches of a chestnut; one of the ponies has cast a shoe, and there it lies in the sun upon the rock; there is a general curve, a descent of the shoulders, a rising of flanks, a quick switch of the tail, and all are gone; the grasshoppers and crickets sing loud and clear; a toad hops from the side of the gate and disappears under a large plantain leaf; a snake wriggles through the stone wall into the deep grass, and I watch its glide like a thread of emerald. The Sunday bells come faintly over the hill and down the valley, and the old woods sway back and forth as they did a hundred years ago.

They are all gone now, who gave animation to the old farm; the horse-block is sinking into the earth, and will soon be forgotten. No one remembers what was the use of this relic of the past but myself. No one loves the memories of the old farm but me, and I record the reminiscence with a sigh.

Standing where I do, I see the steeple of the little church where the old Puritans used to worship. It was not a church then, but a "Meeting-House." People did not go to church but to meeting. They went eight and ten miles to meeting; the women riding behind their male friends upon pillions, which consisted of a nice cushion strapped on behind the man's saddle. This was of elegant material and costly workmanship in proportion to the wealth of the owner. It required no small skill to sit the pillion gracefully.

The clergyman was the "minister" or "pastor" then, and the congregation a flock. He did not preach, but "held forth with marvelous

power and assistance." People did not sit or kneel at prayers, but continued standing, often for one or even two hours, while the minister continued to wrestle with the outpourings of the spirit. Verily, they earned their seat in Heaven who stood so patiently waiting here.

The old meeting-house disappeared years ago, but the site is the same, and at one corner I can point out the spot where the old horse-block used to stand, whence matrons and maidens used to descend from their horses, and thence wend their way to the inside of the meeting-house. Truly when men and women rode so many miles to listen to the word of God, and then sat hour after hour, listening to its appeals, with the wind and storm freezing cold without, and no fire within, the preaching must have been of a warmer import than we find it now. Men's bodies would have congealed to ice had not the goodly preaching of the word warmed the inner man as with a coal from a living fire.

The horse-block at the door of the old meeting-house had once a sad tale to tell, now nearly forgotten. It can be told in a few words—that is, the incidents are few; but incidents are not many at any time, while consequences flow out into eternities. There was a soul wrecked there once in the shadow of the old meeting-house. A cry went up from the stress and strain of a poor heart, that it seems to me has never been stilled, but is now sounding on—on, forever, and will not rest.

There was a young girl living near by, just below the little bridge which spans the gully there at the north. She was hardly more than a child, and had something weird and unearthly about her. She was an orphan, and it was thought not kindly cared for at home; so she got the habit of wandering about alone, and talking to herself, and singing wild thrilling songs. She would sit for hours upon the old horse-block by the meeting-house, watching the moon and an occasional passer by. She had large blue eyes, and golden colored hair, and a form delicate as a fairy. Perhaps she was not quite right in her mind.

One night a youth, who had been crossing the common, saw Lottie sitting as was her wont; the night was cold and gusty, the wind swept the Autumnal leaves rudely, and the moon was partially covered with clouds. He crossed over to where she sat, and said gently:

"You must go home now, Lottie; it is very cold."

"No, it is not cold. I will wait till the moon goes down."

The young man took her hand; it was burning hot, and a bright spot was upon her cheek.

"You do not feel the cold; but go with me, will you not, Lottie?"

"No; the owls will call, and I must listen. Besides, *he* will come for me."

"He? Who will come, Lottie?"

"I do not know, but he comes every night, and he speaks kindly. He calls me dear Lottie. Dear Lottie," she repeated with a sob. "Now go; he will not come if you stay."

The youth turned aside, and walked down toward the little bridge. Suddenly the sound of a horse's hoofs caused him to turn back in time to see a horseman dash across the church green, and stop in front of the old horse-block. Lottie uttered a cry of delight, and away they both went, the horseman folding the form of the girl to his bosom as if she had been a little child.

The story flew and search was made; they were traced to the city, some miles further, and then nothing more was ever learned.

Poor Lottie went out into the great ocean of events and lives, one only among so many, and she but a weakling—a lamb lost from the fold. She could not suffer deeply, however much, for her life ran in a narrow channel. To be called dear Lottie, to be folded tenderly to a heart was all she required. We know the good God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and therefore we do not dwell upon the possible wrongs of poor Lottie.

THE ESCAPE OF CAPTAIN JOHN STEELE.

AN INCIDENT OF SOUTHERN WARFARE.

JOHN STEELE was the son of one of those spartan-like women of the Revolution, who not only contributed their influence to instil and keep alive, in the bosoms of their sons and husbands, the fire of determined resistance to oppression, but in many instances by their example, in the performance of deeds of prowess and daring, roused their latent courage and awoke them to fresh and more vigorous exertion. Left a widow by the violent death of her husband on one of his trading expeditions, the care and education of her children—two sons and three daughters—devolved upon her, and nobly did she perform her part. Not only were they instructed in the necessary rudimental branches which go to improve the mind, so far as her circumstances allowed of it, but that better part of education, the improvement of the heart, was not lost sight of, and she early inculcated upon and engrafted their hearts with

lessons of virtue and patriotism, which yielded a rich harvest in after years.

Taught of such a mother, and reared under such influences, we naturally look to find her sons arrayed on the side of their country in her hour of need, and are not disappointed. As early at 1775 we find John, her oldest, engaged in an expedition against the Cherokee Indians, and subsequently at Fort Moultrie, the sieges of Savannah and Charleston; and, in fact, everywhere where coolness, bravery and courage were most needed. At the surprise of Sumter, on Fishing Creek, he had the command of a company of mounted rangers, and was a great favorite with his superior.

On that occasion he displayed a coolness, under the most exciting circumstances, that was the means of saving the life of the general, as well as many of his soldiers. Seizing his commandant (who was asleep when the attack was made) in his arms, he bore him out of the rear of the tent, at the same time taking a small portmanteau, which contained public papers, and which, next to the life of Sumter, were the most important and valuable prize to the enemy. Arrived at a place of safety, the port-

CAPTAIN STEELE CLEARING THE BARS.

manteau, which in his flight he had handed to a soldier for safe-keeping, was missing, and he was dispatched to recover it. After some trouble, he found it in the hands of a Tory, from whom he took it and started for his home, intending to linger a day or two with his mother, collect the scattered Americans, and conduct them to the rendezvous of his general at Charlotte. On his way he notified the neighbors of his intentions, among the rest the wife of a man who had—unknown to him—proved recreant to his country's cause, and turned his arms against her. This man, thus informed of the intended collection at Neeley's, determined to surprise and cut them off; and, with that intent, went about, during the night, collecting others like himself to aid in the undertaking.

That night John spent at his mother's house, and early on the following morning he started in company with her for Neeley's, about four miles off. Arrived there, he found a party of brave hearts and ready hands prepared to accompany him. Mrs. Neeley and some of her daughters were engaged in preparing breakfast for the party, whose horses, meanwhile, were picketed in the door yard and elsewhere about the premises where they could find grass. No danger was apprehended, although two of the girls were stationed in the orchard as a matter of precaution, to give the alarm of an approaching enemy.

Now, the captain was possessed of a remarkable fine head of jet black hair, which naturally fell upon his shoulders, reaching half way to his waist, and which, as was the fashion in those days, he wore in a cue behind; but his late activity had prevented a proper attention to his locks, and, as a consequence, they were in sad disorder. Mrs. Steele, who had an overweening fondness for John, and all that related to him, and determined to repair his personal appearance before he returned to camp, had procured a comb and was engaged in combing out his hair, all the while keeping up a running conversation with him on the recent events so interesting to all. The others of the party were engaged in various ways in and about the house, in urging to completion the arrangements for their departure. Meanwhile the Tories, who had collected in large numbers, were stealthily approaching the house in two divisions, to prevent all chance of escape. They were led by one Coonrod Huntsucker, a Tory of bloodiest dye, and numbered among their ranks many of the neighbors and former friends of those whose life-blood they were now seeking so eagerly.

One of Steele's party, going toward the orchard to bring up his horse, suddenly discovered himself in the presence of the leader of the loyalists, who were advancing through the standing corn. Huntsucker waved his hand to intimate silence, which the other was so far from maintaining that he fired at his foe, wounding him in the bridle-hand, and then, shouting at the top of his voice, ran toward the house. On his way he fortunately fell into a ditch, which screened him from the enemy and saved his life.

The crack of the rifle, the shouting of the man, and the screams of the girls—who were now running toward the house with rapid steps—gave the alarm to the inmates, and mother and son sprang to the door, from whence they could plainly see the whole force of the enemy rapidly approaching. No time was to be lost. The first impulse was to fight, but seeing the disparity of numbers, and consequent hopelessness of the contest, she shouted to the men to "clear themselves" as fast as possible. Turning to her son, she handed him the portmanteau and bade him be off. He was not slow to take her advice, and sprang for his horse, while she ran to let down the bars leading out of the door-yard into the road. Without waiting for his hat, the captin mounted his horse—a noble animal—which was tied near the house; hastily lashing the portmanteau behind him, and with his hair streaming in the wind, and his trusty rifle in hand, he started for the road. When he approached the bars he found that his mother had not yet had time to let them down, and having no surplus time, he urged his steed forward, raised him with the bridle, and cleared them at a bound. Turning as he did so, he shook his rifle defiantly at the foe, at the same time receiving the parting admonition of his mother: "Good bye, John, take care of yourself and the papers," and the next moment was dashing up the road at the top of his horse's speed toward another division of the Tories, who were approaching from that direction. All but five of the party followed him, Mrs. Steele having removed the bars as well as she could. Dashing after their leader, they made a daring onset upon the Tories in the road, who, taken by surprise at their audacity and courage, scattered right and left, and they escaped them without a wound, and, taking their course toward Charlotte, they arrived in safety at Sumter's camp.

Notwithstanding the whole fire of the enemy was directed toward the bars, Mrs. Steele escaped unhurt, although her dress was perfor-

ated by balls in many places. Two of the Whigs, who were the last to get off, on going through the bars were shot and fell from their horses, carrying her with them to the ground. As she extricated herself from beneath the bodies, covered with blood and dirt, her first inquiry was after "John and the papers;" and upon being informed of their safety, she expressed her content and went to look after the wounded, of whom there were three.

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN LITERATURE.*

THE place now occupied by women in the field of literature is by no means inconsiderable or unimportant. Perhaps no fact is more significant in the progress of the age than the vast accumulation of books, and the spread of ideas through the efforts of the gentler sex. We may not be disposed to see this in all the depths of its bearings, but the fact remains, and the times to come must and will reveal features growing out of this fact. While women remained in the privacy of the home-circle—the number of those who stepped beyond being as one to ten thousand—the influence of the sex was comparatively little felt beyond the nursery and the fireside. Here she might be sweet, winning and lovely, but she made no deep mark to be chalked in with the furrows of time. The boy went from the reach of her gentle sway, or her unlovely rule, harmed or unharmed but for a brief space—he might remember the hearth-smile as a thing to cheer in after life, perhaps to check; or he might remember its discords with disgust; but he shaped his own course in spite of all. He battled with the world unaided by the mother—he had great problems to solve which she might not understand. He might go to her in some needs of the heart—she might even aid his religious aspirations; but thought and opinions were beyond her sphere; she might assist in the affections but not in ideas.

All this was manifestly bad for the world, and retarded its progress, while at the same time it prolonged its abuses. We need all the aid that mind in its every aspect can supply. Most of all do we need to know the utmost of that which the mothers of the land can bring to the common stock of ideas. Men are comparatively harmless in their opinions. They may thunder in the forum and make the echo ring with the excitations from the stump—appeal from the pulpit, and teach in academic grove, but the bent given to character by the voice of the mother, teaching the child at her knee, is more powerful than all these combined. Where she is weak, the child is weak, whether the imbecility be that of body or mind, or both conjoined. Time may rectify much, but the full, glad, glorious life will be wanting.

Within the last twenty-five years this state of things has very much changed. Without aid, or incitement, or encouragement from the other sex, women, by the bare force of a great necessity, have begun to mingle themselves with all the prominent ideas of the day. They are not unfelt in theology, philosophy, science, history and biography; but most of all is there a deep and significant expression of womanly capacity through the literature of all countries in which culture can be afforded to the sex. France, England, Germany, Sweden, but most of all our own country, has furnished forth an army in the walks of literature. In our country, notwithstanding the prejudices of our people are so strongly against effort of any kind by woman out of the domestic circle, the free expression of opinion here, the natural independence in it, growing out of our exemption from castes, and the necessities of continued individual exertion to insure pecuniary results and personal position, have all combined to render women better poised, and possibly more ambitious, than the women of any other country. The woman of mere wealth is little known, and less cared for, while the woman of thought and of womanly action commands our interest and respect. The woman who is a poet is more an object of wonder than the man who writes verses. Men who are themselves competitors for fame or emolument may find it for their interest to decry the productions of the woman poet, painter, speaker or writer, but the great heart of the people will go with her, because there is an inborn worship in every man's mind for what is true, and noble, and earnest, and beautiful in womanly culture. The great cry raised against this progressive effort in the one sex comes only from the vain and shallow of the other. The age needs, nay demands, more of women than in times past, and where a need is felt a supply invariably follows.

As to the moral effect which may follow the efforts of woman, it is not yet fixed. We are inclined to think, that as yet, her literature has been more sensuous than intellectual. More than this, we are confident that the magnetism produced by her out-given heart-throbs has warmed into vitality a vast number of womanly men who, without manly force, or manly vigor of intellect, have given way to unmanly

* VICTORIA; OR, THE WORLD OVERCOME. By Caroline Cheeseboro. New York: Derby & Jackson.

mawkishness and morbid complainings, Laura Matilda prettinesses and sentimentalisms, quite to the shame of manhood. Keats, Tennyson, and a host of imitators in our country, have quite too much of this womanly sensitiveness; and they are to thank the literature of women for this result. The downright sensuality of Moore, and the morbid passionateness of Byron, were scarcely more reprehensible; they argued, at least, a manliness of nerve and muscle, which is greatly wanting in their successors.

Our literature is growing rather fine than forceful, more elegant than original. We read it, and feel as if we had been under an exhausted receiver. We feel as an old Athlete might have felt who was condemned to wrestle with pigmies. We are tired of the whole school of Mosaic workers like Longfellow, and imitators like Bayard Taylor, and Curtis, and Stoddard. We wish the women would do braver works, that men may catch a new inspiration. We are sure that all these men would have been so much more than they are, had a dozen clear, vigorous, honest, earnest minds, like that, for instance, of Margaret Fuller, enthused and enlarged them. She created antagonism, it may be. So much the better for the world. So does the lightning, and the earthquake; and the very soul of nature is glad that the stagnant pool has been broken up, and the old granite disrupted, that we may have the glory of the rainbow, and a new creation of beauty, which shall find expression in the obelisk, the temple, and the railway. The very soul of man nauseates at all this weakness, and dulness, and incompleteness.

But we are saying more than was our design to say preliminary to some notice of Miss Cheseboro's volume. We have a dozen writers, who are women far better known and far better appreciated than Caroline Cheseboro. That is no objection, in our opinion. We have writers who will concoct a better plot, and tell a story of more popular interest—but that is a trifle also. The drawing up of a plot is of minor importance. Many women *portray* better, but they do not *create* so well. They write more gracefully, but less earnestly. There is heart in what Caroline Cheseboro writes—but there is head also. She knows what she means to say, and she says it in this book of Victoria. Indeed, the whole book is written with a sort of malice prepense. She is terribly conscious of her work. She will not let your imagination or intellect help her in the least. She does everything for the reader; tells how it is all done; just how every thought came, how every emotion worked in the brains and hearts of her characters. She gives you line upon line as to how all was done, till you wish she would stop. This is the great and crying defect in the artistic efforts of the writer. You see all the processes of her own mind. You see all the movements of the machinery; you know, as if the subject lay upon a dissecting table, why the muscle moves when a particular nerve is touched. You do not have a complete whole until you have witnessed the formation of bone and muscle, nerve and integument. This is a power, but not the highest. It is not artistic, it is not the process of high genius.

Miss Cheseboro is deficient in imagination. Had she more of the faculty herself, she would leave more to its office in the mind of the reader. Her style reminds you of the barren directness of Crabbe. It has no glow, no fervency. It goes on piling up incident and assertion, but you are never led onward as at unseen melodies — the trees move, the harts dance, but not at the music of an Orpheus. Here is power, but not the highest, and yet she is one of the most remarkable women of the times.

The story is laid in Massachusetts, two hundred years ago. It opens with a shipwreck—it closes with one. The first is natural, the second moral. The storm clears from the first, and leaves a noble woman, Margaret Gladstone, lying upon the beach nearly dead. She is saved because she has a work to do. The elements had no power to hinder this work, and so Margaret Gladstone lives. The second wreck leaves a body upon the earth; but there has been the wreck of a beautiful world, which should have sung with the morning stars; the eyes of the body no more open upon the glad earth; but the gates of the New Jerusalem slide upon their golden hinges to let an angel in, while the cruel multitude and the blind executors of law look up to a gallows on which swings the fair slender shape of a young girl.

The story is one of witchcraft. Maud Saltonstall, a child of genius, glowing with life and beauty, and innocence, one of those

"Who do God's will and know it not,"

is attached to Archibald Kensett, who loves her in return with that ardor of youth and romance so little understood in that Puritanic age. Hope Rossiter loves the youth also, and being a godly maiden, learned withal, and, under an apparently cold intellectual character, holding within her the elements of deep passionateness, unknown to herself and unsupposed by others, mistakes her natural human

emotions for the action of one acted upon by a wicked, deluded spirit. She is affianced to a Puritan preacher, and bewildered and perplexed by emotions which were alike new and inexplicable, worn by study and hard mental action, she falls ill. Her mind had pondered much the stories of witchcraft, which at that period was the great delusion of the mother country, and with a profound self-delusion, she boldly accuses the beautiful Maud as the cause of her sufferings.

This part of the story is wrought out with genuine power and much artistic skill. It consummates a story which may have lagged heavily in the preceding pages, but you see at once that the writer has felt all her prior sayings to have been essential to the denouement of the whole. The conversations here are concise and to the purpose. We enter into the state of mind with the speakers, and see how it was they reached conscientiously the results attained.

Miss Cheseboro has been of late reading much of the old "well of English undefiled," and it has not improved her style, which is rarely elegant, even in her former productions.

This course of reading, evidently new, has filled her pages with affectations and conceits which greatly mar the work. She often attempts an oracular import which does not at all belong to her quality of mind, which is very matter-of-fact, but withal remarkable in its compass, and original in its exercise. What we have said as a critic could not have been suggested of a writer of less force and individualism. A vein of religious sentiment, evidently the characteristic of the writer's own mind, divested of cant, and wholesome and healthful, gives a last touch of value to a book remarkable in itself.

PHILOSOPHY OF INTEMPERANCE.

BY DR. J. R. BUCHANAN.

WHY is it that all over the world, man, civilized or savage, ignorant or enlightened—in the frigid or in the torrid zone—resorts to artificial stimulants, which become destructive to the integrity of his character, and the health of his constitution? This habit, which seems to be coeval and coextensive with the human race, limited only by the difficulty of procuring the means of stimulation, must have some sure foundation in the laws of nature. It cannot be that a habit which all nations are ready to adopt, and with which none are willing to part, should be a mere accident of social life—a mere artificial perversion of natural taste. If it had no strong organic foundation, it would not have so successfully foiled the immense amount of moral force which has been arrayed against it, the prohibitory laws which have been enacted, and the terrible warnings derived from the misery, devastation and death which it produces.

In the zealous struggles against intemperance, extreme doctrines have been adopted, which can scarcely bear the test of examination. The appetite for ardent spirits has been regarded as purely artificial, and alcohol itself, as a purely noxious and poisonous substance, of no legitimate utility—always injurious to the health and stamina of the constitution, and incapable of acting otherwise than as a poison. These extreme doctrines, which are not scientifically accurate, are by no means necessary to the advocacy or the support of temperance. The use of stimulants is not entirely foreign to the laws and adaptation of the human constitution; but, on the contrary, is so greatly favored by certain common organic tendencies, as to render it extremely difficult to draw the prohibitory line, and to prevent men from passing on down the inclined plane of sensual indulgence to the degradation and ruin of beastly intemperance.

The source of all sensual excesses in eating and drinking, lies in the alimentive region of the brain, which prompts to these excesses; and beyond that region it lies in the physical constitution of the body, which, instead of maintaining itself, like a tree, in solid and stately vigor, is continually wasting its material, and losing both weight and vital force unless sustained by external means. Two great demands arise from the constitution of the body, and are recognized by the organ of alimentiveness. These two demands arise from the two forms of waste and decline—the continual loss of the material of the body, and the corresponding loss of vital and nervous power. The loss of material we are compelled to supply by the introduction of similar material through the digestive organs—in other words, by the supply of nutriment; and the loss of nervous or vital force we are obliged to supply by stimulation. Nutrition and stimulation are, then, the two great incessant demands of a living body. Nutrients and stimulants are presented to us by nature, partly combined and partly separate. Our food usually presents a large amount of nutrition, with a small amount of stimulation, while various condiments and drinks present a large amount of stimulating power, with little or no nutritive capacity.

Water, which is the largest article of human consumption, is perhaps the only article which presents nutrient material entirely isolated from stimulation. Our solid food generally combines nutrition and stimulation in the proportions best adapted to health and longevity—the greatest amount of stimulation being found in animal food, and the least in fruits. In the condiments of the table—salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, spices, coffee and tea—we find stimulation, with very little nutrition, salt being the most nutritious article of this group. In the various tonics, stimulants and aromatics of the materia medica, we find stimulation isolated from nutrition. Among these articles alcohol occupies a conspicuous place, as one of the most efficient stimulants, though nearly destitute of nutrition, aside from the water which is associated with it.

In the compounds which nature presents us, ranging from water, a pure nutrient, to capsicum, which is considered a pure stimulant, we have an ample opportunity of selecting the amount of nutrition and the amount of stimulation which may be demanded at any time by the constitution, and thus judiciously following the admonition of the natural appetite. In thus gratifying our natural appetites, we feel an immediate pleasure and benefit, which shows that we have acted in accordance with the laws of health. We take food when hungry, drink when thirsty, and stimulants when exhausted—thus restoring the constitution to the vigorous condition in which it stood before the hunger, thirst and exhaustion arose. That such a course is natural and proper no one would doubt on the first presentation of the subject, who has not previously been impressed with a peculiar physiological or metaphysical theory. But perhaps it may be suggested that the sole purpose of food is to supply material chemically adapted to repairing the waste of the body, and that just in proportion as stimulation is sought the laws of health are violated. To this I reply that the love of stimulus is as much an organic element of human nature as the love of food. They lie in the same region of the brain—the love of stimulus immediately anterior to the ear, adjacent to the part called the tragus, and the love of food just anterior to the love of stimulus.

By exciting the organ of the love of stimulus alone we produce a strong desire for stimulation. This desire renders stimulants generally agreeable, and, as it becomes stronger, demands alchoholic drinks of different grades of strength, rising from cider, wine and beer, to the strongest whisky, rum and brandy. When the organ of love of stimulus is defective, these desires do not arise, and the individual is no more inclined to intoxication than one with small alimentiveness would be to gluttony.

When I first discovered that the love of stimulus was an essential organic element of human nature I was somewhat startled by the fact, as it appeared to give countenance to the propriety of spirituous indulgence. But a little reflection showed what was the legitimate sphere of this organ. As nature has given man organs to demand nutrient and stimulant materials, so has she supplied the articles which nourish and the articles which stimulate, and given to the human body a constitution which demands both nutrition and stimulation. The physical demand for nutrition is easily comprehended by reference to the decomposition and waste of all the tissues of the body, and the reduction of the blood below the normal quantity which is necessary to health and vitality. When the constitution has the proper degree of firmness, or proper temperament, the decomposition and waste of the tissues does not proceed so rapidly, and therefore the demand for food is less frequent and urgent. In the child, the abdominal organs being disproportionately large, and all the tissues of the body remarkably soft, the decomposition and waste of material is remarkably rapid, and consequently it requires more frequent and abundant supplies than the adult, in whom the abdominal organs are relatively smaller and the tissues of the body generally firmer. In men of the hardest constitution, and greatest amount of vital stamina, the demand for nutrition is less urgent, and abstinence may be borne for a longer period. It is desirable to fortify the constitution by exertion, to such a degree of hardihood that the demand for nutrition and stimulation shall be reduced to the most moderate amount.

The demand for stimulation arises from the exhaustion of the nervous power, produced by fasting, exertion, fatigue, and other depressing influences, and is usually gratified sufficiently by the food which furnishes our nourishment. But nature offers us many additions to our nutriments which highten their stimulating power. Salt, which is a nutriment, being essential to the constitution of the human body, is also an important stimulant. The delightful tastes and odors of our favorite articles of food furnish a large amount of nervous stimulation, and this stimulation is favorable to digestion as well as to the enjoyment of life. The social intercourse and music which accompany our

feasts also furnish a large amount of wholesome stimulation to the nervous system. In the orange nature offers us a most pleasant aromatic stimulant and tonic, which we can hardly avoid tasting while in pursuit of its pleasant and scarcely stimulating pulp. The aromatic pepper, and the warming capsicum, which she places before us, as well as the numerous attractive spices, roots and barks are not sought by man as articles of food, but merely in proportion as he feels the necessity for their gratefully stimulating properties.

Whether, in an ordinary condition of health, man should resort to the use of the mere stimulants, such as coffee, tea, pepper, spices, barks and bitters, may be doubted or denied by the advocates of abstinence and simplicity, or by those who contend that stimulation necessarily disturbs the normal action of the human constitution. But when the demand for stimulation becomes more urgent, no doubt can then be entertained. The delicate female, to whom a tablespoonful of ardent spirits would be an intoxicating dose, after being reduced to the verge of death by hemorrhage, will bear even a pint of brandy without intoxication—the stimulation of the remedy in this case merely counteracting the exhaustion produced by the hemorrhage. In the attacks of malignant cholera, the prostration of the nervous system and the exhaustion of the fluids create a most urgent demand for stimulation, and the most potent stimulants known are applied with signal success. Brandy, guaiacum, cloves, ammonia, capsicum and the essential oils are used by the best practitioners in a very heroic manner. Under this system of practice not more than one-twentieth die. A disease which is arrested by powerful stimulation, when fully developed, will be much more easily arrested by a milder stimulation in its earlier stages. A judicious use of salt, pepper and vinegar by persons predisposed to choleraic attacks would generally prevent them.

In the ordinary course of human life there is a great amount of debility and exhaustion which might be arrested in its incipient stages, by the judicious use of mild stimulants, but which, if not so arrested, would endanger the occurrence of disease. What species of stimulants might thus with propriety constitute part of a dietetic system, or to what extent they should be used, I need not inquire. But that the milder alcoholic beverages, such as cider, wine and beer, and the nervous stimulants, tea and coffee, may properly occupy a certain sphere in our dietetic system I have no doubt. Yet it must be borne in mind that in proportion as we rely upon stimulants to relieve the constitution from exhaustion, we are contracting a habit which it is desirable to avoid. The more perfect the health and stamina of the constitution, the less liable it is to that degree of exhaustion which calls for pure stimulants. And, although we may live in comparative health and comfort while relying to some extent upon mere stimulants, it would certainly be far better to raise the vital power above the necessity of such external assistants. I would, therefore, say to all who have become accustomed to the use of stimulants, there is a vital defect in your constitution, which is proved by your demanding a medicine or stimulant which the perfectly healthy man does not require. It is essential that your constitution should be strengthened by a proper tonic course until you are placed above this necessity.

Such would be the proper language to address to those who stimulate to an intemperate extent. There is no propriety in snatching rudely from the man accustomed to stimulation the peculiar beverage to which his constitution has become accustomed, and leaving him, without resource or admonition, to the suffering and discomfort which ensues, or impelling him to resort to some other form of stimulation. Intemperance has an organic foundation, and prohibitory laws and moral suasion do not remove its cause; until we fortify the constitution against the tendency to depression and exhaustion, intemperance is not eradicated. Men absolutely need to be relieved from the depression and prostration which many habitually experience; and unless we understand the means which will relieve them, and keep them relieved from this depression or exhaustion, we do not understand the philosophy of intemperance. Our crusade against intemperance, then, must not be confined to the moral and intellectual influence which establishes temperance societies, and procures pledges to sobriety, nor to prohibitory laws, which render alcoholic drinks almost inaccessible. It must be directed to elevating the constitution of man, and eradicating the desire for alcohol, in a manner harmonious with the laws of life, health and happiness.

THE MAIDEN WARRIOR.

Sometime just before, or about the beginning of the war, Serjeant Jasper, of Marion's Brigade, had the good fortune to save the life of a young, beautiful and dark-eyed creole girl, called Sally St. Clair. Her susceptible nature

was overcome with gratitude to her preserver, and this soon ripened into a passion of love. of the most deep and fervent kind. She lavished upon him the whole wealth of her affections, and the whole depths of a passion nurtured by a southern sun. When he was called upon to join the ranks of his country's defenders, the prospect of their separation almost maddened her. Their parting came; but scarcely was she left alone, ere her romantic nature prompted the means of a reunion. Once resolved, no consideration of danger could dampen her spirit, and no thought of consequences could move her purpose. She severed her long and jetty ringlets, and provided herself with male attire. In these she robed herself and set forth to follow the fortunes of her lover.

A smooth-faced, beautiful and delicate stripling appeared among the hardy, rough and giant frames who composed the corps to which Jasper belonged. The contrast between the stripling and these men, in their uncouth garbs, their massive faces, embrowned and discolored by sun and rain, was indeed striking. But none were more eager for the battle, or so indifferent to fatigue, as the fair-faced boy. It was found that his energy of character, resolution and courage amply supplied his lack of

DEATH OF SALLY ST. CLAIR

physique. None ever suspected him to be a woman. Not even Jasper himself, although she was often by his side, penetrated her disguise.

The romance of her situation increased the fervor of her passion. It was her delight to reflect that, unknown to him, she was by his side watching over him in the hour of danger. She fed her passion by gazing upon him in the hour of slumber, hovering near him when stealing through the swamp and thicket, and being always ready to avert danger from his head.

But gradually there stole a melancholy presentment over the poor girl's mind. She had been tortured with hopes deferred; the war was prolonged, and the prospect of being restored to him grew more and more uncertain. But now she felt that her dream of happiness could never be realized. She became convinced that death was about to snatch her away from his side; but she prayed that she might die, and he never know to what length the violence of her passion led her.

It was an eve before a battle. The camp had sunk into repose. The watchfires were burning low, and only the slow tread of sentinels fell upon the profound silence of the night air, as they moved through the dark shadows of the forest. Stretched upon the ground, with no other couch than a blanket, reposed the warlike form of Jasper. Climbing vines trailed themselves into a canopy above his head, through which the stars shone down softly. The faint flicker from the expiring embers of a fire fell athwart his countenance, and tinged the cheek of one who bent above his couch. It was the smooth-faced stripling. She bent low down. as if to listen to his dreams, or to breathe into his soul pleasant visions of love and happiness. But tears trace themselves down the fair one's cheek, and fall silently but rapidly upon the brow of her lover. A mysterious voice has told her that the hour of parting has come; that to-morrow her destiny is consummated. There is one last, long, lingering look. and then the unhappy maid is seen to tear herself away from the spot, to weep out her sorrow in privacy.

Fierce and terrible is the conflict that on the morrow rages on that spot. Foremost in the battle is the intrepid Jasper, and ever by his side fights the stripling warrior. Often, during the heat and the smoke, gleams suddenly upon the eyes of Jasper the melancholy face of the maiden. In the thickest of the fight, surrounded by enemies, the lovers fight side by side. Suddenly a lance is levelled at the breast of Jasper; but swifter than the lance is Sally St. Clair. There is a wild cry, and at the feet of Jasper sinks the maiden, with the life-blood gushing from her white bosom, which had been thrown, as a shield, before his breast. He heeds not now the din, nor the danger of the conflict; but down by the side of the dying boy he kneels. Then, for the first time, does he learn that the stripling is his love; that often by the camp-fire, and in the swamp, she had been by his side; that the dim visions in his slumber, of an angel face hovering above him, had indeed been true. In the midst of the battle, with her lover by her side, and the barb still in her bosom, the heroic maiden dies!

Her name, her sex, and her noble devotion, soon became known through the corps. There was a tearful group gathered around her grave; there was not one of those hardy warriors who did not bedew her grave with tears. They buried her near the river Santee, "in a green shady nook, that looked as if it had been stolen out of Paradise."

STANZAS TO JULIA.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

I, in woodland bending down,
  Heard the insects chirping free,
But, in very truth must own,
  Never thought of them, but thee—
Soft a shadow passed o'er head,
  And a shadow on the brook,
To his crag the eagle fled,
  But thy form the shadow took.

Sliding o'er the moss-grown stone,
  With a murmur speaking low,
Silver-sweet the monotone
  Of the fountain in its flow;
And the moonbeams, light and still,
  Kiss the fountain, kiss the hill,
But the light is thy dear eyes,
  And the murmur thy replies.

Tis thyself in each and all—
  For my soul is full of thee,
Making hill, and light, and fall,
  Insect, bird, and shade, and tree,
All the harmonies of earth,
  Sweetest prototypes of love,
Dearest preludes to a birth
  Hymned by angels from above.

Ah! dear Soul of Love of mine,
  I should dread the sweetest thing,
If it did not intertwine
  Something far more hallowing—
Dread the music of thy voice,
  And the deep light of thine eye.
Did thy spirit not rejoice,
  Throned on beauty from on high.

New York, August, 1856.

HON. WILLIAM L. DAYTON.

WILLIAM LEWIS DAYTON was born in the County of Somerset, near Baskenridge, New Jersey, on the 17th of February, 1807. His great-grandfather, Jonathan Dayton, who was of English descent, settled at Elizabethtown, in Essex County, as early at least as 1725, and about the same time his mother's grandfather removed to Baskenridge, where he erected the first frame dwelling that was known in that section of the country. His ancestry, on both the father's and mother's side, took honorable part in the revolutionary struggle.

Elias Dayton, a great uncle of our subject, was a General of Brigade during the Revolution, and highly distinguished as an ardent and and active officer in all that part of the struggle which had its location in New Jersey, and in some instances outside the bounds of his native State. Many of the members of the family held, in less distinguished positions, highly honorable places; and it is the boast of the family (as it may justly be of many of the old families of the State) that in the times that tried men's souls no member was found wanting in devotion to his country.

The National House of Representatives of 1795–'96 was presided over by Jonathan Dayton, son of General Dayton, and great-uncle to the candidate.

William L. Dayton was the oldest son of Joel Dayton, a farmer at Baskenridge, who had several other children; the only other one of whom we have any considerable knowledge being Dr. Alfred B. Dayton, a distinguished physician of Monmouth County, and late President of the State Medical Society. Mr. Dayton's early life was spent under the advantages of excellent instruction, and in 1821 he matriculated at Nassau Hall, Princeton, whence he graduated with honor in 1825. During all his collegiate course he had looked forward to a legal life, and upon quitting college, arrangements were made by him for studying with Hon. Peter D. Vroom, a distinguished lawyer of the State, afterwards Governor, and Minister to Prussia. Ill health, however, made his study liable to interruptions, and it was

not until 1830 or 1831 that he was admitted to the bar.

Modest to a fault in his natural disposition, and with a slight impediment in his speech—(the elimination or softening of the "r")—the young man only gave to close observers and intimate friends any indication of the strong talent and native energy which were eventually to raise him to positions so distinguished. At nearly the opening of his professional career a circumstance occurred—well remembered by his friends in after years—which may have had no small effect in breaking away the mist of diffidence which surrounded him. and showing the strength of character beneath. He began practice in Monmouth County, and, we believe, opened his first law office at Middletown Point, in that county. Very soon after his opening, he was employed in a vexatious suit, in which the testimony was involved and conflicting, and the opportunity offered for success a very bad one. Opposed to him in the case was a shrewd and unscrupulous old lawyer, with considerable reputation, and who made a habitual boast of "taking the conceit out of young lawyers." He took the opportunity of his advantage in sides to administer a most bitter dose of ridicule and invective, in which Mr. Dayton's slight elimination of the "r" was unsparingly commented upon.

The blow was considered, by most who knew him, as a severe one, and the then pale diffident young man had the sympathy of the whole community. But the triumph on the one side, and the bitter feeling upon the other, were but of a short duration. An early day saw the antagonists pitted again, and then the tables were turned. The wily old lawyer was early detected by Mr. Dayton in some underhand meanness for procuring evidence. Dayton permitted him to go on in fancied triumph until he had inextricably entangled himself, and then exposed the whole affair, closing with a castigation of the old man which was imbued with a fearful power and scathing bitterness as triumphant as it was unexpected.

In this circumstance the door of legal success was fully opened, and the young man sprang into the breach with alacrity and energy.

A very few years—during which he remained in the county—sufficed to show his commanding talents, and entering the political arena as a Whig, he carried the strong Democratic County of Monmouth by a fine majority in 1835, and was elected to the State Council (now Senate.)

The course of Mr. Dayton in the State Legislature was a highly honorable one, not even his extreme youth preventing his assuming at once a leading position. His career in that direction was, however, brought to an end, at the close of 1836, by his appointment to the position of Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the State—the youngest man (29) who had ever filled that position.

He remained upon the bench but two or three years, from the superior pecuniary advantages of his standing at the bar, and a feeling which seemed to possess him that he had a mission there, and about 1839 he resigned his seat and returned to the arena of his former labors, where, of course, his position was highly advanced in honor by that from which he had retired. It may be said that from that time he has held the postion of one of the first of the bar of the State, and since the death of Garret D. Wall has unquestionably had no rival. Probably he has not more than one or two superiors at the bar of the United States Supreme Court, where his appearances—though highly honorable—have been peculiarly few, from devotion to the interests of his clients in his State.

The political course of Mr. Dayton in the Senate was one of strong and faithful adherence to the Whig policy, and he stood or fell with the welfare of his party; retaining always, however, the respect of opponents as well as friends, by the unvarying urbanity of his manners, and the calm fairness of his arguments.

Upon the lamented death of Samuel L. Southard, in 1842, Mr. Dayton was appointed to fill his unexpired term in the United States Senate, and in the Winter of 1844–'45 was re-appointed to that body for the full term of six years, leaving it at the expiration of his term in 1850. His position in the Senate is a matter of national history, and we need not say that he was ranked among the leading members of that body, in spite of his years, which numbered less than any other member, with, perhaps, one exception. But amid the glare of those brilliant lights which shed so much glory on the deliberations of that body, the effulgence of the youthful New Jersey Senator was manifest. He at once took a commanding position among his compeers, and whenever he rose to address the Senate he was received with the most marked respect. His course has been an open and frank one, and his eloquent address and manly bearing have secured to him the confidence of his political friends, and the friendship of his political enemies.

Since his return from the Senate, Mr. Dayton has resided at Trenton, holding an enviable position at the bar, and one highly esteemed as a gentleman and a citizen.

In person Mr. Dayton is tall and commanding, with a handsome and genial face, wears beard, has dark hair, a fine eye, with the heavy eyelid which it suggests—strong powers of language, and in manners is one of the most urbane and courteous of the public men of the time. He was married some fifteen years ago to an estimable lady, who still shares his cares and his honors, and, we regret to say, his sorrows, in the melancholy loss of several lovely children.

On being nominated for the office of Vice-President of the United States by the Republican National Convention, recently assembled at Philadelphia, Mr. Dayton returned the following reply to the Committee appointed to inform him of his nomination:

LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

TRENTON, N. J., July 7, 1856.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter informing me that, at a Convention of Delegates recently assembled in Philadelphia, I was unanimously nominated as their candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States, and requesting my acceptance of such nomination.

For the distinguished honor thus conferred, be pleased to accept for yourselves, and in behalf of the Convention you represent, my sincere thanks.

I have only to add, that having carefully examined the resolutions adopted in that Convention as indicating the principles by which it was governed, I find them, in their general features, such as have heretofore had my hearty support. My opinions and votes against the extension of slavery into free territory are on record and well known. Upon that record I am willing to stand. Certainly nothing has since occurred which would tend to modify my opinions previously expressed upon that subject. On the contrary, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise (that greatest wrong, portentious of mischief) but adds strength to the conviction that these constant encroachments must be calmly but firmly met; that this repealing act should be itself repealed, or remedied by every just and constitutional means in our power.

I very much deprecate all sectional issues. I have not been in the past, nor shall I be in the future, instrumental in fostering such issues. But the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and as a consequence the extension of slavery, are no issues raised by us; they are issues forced upon us, and we act but in self-defense when we repel them. That section of the country which presents these issues is responsible for them; and it is this sectionalism which has subverted past compromises, and now seeks to force slavery into Kansas. In reference to other subjects treated of in the resolutions of the Convention, I find no general principle or rule of political conduct to which I cannot and do not yield a cordial assent.

But while thus expressing a general concurrence in the views of the Convention, I cannot but remember that the Constitution gives to the Vice-President little power in matters of general legislation; that he has not even a vote, except in special cases; and that his rights and duties as prescribed in that instrument are limited to presiding over the Senate of the United States. Should I be elected to that high office, it will be my pleasure, as it will be my duty, to conduct, so far as I can, the business of that body in such a manner as will best comport with its own dignity, in strict accordance with its own rules, and with a just and courteous regard to the equal rights and privileges of all its members.

Accepting the nomination tendered through you, as I now do, I am, gentlemen,

Very respectfully yours, WM. L. DAYTON.

THE BATH.

No one who knows the beauty and freshness of sleep will consign himself to its keeping without a tribute to the Nereiads if by the sea shore, or the Sylphs if in the country, or the not less pure but more pensive genii of water if in the city. The bath is the great invigorator of the body and restorer of the mind. It goes with all the lesser virtues, and is the upholder of the greater. Witness how all the worse emotions retreat before the sparkle of the liquid element, even as the dust and odor of toil give way to a refined purity. Rage cannot stand before water. Envy retreats, and jealousy yieldeth its pangs. The watery gods are, for the most part, serene and chaste, and whoso yieldeth them frequent oblations groweth like unto them. Venus also loveth water, as indicating freshness and sweetness, and she was said to be compounded of the element, having risen therefrom—a delicate hint that, though beauty did not reveal herself from the sky, neither did she come out of the earth, but arose from the sea, the next element to pure air, and hence much water is essential to beauty.

We know not of what those persons are made who consign a worn body, mayhap covered with the exhalations and heat of much toil of limb or brain to the fine "lavendered sheets" of the good housewife, without an offering to the water nymphs. "Sweet as a rose," we say of the young child, and assuredly the grown child should be redolent of pomegranite and citron; with locks, whether they be brown or black, or gray, for the color mattereth not, breathing of ambrosia also. Who can be all this without a bath before the limbs are resigned to the drowsy god.

One kind of daintiness begetteth another. We would not encourage imbecility, albeit there are times when effeminacy hath its comeliness, as, for instance, when the man sacrificeth to hymen, which, being the brother of love, and both children of Venus, demandeth of him a certain devotion to that element from which the mother revealed herself.

Women of rare perfections are addicted to the bath. In the old Arabian stories, much of the beauty of the heroines is said to be derived from the bath. "If she is lovely to thee now," saith the attendant, "imagine how beautiful she will be when coming from the bath!" Those nations most remarkable for their comeliness have been those where the bath is most used. Indeed, it not only causeth a fair odor to exhale from the person more sweet than cinnamon, cassia, or any perfume whatever, but it greatly prolongeth the reign of beauty by preserving the fineness of the cutaneous texture, and that roundness and softness of outline so pleasing to the senses, as well as a certain vigor and flexibility, not only allied to youth but to love also.

The old man neglecteth the bath, or, if he taketh it, the custom is not that he may retain his youth, but his age. This is right manly. John Quincy Adams, who, had he lived among the Greeks, would have been seated side by side with Nestor, plunged himself daily into the Potomac, even at those times when the Hyperborean deities had usurped the throne of the river god, and the gelid waves were converted to ice. This was the habit of a man who had ceased to pay devotion to Apollo and the muses, and now trusted to the wisdom that goeth with gray hairs. However, it is well to look at the side of Spring and Summer rather than to that of Autumn and Winter; and a bath, sometimes cool and seasoned by the nymphs whose fingers drop the rose dew, and again prepared by the sisters who love the lurid light of burning caverns, are each acceptable, and may be made timely.

To prolong the period of youth is one of the arts of life. So long as the rose is grateful to us, and the lily cometh as an angel to the soul, and the lamb skippeth, filling us with joy, and the rainbow causeth the heart to leap, and the song of poets and the voices of love are fair to the heart, and we seek them joyfully, we are young, even though four-score years may have darkened upon the dial. It is not years that make us old or unlovely, but what the years take and bring. The bath prolongs the reign of youth. It nourisheth and beautifyeth not only the outer but the inner man also. While we resign the body to the influence, and to do this the water must be well measured as to heat or cold, being just at that degree which most genially usurpeth the senses, we resign ourselves to our youth—we are dreamy—we float in a world whose province is, what it should be for the time-being, one of sense. Murat, who was dictating from the bath death and proscription, deserved to die. The outraged elements sent a woman to deal the blow, as being nearest of kin to them. Let persons of blood and cruelty beware how they give expression to their evil passions while under the dominion of the watery deities. They delight in the yielding muscle—the soft, floating, undulating limb; the brain soothed to images of water lilies, and blue skies, and overhanging branches, wakened by the melody of the lark or the nightingale. Daily yield to the illusions of the vernal reign, as by so doing time findeth his arrows greatly blunted, for the worship of our youth restoreth us to its attractions. The Greeks were wont to preserve this season quite on in life, so that a man might be a youth at fifty. It is only when the man grows fearful of the water nymphs that he is growing old. So long as he delights in the play of their cool fingers amid the tangles of his hair, so long as he joyously resigns himself to their white upholding arms, he is in his youth.

Men sometimes mistake the province of the watery gods. They can be terrible with icy fingers, and riding their white-maned horses, but we do not worship them in their angry moods. It is better to wait till they assume a serene beauty. While their rude and turbulent bosoms congeal ice and snow they are hurtful to us, and they pinch us, and shrink us to premature age and deeply furrowed wrinkles. We do not grow so much into strength and hardiness as into old age, therefore the worship of Nereiad and Nymph is more grateful to the life than that of the northern god, and more surely prolongeth youth.

I do not speak here of that necessary ablution which goeth with a fine sense and delicate taste, albeit no man can be either a gentleman or christian who neglecteth it. We are made wondrously handsome even when not created in the highest perfection, therefore we should remember that the lily and the rose have a native sweetness and perfume which will not survive any uncleanness, and this indication rendereth it needless to carry the similitude further.

[The foregoing paper, prepared by a constant writer for this magazine, may, not inaptly, be called "the poetry of bathing." But bathing has its matter-of-fact *prose* as well as its poetry. It is an important conservative and promoter of health and morals, when properly understood and rightly used, while its improper use may, and often does, bring youth and beauty as well as middle-age to a premature grave. We

therefore feel disposed to append to the foregoing paper the following practical remarks on bathing, from the pen of a well-educated and skillful physician, the editor of the "Scalpel," published in this city. It contains many suggestions and practical directions which we believe will be found useful and important.

ED. U. S. MAG.]

THE USE OF THE BATH.

There is no subject within the range of the physician's observation upon which the people require instruction more than the use of the bath. Since the community have been deluged with the watery flood of specious water-cure literature, by the horde of half-educated men and women who retail the precious commodity, we have observed a steady increase of sudden deaths from congestive complaints of the lungs and bowels, and more especially of delicate young and middle-aged people. A recent melancholy instance occurring in a lady—a connection of our own family—has brought the matter more seriously before us, and satisfied us of the necessity of some very positive and plain directions to oppose the extravagance of their present notions of the use of this most powerful and health-destroying agent. Our readers must excuse us for the abruptness, but we assure them we cannot attach the least value to the absurd notions so commonly entertained on this subject by nearly the entire community; the whole affair is a matter of chemistry, and chemical physiology. It is by no means a subject of doubt; and no one but the well-read physiologist and good observer has any right to an opinion; others should submit to be taught. To begin at the beginning, then: the temperature of the blood is from 97 degrees to 98 degrees; this is the average temperature when at rest, that is, unexcited by exercise. This is the great law, but it is very apparent that the temperature of the skin varies very much in consequence of diet, exercise, etc. How cold you are! how warm you feel! these expressions are familiar to all; there are none unacquainted with some young lady who looks always half frozen; and most of us know others who always look as though they were suffering from heat, and their vessels overloaded with blood. These two conditions denote widely different powers of producing heat; and the reader may rely upon it, the use of the bath is attended with great danger to the former; it should demand the most earnest consideration and watchful supervision by every parent. Since the introduction of the Croton water into this city, such ample facilities exist for gratifying this insanity that people begin to suspect the danger, and to demand information.

Let us now select an example of the ordinary use of the cold bath; we will speak of the warm bath afterward. A young lady of eighteen or twenty, living in fashionable society, has been for several years destroying her life power by impoverishing her blood, that is, eating quantities of confectionery, cakes and candies, instead of wholesome, blood-producing food, and in breathing the stifling atmosphere of a New York day or boarding school; by this she is depriving the blood of its supply of oxygen; then she has commenced the grand role of fashionable dissipation, going to two or three parties a week and to the theater and opera the intervening nights; she has there most unquestionably had her blood continually poisoned by the foul atmosphere of crowded assemblies, and her nerves, bowels and digestion injured to an extent sufficient to bring her power of producing heat to a very low condition.

She awakes after a night's exhausting sleep in a room kept at fever heat by that death-producing engine, a furnace; and she goes to "refresh herself with a bath." Now remember the difference between two young persons of similar age, one in high and brilliant health and living a simple life, and the other jaded by fashion, and pale and feverish; they are in conditions wide as the north and south pole; the moment the latter gets into the cold bath, the blood is driven from the surface of the body to the internal organs; the electric interchange between the skin and the vast internal lining of all the blood-vessels is interrupted, and nature has sustained a terrible shock; the poor brain is almost crazed with the myriad complaints it receives from every little nerve-fiber in the skin: the teeth are clenched, and the eyes closed with the shock; if the poor girl is wise enough to escape, and has strength enough left to commence rapid friction to the skin, and can get over the surface fast enough, she may in an hour recover nearly her former condition, and think she feels a little better; perhaps she does. The surface is cleaned and nature has a little better chance to throw off the insensible perspiration and some of the blood-poison she has breathed all the evening from that of others, and all night from her own confined exhalations; but who can measure the consequences of the shock to the internal organs—the lungs, intestines, and the great internal linings of the chest and abdomen? how many pleurisies attack the former? how many slow inflammations the latter? why is the throat raw, and what are all these stitches and wandering pains in the abdomen? what but the feeble blood-vessels gorged with the thin and watery blood driven suddenly from the whole surface of the skin? In the instance we have alluded to, a fatal pleurisy and congestion of the lungs was at last produced after a long use of cold baths applied under hydropathic instructions. The relatives assured me that the lady, a beautiful and extremely delicate woman, was invariably blue with cold for half an hour and often an hour after these morning exercises. The attack came on during the cold weather of May, when she required all the heat her body could produce. She died from pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs.

Most people believe that each cold bath they take is necessarily so much health added to their stock, when they want food, material for blood, and fat for fuel to burn in the lungs. We have already shown that if they do not eat the fat, the muscles and tissues of the body must be absorbed to supply its place—for every breath we draw demands fuel, which is fat—hydrogen. This is true physiology; nor can ignorance, however impudent, gainsay it.

Now we will consider the shower-bath; it is not so great an abstractor of heat, because there is no body of cold water in immediate contact with the skin; only the individual little drops touch the body; the shock, however, is more or less powerful, and the instant contraction of the skin and muscles of the body, and especially the momentary stop to respiration, shows its action to be a *constrictor* of the surface and muscles; in exact proportion to the volume of water used, the time of its use, and the size of the individual jets, is it powerful or less so. The capacity to endure it by the individual is another matter; some become in a healthful glow after half a minute or a minute's use of it, who would suffer considerably were it extended to three or five minutes, precisely as they would be benefited or otherwise by jumping into the cold bath and jumping out again, or remaining there for five minutes to wash and rub the skin. This latter practice is universal; but what is still worse, the bather often uses

first the warm bath for a quarter and even half an hour, (we have heard of taking a book and reading by the hour,) and then letting off the warm water, she sets the cold running until she is thoroughly chilled through! I have reason to believe that such practices are quite frequent in this city, and I put it to the common sense of all who are not absolutely insane or silly, whether there are many constitutions that can stand it. Our articles on the temperature of the body, on the blood, on diet, and the skin, are all essential to the correct understanding of this subject, but we cannot go over that ground again.

The cases of young people who require the shower-bath are very few indeed; it is a remedy of great power, and should be prescribed and carefully watched by the logical and accomplished physician; but there can be no possible doubt of the utility of morning and evening ablution of the whole body with tepid water the whole year through.

For all who are not actually robust, the warm bath is almost as extensively prejudicial as the cold one; to all delicate people it is decidedly exhausting; it is used by surgeons in some cases to obtain the most thorough relaxation of all the tissues of the body, and especially the skin and superficial ones. When tepid water and some mild soap are applied briskly to the upper parts of the body for a few minutes, and then followed by water a little warmer to rinse the skin, the person standing and exposed naked to the air, in Summer, the effect is exhilarating and delightful as soon as the surface is dried; let the body be thus thoroughly cleansed in four sections, and requiring not more than two minutes each, ending with the flesh and nail-brush to the hands and feet last, and let this be done morning and evening, and so far as bathing is concerned, that person has fulfilled all the requirements of a complete physiology and of good breeding; all other kinds of bathing, such as the plunge and sea-bath, may be agreeable to the robust and powerful, but they are always precarious, and often, very often, deadly to the delicate person; practiced as it now is, we believe the bath to be one of the most exhausting and deadly means of destroying the enfeebled constitution of the miserable modern American woman.

GRAPHIC PICTURE OF A GREAT MAN.

Sir David Brewster, the eminent philosopher of Scotland, has been for many years engaged in preparing an elaborate and careful biography of Sir Isaac Newton. The work has recently been published, and the London Times makes it the basis of the following able, racy and highly interesting sketch of England's greatest philosopher:

As a general rule the biographies of men of science are not interesting to ordinary readers. It is not that their lives are uneventful. We have memoirs of poets, novelists, historians, divines—all teeming with interest, although the incidents which the biographer has to relate are scarcely more important than those which worthy Dr. Primrose thought it beneath him to chronicle, when his family in the vicarage moved from the blue room to the brown room. The life of Samuel Johnson was uneventful, and yet his biography is the finest in the language. But we have no memoir of a man of science that has proved of deep and lasting interest, unless we except the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.

The fact is, that the more completely a man devotes himself to science, he becomes the less a social being; the less, therefore, a man, and the more a philosophical instrument. And as we do not suppose that memoirs of Babbage's calculating machine would be very entertaining, so neither is the biography of a man whose life has passed into an algebraical formula and whose thoughts are ever intent upon x— that terrible unknown. "Does Mr. Newton eat, drink or sleep like other men?" well might the Marquis de l'Hopital ask. "I represent him to myself as a celestial genius, entirely disengaged from matter."

Sir David Brewster has just published an elaborate biography of Newton, to show that he is entitled not only to the admiration which the whole world accords him, but also to the love of our hearts. He has done his best to place Sir Isaac in a good light. He has, in short, written two long volumes to illustrate one line written by Pope:

"God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light."

After a careful perusal of this lengthened panegyric, we are forced to the conclusion that Sir David is a good Christian and a bad biographer; and that if Sir Isaac in his intellect was almost a god, in his heart he was scarcely a man.

Sir David has been engaged on the life of Newton for twenty-five years, and in all that time he has not been able to arrange his materials with a coherence greater than that of an almanac, where we learned that Sir Robert Peel was born four days before Queen Victoria was married, and her Majesty was married a couple of days before Lady Jane Grey was beheaded. He suddenly dashes forward twenty years, then back thirty, forward again ten, back two or three, forward a century, and so to and fro, till the bewildered reader gives up in despair the task of following the author's chronology, and is almost content to believe that Sir Isaac was knighted when a schoolboy, and that in his last days he turned alchymist.

This fault is fatal to a biographer, and all the scientific attainments, all the lucid exposition, all the brilliant writings of Sir David Brewster cannot retrieve it. Besides which, he writes with a partiality that, while it wins our affection for his goodness, destroys our respect for his opinion. It is right to speak with reverence of the dead; let the memory of Newton be sacred; but so also should the memories of

Huygens and Hooke, Leibnitz and Flamsteed, at whose expense Sir David Brewster has exalted Newton. We are quite sure that the author is not aware how much he has been influenced by partiality, and we shall therefore give a single example of his special pleading in favor of Sir Isaac. It was reported that Newton had called Sir Hans Sloane, the Secretary of the Royal Society, "a tricking fellow" and "a villain." It does not much matter whether the report was true or false, only Sir David imagines that there were no such terms in Newton's vocabulary. "When he was irritated at the conduct of Flamsteed, he *could not command a harsher term* than that of *puppy*.—See p. 239."

We turn to page 239, and read Flamsteed's account of the affair. "He then called me many hard names; *puppy was the most innocent of them*." And why should Sir David go thus far out of the way to show that Newton could not use a hard word? We indeed doubt very much whether he ever called Sir Sloane "a tricking fellow" and "a villain;" but we do not think that the man who, when a schoolboy, fought his companion in the church-yard, and rubbed his nose against the wall; who told Flamsteed to hold his tongue, and called him a puppy, and who addressed some Fellows of St. John's, when he saw them examining a haunted house, "Oh, ye fools!" was incapable, as Sir David supposes, of employing such terms. Of what avail is all this veneering? It only defeats its purpose. Excessive praise always results in excessive depreciation. This has happened once already in the case of Newton. His partisans in the Royal Society had lauded his intellect so vehemently, and his claims over foreigners so unfairly, that, as a natural consequence, the foreigners took advantage of a moment of weakness and pronounced him mad.

The elaborate life of Newton, contributed by M. Biot to the *Biographie Universelle*, is written throughout on the suspicion that from his 45th year, when the little dog "Diamond" is said to have upset the candle and burnt his papers, to the day of his death, his mighty intellect was obscured. Sir David has satisfactorily disproved the insanity of Newton, but he need not wonder if the idolatry of which he sets the example should call forth imputations equally injurious. With all our veneration for his name, we have no sympathy with those who think they honor him by denying his faults, and who seem to us to be guilty of the folly of those divines who explain away the falsehood of one Scripture saint, and out and out defend another for cheating his father and robbing his brother.

The common idea of Newton is very vague. In writing to the earliest of his biographers, Pope expressed a desire to have the same "memoirs and character of him as a private man." The desire might still be expressed. We have no intimacy with Newton. Few persons, if asked to describe the character of the man, could say more than this—that he was exceedingly absent, and that he was imperturbable almost to insipidity, perhaps quoting as illustration of the latter characteristic the apocryphal story of the philosopher and his little dog "Diamond." This is not saying much, and yet the half of it is incorrect. The cotemporaries of Newton describe him as anything but imperturbable on certain occasions. Locke declared that he was "a nice man to deal with," but "a little too apt to raise in himself suspicions where there is no ground." Falmsteed always "found him insidious, ambitious, and excessively covetous of praise and impatient of contradiction."

Whiston describes him as equally impatient, and of the most fearful, cautious and suspicious temper that ever he knew. D'Alembert gives the French idea of him when he says: "In England people were content with Newton's being the greatest genius of his age; in France one would have also wished him to be amiable." If Newton was really unamiable, it was chiefly a negative unamiability. He was unsocial, he was reserved, he was absent, he was silent; in the course of five years his secretary, Humphrey Newton, never saw him laugh but once, and that once it is impossible to comprehend why; worst of all to a Frenchman, he had none of the graces—could not, like Fontenelle, begin a treatise on astronomy by saluting a lady, and comparing the beauty of day to a blonde and the beauty of night to a brunette. The only qualities of Newton that were positively unamiable were his suspicious temper and his impatience of contradiction. All else was negative. His goodness even was negative, with the exception of his piety and his veracity. He was good because he was passionless; and he was not loveable because he was void of emotion.

Bishop Burnet said that Newton had the *whitest* soul he ever knew. We can well believe it so. Newton was utterly unworldly, and the unworldliness of the man who was content to pace about his chamber and his trim little garden from morning to night, save when he turned out for half an hour to see if anybody would listen to him as Lucasian Professor, must

have rather astonished the bustling courtly Scotch Bishop. Then he was pure as a child; his niece tells us that he broke an acquaintance of the greatest intimacy with Vigani, because the Italian chemist told him some loose story of a nun. Bishop Burnet's remark, however, is true in a much more stringent sense than this—in a much more stringent sense than, perhaps, he ever contemplated. Newton had the whitest soul he ever knew, simply because his emotional nature was the sheet of white paper which the metaphysicians of that period were continually talking about.

Sir David Brewster has done his best to prove the contrary. He even fancies that he has discovered Sir Isaac in love. Sir Isaac in love! it is incredible—it is impossible. Fancy the sedate Lucasian Professor addressing Lady Norris like one of those fops called "pretty fellows," whom Steel shortly afterward satirized in the Tattler. "Can you resolve to wear a widow's habit perpetually?" he writes. "Whether your ladyship should go constantly in the melancholy dress of a widow, or flourish again among the ladies"—that is the question, and that is the style of courtship which Sir David, with his eyes open and all his optical reputation, attributes to a philosopher whose soul was fixed on one idea—the increase of gravity inversely as the square of the distance. Sir Isaac, we make bold to say, never had a thought of love.

In comparison with Newton, Uncle Toby's behavior to the Widow Wadham was the extreme of gallantry and licentiousness. It must be remembered that Newton was a god, and Alexander the Great used to say that two—he might have said that three—things reminded him that he was a mortal, and not a god—love, sleep and food. These three things proved the divinity of Sir Isaac, for he never spent a thought on love, took very little sleep, and as for his dinner, he never cared for it and oftener never ate. "He kept neither dog nor cat in his chamber," says Humphrey Newton, "which made well for the old woman, his bed-maker, she faring much the better for it, for in a morning she has sometimes found both dinner and supper scarcely tasted of, which the old woman has very pleasantly and mumpingly gone away with."

While speaking of food, we may mention, in passing, as a set-off to the negations of Newton's animal and emotional nature, his one physical enjoyment. He liked fruit, and could eat any quantity of it. As a boy we find him, in his account-books, spending his money on cherries, tarts and marmalade. This latter seems to have grown with him, for he was always very fond of a small roasted quince for supper. He was as fond of orange peel as Dr. Johnson, and used to take it boiled in water, for his breakfast, instead of tea. Apples, too, appear to have been a favorite fruit of his; one of his letters exhibit him longing after cider, and making great endeavors to secure some grafts of the genuine "red steaks." Perhaps it was one of those favored "red steaks" that, falling from the tree, suggested the system of the world—the universality of the law of gravitation.

Other enjoyments Newton had none which were not purely intellectual. Even as a boy he never joined in the games and amusements of his companions. We find him making dials, and water-clocks, and wind-mills; and on the day of the great storm of 1668, when Cromwell was drawing his last breath in Whitehall, and Goodwin stood by his bedside, assuring him that his soul was safe, and Bates went soft and sad from room to room, and the trees in St. James's Park were uprooted by the tempest, Newton, in his sixteenth year, was jumping about in the gale to measure the force of the wind. In more advanced years his amusements were still more severe. When weary of his other studies, the different calculus and the irregularities of the moon, he "refreshed himself" with chronology and all the dry details of lustrums, Olympiads, and the expedition of the Argonauts.

With such pleasure it will not be surprising that we return to negation, and say that his æsthetical nature was utterly blank. He had a perfect horror of poetry, and would have echoed the sentiment of his friend Barrow, that it is "an ingenious kind of nonsense." He showed his regard for sculpture when he said of his friend, the Earl of Pembroke, that he was "a lover of stone dolls." And his opinion of painting is expressed in an anecdote which we do not profess to comprehend, but which, according to the interpretation suggested by Sir David Brewster, implies that he considered pictures nothing but "dirt."

As we look further into Newton's character we find everywhere the same absence of color, the same whiteness that Bishop Burnet observed. One curious specimen of it is presented in a letter of advice to his young friend, Francis Aston, who was about to set out on his travels.

"If you bee affronted," wrote the philosopher, "it is better, *in a forraine country*, to pass

it by in silence, or with a jest, though with some dishonor, than to endeavor revenge; for in the first case your credit's ne'er the worst when you return into England, or come into other company that have not heard of the quarrell. But, in the second case, you may beare the marks of the quarrell while you live, if you outlive it at all." Here is vengeance—dissuading his young friend from a quarrel on the ground, not of high Christian principle, but of unmanly fear. If the truth must be spoken, Newton was a coward. It is the most amusing thing to read how frightened he was to face the public. He could not bear publicity. This was partly the result of a timid disposition which made him shrink from criticism, but partly also it was the result of a self-absorbed and unsociable nature that was all in all to itself, and felt no need of human sympathy. When, shortly after writing the above letter to Francis Aston, he was asked for permission to publish one of his papers in the Philosophical Transactions, he gave his consent, on condition that his name should be withheld.

"For I see not," he writes, "what there is desirable in public esteem, were I able to acquire it and maintain it. It would, perhaps, increase my acquaintance—the thing which I chiefly study to decline." This appalling self-absorption is without a parallel in the history of the human mind. After having been embroiled in a trifling optical discussion with a Dutch physician by the name of Linus, he writes as follows to one of his friends: "I see I have made myself a slave to philosophy; but if I get free of Mr. Linus's business I will resolutely bid adieu to it eternally, excepting what I do for my private satisfaction, or leave to come out after me." That sentence represents Sir Isaac to the life. All his pursuits were for his own private satisfaction; he shunned mankind; and there is not one of his discoveries that would ever have been published if it had not been dragged into the light by his friends, while he looked on, fretting and muttering at the intrusion. Of him it may be said with truth, what was never truly said of Milton, "His soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

Dwelling thus apart, and viewing with singular apathy all that men most prize in public esteem and private sympathy, it was natural that Newton should look with stoical contempt on all the objects of human ambition. Love he heeded not—honor he sought not; above all things he despised wealth. Master of the mint, money had no charms for him. Speculum metal, for his reflecting telescope, was to him the most precious of metals. The bursting of a soap bubble gave him more concern than the loss of £90,000 on the bursting of the South Sea Bubble. His indifference was extended to his latest biographer, who has not condescended to hint at the loss. Sir Isaac thought more of a lens and a prism than all the ingots at the mint and all the diamonds in Amsterdam. He parted with his money freely—so freely, indeed, that his biographers have regarded it as a proof of singular generosity. It was nothing of the kind; it was no more generosity than is the act of the poor savage who gives away inestimable treasures for a glass bead or a little bit of mirror.

What cared he for wealth? He had no interest in human life; he had no sublunary pleasures which money purchases, except pippins and red steaks. He gave it away to anybody who asked for it. In one of his absent fits he had his pocket picked of more than £3,000, and suspected a nephew of the celebrated William Whiston; he made no efforts to recover his bank bills, and when asked how much he had lost, only replied, "Too much." He was so far imposed upon that he paid £4,000 for an estate in Wiltshire worth only half of that sum; he was told that he might vacate his bargain in equity, and he declined the trouble. "I have seen," says honest Humphrey Newton—"I have seen a small pasteboard box in his study, set against the open window, with no less, as one might suppose, than 1,000 guineas in it, crowded edgeways; whether this was suspicion or carelessness I cannot say—perhaps to try the fidelity of those about him."

It was certainly carelessness; but poor Humphrey (how vividly he remembers it all!) felt sorely tempted when he saw, "as one might suppose"—for he was too honest to count them—"no less than 1,000 guineas" "crowded edgeways," and it was a help to his fidelity to believe that the trial was intended by his master—his master, to whom, when at the head of the mint, a duchess all in vain offered a bribe of £6,000. At one period of his life Sir Isaac gave some study to alchymy, and we might suppose, from one of the sentences in the letter to Francis Aston, from which we have already quoted, that he had thought of transmutation as a means of money-making. He recommends his young friend to inquire on the continent about transmutations, these "being the most luciferous, and many times *luciferous* experiments, too, in philosophy."

This letter, however, it must be remembered,

was written not long before his circumstances were such as to give him some anxiety, and he was glad to escape his weekly payments as a member of the Royal Society. If he ever thought of money-making it was only to pay his frugal buttery book, and buy putty for his lenses, and oranges for his sister. He gave away his money without concern; he was even offensive in his liberality, and quarreled with persons who refused his purse. Think of Sir Isaac taking a handful of guineas at random out of his pocket, and offering it as a fee to a physician like Cheselden!

We have not said anything of the controversies which brought Newton into contact with his fellow-men, and put his manliness to the test; and we must leave it to others to adjust all the microscopic details of authorship and copyright which these controversies involve. But it is impossible to pass without reprehension the unfairness with which Newton treated his opponents, Huygens and Hooke, Leibnitz and Flamsteed. It is just retribution that Newton's corpuscular theory of light has succumbed before the undulatory theory defended by Huygens and Hooke; that his law of double refraction has been displaced by that of Huygens; that his theory of the inflexion of light has been forgotten by Hooke; and that his method of fluxions, which raised the greatest din of all, has been supplanted by the different calculus of Leibnitz. For one thing in these controversies we may be proud of Newton. His jealousy was absurd, all generosity was forgotten; but he never descended to the atrocious frands which disgraced his opponents, Bernouilli, Leibnitz and Wolf.

Such was Newton as a man. Glorious in his intellect, with a piety rather intellectual than devotional, he was a stoic, for he had no feelings to contend with. It is very saddening to find that the two most splendid names which science can boast of belong to men so deficient in their moral natures as Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton. In the former we find a positive moral obliquity, which would awaken pity were it not joined to so majestic an intellect that it excites terror and despair of human nature. In the latter we find simply a vacuüm—iron intellect on every side surrounding and maintaining the tremendous gap within. We have no desire to moralize on the fact. We have simply endeavored to give a faithful representation of Newton's character, believing that no possible good can result from the fulsome flatteries which are heaped on his good name. When the cotemporaries of Newton hailed him as a god, they declared, in very brilliant phrase, that he was not a man.

THE RETURN.

BY XENEITH.

In the sweet old woods, in the dear old woods,
Where I wandered long ago,
Through the cool deep shade by the tall trees made,
I roamed when the sun was low.
'Twas a loved retreat,
And I thought most sweet
It would be in that tranquil hour,
By the last rich ray
Of the sun to stray
Through my oft-frequented bower.

Ah! many a change, unlooked-for and strange,
O'er my spirit lone had passed,
Since, 'neath the shade by those tall trees made
My feet had wandered last;
And hope's pure light,
That with radiance bright
O'er my happy spirit shone,
Like the fading gleam
Of the sunset beam
Had vanished and left me alone.

And a change was there, for the brooding air,
Once laden with pleasant sound,
With a pensive tone breathed of days by-gone
As the breezes sighed around;
For the humming bee,
In the blossomed tree,
And the Robin's tuneful lay,
And the cooing dove
With her notes of love,
All, all, had passed away.

Still the wild-flower lone by the mossy stone
Looked up with a tender smile,
Yet methought it wore midst its leaves no more
The smile that it wore erewhile.
And the rill went by
Singing lovingly
A song for the young leaves' birth;
Yet still I deemed
That strange sadness seemed
To be blending with its mirth.

The young beech tree, which had sheltered me
From the fervid noontide ray,
By some ruthless hand from its kindred band
Had been rudely cut away.
'Twas my bower of prayer
Ere the wing of care
O'er my heaven of gladness swept;
And, though far, far thence,
I had wandered since,
Fond mem'ry its bloom had kept.

Oh! how changed, how lone, every spot had grown,
Yet I lingered grieving there,
For a haunting tone, as from years by-gone,
Pervaded the dewy air.
Oh! that mournful spell
O'er my spirit fell
With a strange subduing power,
And bitter tears,
O'er youth's blighted years,
Were poured in that silent hour.

MEN OF SCIENCE.

About the time that the present number of our Magazine goes to press there will be a dignified gathering of the scientific men of our country at Albany, as the "American Association for the Advancement of Science" was to hold its annual meeting in that city, commencing on the 20th of August. We shall doubtless be able in our next issue to give some account of their sage deliberations. The meeting has been expected to possess more than usual interest the present year, as a new observatory was to be inaugurated, and other extra ceremonies beyond the ordinary business of the Association. Addresses were to be delivered by Senator Seward and Edward Everett. Invitations were extended to many of the most distinguished leaders of science in Europe to attend this meeting, but we have not yet learned that there is a prospect of any of them being present.

In the mean time, while waiting for some account of the doings of this august body at Albany, we will give our readers a glimpse of a similar gathering of English savans, at the annual meeting of the "British Association for the Advancement of Science," held at Glasgow last September. The description is from an American gentleman, who gives a graphic, and sometimes almost saucy account, of what he saw, and sends it to the Edgefield Advertiser in South Carolina:

"Glasgow, Sept. 16, 1856.

"I reached Glasgow on Friday from my Highland tour. On Wednesday the 'British Association for the Advancement of Science' was convened in the City Hall, at 8 o'clock P. M. The room, which was capable of holding 3,000 persons, was two-thirds filled—the galleries and benches being filled by the associates, of whom a large number were females, comprising the beauty and fashion of Glasgow and the surrounding country. On the stage sat the distinguished foreigners, and the life members of the Association. These are the noble amateurs and the really scientific members. The associates are the commoners—amateurs who pay £1 for the privilege of attending the discussions, etc., of the meeting. Having gone early, I had a good seat in the gallery just over the stage, and a few minutes after 8 o'clock the distinguished body of science and noble blood came in from the Lord Provost's (where they had been dining) pell mell upon the stage. I did not know one of them, but when they were seated I recognized in the tall, ungainly figure that occupied the chair, the former President, the Earl of Harrowby. He rose to make his valedictory, and though I felt till then a certain awe, I was forced to hold my hat over my face to hide the laughter which the singular appearance of this individual rendered it impossible for me to restrain. He stood at first erect, with his hands crossed before him, where he held them closely together all the time; but no sooner had he said 'Ladies,' than he flung his body backward, his feet remaining firm, till his form represented an arc of 90 degrees. His large nose, tapered to a point, rose from his cadaverous face, and was directed to the ceiling in his rear, while his long, stiff coat tail, equally sharp, stood at the antipodes and looked toward the audience. Singular as was his attitude, conceive my surprise when, by a rapid movement, he entirely reversed his position, brought his pointed nose to the table in front of him, and sent his coat tail out horizontally behind, while—not as though it had been spoken, but as though it had been ejected by this violent effort—the word 'Gentlemen' broke from his lips. This was his only gesture; his hands and feet remained firm, but at every sentence he performed one or more of these rapid, violent and exaggerated antero-posterior contortions. He spoke only a few minutes, and his ideas were destitute of point, and his expressions of all elegance. He concluded by introducing his Grace the Duke of Argyle, the President of the Association for this year.

His Grace is a young man, about thirty-two, who has been much petted, and has a reputation for cleverness, and his election as President is esteemed a high expression of the value which the scientific talent of the United Kingdom place upon his learning and abilities. He is of good figure, short, neat hand and foot, a certain freedom of carriage rarely possessed, I believe, by people here, with a fine head and eye, delicate features and an exhuberant growth of pale red hair. He stood upon a narrow platform, where it was scarcely possible for him to move his feet, without falling off. The table, a very common one, before which he stood, was so low that he was obliged to hold his speech in his hand. It was printed, however, which was well, for he could not have held the manuscript for such a length of time. His voice was free and clear, and his manner easy. There was no gesticulation, except turning his face from one side to the other. He gave a resumé of the principal discoveries in science since 1840, when the meeting was held in Glasgow last. There were no striking thoughts, and though he spoke of friends who had recently died, the celebrated Edward

Forbes was one, (a young man,) there was no attempt at pathos—only a genteel tribute. His speech was two hours long, and nothing more than a catalogue, with little comment, of the most commonly known results and achievements of science; and I am compelled to say that, merely as such, it was strikingly deficient in many important points. The language was good, however, and, except in a few words, the pronunciation the same as our own. When he finished, Dr. Macfarlane, the aged Principal of the Glasgow University, rose, and rolling his tongue in his toothless mouth, spluttered forth the most astonishing concatenation of fulsome compliments to the noble Duke, for 'his very able and learned, and enlightened, and liberal address,' that could be imagined, and closed by moving that the 'thanks of this meeting be returned to his Grace, the most noble Duke of Argyle.' Sir Roderic Murchison, of geological celebrity, rose to second the motion. He is rather handsome, resembles B——, but is not near so good-looking. He hemmed and hawed, repeated and bungled, could not say what he wanted to say, affected bashfulness when he was evidently brazen enough, and finally took his seat after what, with us, would have been considered a flat failure, as would everything that passed on the occasion, except the Duke's speech. Mr. Phillips, author of 'Mineralogy, Geology, etc.,' rose, and at least deserved the credit of saying, without stammering, what he wished. He read over the list of distinguished strangers. Prince Lucien Bonaparte, the ornithologist, was named. The audience applauded, and the Prince rose and bowed. Good heavens! is there any of the great Napoleonic blood in that little, squat, obese Frenchman? He looks as if he had been stuffed with frogs till he could scarcely draw his breath. He is the very realization of the notion of a frog-eating Frenchman, and a few touches of the pencil of the caricaturist would make an excellent likeness of him in the shape of a bull-frog of the first rank. Baron Liebig came next. The Baron rose—a slender, good-looking man of fifty, with hair just turning gray, and, except a large nose and erect carriage, nothing to distinguish him; not a mark of profound thought. In a word, I would be glad to report differently, but the truth is, take that body all in all, the nobles and learned doctors, they were as common looking and as unintellectual a display of men as could be easily collected. On Thursday I attended the various sections, where many interesting papers were read, and saw and heard the celebrated Hugh Miller. He has a fine head—the best of any here—but looks and speaks like a Scotch laborer; yet he has genius. That night I went to a *conversazion*, where, knowing no one, I had the gratification of pressing my hat for an hour or two through the crowd On Friday I went to the mathematical section to see Prof. N——, of this place, for whom I had left my card and letter of introduction at the Glasgow Observatory. Mr. Whitehouse read a paper which was thought, by celebrated physicists, etc., present, to demonstrate the practicability of a telegraphic communication between this country and America. Afterward there was a paper on the material that occupies the interplanetary spaces. This was followed by Prof. N——, in a most ingenious article on the geological formations in the moon. Think of it! No longer are men desirous of becoming State geologists, but they aspire to be geologists to the moon. When he took his seat, Sir John Ross, an old gray-headed, sturdy sailor, wearing several medals, a white vest and a deep scarlet neckcloth, rose to say that as for those beautiful diagrams on which the Professor founded his opinions, they were the result of the observations of his telescope, and that he had been accustomed to produce them for the amusement of ladies. This was a terrible revelation, and Sir David Brewster, a handsome old gentleman, rose to smooth it over. That night I heard Dr. Carpenter lecture, and saw the great Whewell. He is the very incarnation of an English clergyman. I have not heard him speak. Carpenter has a fine head. In the face he resembles H——; is tall, slender and ungainly in his figure, looking like a schoolboy; immense hands and feet; his pantaloons were too short, and he wore leather straps as long as Major Jones.

"I was now introduced to Sir William Jardine who promised that to-morrow I should hear the whole subject of artificial fish-breeding discussed. Last night I went to an evening party at Prof. N——'s. I had not been personally introduced to him. This I did myself as soon as I entered; he spoke a few words to me and begged me to walk around. I thanked him and sauntered off. Three or four rooms were thrown open to the guests; there was no such thing as introductions, and as most of them were strangers like myself, there were the most ludicrous scenes of awkward, gaping people that could be imagined. I made myself perfectly at home, and though no one spoke to me, I addressed several who seemed obliged to me.

"After awhile I saw Dr. Carpenter standing

alone; he was the only person there whose name even I knew, and I hastily made my way up to him; found him very affable, and enjoyed half-an-hour's conversation with him, which I shall remember for a long time. I staid about an hour and a half, and as soon as I saw the first man retire I went home. There was a mulatto there talking French, who did not look a bit more awkward than the rest of the company, and whom some of the ladies seemed to find particularly interesting. He was not even a good specimen of a negro, and as I turned from him my eye fell on two books of Clarkson, on the abolition of the slave trade. I have seen all the great men of science in England, except Faraday and Herschel, whom I know of. I believe I have not made the best of my opportunities, and that I should have talked right and left to all to whom I had anything to say. Indeed, I am surprised at English affability, after the reserve I had anticipated. I have seldom been addressed first, but I have uniformly received the most polite reply to any remark which I made. Everything is, 'If you please,' 'I thank you,' 'I beg pardon,' 'I am much obliged,' etc., etc.,—sentences which they repeat till you are sick of hearing them, from the waiters at hotels up. There is also an affectation of timidity among all classes, which makes them stammer and hesitate whenever they speak. Vulgar as this is, the very best of them, such as Jardine, Murchison, even the Duke of Argyle, are guilty of it to a most abominable extent. H."

THY STARRY EYES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MAGGIE BELL.

Thy starry eyes seem ever bent
  So lovingly on mine,
It seems as though the angels lent
  Their tenderness to thine:
They speak to me of brighter days,
  Of hopes which cannot fade—
My spirit basking in their rays
  Is better, purer made.

They seem to me like beacons fair
  To guide my spirit here,
Above the breakers of despair
  Unto a higher sphere
I love to linger in their light,
  So far above all praise,
While calmly, as the starry night,
  They mirror back my gaze.

With intuitions beautiful,
  With aspirations bright,
So reverently dutiful,
  So full of holy light—
I feel that when life's stormy days
  Have brought the quiet even,
Those starry eyes will lend their rays
  To light me home to Heaven.

SIMEON SNOOKS TWICE MARRIED.

"Though love is warm awhile,
Soon it grows cold." [MOORE.

Mr. Simeon Snooks was, in some respects, a remarkable man. We do not mean to say that there was anything remarkable in the fact that Mr. Snooks was becoming considerably bald-headed, nor that his hair was slightly sprinkled with the "blossoms of time"—nor yet that the whiskers which flourished in rare luxuriance upon his chin, gave unmistakable proof that their owner had already begun to descend the downhill path of life.

But the fact is, Mr. Snooks was a man of *high birth*, which, in these days of peculiar whims and notions, is a matter of no small importance.

Again, he was an Englishman; which, of itself, would not be anything particularly startling—but what we want to get at is this, that Mr. Snooks was once a hopeful cion of a genteel English family, and consequently was a man of considerable education and knowledge of good society, and had many refined notions quite above common opinions; all which made him, in the eyes of his neighbors, a personage of importance, or, as we said before, a remarkable man.

Now it happened that in early life Mr. Simeon Snooks unfortunately fell in love; (alas! that such should be the melancholy fate of most men;) unfortunately, we say, for his love was bestowed, not upon one of his own high standing and exalted attainments, but upon one of humble birth, of inferior station, or, rather, as they say in England, upon a *peasant girl*.

Simeon undoubtedly realized the immense condescension it would be for him to connect himself with this young lady, (perhaps I should not have said *lady* in this connection, but as it was "a slip of the pen" I hope I may be pardoned,) but, notwithstanding, he very resolutely determined, as many others would have done in similar circumstances, to make her his bride.

Now this, we must say, was very unwise in Simeon. It is manifestly improper for a man of high standing and gentle breeding to stoop to a connection with one of inferior rank. But so it was in the case of our hero.

In vain did the senior Mr. Snooks storm and threaten; in vain did Mrs. Snooks exhaust the whole vocabulary of Yorkshire epithets in denouncing the conduct of her misguided son; in vain did his aristocratic sisters frown and toss their pretty heads—Simeon was resolute.

Love, with him, was an all-absorbing pas-

sion, and threats and expostulations only served to make him more determined. In due time he was married, and with his bride took ship for America.

"Favoring gales" wafted the loving pair across the waves of the blue Atlantic, and after a few months they found themselves comfortably settled on a pleasant farm in one of the most romantic districts of the far-famed West.

But it was the destiny of Mr. Snooks, and undoubtedly there are hundreds who have had the same sorrowful experience, to find his dream of love and domestic felicity *only a dream.*

It took only a few months to convince him, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Mrs. Snooks was neither pretty nor agreeable.

Whether or not the remembrance of his own exalted birth, and of the high circles in which he had moved "at home," had any influence in bringing about this discovery, we are not prepared to say. But it is not at all improbable, that Mr. Snooks cast "many a longing, lingering look" back to the dignity which he had abandoned; and while he undoubtedly considered the humble life which he had chosen perfectly adapted to the capacities of his wife, he felt not a little uncomfortable when thinking of the immense stoop which he had made for her sake. Neither is it impossible but that he might sometimes have told her so. Indeed, we feel well persuaded that he did, for Mrs. Snooks was a very irritable person, and Mr. S. was often as irritable as his wife, and not unfrequently hasty in his expressions.

Now, patient reader, we must beg pardon for exposing this fault, if we may so term it, of our hero. We certainly should not have done it if we had been writing a fictitious story—nay, verily! but we would have made him a paragon of goodness, and his wife the "pink of perfection"—but as it is a tale from real life which we are giving you, we trust that you will pardon us if we do not make Mr. and Mrs. Snooks particularly better than they were.

It would be quite foreign to our purpose to follow Mr. S. and his wife through the history of their pioneer life, to show how the lady's asperities of temper increased as age advanced and health failed; how the gentleman grew more and more austere as domestic peace declined, not to say as wealth increased, and he came to be more and more a personage of importance in the vicinity where he resided. We would not infer that his rising dignity enabled him to see any more clearly the disparity between himself and his humble wife; for we do not profess to be sufficiently versed in the mysteries of human nature to say, with any degree of certainty, that such was the case.

But the world is full of changes, and it would not be reasonable to suppose that the life of Mrs. Snooks should be free from what seems to be the common lot of mankind.

Consumption, which had long since commenced its ravages upon the enfeebled constitution of Mrs. S. rapidly advanced toward the consummation of its fatal work.

Slowly, silently, like the flame of an expiring taper—now brightening up into intense, unnatural brilliancy—now fading away till its faint light is almost spent, and then brightening again only to sink into deeper gloom, her feeble life went out; and Mr. Snooks found himself unexpectedly alone—widowed, desolate.

It was near the close of a gloomy, misty day in Winter, that Mr. S. was suddenly summoned to the bedside of his dying wife. There was no time for explanation of past differences—none for the exchange of fond adieus, such as should mark the last sad parting between hearts once joined for a life-long pilgrimage together; the dim eyes of the wife gave no token of recognition, and she passed away without even pressing the hand which had led her away from her own dear England to die in a foreign land.

It is sad to die in a foreign land—sad, even when fond, loving ones are near to wipe away the death-dews and whisper words of cheer to the parting spirit, as it stands trembling upon the verge of life, and looking with strange dread upon the dim pathway which it must soon tread through the vale of dissolution; sad, when love, constant and long tried, sustains the drooping head and closes the dim eyes; but how deep must be the gloom to one who is passing away from a home illumined by no love-light; where the sweet fountain of domestic affection has been chilled and frozen from a cold hearthstone, and an alienated heart. Whether it was that the latent spark of affection was awakened, as Mr. S. looked upon his pale, unconscious wife; whether the memory of her youthful sacrifice of home and native land came back reproachfully to his spirit, or remorse stung him to agony, as cold, unkind words, neglect or rudeness came back to his memory, blended with the recollection of many sacrifices, many kindnesses, many gentle words and various excellences of character of the departed, we cannot tell; certain it is that Mr. Snooks wept bitterly by the bedside of his pale, silent wife, and all who saw him seemed fully persuaded that he felt as bad as it would be

proper for any one to feel under similar circumstances.

It was a cold, cheerless day when Mr. Snooks saw the remains of his companion laid in the grave. Loud and unrestrained was the grief of the widower as he saw the moist earth heaped upon the coffin lid which hid forever from his gaze the form of his lost one. And when at last he turned away to seek his desolate home many an eye was wet with sympathetic tears.

Two weeks passed away—two weeks of loneliness, of anguish, of desolation to the bereaved widower. Oh! what an age of suffering was comprised within the limits of those two dreary weeks.

None but they who have known the anguish of unutterable grief—grief weightier than ordinary mortals are capable of enduring—can form any adequate conception of his sufferings during that dark period of misery.

But sorrow which is so intense, fortunately for the sufferer, is usually of short duration. So it was in the case of Mr. Snooks. Cupid, the little archer, who, as poets say, is blind, stationed himself behind a pair of soft blue eyes whose mellow glances rivalled the sunbeams which for seventeen summers had deepened the rose-tint on the cheek of a lovely maiden, and from beneath their drooping lashes he sent forth his tiny arrow, which, being too cunningly aimed to miss its mark, sank deep into the susceptible heart of the sorrowing widower.

Alas for Simeon Snooks! pierced by Cupid's dart, and at such a time; alas, for Anna Jones! destined so soon to exchange the gaiety and merriment of seventeen for the dignified deportment and sober airs of fifty; what would the world say?

Well, the world said simply this: that Snooks never cared a fig about his wife's death; that his grief was all put on for the sake of a show; that he was showing himself a perfect old dunce—and that is not the worst epithet which was applied to him; but every one knows that some persons will make undignified expressions, and it would be folly in us to repeat them.

Now all this, it will undoubtedly be admitted, was absurd scandal. Mr. Snooks was an impulsive man—a man of strong susceptibilities; consequently, he was capable of suffering as much in two weeks as ordinary men are in a year.

It will be evident, also, to every considerate person, that the old-fashioned notion, that people must mourn a full year at any rate, needs some modification in these days of progress.

If a person is capable of mourning as much in two weeks as it is proper for him to in a year, what reasonable person would censure him for doing so? Just as well say, because some old-fashioned slow-sailing craft requires three months or more to cross the Atlantic, that a modern steamer

"With its dashing wheels and its fiery roar,"

should be condemned because it can perform the same journey in ten or twelve days. This any sensible person would pronounce sheer nonsense; but very few, particularly of the good people of the neighborhood, thought of applying the same principle to the case of Mr. Snooks.

As for poor Anna, almost every one became singularly eloquent concerning her; some censuring, some ridiculing, and some pitying her, even before it was known that she had the least idea of ever marrying Mr. S.

We do not pretend to say that there was any jealousy in the matter—undoubtedly the good matrons of the neighborhood wished to have Anna "do better." *Of course* they were sincere, when they said that it was "a pity for a young, pretty girl like her to take up with such a chance."

"Snooks was nearly as old as her own father; and then, who ever heard of such a thing as an old widower being good to a young wife."

"Poor Anna! little did she know what trouble awaited her, if she married old Snooks"—so soon was the dignified title of Mr. lost in the epithet "old," when his name became the topic of neighborhood scandal.

Whether or not these sayings ever reached the ears of Mr. Snooks we are wholly ignorant; certain it is that if they did, he was a man of too much dignity, of too much steadfastness of purpose, to be moved by them.

We have seen, in the affair of his first marriage, that he manifested firmness in no ordinary degree, and it was not at all likely that *age* had weakened his strength in this respect.

As for Anna, there can be no reasonable doubt that these sayings were, the most of them, repeated to her; certain it is, that she had sundry *affectionate relatives*, whoee most vigorous exertions were put forth to save her from the unhappy destiny which they much feared awaited her.

Now, Anna Jones, whatever might have been her opinion of Mr. Snooks's merits, was not a person to be moved very seriously by

these demonstrations of "disinterested friendship." Though very quiet and unassuming in her manners, and generally yielding in ordinary matters, she had, in affairs of special importance, "a will and a way of her own;" and had on many occasions evinced a degree of firmness beyond her years.

It however became evident that, notwithstanding Anna's well-known decision of character, a certain female relative, who *everybody knew* was in Snooks's interest, was exerting no small influence over her, and that she evidently began to feel considerable interest in the forlorn widower.

This course on the part of Anna's affectionate relative was, in the opinion of the sober-minded portion of the community, absolutely unpardonable.

It was really "too bad for a woman of her age and experience to be trying to bring about a match between a young, fine-looking girl like Anna Jones, and such an old, bald-headed fellow as Snooks." And then everybody knew that Snooks had "some bad habits—habits that could not fail of rendering poor Anna very unhappy, and of making her home anything but pleasant."

Aunt Sally Smith became excited. "She would sartin go and talk to Polly about puttin' up Anna to sich an orful thing. If Anna was too young to have judgment for herself, Polly ort to have judgment for her. But there! what's the use o' sayin a word to her? She was allers as selfish as all natur, and now she's showin' out in good airnest. She don't care a crumb nor grain for Anna's happiness, it's only herself she's looking out for. She knows very well if she gits Anna in at old Snooks's, that many's the good bit that 'll find its way on to her table."

"Polly might take it as she would, but she'd have one talk with her, and that's what she would. She'd clear her conscience, ''tenny rate.'"

Leaving Aunt Sally Smith fully established in her conscience-clearing resolution, we will return to Mr. Snooks. As we said before, two weeks of agony had rolled heavily away; then came the fatal arrow which had filled his heart with unutterable pangs, and left him forever the devoted admirer of the charming Anna Jones.

But now the time had come when the confession must be made; his tale of love must be told, and he must know his destiny; and accordingly, in due time we find Simeon actually making preparation to pay his first visit to the object of his fond affection.

It has been asserted, with what truth we cannot of course determine, that Mr. Snooks exhibited unusual care in arranging his toilet on this momentous occasion.

It has been furthermore insinuated that he actually went through with sundry exercises before his mirror—such as bowing, smiling, sighing, and even weeping, in the anticipation, probably, that skill in one or all of these accomplishments (for no one will deny that it is an accomplishment to smile, weep or sigh, *and do it gracefully*,) would be necessary in making the desired impression.

Be that as it may, for our own part we can see no good reason for censuring him, even allowing this to have been the case. In the first place, it was a matter of no small importance that he should be tastefully dressed on this occasion. He knew very well that a suitor's dress is an important item of consideration in the mind of almost every lady; and he understood, too, that he could most easily impress her with a just idea of his wealth in this way.

Simeon knew, moreover, that he was somewhat in the "sere and yellow leaf" of his days, and that it became vitally important that he should look as young as possible. No person of sound judgment would, we think, call it unwise in him to shave off his unfortunate whiskers, which, as we said before, gave unmistakable signs of antiquity; nor yet, in the persevering efforts which he made to correct an unfortunate stooping in his shoulders, and to assume an erect and dignified bearing.

With respect to the practicing in bows, smiles and sighs, with which he has been charged, who, that properly appreciates the position of our hero, will fail to commend his prudence in preparing himself for what would most likely take place? Suppose, for instance, that the lady should seem disposed to receive him with formality, how pleasantly he could introduce himself with a few graceful and well-studied bows and smiles, and the impression thus made might be as lasting as life. Did young men, and old men, too, only realize the importance of duly attending to these important particulars, how different might be their success!

Then when he should come to enter into conversation upon the subject of his love, should she appear indifferent or look coldly upon him, how affectingly could he sigh, or even weep—and tears, Simeon knew very well, are often more effectual in melting the heart of the cold and indifferent than the most studied eloquence. There can be no doubt but that Simeon acted

the part of a philosopher on this occasion, yet how few there are who manifest the same prudent foresight.

At length, all preliminaries being over, Mr. Snooks set out for the residence of his charmer. No true lover of beauty could fail of being sensibly affected when looking at the comely face and dignified bearing of our hero.

The sable weeds of mourning had found their place among the things of bygone days. His smoothly shaven chin peeped gracefully out from between the somewhat aspiring corners of a collar whose whiteness no laundress but his own could imitate.

His form, so lately bowed beneath the storm of overwhelming sorrow, now rose erect in all the dignity of manhood, and his bald head towered boldly up—

"Though wasting time
Had borne him far beyond his prime."

We will pass over the ceremony of Mr. Snooks's reception by the charming Anna. No doubt they were both somewhat embarrassed; this would have been quite proper and natural. It is said that widowers do not spend much time in useless ceremony—be that as it may, Mr. Snooks did not.

A few introductory "ahems," a slight restlessness of manner, gave the lady warning that an important announcement was pending; then came the exciting disclosure of his love, in language remarkable both for dignity and pathos, and Mr. Snooks closed his eloquent and pathetic address with a formal offer of his hand in marriage.

Whatever might have been the motives of Miss Jones—whether she felt real aversion to the gentleman, (which is certainly much to be doubted,) whether a sudden caprice to appear indifferent seized her, or whether she wished to assure herself of his sincerity, we know not; yet the fact is well authenticated that Miss Jones did actually decline the addresses of Mr. Snooks, and refused to become his wife. Now followed a scene which baffles description. The disappointed lover sprang upon his feet, beat his breast, and groaned in the agony of his spirit. Perhaps there are those whose hopes have been assuddenly blighted as were Simeon's on this trying occasion, and whose feelings have been wound up to an equal pitch of agony from a similar cause; to the minds of such we leave the task of forming an adequate idea of his anguish under these distressing circumstances.

Again and again did the half-distracted lover declare the hopelessness of his attachment, conjuring her with tears to consider the strength of his affection and to revoke her hasty and severe decision. Alas! for poor Anna, how could she turn a deaf ear to such eloquence, how could she steel her heart against such devoted affection?

"Not hers the heart to scorn his plea,
A tender heart indeed had she!
She thought of all his sums of gold,
The sheep that bleated in his fold,
The cows that filled his well-stocked yard,
And her young heart, no longer hard,
Beat with emotions kinder far—
Such strange transactions sometimes are!"

Miss Jones reflected deeply. Mr. Snooks was a man of character; he was a man of learning; above all, he was a man of *wealth*. The mind of the young lady became oppressed with the magnitude of the considerations which came thronging upon her.

But it is not for us to attempt a disclosure of the deep and solemn thoughts which passed rapidly through the mind of the young girl, nor will we aver that the poet who has thus attempted to describe the working of her mind in song is correct in his conclusions; suffice it to say that, after a few moments spent in thought, she raised her head, and in a low, firm voice informed the desponding Simeon that, after mature deliberation, she had resolved to become his bride

It would be vain to attempt a description of the emotions of the delighted lover. None but they whose feelings have been similar to his, can realize them; to the imagination of such we leave the portraying of his ecstacies, fully persuaded that our feeble pen is inadequate to such a task.

But, alas! for Simeon; alas! for Anna; "the course of true love never did run smooth." When the delighted lover announced the subject to the parents of his lady-love, what was his mortification to meet with a prompt and decided refusal. Where now was "love's fond dream of bliss;" where now were the beautiful air-castles which but a few hours before had shone in bright perspective before the mental vision of the enraptured lover? Gone—all gone! cruelly dashed to the earth in one short hour. His spirits were crushed, and he returned to his home, now doubly desolate, to mourn over his unparalleled woes.

But our hero was not the man to sit down supinely, and waste his time and energies in idle sorrow. No! the spirit of Simeon Snooks rose adequate to the circumstances in which he found himself placed.

Had he on a former occasion braved the ire

of his haughty father; the contempt of his aristocratic mother and sisters; and, above all, the scorn of the society in which he had so proudly moved, and should he now abandon his hopes; see the cup of happiness dashed from his lips, and make no effort to avert the dreadful calamity? In truth, reader, thou hast greatly mistaken the spirit of the indomitable Simeon if such has been thy opinion! Many and frequent were the interviews which he sought with Mr. Jones and his determined wife; and tempting were the inducements which he set before them to procure their consent, but they were inexorable. "Never should their Anna become the wife of such a man."

She was too young to marry any one, much less a man of his age. In vain did Mr. Snooks plead his cause with the inexorable pair, and at length, seeing no hope of success, he resolved to adopt an entirely different course.

On the firmness and constancy of Anna he new founded all his hope Clandestine visits were paid her, and Polly, the indefatiguable friend of Simeon, and the affectionate relative of Anna, began anew her efforts to effect the wished for union between the two congenial hearts for whom she was willing to labor and to sacrifice.

In vain did the lynx-eyed gossips of the neighborhood look on, hoping to discover something to talk about; for now everything went on so secretly that their utmost sagacity was completely baffled.

Miss Lucy Lookout was positive of having seen a man lurking around Jones's, one night "just as if he was expecting somebody;" and Miss Sally Spy declared, that one night when she was at Jones, somebody rapped three times at the front door; and that "Anna did raly act kinder nervous all the time;" but, as she was there, nobody was asked to come in. Serious minded people were of the opinion that *something was about to take place*, and in this they were not mistaken.

Suddenly, and like a thunderbolt, did the astounding intelligence break upon the anxious community that an *elopement* had taken place.

Nothing else was thought of, nothing else talked of, and when, at evening, Mr. and Mrs. Snooks drove quietly through the neighborhood on their way home, excitement was at its hight.

We would not aver that Aunt Sally Smith spent a sleepless night, *but the probability is that she did;* and as for Lucy Lookout and Sally Spy, their astonishment was positively indiscribable.

Whether the marriage of Mr. Snooks and Miss Jones had any *special* effect upon the minds of these young ladies or not we cannot, of course, determine, but they remain unmarried till this day; how much longer they will continue in a state of solemn celibacy is uncertain.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were not hard to be reconciled to the match when they saw that their opposition was no longer availing. Polly, the untiring, persevering Polly, became from that day forth the best beloved friend of Simeon Snooks and his devoted wife; and, as Aunt Sally Smith prophesied, many were the favors which they lavished upon her

When we last had the honor to receive direct information from the wedded pair they were in possession of as much enjoyment as mortals can reasonably hope for in this troublesome world.

Happiness seemed to have taken up its permanent abode in their habitation, and no one who has witnessed their felicity will ever again believe the dogmatical assertion of the poet that

"May and December can never, can never agree."

NICARAGUA AND PRESIDENT WALKER.

One of the most interesting and important national problems of the present time is fast being developed and solved in Central America, and the central State of Nicaragua is the theater where the grand problem is mainly to be worked out. For many long years the Central American States have been almost constantly subject to civil wars and revolutionary commotions, plundered, impoverished and worn out by warring factions and military leaders. Not the least of the suffering States has been the ancient, rich and beautiful country of Nicaragua. For a quarter of a century that devoted land has hardly seen a year of peace. For the last three or four years previous to the advent of Gen. Walker a bitter warfare was carried on between two opposing factions, styled the Aristocratic and Democratic parties. The leaders of the Democratic party had heard of the heroism of Col. Walker, of California, and they sent to him an earnest invitation to "come over into Macedonia and help them." He obeyed the impulse of the spirit of liberty, accepted the invitation, and with a band of sixty hardy and resolute followers entered the country. By his aid the liberal party triumphed, and peace was established.

A Republic was declared, a new Government organized, a treaty of peace was agreed upon between the two opposing factions, and the public offices were filled by leading men from each party. Patricio Rivas was appointed

President, and Gen. Walker Commander-in-Chief of the army. The country settled down in peace, and a career of improvement and prosperity seemed to have commenced. Inducements were held out to emigrants from the United States, and many flocked into the country. The neighboring State of Costa Rica undertook to interfere, and declared her determination to exterminate the Americans from Nicaragua She marched into the territory with three thousand men, who were met at the town of Rivas by a force of six hundred, under the gallant Walker, and after a severe and bloody battle, which lasted more than twenty hours, the Costa Ricans were defeated with a loss of six hundred men, while Walker's force sustained a loss of about a hundred. The enemy in a short time made a hasty retreat from the country, and give no indications of a disposition to renew the contest.

Many rumors and reports have been circulated for some months past that the States of Honduras, Guatemala and San Salvador had formed a league to invade Nicaragua. But it is very doubtful whether they will ever put their threat into execution, and if they do, it is hardly probable they will meet with much better success than did Costa Rica.

But Nicaragua in the past two months has undergone another revolution. President Rivas proved to be a weak and timid man, and falling into the hands of bad advisers at Leon, the northern capital of the country, he was led to join in the intrigues of some of the restless revolutionary spirits, who seemed to think that it would not do to let the year pass away without another revolution, and for that purpose they encouraged an invasion from the neighboring States Gen. Walker, who was left in command at Granada, the southern capital, on Lake Nicaragua, and commanding the transit route between the two oceans, on learning this state of things, issued, on the 20th of June, the following decree:

WILLIAM WALKER, *General-in-Chief of the Army of Nicaragua, considering:*

That, by the treaty of the 23d of October last, Don Patricio Rivas was named as the Provisional President of the Republic, and that the power with which he was invested was an emanation of the powers conferred upon me by the Supreme Government as Expedientiary General,

That, on the Provisional President removing from the City of Granada to Leon, in March last, he delegated to me all the powers which had been intrusted to him to maintain order in the Eastern and Southern Departments of the Republic, and to guard in each against foreign invasion, proclaiming from that time martial law;

That the Provisional President appointed as Minister of Hacienda Licenciate, Don Fermin Ferrer, Commissioner in the Departments referred to, with all proper powers to aid me in my administration on suitable occasions;

That the Provisional President, Don Patricio Rivas, betraying his duties to the prejudice of the rights and well-being of the Government, has absconded to Chinandega, with the object to disarm all the frontier of the West and deliver the country to the forces of Carrera, who have invaded it; for which object he has commissioned Mr. Mariano Salizar;

That, on the 14th of this month, Mr. Rivas has issued a decree which repeals a decree which was issued four days previous, by which the people of Nicaragua are to choose a successor to him in office;

That, by the treaty of the 22d of October, it was explicitly guarranteed by the two contracting Generals that the Provisional President should maintain peace and order in the Republic, and that Don Patricio Rivas not only has endeavored to excite anarchy within, but has called the enemies without to invade the same.

In order to preserve the integrity of the Republic and the sacred duty to save the country from anarchy, and from the enemies foreign and domestic, I have deemed it proper to decree, and do

DECREE:

I. The Commissioner of the Government and Minister of the Hacienda, Don Fermin Ferrer, is appointed Provisional President of this Republic until the people shall elect a President, in obedience to the orders of the decree of the 10th inst., which is in full force and virtue.

II. In consequence, all the acts and decrees issued by order of Don Patricio Rivas, since the 12th inst., are null and void, in consequence of his desertion of all the trusts confided to him by virtue of the treaty of the 23d of October aforesaid.

III. The civil or military authorities of this Republic who lend obedience to Mr. Rivas in these matters, natives or foreigners, who may render to him any kind of aid, by loans or mercantile contracts, shall be considered as traitors to the country, and punished according to martial laws.

IV. Let this be communicated to whom it may concern, and published in all the towns of this Republic.

Done at Granada, on the 20th day of June, 1856.

WILLIAM WALKER.

At the same time a new Provisional Government was appointed, consisting of the following officers, till the day which had been appointed for the people to elect a President by ballot: President, Don Fermin Ferrer; Secretary of State, Gen. Manuel Carrascosa; Secretary of War, Gen. Mateo Pineda; Secretary of the Treasury, Don Manuel Loredo.

General Walker, on the same day, issued the following address:

TO THE PEOPLE OF NICARAGUA.

I came to Nicaragua to secure its peace and prosperity; with this view I signed the treaty of the 23d of October last, and assisted to uphold the Government organized under its provisions.

But the Government, far from aiding me to carry out the agreement of that treaty, has thrown obstacles in the way, and has ended by endeavoring to stir up civil strife within the Republic. Strange as it may appear, the late Rivas Administration has attempted to create troubles, and difficulties, and war between the people and the Americans they have invited hither

It was not enough that the Americans should endure

the pestilence at Granada for the purpose of consolidating the late Provisional Government, and receive no compensation for the services they rendered at the expense of so much suffering and so much death. It was not enough that they should pour out their blood at Rivas, in order to maintain the peace and honor of the State, and then have the Government refuse to provide them with the bare necessaries of life. Ingratitude was not sufficient to satisfy the craving for infamy which consumed the vitals of Government, and treason became necessary in order to furnish fresh food to the appetite for obloquy and contempt. They seek to repay their debt to the Americans by exciting the people against their benefactors.

It is thus manifest that the late Provisional Government has not only failed to fulfill its promises to the Americans and its duties to the people, but is guilty of the enormous crime of instigating its citizens to civil war. And to aid in these objects it has coalesced with the armed and declared enemies of the Republic—with the forces an illiterate savage attempts to pour over the plains of Nicaragua.

In addition, the Government has attempted to prolong its existence, by taking from the people the privilege of electing their own rulers. And as if further to mark its hatred for freedom, it has banished from the State a Cuban patriot, who, despairing for the present of his own country, has sought in this land the honor of using his sword in defense of liberty and progress.

With such accumulated crimes—conspiring against the very people it was bound to protect—the late Provisional Government is no longer worthy of existence. In the name of the people I have, therefore, declared its dissolution, and have organized a Provisional Government until the nation exercises its natural right of electing its own rulers. WILLIAM WALKER.

Granada, June 20, 1856.

The voting population of Nicaragua is estimated at about thirty-five thousand. The 24th of June was the day appointed for the popular election of President for the term of two years. It appears by the returns of votes that the population took a very general interest in the election, casting upward of twenty-three thousand votes—a larger proportion of all the voters than usually turn out at a popular election in our own country. It is stated that Gen. Walker did not intend to be a candidate till after the defection of Rivas was known, when, at the earnest solicitation of many influential natives, as well as the general desire of the Americans in the country, he consented to the use of his name. That the election was entirely a free one seems evident from the number of candidates voted for, and the ballots they respectively received. They footed up as follows: Gen. Walker, 15,335; Fermin Ferrer, (Provisional President,) 4,447; Salizar, (Secretary of the Rivas Government,) 2,087; Patricio Rivas, (the traitorous President,) 867. Total, 23,236.

The result of the election having been ascertained and published, on the 12th of July Gen. Walker was formally inaugurated President of the Republic of Nicaragua. It was a great day in the ancient City of Granada, commemorated by grand processions, imposing religious ceremonies, public dinner, speeches, toasts, &c.

The procession formed on the north side of the plaza, and took up its line of march by the west end, in order to salute the flags of the great nations presented there, and, the band playing appropriate music, marched thence along the south side into the plaza of St. Sebastian, passed the residence of the American Minister, in front of whose door the stripes and stars were flung jauntily to the breeze. Thence it passed the quarters of the Commander-in-Chief.

From this point the procession turned to the residence of the Provisional President, Don Fermin Ferrer, and halted in front of his door to receive him and the President elect. After a couple of minutes delay, both gentlemen appeared, accompanied by the bishop of the diocese of Granada, and were heartily cheered.

The march was now resumed—Gen. Walker on the left of the President—and after a few moments walking the procession was again in the plaza, formed in lines in front of the platform from which they were to be addressed by the speakers, and where the ceremony of taking the oath of office could be distinctly seen.

President Ferrer, followed by Gen. Walker, the Bishop, Col. Wheeler, some of the field officers and their staffs now ascended the platform—the whole party seated themselves in silence for a moment. During this interval the Bible was opened, the crucifix adjusted, and a cushion placed on the floor, which was soon to be pressed by the knees of the President elect.

The silence was now general. Every breath of the vast multitude on the plaza was hushed, and the solemn expression on the faces of the crowd showed that they were in momentary expectation of something in which they were intensely interested. Their suspense was of short duration. The Provisional President arose, and in a clear, calm tone delivered the following valedictory, in Spanish, which we translate:

MR. PRESIDENT: You hold in your hands the destinies of Nicaragua—the keys of a vast continent—of an unhappy people who hope for a brighter future—of a people who, great and flourishing even in adversity, will prove themselves in prosperity second to none, because nature is ever superior here to the effects of man's discord. You have been called to your present eminence by the people, in despite of a multitude of impostures and insidious stratagems practiced by the demagogues and enemies of progress and liberty in Central America, because an instinctive sense of self-preservation and high aspirations gave rise to this result of a universal popular suffrage.

With sincere and heartfelt pleasure I deliver to you the supreme command of the Republic, in the certainty that you will bestow upon it tranquility, progress and respectability. I know this, and the people also know it, since they have deposited their confidence in you, which you have accepted. In the present situation of the country, the free people of Nicaragua who have elected you promise themselves abundant fruit from your labors, and your fame will be transmitted to all posterity, illuminated by a never fading light.

This having been read in English by Charles Callaghan, Esq., Don Fermin Ferrer turned to William Walker and administered the oath of office. While the words of the oath were being read, Gen. Walker was on his knees, and in this position took upon himself the obligations of the Presidency of the Republic.

The oath was read and responded to in the Spanish language, which we translate thus:

OATH OF OFFICE.—You promise and swear to govern the free Republic of Nicaragua, and sustain its independent and territorial integrity with all your power, and to execute justice according to the principles of republicanism and religion.

"I promise and swear," responded the President.

You promise and swear, whenever it may be in your power, to maintain the law of God, the true profession of the Evangelists and the religion of the crucifixion.

"I promise and swear," responded the President.

In the name of God and the sainted Evangelists you swear to comply with these obligations, and to make it your constant guard to fulfill all that is herein promised

"I swear," responded the President.

And for this the succession is committed to you firmly by these presents, by authority of the Secretary of Government, charged with the general dispatches.

After the oath had been administered, cheer after cheer rose from the Americans assembled, mingled with the lusty *vivas* of the natives.

After receiving the oath of office, President Walker delivered his inaugural address, which will be found appended to this paper. It was delivered in a clear, firm, confident tone, and was listened to with the profoundest attention. Two or three times during its delivery there were outbursts of applause, but the eager multitude hushed them into silence, that a word might not be lost When it was concluded, the cheers which came forth spontaneously were almost deafening.

As soon as silence was in some degree restored, Colonel Laine read the address in Spanish, and at the conclusion of this, loud and prolonged *vivas* rent the air.

The procession was again formed, and marched round the Plaza to the Cathedral, where the President was received by the Bishop, Here the most imposing religious ceremonies, *Gloria in excelsis*, *Te Deum*, &c., were performed. Again the procession was formed, and after marching through several streets, escorted the President to his residence.

The ceremonies of the day were closed by a public dinner, which was attended by a large number of distinguished native residents and foreigners.

President Walker sat at the head of the table, dressed in uniform. On his right sat Don Fermin Ferrer, the late Provisional President, in citizen's clothes; on his left sat Col. Wheeler (American Minister,) dressed in full uniform. Contiguous to Don Fermin sat the Bremen Consul, in the uniform of his consulate, which glittered with silver lace. Added to this, the gay and tasteful uniform of the officers of the Nicaraguan army shown plentifully about the board, presented at once a brilliant and dignified spectacle.

At the further end of the table sat Brigadier-General Hornsby, in full uniform, supported by Brigadier-General Fry on his right, and Surgeon-General Ingraham on his left.

At the close of the substantial repast, various patriotic toasts and sentiments were given, and several interesting speeches made. We copy the brief reply of the American Minister to a complimentary toast:

"Colonel Wheeler—Minister from the United States—Representative of Democratic Institutions." Drank standing, with loud cheers.

In reply to the toast offered, the American Minister, Mr. Wheeler, said it might be expected that he should respond to a sentiment so unexpected and so appropriately offered. He felt deeply sensible of the honor, and in the name of the President of the United States, returned his heartfelt thanks. In a country like the United States, where the most unbounded freedom of opinion and discussion were indulged, it could not but be expected that some diversity of sentiment should exist upon any subject. But the course of the President, as regards Nicaragua, had received, as it deserved, one universal plaudit of approval throughout the American continent. While sacredly observing the laws he had vowed to support, and the faith of treaties, the President of the United States had been equally prompt in demanding their strict observance by others. And when the mists of prejudice and party shall have vanished before the light of truth, history will do justice to the single-hearted patriotism and undaunted courage of Franklin Pierce. In offering in return a sentiment, he complimented the discernment of the President in the sagacious choice he had made in the selection of a member of his Cabinet, who possessed all the virtues of a Roman in Rome's purest days; who had, when the storm gathered around him and the clouds hung heaviest, proved worthy of his trust. He (Mr. W.,) in all his trials, had felt the influence of his clear head and pure heart—sustaining him in his position and cheering him in his course. Of him he might say—as Ariosto had recorded of his hero —"that Nature broke the mould in which she cast him," for in vain could he look for his superior. He offered the health of

"James C. Dobbin, of North Carolina—the able Secretary of the Navy—the ready defender of American rights—the sincere advocate of Democratic progressive principles." Drank with loud applause.

Among the other speeches delivered on the occasion, the most considerable and effective one, reported in the official paper at Granada, is the following, by a young gentleman from New York, Appleton Oaksmith, who was casually present, on a business visit to the new Republic:

Mr. Oaksmith being loudly called for, arose and said.

I arise, Mr. President and gentlemen, with my heart so full of gratified emotions at the honor which you have thus unexpectedly bestowed upon me, that I can say but little; but my mind is so fully impressed with the momentous bearing which the events of this day will have upon the future destinies of this Republic, and perhaps the world, that I fain would add my humble indorsement to the opinions and sentiments which I hear expressed on every side. A new era has dawned upon Central America, and we who are here assembled have the high privilege of celebrating its birthday. When I look back upon the brief period which has elapsed since the commencement of the regeneration of this Republic—when I see how tumultuously great events have gathered upon each other—when I remark the changes which each day reveals, I cannot but feel that the hand of Destiny has at length been stretched forth to redeem this paradise of earth; and that with unerring aim it still points onward and upward to that higher, nobler future, which is the sure reward of every people whose only creed is liberty. (Cheers.) For eighty years the Fourth of July has been hallowed as the anniversary of American Independence; for eighty years the children of the greatest Republic which the world has ever known, have been thus yearly reminded of their birthday as a nation. Who shall say that the Twelfth of July—the anniversary of General Walker's inauguration—may not in after years be as sacredly remembered and as widely celebrated? (Applause.) In the eloquent address which you have this day listened to from your newly chosen Executive, you have the Declaration of Nicaraguan Independence. In it you will find the only substantial guarantee of constitutional liberty which this country has ever known. Who shall say that it may not hereafter become as dear to every Nicaraguan as that great instrument which has grown to be a household word throughout the United States? It is but a foreshadowing of what is to be, but it plainly reveals the present condition of the young Republic. Nicaragua has this day taken her stand; she flings her flag boldly to the breeze; she defines her position as a nation, and, like her prototype of old, she stretches forth her hand to all of the oppressed of earth. Not alone does she seek to establish liberty to herself, but her countenance and protection will be extended to all who are struggling for that inestimable boon. As in the early days of the American Republic, the down-trodden children of other nations sought her shores, so here, to this new land of freedom, will gather from all parts of the world the persecuted and oppressed, seeking that liberty beneath your banner which is denied them in their fatherland. (Applause.) It will not become me here to speak of the peculiar fitness for so great a trust of the one whom you have chosen to preside over the destinies of this Republic; I will leave that to history: for men are better judged by the generations which come after them than they are by their own. But we in our estimates of human character, form our opinions of our cotemporaries more by what they do than what they say. Let us but pause one moment, then, to think what he has already accomplished. Let us dwell for a moment upon the dark days when he first landed from the Vesta. Let us think of the great but sorrowful day of Rivas—of the factions which he has reconciled—of the obstacles which he has overcome—of the self-denial and forbearance which he has always exercised—and having thought of all these things, let us leave the verdict to our own hearts, and prove by our actions our appreciation of the man and the cause he advocates. (Applause.) Of the native Nicaraguans—many distinguished representatives of whom are here present—let me but say a few words. They see to-day for the first time the Presidential chair of this Republic filled by one chosen by themselves, and elected by a majority of their votes; they learn for the first time the power of the ballot-box, and that there is a higher, nobler, and more manly way of electing or deposing a President than by revolution or assassination. I understand that one of the defeated candidates, true to the ancient prejudices of his people, has adopted the former alternative; such proceedings in the United States would not be dignified by the name of revolution—there it would be called treason. The word has become obsolete in the United States, and should never be known in a Republic. I remarked with gratification to-day the enthusiasm evinced on all sides by the native population. I could see that they looked upon this engrafting of American principles as a sure guarantee of the future welfare of their country; and that they regarded you, gentlemen, who have brought those principles here, not as did the Mexicans the followers of Cortez, but as the instruments of destiny—a new element which the hand of God has brought hither for their regeneration. And now, gentlemen of the Army and Civil Departments of Nicaragua, a single word to you and I have done. In your keeping, as sacredly as in that of your Chief Executive, is intrusted the honor, the glory, and the future welfare of this Republic. That you are equal to the sacred trust, everything in the past bears witness—the battles you have fought, the hardships you have endured, the privations you have suffered—all speak in language stronger than mine in your behalf. (Applause.) The future is dawning upon you; the work you have before you is greater than all the past, and that you will be equal to it—equal to anything fate may require of you—is my firm conviction. The same destiny that has hitherto protected you and led your gallant chieftan thus far will carry him and you triumphantly through all that there is yet to come. The eyes of the world are upon you, and the page of history already lies open upon which to record your deeds.

The more we get at the truth of the history and character of General Walker, the higher seem to be his claims to respect and admiration. He is a man of rare modesty, quiet and retiring, and upon the authority of one who knows him well we are told that he "blushes like a maiden" at the voice of praise or commendation. He is entirely unselfish, and devotes his life and soul to the cause in which he is engaged, from an abiding consciousness that his mission is one of destiny—that he is an instrument in the hand of Providence to work out the national redemption of Nicaragua, and perhaps lay the foundation upon which the confederation of the Central American States shall hereafter constitute one of the most flourishing and powerful Republics the world has ever seen—sec-

ond only, perhaps, to our own glorious confederacy.

So entirely absorbed is the single-hearted chieftain in his supposed mission, that he seems to have no thought or care for himself, personally, not even enough for the necessary attentions to his wardrobe. Even at the time of his inauguration his costume would have been quite "out of sorts" but for the careful attention of some of his aids. We are assured that since General Walker has been in Nicaragua he has appropriated but barely the paltry sum of fifteen dollars of the resources of the country for his personal use or his personal services—a striking fact, showing his unselfish character.

In short, General Walker seems to be the man for the times in Central America. We can hardly feel that his position is entirely established, that he is out of danger amidst the turbulent and revolutionary population of Central America; but still we think his genius will prove equal to the emergency. Should there be danger, however, of another invasion from the neighboring States, he would very much need aid in men, money, provisions and arms. But if the occasion should require it, we believe sufficient aid will be forthcoming.

POSTSCRIPT.—Even now, while we are yet penning these remarks, a telegraph from New Orleans announces the arrival of the steamer Daniel Webster at that port from San Juan, with a report that Rivas, with his revolutionary faction, is fortifying Leon, and that he has been joined by a force of three thousand from Guatamala. It is added that General Walker was preparing to march against them with a thousand American soldiers, well armed and equipped, and in good spirits. It was said, also, that Costa Rica was threatening another invasion. We shall therefore wait further news from Nicaragua with strong interest. The inaugural address of President Walker, which we subjoin, is a well written State paper, worthy of record.

PRESIDENT WALKER'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

In assuming the duties of the Presidency of the Republic, I feel deeply the difficulties and responsibilities which the office involves. The State is menaced by dangers from without and within, and there is need of sleepless vigilance and untiring energy to preserve the Government from the enemies which threaten it. In order, therefore, to administer properly the affairs of the Republic, I require all the assistance I can derive from the patriotism of its citizens, and from the skill, courage and self-restraint of its soldiers. On them and on the Divine Providence which controls and directs the course of States and Empires, I rely for assistance in the proper discharge of the duties I this day assume

The Republic has reached an era in its history not second in importance to the day of her independence from the Spanish monarchy. The 15th of September, 1821, was the opening of the revolutionary epoch of Nicaragua. I hope this day may be its close. The struggles of thirty-five years have, it is to be hoped, taught the people that liberty is not to be obtained amid the petty feuds of contending chieftains, and that prosperity does not result from a constant state of civil broils and intestine commotions. After a long series of bloody conflicts, the Republic has need of internal peace and quiet for the development of its varied resources. I sincerely trust that all good citizens will assist me in the maintenance of that order which is the first requisite of a well-governed State, and without which all national development or individual welfare is impossible.

Not only is internal order required for the advancement of material wealth and prosperity, but also for the proper defense of the Republic from the external enemies which threaten its repose. The other four States of Central America, without reason and without justice, have undertaken to interfere in the domestic affairs of Nicaragua. Conscious of their own weakness, and fearful lest the prosperity of Nicaragua should detract from their wealth, these neighboring States are enviously endeavoring to interrupt our progress by force of arms. The imbecile rulers of these States, too, feeling that they have failed to perform their duties to the people they undertake to govern, dread lest their impoverished countrymen may finally fly for refuge to those who have redeemed Nicaragua from anarchy and ruin. Moved by such ignoble sentiments, these miserable relics of a once powerful aristocracy are striving to impede the march of events in this Republic. But the impotence of their efforts is beginning to be made manifest to themselves and to the world; and they are now appearing as blind instruments in the hand of an All-wise Providence, which, out of the bad passions and unworthy motives of men, educes good and improvement.

In our relations with the more powerful nations of the world, I hope they may be led to perceive that, although Nicaragua may be comparatively weak, she is yet jealous of her honor, and determined to maintain the dignity of her independent sovereignty. Her geographical position and commercial advantages may attract the cupidity of other Governments, either neighboring or distant, but I trust they may yet learn that Nicaragua claims to control her own destiny, and does not require other nationalities to make treaties concerning her territory without asking her advice and consent. While pursuing a course of strict justice toward foreign citizens and foreign Governments, we only ask that the same equity may be granted to ourselves.

The principles which shall guide me in the administration, both of the foreign and domestic affairs of the Government, are few and simple. To allow the utmost liberty of speech and action compatible with order and good government, shall be the leading idea of my political conduct. Therefore, the greatest possible freedom of trade will be established, with the view of making Nicaragua what nature intended her to be—the highway for commerce between two oceans. And with this freedom of trade will come the arts of a civilization which grows and increases by the wants and necessities itself creates. While facilitating as far as possible the material development of the State, I shall not be unmindful of its intellectual and moral requirements. To promote the proper education of the people, and to encourage them in the practices of that divine religion which constitutes the basis of all modern civilization, shall be the objects of primary importance. And for carrying out these intentions with success, I humbly invoke the aid of Him without whose assistance all human exertions are but as bubbles on a stormy sea.

Editor's Studio.

PHILOSOPHY OF AMERICAN POLITICS.

THIRD PAPER.

THE DEMOCRATIC METHOD WITH SLAVERY.

In the first of this series of papers we divided the history of our Government, beginning from the period at which it could be considered as fairly in full operation, about the middle of Washington's administration, into cycles of thirty years, after the measure of the generations of men—the first cycle occupied mainly in adjusting the operations of the new Government to its foreign relations the second occupied in adjusting its movements to its financial relations; and the third, beginning in Mr. Pierce's administration, occupied chiefly in settling the relations of the Federal Government to slavery—the most difficult and complicated question of all, one which will more severely try the capacity of our Government for permanence, and which, once well settled, will leave no other so severe trial to be passed through, within the bounds of present human calculation.* We then showed, by reference to well-known facts around us, in how many points the opening aspects of the present agitation resemble that on which the politicts of the country were just entering thirty years ago—especially the going over of many of the leaders of reformatory democracy to the side of conservatism under the style of *National* Democrats, just as a similar class thirty years ago took the distinctive name of *National* Republicans. On this point our discursive remarks were rather hints for thinkers than a proper elucidation of the subject—which would require a volume, or at least the space and leisure of a quarterly review, instead of a spare page in a monthly magazine

We now proceed to take it for granted that the great question, which is now up before the country, can never be settled by the class of politicians who call themselves conservatives In a free Government such men never settle anything. The history of parties in England, as well as our own, shows this. Conservatives only resist the will of the people, which they must yield to at last; and they postpone at great cost and loss, what might have been cheaply and gracefully conceded at first with advantage to all. Who can tell how much further advanced in its career of prosperity this country had been, had the futile financial struggles of the "Nationals" been abandoned at the moment they were begun, in 1824? In despotic countries, the Conservatives, there called Reactionaries, can carry their point for a season, as they did in 1849 in Europe; but it is only by screwing down the safety-valve of free thought, in preparation for more terrific explosions hereafter. The will of the people will one day prevail there as here—only they will have to wade through seas of blood, to gain what we get through seas of ink and storms of words in a series of political campaigns. Look at the succession of events in England—Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, Cheap Postage, Repeal of the Corn Laws—the Ballot and Biennial Elections sure to follow in their turn How plain it is, after the event, that when such and such reforms were to be the sooner they were carried the better; and that the struggles of conservatism which only postponed reforms, only injured both parties, the new benefit and the old interest which they were trying to protect.

There is another reason why it is impossible that this question of slavery should be settled by conservative men—they do not know how to come at it The most essential element of their political philosophy is distrust of the people. They are afraid to have questions agitated, for fear the people will not know how to decide them, or will not decide them on sound principles, or will not settle them on honest grounds. Whereas, the very fundamental idea of our Government is that the people are fully capable of self-government, and are therefore competent to decide aright any and all questions that may arise; and, as they can have no interest but in justice, they are therefore to be fully trusted to give honest decisions in all cases. So that, if there is the slightest occasion for raising a question, the true method is to bring it right before the people, in all its length and breadth, and agitate and discuss it until it is understood in all its bearings, and then you may get a fair decision by the general voice; and that decision will stand—it is final.

There is still another disqualification which attaches to multitudes of persons that are essentially right on the question in hand, although, by education and previous association, their general modes of thinking are conservative It is almost always the case with such men that when they become interested in favor of some particular measure of democracy, they injure their cause by their impatience and proneness to run into extremes—extreme positions, extreme doctrines, or extreme measures. Whereas the mind that is habitually democratic in its modes of thought is naturally tolerant and hopeful, and willing to allow time for the development of results. Such a mind sees, with Jefferson, how safe it is to tolerate error with reason left free to combat it. He looks upon all reforms as progressive, and as sure to come in time if they are only allowed to depend on the will of the people, because then the enlightenment of the people is all that is needful to give the result. He is not half so impatient, or so likely to commit rash deeds, or to make hasty threats, as your careful conservative mind, which has been resolutely resisting change, and preaching acquiescence for the sake of peace, and dreading agitation as the supreme evil, and shutting his eyes against all the evidences of abuse, until he is aroused by some enormity that upsets his philosophy, and drives him into a wild enthusiasm utterly incompatible with sound wisdom or successful leadership.

Your conservative man, when he becomes interested in any reform, is most commonly moved by some sense of wrong, some feeling of indignation, some grievous injury or indignity that he thinks has become intolerable. But passion is a short-lived stimulus, and the zeal which has no deeper fountain than this is sure to flag after awhile, and has not vital force enough to bear up through the long and tedious struggle. The democratic mind has deeper springs; it is accustomed to contemplate even the most radical changes as right in themselves, and desirable for their own sake, and to feel always that they ought to be accomplished just as soon as a proper occasion offers And he, therefore, looks at the outbreaks of intolerable wrong only as affording occasions and furnishing the needed impulses for the undertaking of that which is right. He therefore takes all he can get at the time, but takes it only as an installment, and as an encouragement to try again.

Whether the time has now come for an immediate

*If we were looking after subjects for curious speculation, rather than of practical interest, we would extend our division of cycles still further into the past, and show how exactly the term of thirty years carries us back to the commencement of the movement which ended in independence. Observe the dates: Colonies taxed by Parliament, 1764: Jay's Treaty, 1794, Protective Tariff, 1824; Nebraska Bill, 1854—running in exact cycles of thirty years

grapple of democracy with slavery, that is, right away, under the next Administration, we cannot confidently predict; or, whether the great question has got to be tampered with for another period of quackeries and compromises. We hope for the best, because we know that all such questions grow more and more difficult to settle the longer they are put off, as abuses strike their roots deeper, and connect themselves with wider interests by the help of time. But it will not be a mere idle recreation, if we spend a few moments in considering the question, How democracy will deal with slavery, when it does take hold for a final settlement? And if any person wishes to form some conception beforehand of the way things will be done, we advise him to look into Colonel Benton's "Thirty Years in the Senate," and observe how democracy treated the somewhat kindred question of a National Bank. The Bank controversy is among the most perfect specimens that our history affords, of the practical working of democracy in a life-and-death struggle with a great monopoly, that has intertwined its roots among the great interests of the country, and enlisted for its defense the whole power of the conservative element among us. Although it must be admitted that there are important specific differences in the two cases, yet we can see that they are alike in so many essential features as to furnish a highly useful comparison.

The first point to be settled, is a firm conviction that the thing is a political evil in itself, and by its nature and existence dangerous to the freedom of the Government. There may be many vague apprehensions of evil connected with it, and regrets that it was ever allowed, and wishes that it could be removed, but all this will not furnish the potent mainspring of reform. One is struck, in reading Benton's book, with the deep conviction which he and his associates acquired at an early period in the struggle referred to—that the National Bank was a political evil in itself, and essentially dangerous to the freedom and impartiality of the Government. That its constitutionality was questionable in their opinion, that it had not yielded the beneficial results it had promised, that there was even a doubt as to its solvency or the integrity of its managers, were powerful arguments to be used against the Bank, some in one circle, some in another. But the unrelenting and immovable determination which lay back of all this, which gave impetus to the movement, and before which both the Bank and its supporters were compelled to yield, was the conviction of the leading minds that the Bank had become a political evil, and was trying to pervert the action of the Government away from the control of the people's will. It was a monopoly, because there could be no competition to check its power. It was a class interest, because it represented only the owners of disposable capital. It was at least as capable of doing harm as good to the financial interests of the country, according to the caprice of its managers. It was too complicated a machine to be managed with permanent success, in a business point of view. But greater than all these was the thought expressed by Mr. Benton, that

"The Bank itself, forgetting its position as an institution of the Government, for the convenience of the Government, set itself up for a power, and struggled for an untimed existence—in the shape of a new charter—as a question of its own, and almost as a right."—[Vol. I, p. 158.

And in another place he says, with reference to his first speech against the recharter, in February, 1830:

"My mind was fixed upon the character of the speech which I should make; one which should avoid the beaten tracks of objection, avoid all settled points, avoid the problem of constitutionality, and take up the institution in a practical sense, as having too much power over the people and the Government, over business and politics, and too much disposed to exercise that power to the prejudice of the freedom and equality which should prevail in a Republic to be allowed to exist in our country."—[p. 287.

In his speech in defense of the veto, July, 1832, being just before the Presidential election of that year, he said:

"The Bank is in the field, a combatant, and a fearful and a tremendous one, in the Presidential election. If she succeeds, there is an end of American liberty—and end of the Republic. The forms of election may be permitted for awhile, as the forms of consular election were permitted in Rome during the last years of the Republic, but it will be for awhile only. The President of the Bank and the President of the United States will be cousins, in the royal sense of the word. They will elect each other; they will elect their successors; they will transmit their thrones to their descendants, and that by legislative construction."—[p. 257.

The people of the United States know, by the very instincts of liberty, that it is a political evil for a great combination of class interests to be able to control elections; to dictate the choice of candidates; to carry or defeat measures; to prescribe or baffle the course of public policy, which the spirit of our Government demands should be shaped solely by the sovereign will of the people, acting freely and intelligently and independently. And, therefore, when they found that a National Bank was able to dictate terms to the Government, by giving or withholding loans, to subsidize the public press by irregular loans or exorbitant contracts, to pension Senators and Representatives in Congress under the form of immense retaining fees as lawyers, and to forestall public opinion by employing the very funds of the nation in flooding the country with partisan documents, they needed no elaborate logic to teach them that such an institution was a political evil, dangerous to the public liberties, and ought, at every hazard, to be deprived of its power to interfere with the politics of the country. Here is an instructive lesson to show how to deal with slavery whenever the democracy of the country shall seriously take the thing in hand.

Another lesson on the subject is this, that democracy deals with political evils in a perfectly thorough manner, yielding to no fears, granting no concessions, assenting to no compromises, accepting nothing short of "indemnity for the past, and security for the future." Mr. Benton describes the policy that was adopted by the opponents of the Bank when the application was made for a renewal of the charter, and when they found that there was a majority in each House for the institution, and no intention to lose time in arguing for it. He says:

"Our course of action became obvious, which was—to attack incessantly, assail at all points, display the evil of the institution, rouse the people, and prepare them to sustain the veto. It was seen to be the policy of the Bank leaders to carry the charter first and quietly through the Senate, and afterward, in the same way, in the House. We determined to have a contest in both places, and to force the Bank into defenses which would engage it in a general combat, and lay it open to side blows as well as direct attacks. With this view a great many amendments and inquiries were prepared to be offered in the Senate, all of them proper, or plausible, recommendable in themselves, and supportable by acceptable reasons, which the friends of the Bank must either answer or reject without answer, and so incur odium. In the House it was determined to make a move which, whether resisted or admitted by the Bank majority, would be certain to have an effect against the institution, namely, an investigation by a Committee of the House, as provided for in the charter. If the investigation was denied, it would be guilt shrinking from detection; if admitted, it was well known that misconduct would be found. I conceived this movement, and had charge of its direction."—[p. 236.

Thus does democracy, when aroused to grapple in concert with political evil, take hold with ungloved hands,

and shrinks not from the boldest use of those governmental forms and methods which were legitimately intended to be the safeguards of liberty, and not as weapons to govern the Government against the ultimate control of the people.

It is not in the nature of Democracy to be turned from a purpose once formed, to rid itself of a political evil dangerous to liberty, by any considerations of the cost it may involve. No cost is too great if it is necessary to secure political liberty, and the power of self-government in the people. Washington said, in the time of the Revolution, that if they lost the South, they would hold on to the North; if cut off from the East they would struggle to keep the Center, and if driven off from the whole of the Atlantic States, they would fall back beyond the Alleghanies, make its fastnesses their bulwarks, and enjoy liberty in the wilderness beyond. Free Government is the LIFE of this nation, and "all that a man hath will be given for his life." The essential principle of our American democracy is not merely the equal rights of all the citizens to a voice in the election of rulers, nor merely the equal rights of the States to the sovereign control of their own internal affairs. It is the power of the people to control the Government, the subjection of the Government to the will of the people. On this principle, the will of the majority is to govern, subject to certain safe-guards which the Constitution provides for the rights of minorities, and which are ample for that purpose so long as the majority are able to act freely and to carry out their own convictions, but which would not be sufficient if the Supreme Government should fall under the control of a clique or class, a section or a special interest. And hence the rule that the Government is to seek the greatest good of the greatest number, holds good within the same restrictions of doing no injustice to the minorities. This is the normal or proper working of our Government. And when the people found that the Bank had set itself to interfere with this, they at once set themselves with a determination to put the Bank where it could interfere no longer. They would do no injustice to the Bank, violate no rights of its stockholders. They would not wantonly injure any of their lawful interests. But they would put down its unlawful pretensions; and, seeing that it had provoked the struggle by setting itself up for a political power, they held it responsible for its own misfortunes in the conflict.

Neither were they to be turned aside by any panic or pressure that the Bank could create, nor by any clamor or confusion it might create. They knew their power and resources, and were conscious that in a life-and-death struggle with a great and free people, any monopoly or combination, or class interest must fail and give in after a little while. The strength of the people is Antean; it springs out of the earth itself, and is always freshly renewed. Whereas, the power of a class interest or combination is only limited and exhaustible, so that the struggle, however desperate, commonly ends in one way if the people are resolved and stand to their purpose. And the more violent the struggle is, so much the sooner will the enemy exhaust his resources and give in as conquered. Hence the people were not alarmed when Mr. Clay exclaimed: "We are in the midst of a revolution, bloodless as yet;" they only laughed at the presumption of the Bank. And when ruined manufacturers and bankrupt merchants in scores pointed to their broken fortunes and clamored for relief. General Jackson coolly bid them go to the Bank for relief against the pressure which it had wantonly created.

Neither are the people, in such a conflict, affected at all by threats or prophecies of disunion. They know better—they do not anticipate disunion as the effect of any of their just and necessary proceedings. They do not intend to dissolve the Union themselves, nor let anybody else do it. When General Jackson gave his celebrated toast—"Our Federal Union: it must be preserved"—in the large company assembled at Washington on the 13th of April, 1830, to celebrate Jefferson's birth-day, it was like the spear of Ithuriel in Eden, it touched the toad and made him stand up a devil—Nullification! [See Benton; p. 148.] The people were not alarmed, but only determined, and General Jackson felt himself fully sustained by their support. He met the enemy boldly, and conquered. That is the method of democracy toward political evils, once seen and felt to be dangerous to liberty.

Having a legitimate and well-defined object in view, the removal of a danger to liberty, and a sure guide and directory in the Constitution, as interpreted in past conflicts, as to the means and methods proper to be employed, democracy will go to its work calmly and considerately, unangered and unawed, unbought and unterrified, until it has achieved a full security for the future against the recurrence of any similar danger. In bringing back the Government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson, making freedom national, and slavery local and sectional, they will require ample safeguards against the repetition of another career of aggression and encroachment in favor of slavery, by which it assumes to be a national interest, in its magnitude overshadowing all others, and making its advancement the sole object of care by the Administration, and the sole issue in the politics of the country. But, at the same time, there will be found a spirit of wise conciliation, and of mutual accommodation and concession among the friends of reform. The most radical and far-seeing will be the most ready to make haste slowly, and to take by instalments what they might not secure at all if they drive off the support of those who do not see at once the ultimate conclusion of the struggle. Go as far as you can go together in the right direction. We take one more lesson from Mr. Benton. Speaking of Gen. Jackson's first annual message, wherein he expressed his aversion to the Bank, but intimated the possibility of devising a national institution of a different character to answer the same general purposes, Mr. Benton says:

"I was not in Washington when this message was proposed, and had had no conversation with the President in relation to a substitute for the National Bank, or for the currency which it furnished, and which, having a general circulation, was better entitled to the character of "National" than the issues of local or State banks. We knew each other's opinion on the question of a bank itself; but had gone no further. I had never mentioned to him the idea of reviving the gold currency—then and for twenty years extinct in the United States; nor had I mentioned to him the idea of an independent or sub-treasury; that is to say, a Government treasury unconnected with any bank, and which was to have the receiving and disbursing of the public moneys. When those ideas were mentioned to him, he took them at once; but it was not until the Bank of the United States was disposed of that anything could be done on these two subjects; and, on the latter, a process had to be gone through in the use of the local banks as depositories of the public moneys, which required several years to show its issue and inculcate its lessons. Though strong in the confidence of the people, the President was not deemed strong enough to encounter all the banks of all the States at once. Temporizing was indispensable—and even the conciliation of a part of them. Hence the deposit system—or some years' use of local banks as fiscal agents of the Government—which gave to the institutions so selected the invidious appellation of 'pet banks,' meaning that they were Government favorites." [p. 158.

We leave these hints, which are highly suggestive, as to the democratic style of administration of Government for the correction of abuses, the removal of political evils,

and guarding against things dangerous to liberty, to be applied, as far as they are applicable, in the solution of the great problem of the present political cycle, the relation of the Federal Government to slavery, and the final determination of the momentous issue, now up, whether the slaveholding interest shall govern or be governed in this country; whether the greatest good of the greatest number over the whole Union shall be the aim of Administration, or the extension and perpetuation of a sectional and class interest shall be the paramount object of regard by successive Administrations as it is of the present.

CHILDREN.

Did you ever see a little man or woman of two years, flush all over its pretty face, and put up a bit of round lip like the rose-bud, as the prelude to tears? If so, you have seen one of the most touching of Nature's tendernesses. You have seen the way the cherubs look, when, peering over the crystal gates, they see a lovely soul first turned astray. This look is a remnant of the fore-gone heaven, whence the infant comes,

> "Trailing clouds of glory do they come,
> From God which is our home."

There is a universe of grief in that sweet transparent body that can force the blood so to the heart, and set the chin and lip tremulous. The poor dear heart is running all over with its sorrow, and you are laughing all the time—but some of you have tears in your eyes while you laugh. That is as it should be, for you will kiss the pretty lamb, and put a soft hand upon the rose-tinged cheek, and you will gather the little shape to your bosom, where the magnetism of a strong, healthy body, and loving soul, will be as a kindly poultice to the bruised little one. We say healthy body, for no other should lay hands upon a child

It is cruelty, it is madness, it is murder, for the diseased in body or mind or soul to fold these little ones in their arms. No wonder children die of marasmus, pining for lack of that absorbent of pure vitalizing love which the healthful and the loving can only supply. No wonder children die of fits, suddenly seized with terrible cramps and pains, as if a thousand needles were penetrating the delicate net-work of the nerves, because hands spotted with the leprosy of care, and the foulness of envy, and the canker of discontent, have been laid upon their poor, helpless bodies, and they with no voice to tell of the wrong.

No wonder they gurgle in the throat, and start with cries pitiful to the ear, when unholy kisses, and impure eyes are fixed upon them like gorgon glances, withering the fine essence of the soul, and scalding the soft skin like unto the touch of the blistering fly. No wonder their dreams are troubled, and the angels can hardly win them to sleeping smiles, when unseen beings come to them more terrible than Spanish Inquisitors to the poor soul who has dared to use God's precious privilege of free thought.

No wonder the children break out with measles and scarlet fever, when they are breathed upon with the rank breath of tobacco and alcohol, and the effluvia of pork. No wonder they choke and strangle with hooping cough, and die, as best they should; for our atmosphere, the atmosphere of the men and women who surround the little children, is full of fever, and scrofula, and decay, as they choke and cough, and struggle to escape it. Better they should die. The earth has lost its Eden-odors—the aromas of Paradise only are fit for these "cryptogamia of the skies"—a sphere redolent with asphodels and roses—harmonious with music of birds, and voices "musical as Apollo's lute," should surround these waifs from the better land—they should look up to the blue heavens, and disport themselves with blossoms, and sleep as if cradled in rainbows, and then they would walk forth to a manhood glorious as was the good Father's first intent.

Alas! for the poor dear children. Our tender mercies are but cruelty. We are none of us fit to touch the hem of their garment, and yet we crowd upon them till we absorb all the virtues of the beautiful nature which we know not how to reverence. We bathe their tender bodies with hands heated by passion—we hold them to cruel hearts, and surround them with brown, bony arms, and stun their ears with discordant voices; yea, and nauseate them with fevered breaths, and then wonder that they die. The greater wonder is that any live!

They lie in our bosoms and absorb our evil passions; they look into our eyes and assimilate to what they see there; they hear the tones of our voices and it strikes the responsive cord in them; our discords become theirs. We act the covert part, we are vain and false and worldly, earth-serving more than God-loving, and then we wonder that they grow up full of envyings and malice, and uncharitableness—we grieve and deplore that they are cowards and knavish, and cruel, when they are just what we have made them.

Let the little children die while pure, rather than be thus corrupted. Send the little ones back to the good Father who careth for them, for we do not know how to sustain the trust they impose. Mothers weep over the loss, but the blame is theirs. Every flock has one lamb strayed away to the fold of the good shepherd. Every house hath its empty cradle, white and cold, whereon the mother looketh with a cold shudder, and by which she poureth out her heart in tears and prayers. Every church-yard has its little mounds where the daisies love to grow, and every heart its little one, more lovely than the lovely one of another—these have made up the great army of the kingdom of Heaven. These are the lost harmonies of earth, the flowers of the beautiful unseen Paradise. Alas! if the children should all die, it would imply that goodness, and beauty, and hope had died out for the human race; and when these were gone, the race itself must end.

SEMI-EDITORIAL LETTER FROM MAINE.

Hollis, Maine, July, 1856.

Nature is always a new revelation to us. For every aspect in life she has a phase adapted to our needs. We may safely lay our head upon her all-sympathizing bosom, and she answers to what is within softly and genially, as the tones of a friend. To-night I was out under the woods, the full moon lighting the landscape with that softened light so grateful to the senses. The landscape in its details looked so remote, and yet so tenderly near The great trees were protecting presences, entering into our emotions with a more than human interest. The river, it is the Saco, has come down from the mountains, and carries their voices to mingle with those of the ocean.

Here was once the site of an Indian village. Here the haughty chief lorded it over a vast domain. Here repose the bones of a nation; here the soil often yields up the implements of a rude husbandry. Here the cavaliers of the time of Elizabeth came and sat down to friendly converse with the Indian. Earlier the Northmen had visited the region, and not far distant ancient names are found upon the rocks. Before the Pilgrims came to Plymouth,

Richard Vines had settled himself in this vicinity. He was a right worthy knight, the friend and companion of the Gilberts, who were half brothers to the gallant Raleigh—the blood of the same mother flowing in the veins of each, and stamping them with a manly impress.

It is most grateful to the sense to be here in this lovely spot at such a time. The wood-thrush sings clearly from her covert, sending her flute-like notes far into the night. Insects chirp softly; the limber snake glides timidly across the little glade—we do not fear it nor harm it. Life is so blissful to us, it must be so to such as this. The white moon glints upon an obelisk, and rests upon a new-made grave; but the sorrow of the one is a softened recollection; that of the other is hallowed by affection, and the grief has been one in which many hearts share. Blessed are we when our tears are shed by many, and yet the tears are ours none the less.

I looked at the mound; I remembered the manly face, and I knew of a noble heart lying so hushed below. Mr. Usher was the head and soul of the village. The mill upon the stream worked at his bidding; the church for the worship of God owed its sightliness to him; the hall of learning grew at his dictation. A cheery, manly man was this Mr. Usher, and when he ceased from his toil it was as if a father's voice had been stilled by every hearthstone He sleeps well. The mill does its office now—the village goes on just as he had impelled it—but alas! the beautiful house down by the river side, embowered in roses, and sheltered by elms and pines, opening its hospitable doors gladly to the comer, though lovely and hospitable as ever, has lost a goodly presence. The pretty cottage of Belle Tracy will miss a morning salutation.

Hollis is one of the oldest towns of the State, and the "house of Usher" one of the oldest families here. They retain much of that frank, generous hospitality so much in vogue in the olden times, and for which our Yankee Young America is losing the taste, and with it the fine manner and morals of their forefathers. Dizzy excitement and noisy mirth are not happiness, neither do they comport with handsomeness of decorum.

The martins are over lively at nightfall; they wheel and career, they dip and soar, they chirp and chatter as if they had a busy time of it. As I mark the softened landscape and feel the genial air brush over my cheek I am reminded of Shakespeare's words:

"The temple-haunting martlet does approve,
By his loved masonry, that the Heaven's breath
Smells woongly here. No jutty frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate"

We were walking upon the banks of the Saco. The trees bending their branches to the kisses of the breeze, the river dimpling in smiles under the eyes of the moon, and the blossoms breathing incense in return for the love we gave them, when the boy of four Summers asked:

"Mother, which do you like best, the sound of the leaves in the trees [that boy is a poet] or the music of the hand-organ." [Not so well the last, but showing a perception of differences.]

"Which do *you* like best, Danie?"

"No; which do you? I asked first."

We agreed the little man was in the right. It was legitimate for his question to be first answered. We liked his pretty holding back, and his persistence for an answer.

"Well, I like the sound of the leaves best, when the wind moves along the woods Which do you like best, Danie?"

"I like the hand-organ best," was the triumphant reply. Here was a little man of the true stamp. He felt—he, a little thing, hardly above the knee—that there was music in the woods; he made no mistake, he knew it for music, but he liked something more expressive, positive, tangible, therefore he liked the barrel organ; but we were best pleased with what was lying behind all this—the sturdy individualism of the young democrat. It might be expected of him to like best what others liked best. No matter for that. He had his own like, and he expressed it.

We need a little more of this same independence of opinion and freedom of expression, and then we shall have less of the blind doings of the unthinking multitude who run all in one direction, like bumping calves or senseless sheep.

We stopped in a little dell where the river wound gracefully amid the woods, the waters silent here, although below they leaped the gorge and scattered themselves in spray. It was a spot lovely as a dream. Many an inspired artist has been here, and carried away new intimations of beauty. Akers, one of our sculptors in Rome, who promises to do so much for American art; Durand, whose pictures breathe with life; and Kensett, and Baker and others, have all stood upon this fair spot, the trees whispering above, the river flowing below, and bright womanly eyes beaming with intelligence beside, while gentle voices gave utterance to noble truths and genial courtesies. Poets have been here and breathed their sweetest numbers. All have conspired to make the spot classical.

We stood in silence awhile—other spirits were about us, and we whispered,

"Boatman, take thee twice thy fee,
For spirits twain have passed with me."

We were silent. All have their memories; and though we were a gay, cordial group, we gave the tribute of silence to the Genii of Saco. "Speech is silver, silence is golden," saith the Persian proverb.

And so it followed we did not speak. We know what manner of spirit we are of, it may be. We know the kind of spirit that walketh beside us in these green solitudes. We do not mistake. We hear syllabled words. We are called and we know the voice. Shapes rise in our path, and we know the form—we respond as in the past. We are not afraid albeit the form is not of earth. Not so the child. He feels an invisible presence—weird faces gleam in the silence. It is a face now—no, it is but a limb of the tree through which the moon looks He hears a step—sees a shape—no, it is but the partridge hurrying to a safer covert. Everywhere Nature is more than herself, everywhere she has a voice more than her own. The hoofs of satyrs gleam from the covert—Pan pipes on the hill-side. The child sees and hears—he is ready to cry, "lo here!" "lo there!" but it is gone He trembles with a strange dread. He weeps with a strange joy.

"What place is this?" whispered the boy.

"This is Belle Tracy's Retreat."

The child looks and stares. Not so with the rest. We all know and are proud and pleased to know what is meant in the words. Belle Tracy's Retreat, we repeat. A name worthy of so fair a presence; but the boy—he wondered still. It is so difficult for a child to understand how his mother can be anything else than his mother. How she can be a poet elsewhere to whom a new name has been given. He thinks of her kisses; of the sorrowing look she gives to the jammed finger; of the stocking drawn over the plump foot; of the fingers at play in the hair, and the robes more nicely buttoned by her hands than all others. He thinks of her as the head of all things in the house. The soul of wisdom, discretion and

kindness there. He could not describe this, but he feels it all. He couldn't think of his mother save as the one so needful to sister, and so all essential to the baby. The cups and saucers, and knives and forks would have no office without mother. He sees her a moving "Angel of the House," bringing in roses and smiles and a newer and better way for everything done. He sees discomfort, and gloom, and crying, all relieved the moment she appears. Somehow the spittoon disappears, and the violets and lilies come where she comes. The father's cravat gets a nicer tie, and he takes a pleasanter voice. He is much more of a father because she is so much a mother.

Now he is told she is a poet; she is "Belle Tracy." He had never thought of such a thing. He cannot take in the idea at all. He half fears the mother of the child, the Angel of the House, will be away, and only a poet come.

Only a poet! Bless the child. She is so much the mother because her goings forth are those of the poet-mother. She is so much, because she is so much more. Light and blessings are distilled in her path, not in spite of her poetry, but because of it. Do not fear, little one, nor cling to the dear hand as if in learning this, something may be lost. Time will indorse all that the child hopes and believes now. Happy is the child, could he but know his happiness, could he but reverence the fact, who has the blood of a poet in his veins.

A SHORT SERMON.

"The poor have the Gospel preached unto them."

That was a great day when glad tidings came to the ears of the down-trodden; when men who had neither hope in God or man heard the Heavenly voice cry "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and my love shall lighten every bondage, whether of soul or body." It is not preaching a Gospel to stand in cushioned pulpits and tell men and women what they already know. Tidings are no tidings to the instructed ear; but that is a Gospel which cometh to the deaf ear and causeth it to rejoice as at the sound of timbrel and harp—that is a Gospel which causeth the blind eye to discern a Heavenly beauty, and the halting will to leap with a divine purpose; that is a Gospel which feedeth the hungry soul, which giveth bread and meat to the spirit hungering and thirsting for knowledge. Our very soul cries out against the men and women who bow their heads over their velvet pews, and breathe their prayers through perfumed handkerchiefs, wafted by ivory fans, while the liveried driver waits, in the hot sun or freezing cold, till they have done; and the poor, ignorant, starving wretch peeps in at the door and wonders what all those bowed heads, so nicely bald or so gracefully curled, are doing there.

Religion is growing too expensive for any but the very rich. The artisan who can hardly earn the wherewithal to buy his wife a decent gown or coif, or afford a pair of shoes for the growing girl, who already tries to hide her slender feet in the scanty skirt, must not pay his few extra pence for a seat in a church, because a snuff of the green grass, and a sight of the blue sky, where it comes with a smile through the overhanging trees, is better to him than many sermons. He has no fine Sunday coat to be carried out to church. His wife has no grand silk to rustle through, and help on the stir and flutter of worship, and so they sit together upon the lowly stoop or go out together where the airs of Heaven come like the wings of angels to the worn and weary back, and there feel a something, they know not if it be God, but it comforteth them greatly, and so magnifies their spirits that they speak more softly to the young child, and greet a neighbor more cheerily.

Yes, Religion, as it is too generally understood and preached from the pulpit, is too much a luxury for the poor man. We protest against the abuse of power in the Romish Church, and it is well; for all bondage is of the Devil, and to be rejected; but the poorest beggar with his raggedest gabardine, half revealing the bronzed and unwashed skin, may kneel in that Church without shame or hindrance, and grope his way as best he can to the Universal Father, while such an one would not dare enter our whited sepulchres, where pride and ostentation meet to insult the majesty of the Most High.

Solitary worship, home worship, worship in the great heart of nature, are all good in themselves, and well pleasing to the Father of Spirits, but it pleaseth him also when a whole people, as at one great and beautiful impulse, appear before him, for in his eyes the whole race is as one man, and the race will be redeemed when we become a perfect whole, each member a stone fairly polished fitting into the Heavenly temple. Therefore is public worship good. The solitary prayer may be crowded aside by the worldliness of discontent, but the soul enthused and lifted up by a kneeling multitude wings itself more easily into the light of God. Solitude is for the great heart, which burns brightest when alone. Common minds are like a brand which goeth out when left by itself, but which is enkindled by another. The mighty in spirit may therefore be able to rest alone in God, but the weak must have help.

A LATIN PROPHESY OF WASHINGTON.

"Far across the ocean, if we may credit the Sibylline leaves, and after many ages, an extensive and rich country will be discovered, and in it will arise a *hero*, who, by his counsel and arms, shall deliver his country from the slavery by which she was oppressed. This shall he do under favorable auspices; and, O! how much more admirable will he be then than our Brutus and Camillus! These predictions were known to our Accius, and were embellished with the ornaments of poetry." [Cicero.

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

We can tolerate, nay, we rather like to hear the din and bustle of warm political contests in our free country. It shows that the people are wide awake, and appreciate their rights and their liberties. It serves, too, to keep the political elements from stagnating and dying out from the public mind. But when party strife is suffered to degenerate into treasonable hostility to the Union, and to wage war upon the constitution and the integrity of our broad nationality, our blood is stirred to denounce it in the severest terms, whether it comes from the South or the North. Under our free institutions majorities must rule, within the limits prescribed by the constitution and laws. Let conflicting interests and disputed points, therefore, have a fair field and a free fight, and when the will of the majority is ascertained, let that be the end of the strife. For any party or any section to presume to lift a hand against the Union or the Constitution because they cannot have their own way, is as absurd and wicked as it would be for a member of a family to set fire to the homestead because he could not have his own way. Said Daniel Webster, in 1830:

"Let me recur to pleasing reflections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past; let me remind you that, in early times no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again

return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution, hand-in-hand they stood round the Administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered."

MACHINERY.

MACHINERY is the great emancipator. Ideas constitute the soul of the world; machinery is its body. When men are able to make one machine which will do the work of a thousand hands, there are a thousand brains left more free to carry out great ideas. We have got to conquer the world before the soul that is in it is a free one. While man is impeded and enslaved by his wants he is a bondman. Relieve him from these—supply his physical necessities, and he springs to his feet like Hercules released from the spindle, or a Mercury armed with his winged caduceus.

We talk—we remonstrate—we get up agitation meetings, stump speeches and conventions, and make a great outcry at human abuse, when, after all, some simple piece of machinery which will lessen human toil, and therefore render the mere sinews of a man of less value, might supersede the need of all this commotion. Ten to one while a whole multitude are fretting themselves to little purpose, and wearing themselves and their neighbors well nigh to death, some ingenious Yankee is sitting quietly whittling a stick which will eventuate in a machine to do all the work that is at the bottom of the mischief, the said machine becoming, after all, the emancipator superior to all our philanthropy.

The machine removes abuses, and emancipates the master from his vigilance and the slave from his toil. When the machine does the work, the sinews of men and women are released from bondage. A man, whether black or white, is then worth less than a machine, in a monetary point of view.

Editor's Olio.

THE MANTILLA GIRL.

THE Mantilla makers of New York are a cheerful, handsome class of girls; and belonging, as they generally do, to families superior to want, they expend most of their earnings in dress. The work cannot be done by rough, hard hands; the delicate fabrics upon which they are employed require taste and aptitude, and therefore this branch of work does not go to the hands of the extreme poor.

The Mantilla Girl is generally nice in her person, and has a certain gentility about her not to be mistaken. She wears a straw hat with bright ribbons—her hair is worn in long curls upon each side, or brushed straight back from the forehead, with some pretty head comb and a cross or brooch in the center. She is apt to wear a patch upon the side of the cheek, very small, and just below the corner of the mouth—not that a pimple is there by any means, but it marvelously hightens the effect of a smile. Her dress is of mouselein de laine or thin cambric, with a piquant apron made with two cunning little pockets; a black mantilla, ruffled or laced, a plain white collar and very neat gaiter boots complete her costume.

Her step is quick and elastic, her movements more smart than graceful, and her whole bearing full of assurance and prettiness. The Mantilla Girl knows very well what she is about—she is not frightened in the least by a stare, nor does she fall into exstacy over a compliment. Her air is full of coquetry, but she does not coquette. She is willing to be admired, but she is too wise to trifle very seriously. She is proud of her work, and proud of her position, and will run no hazard of losing either her employment or good name. She has a lover who, if he does not walk home with her every night himself, will not allow any one else to perform the agreeable office for him. She goes with him to Christy's now and then—sometimes he takes her to the theater, where she wears a riggolette, cherry ribbons, and a lace mantilla. He is a clerk in some store, and now that business hours cease at eight o'clock in the evening, he is reading and studying; and they often pass these hours of study in the company of each other. The Mantilla Girl is altogether a nice, lady-looking little thing who carries a certain precision and politeness into everything she does; and if she is not well paid for her work it is because she has not yet learned to think at all in a business way.

We wish the Mantilla Girls could reap the profits of their industry—we wish the money resulting from their work went into their own pockets rather than into those of Stewart, and Genin, and Bulpin, and the whole army of smaller capitalists, who have monopolized these employments. But this cannot be while women escape work whenever they can do so, or only work to meet their immediate wants, looking to marriage as the great object in life. Women do not reduce their work to a system, and so men have done it for them, and reap its rewards.

There are about four thousand Mantilla Girls in the City of New York, large quantities of work being always in demand to supply the country market, as well as the Southern trade When the work declines they are dismissed, to live as best they may till the busy season opens again. These girls are paid by the piece, and their profits are proportioned to the amount of labor they are able to perform. Some can easily earn six dollars a week—others no more than three. It is often the practice to engage them at three dollars a week, with the understanding that they will receive four or five dollars if they are worth it; at the end of the week they are dismissed and others taken, who share the same fate. This, however, we do not mean to imply is the mode practised in the establishments above named. There are many minor establishments, however, less honorably conducted, where the poor Mantilla Girl is unscrupulously shaved of her hard earnings.

CHARLESTOWN NUNNERY AND THE WIDOW.

ONE of our co-laborers, who recently passed in sight of the ruins of the convent, in the neighborhood of Boston, which was destroyed some twenty years ago, furnishes us the following sketch, assuring us at the same time that the story of the widow is said to be literally true.

Mr. —— pointed out to me a mass of brick and mortar; a section of wall, with here and there a tree withered and stinted in growth, living on because of the free bounty of nature, rather than from any congenial element of growth. The sun was just rising, and this black, unsightly ruin contrasted painfully with the fine reach of luxuriant farms and cheerful villas. A figure sat upon an angle in the ruined wall, as if in sorrowful contemplation.

"What is that," I asked, "and who is the woman seated there in the early light?"

"That is the site of the old nunnery at Charlestown, which was destroyed many years since by a mob, and the story of that solitary woman is a sad one."

"Tell it me. Yes, I will hear the tale, although I would greet the rising sun with songs of gladness rather

than with tears; yet poor humanity weeps, and I will weep."

"You know the circumstances of the destruction of the convent?"

"Yes; a rumor became current that a young girl was detained there unwillingly."

"Something more floated upon the popular mind—that the place was corrupt, and destructive to the well-being of the community; that unwarrantable measures were used to decoy young girls to its precincts, and that, once incarcerated within its walls, it was to them a living tomb; that the vaults of the building were furnished with instruments of torture, whence went forth groans and cries of agony smothered in the thick walls."

"Well, tell me no more; these things are too horrible for the heart to contemplate, and were doubtless without foundation."

"So it is to be hoped. But the popular vein had been outraged in some way, and the building was razed as you see. The land is owned by the church, which persists in holding it unoccupied—unwisely, I have thought, for the people of that vicinity think that they design it as a perpetual rebuke."

By this time the woman had raised herself, and stood upon the parapet with her shawl gathered to her breast, and a tight hood concealing her head. In this attitude she reminded one of some old Egyptian form, uncouth it is true, but puzzling and taxing the imagination at the same time.

"She is not mad," continued Mr. ——, "but, as one might say, stunned; she wanders all night about the ruins, and soon after sunrise disappears. She is not old, and yet her hair is white, and her face so shriveled that it is not larger than an infant's. She makes me think of the mother of the seven who perished 'at the beginning of the barley harvest,' so intense is the expression of watchfulness about her—only Rizpah watched beside her dead, with an intense knowledge that they were all lost to her, while she watcheth as one who waits.

"She is the mother of the only one who suffered the penalty of the law for being associated with the attack upon the convent; and probably he was the least guilty of all that mad multitude. Many witnesses testified to the act of the youth, who was but eighteen, 'the only child of his mother, and she a widow.' It was proved to the satisfaction of the law that he hurled a lighted brand into the building. He was convicted and condemned to die. It was all in vain that his mother plead he was her all—life nothing to her unless shared with him. He was no instigator, no leader in crime, but a rash youth, who neither knew nor asked the cause of this destruction of property and hazard of human life, but led on by the excited crowd, and his own frenzied nerves, had heedlessly committed the deed.

"He was poor and friendless, nothing to the world, but all the world to that widowed mother. The evidence was conclusive, the outbreak was a stain to the community in which it occurred, and so this unsparing Abraham of human law demanded its Isaac for sacrifice in the shape of this youth. He was hung like a dog, the boy of eighteen summers; in all his young hopes and aspirations he went down unmourned to the dark valley, and men called it justice.

"A few pitying souls sat that night with the widow. She was silent and tearless. At midnight men brought in the rude box bearing the form so precious to her, with the life crushed out. Oh, then she found words.

"'My boy! my boy! my beautiful boy! Oh, God! here is the mark—here on this white dear neck, which I have kissed so often. See the blood on his lips! Oh God! and I live to see him thus. He so good, so kind—who never said an evil thing to me. I, his mother, see this; I, who bore him, have him brought to me thus—my child, my child!'

'Then came a long heavy swoon, from which she awoke with a partial loss of memory. It was a merciful loss—and since that day she has wandered about the ruins as you see. She watches and waits for him, who returns no more."

Poor humanity! working in blindness, groping its way, mistaking it often—the impulse of a hero, without the field of the hero, makes a ruffian or a law-breaker, when, had the field but opened before him, the world might have hailed him as a benefactor. Times and occasions are with God, the willing nerve also, and the aspiring will.

HOW THE ARTIST IS MADE.

The young artist, Tilton, wishing to know the real opinion of his friends in regard to a picture he had just completed, placed himself behind a screen while two of them entered his studio to examine it. The painting represented a landscape, with trees and shrubbery, and a cottage on the margin of a beautiful lake. By the side of this sheet of water stood a nude figure ready to plunge beneath the liquid wave. The two admired for awhile, when one of them broke silence by saying:

"Should our friend, there, plunge in, he would be likely to dash his brains out upon the opposite shore."

The quick eye of the observer detected at once the defect in proportion, which had escaped the artist, who subsequently drew his brush over the whole.

It is said that Mordant, who was to the domestic animal what Landseer is to the wild, was led to one of his most successful hits by an observation somewhat akin. His swine are well known to be surpassed only by nature herself. He had painted a farmyard, in which the homeliness of the subject was relieved by the management of light and shade, at once ideal and artistic. A patch of blue, and a glow of sunlight stealing through an open door, and a patch of green to rest upon a sow with her half grown litter drinking from a trough. A countryman was observing the details in wrapt admiration, when he exclaimed:

"But nobody ever sees pigs drink without some on 'em having a foot in the trough?"

The hint was at once accepted by the artist.

CLAM PHILOSOPHY.

BY JAQUES MAURICE.

O, thou queer creature—thou mixture of meat and drink, and miracle of oddity; thou that art neither "animal, vegetable or mineral;" in a word, Bivalve!—look up, and behold thy champion!

It was well thus to commence with an apostrophe to *genus*. Let me now address myself to the *species*.

Ineffable clam! But hold! what noise was that? Why this fearful tension? Startled clam, allay your fears; for here no sacrificial knife is thirsting for your vitals. The mouth may "water," the inner man may "yearn"—but shall they be satisfied? The fatal steel is far, indeed, from those bloodless haunts; so are the "pepper and vinegar." In the light of these encouraging facts, dear clam, dismiss your agitation; transpose your "*l*," and be ca(*l*)m. What! harm thee, dear clam, after this brief and interesting acquaintance? Rather than see thee injured, I would see dozens, yea, bushels of oysters swal-

lowed, and feel no pity. Let us be friends, then; we *are* friends There I knew you would be open and frank with me. Now please be quiet till I—. Shut again! "Still suspicious." Too sensitive clam

But am I doing justice, either to the character of the clam or of my own sentiments, by this untimely levity? Far from it; all clam-dom shall bear me witness

It is impossible to contemplate these interesting objects without emotion—a watering of the eyes and mouth. The genus bivalve has many varieties, but in none other of these can we feel a tithe of the melancholy interest that attaches to the clam. Spurned by his aristocratic relative, the oyster, and treated by humans with comparative indifference when both are subjects of contemplation, the clam, by nature sensitive, feels his degradation deeply; and, although conscious of his many and decided merits, submits meekly to be misunderstood and under valued, and even to have his modesty mistaken for an ignorant and stupid acquiescence Injured bivalve! Thy delicate organization must needs suffer many rude shocks during thy brief but troubled existence. While thy mental sufferings are of a character and intensity known only to clams, thy body, after enduring the buffetings of many a rude wave, and the jealous attacks of the injurious oyster, is almost certain to undergo violent torture and a cruel death at the hands of the genus "homo."

Inoffensive and long suffering creature! Is *he* responsible for the flavor of his flesh? we indignantly ask; must his amiable disposition change? Must he become proud and haughty like his cousin, the oyster? Must he sink his native dignity of character, and herd with his fellows, in schools, from a cowardly idea of safety? Must he leave his modesty and the mud together? The meanest and most pusillanimous clam in existence would spurn the idea with an indignation approaching to anger, if clams are capable of so gross a feeling No, thanks to the native independence of his race, each clam is to himself a king, and to his foes an armed democrat! To an equal he never yields; to a proven superior he submits with a graceful dignity

In times of peace the clam is a philosopher; and, as far as possible, passes his even, quiet and peaceful life in lofty meditation and the cultivation of the graces. How rational, how pleasing a life is this! Alas! that it should be perpetually disturbed by traditions of a ruthless foe in the upper world! Ah! could these prove but airy visions whose fabric were baseless! Alas! that dread experience proves them but too true! A dire calamity cuts short the meditations of genius. Into those classic haunts the *rake* descends, and the peaceful philosopher, feeling that resistance were worse than useless, drops a silent tear—which, were he an oyster, would turn to a pearl—and sighing a tender farewell to his native mud, with Stoical firmness rises to untried scenes in another element. These "untried scenes" are generally of a very harrowing description, and need not be enlarged upon—the single word *knife* suggesting as much horror as a kind-hearted person would care to have expressed in words. Even when he escapes *this* almost inevitable fate, it is only to die a more lingering and cruel death from exposure and neglect; in fact, he pines away.

How melancholy, then, is the compliment to human nature when we say, "As happy as a clam!" *Happy!* He is never happy, even at "high-tide." Even upon his calmest reveries will intrude the painful thought, the fatal certainty, of final separation from all he holds most dear. *Happy!* When a *man* is happy he mingles with his fellow men But when he is wretched, does he not brood in silence over his woes, and cultivate retirement as his only solace? Tis thus, ah! yes, thus with the unhappy clam! "Wrapped in the solitude of his own originality," and giving his genius play, he may for awhile forget his woes; so do disconsolate mortals But *happy!* Name it not, even in a jest Let us not wantonly trifle with feelings doubtless more keen and sensitive than our own.

Let us hope that for the clam a brighter day is dawning. Already a sense of justice inclines the lover of bivalves to victimize the callous oyster rather than his tender cousin. The oyster is gay, because he has no fine feelings. He looks down upon the modest clam, who does not care to enter his circle, and while rightly judging his thoughtful connection unfitted for hollow amusement, he affects to despise while he really envies him. The oyster is light and trifling; the clam, solid and practical. The latter may improve with time; the former must retrograde. If we must choose, then, let our cry be, "Death to the oyster!"

The question has been asked: "Do oysters ever fall in love?" I must answer rarely, *if* ever; clams always. The ordinary oyster is incapable of the sentiment. There can be no more melancholy subject for contemplation than that of a clam that is the victim of hopeless love. What could sooner check the violence of mirth, and subdue us to a state of trembling commiseration, than the thought of a clam in tears? But *there*, I touch a *too* tender chord. In the ardor of defense I have gone too far.

If in the absence of oysters, we are ever reduced to the melancholy necessity of dining off clams, let us treat them gently; disengaging them quickly from the shell, and, without mangling, effecting an instant deglutition. Then let us invoke the Discontented Shade, and humbly ask forgiveness; pleading a dire necessity, and engaging to so regulate our taste for bivalves, and confirm our discrimination of the species, that we may come to look upon the *clam* as sacred.

A GLANCE ALL ROUND.

Congress adjourned *sine die* on the 18th of August, after a session of about eight months and a half. Two months of this time was spent in electing a Speaker of the House, and at least half the remainder of the session in matters entirely foreign to the real interests of their constituents and of the country, which ought to have engaged their undivided attention. Truly the members ought to pray earnestly for forgiveness 'for having done many things which they ought not to have done, and for omitting many things which they ought to have done." But this has been the old story for years with the American Congress, and on the whole we don't know as the present one has done much worse than its "illustrious predecessors." Indeed, in one respect at least, it is said to be deserving of special commendation, for in the reports of the closing scenes of the session we are told that the session of Saturday continued through the night till daylight Sunday morning, and that order and decorum were preserved and *nobody was drunk!* That is certainly quite an improvement on the winding up of some previous sessions.

We trust our Members of Congress are growing more dignified and more disposed to magnify their office. An indication of this appears in the fact that they have set a higher price upon their services, having changed their pay from eight dollars a day, during session, to three thousand dollars a year, with additional mileage of eight dollars for twenty miles travel, as heretofore. The increase of their pay matters little to the country. The only question of interest is, will they work the better for it?

It seems to be the general impression that they will; that the public business will, on the whole, be better attended to. A deduction from their salary is to be made in all cases of voluntary absence during the session, so that members may be expected to be always at their post, except in sickness or other unavoidable detention. Their salary being secured for the year, they will have no inducement to protract the session by waste of time, and important business of the country will stand a chance of being attended to in better season.

The doctrine of "Internal Improvements" has gained ground during the late session—several bills for the improvement of rivers, harbors, rapids, &c., having passed by a two-third vote after being vetoed by the President.

An appropriation of five hundred thousand dollars has been made for the purchase of a site for a Post-Office in the City of New York, an important matter which has been quite too long delayed. The postal business of this city is already immense, and is rapidly increasing, requiring very ample and excellent accommodations or the public interests must greatly suffer.

Another appropriation of five hundred thousand dollars was made to enable the Postmaster-General to establish a mail-coach line from the Mississippi across the continent to San Francisco. This is also an excellent move. A weekly mail by four-horse coaches, besides the great convenience it will afford for communication between the seaboards of the Atlantic and Pacific, will also be an efficient means of promoting the interior settlement of the continent, and a serviceable pioneer to the great Pacific Railroad, which cannot be built a day too soon for the country's best interests.

There were several disagreements between the two Houses as the session drew near the close, but most of them were adjusted by Committees of Conference and agreed to. But there was one point the House stuck to sturdily to the last. They struck out of the appropriation bill twenty thousand dollars to pay the members of the "bogus Kansas Legislature." The Senate insisted upon retaining the provision, and the House insisted upon striking it out. The Senate finally yielded. The House also took other positions to stop the wheels of Government in Kansas affairs, till the Free-State Governor, Robinson, and others now imprisoned under indictment for treason should be released. But assurances being given that those prisoners would soon be discharged, the House did not insist upon putting on the fetters.

P. S.—Extra Session of Congress.—The above was written on the 18th, for closing up the pages of the Magazine. But the next morning the telegraph brought us the proclamation of the President, calling for an extra session of Congress, to meet on Thursday, the 21st. It seems the Army Appropriation bill, amounting to thirteen or fourteen millions of dollars, had failed by the disagreement between the two Houses in reference to Kansas.

The House insisted upon a proviso in this bill that none of the money should be applied to the payment of the troops or militia employed in enforcing upon the people of Kansas the bogus laws passed by the "Border-Ruffian Legislature," so called. The Senate would not accept this proviso, and after several Committees of Conference on the subject, each House continued to insist on the stand it had taken—the hour appointed for the adjournment arrived, and the whole Army bill went by the board.

The President consulted the Cabinet and the Judges of the Supreme Court, and determined to call an immediate extra session. As good luck would have it, the bill giving the members a yearly salary had already become a law, so they will get no extra pay for the extra session, unless they choose to pay themselves constructive mileage home and back while they do not stir an inch out of Washington.

Some of the members had already left on Saturday. Others left on Monday; but the telegraph is a smart racer, and would overtake them before they got far.

Disasters by fire and flood and railroad trains have been uncommonly numerous and fatal for a month or two past. Three steamers burnt on Lakes Erie and Ontario, several on the western rivers burnt or sunk, explosions of boilers in others, collisions on railroads, by one of which, near Philadelphia, about a hundred lives were lost; and a recent destructive storm at the South, inundating several islands near New Orleans, and sweeping away the inhabitants with their dwellings; these various disasters, within the past two months, have probably destroyed from three to four hundred lives.

The political campaign exhibits a good deal of vigorous action. It is amusing sometimes to see old "straight-out" Whigs scudding over into the ranks of the "unterrified Democracy," and at the same time to see Democrats, both old and young, scudding the other way to join the ranks of the Rocky Mountain candidate, while others look around with a bewildered stare, and ask, in the language of Mr. Webster, "where shall I go?" The political currents all over the country are about as conflicting and turbulent as they used to be in Hurl Gate before the successful blasting of Pot Rock and the Frying-Pan. We shall probably know who is President after election.

Affairs in Europe are in *statu quo*. There has been quite a a little flare-up in Spain, a revolutionary muss for a few weeks, but at the last dates the candle was snuffed and extinguished, and a step taken backward toward despotism. During the disturbance the French Emperor ordered an army of observation to the frontiers of Spain, and it was well understood if the liberal party should be likely to prove successful in the struggle, they would be put down by French forces. This, with other considerations, is said to be working a great change in public sentiment in England. If despotism is growing stronger in Europe, England does not feel safe. She probably has little confidence in French faith, and regards her French alliance as rather a brittle thread. At any rate, British eyes are now wonderfully turned toward the United States. Cousin John Bull is becoming as gentle as a lamb. Nothing is too good for Brother Jonathan now. Oh, let Brother Jonathan have his own way; he'll do what's right—let that Mosquito question go to grass; shove them Bay Islands back to Honduras again; let Walker alone, and don't give any more rifles to Costa Rica; and if Brother Jonathan happens to get in a muss with Spain and takes Cuba, it's nothing to us, it's all right, let him have it. The London Times is suddenly growing wonderfully polite, and seems to think Brother Jonathan's folks are not such a mighty mean race after all, and perhaps there may be some things on this side of the water worth looking after. It is said the great "Thunderer" has really sent over one of its principal reporters to this country to look round and take a note of things. And more than all that, it is rumored that the editor-in-chief actually talks of stepping over to take a look at us. Well, we dare say Brother Jonathan will pat Cousin John on the head and say "don't be afraid, if anybody insults you or threatens to lick you, come to me and I'll see about it."

California is still governed by the Vigilance Committee, presenting one of the most remarkable revolutions on the records of history. The State authorities are powerless against this popular organization; the Governor has gone

to the interior, and is waiting the course of events, doubtless having given up all idea of attempting to crush out the Vigilance Committee, unless he obtains aid from the General Government, which he applied for and confidently expected. But the General Government has showed its wisdom by declining to interfere

Since the account given in the last number of this Magazine, the Vigilance Committee have taken higher and stronger ground than ever. They have had in prison for some weeks, and under trial. Judge Terry, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State, who was arrested for stabbing one of the officers of the Committee while he was attempting to arrest another person The man was badly wounded, and if the wounds should prove fatal the general impression was that Judge Terry would be hung by the Committee. At the last dates the prospect was that the wounded man would recover, and exertions were made to have Judge Terry liberated. The Committee would not liberate him unless he first resigned his office. This the Judge utterly refused to do while in confinement. What would finally be done with him was a matter of uncertainty at the last dates. Some supposed he would be banished to one of the distant islands in the Pacific.

Some few papers in California, and some individuals, particularly those who have been banished from the State, make a terrible outcry against the Vigilance Committee, and call it all sorts of hard names; but

"What rogue e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law?"

We have the best authority for believing that almost the unanimous sentiment of the respectable and worthy population of the State is in favor of the position and action of the Committee. In proof of this we append the following extract of a letter from a very worthy clergyman of San Francisco to a friend in an Eastern State:

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 18, 1856.

The last steamers have given you accounts of recent stirring events hereabouts. The Vigilance Committee is triumphant—supreme in power; and their power has been thus far exercised with great firmness, wisdom and moderation. The Committee now numbers about five thousand men, armed and ready for duty, under the direction of twenty-nine good men and true, who are the executive. The Committee of Vigilance is a great institution in this country; it is the only power feared, whether in Heaven or in earth, by the ruffians, harlots and gamblers who infest, rob and corrupt this city. They have hung two, and sent away some dozen or twenty of the very worst scoundrels upon earth. The two first had each shot his man in the street, in open day, for some slight provocation. The others were veterans in guilt. They are still pursuing the good work of reforming undismayed—calmly, coolly, and with a sober discretion. Their force is irresistable. If they warn a villain to leave town, which they often do by a polite note, he is sure to go. He never declines an invitation from that source. They work mysteriously. No one knows who is to be the next called upon. They have assumed extraordinary power, but the necessity of the case justifies it, and *nine-tenths* of the whole State is with the Committee in all they have done. Our Courts are corrupt and weak; it was impossible to get a conviction on account of the most unblushing bribery. The ballot-box was in the complete possession of these villains, which they controlled and stuffed at will and kept by the bowie-knife and pistol. No power but a Vigilance Committee could reach the evils, and they are probing the sore deep Let them go on, and may God prosper them in their work

WHY JAMIE WAS SENT UP TO THE ISLAND.

It is a good thing to go out of the common respectable track now and then, (as an observer merely, a looker on—Heaven forefend that we should recommend anything disreputable to our readers,) to see how the world goes with the large class whose moral ideas are of a somewhat confused and uncertain order. Lately we, eschewing genteel conveyance, took passage in the little old steamer King Philip, for the purpose of visiting Randall's and Blackwell's Islands. Truth to say, we saw much that was more interesting than either savory or agreeable.

Sturdy fellows were grouped upon the deck, miserable vagabonds and paupers, broken-down gamesters and debauchees, with here and there some worn, haggard creature, with "pass" in hand, about to visit some friend or relative incarcerated in one or the other of these public institutions. It was a group of the *night-side* of human nature—"children of darkness rather than the light," and our heart ached within us to see how blind and ignorant they were. *Ignorance* is the root of all sin, we said to ourself, when an exclamation from a poor sobbing girl, crouched at one side, arrested our attention, and her remark so fell in with our current of thought that we shall record it here:

"And sure," said the girl, "Jamie has as nice a place to stay in as a body ought to want." She was looking at the Penitentiary as we neared Blackwell's Island.

"No place is good without freedom," we replied. "Is Jamie a prisoner on the Island?"

"Indade and he is, poor boy!"

"What made Jamie a prisoner?" we asked.

She had wiped her tears at our tone of sympathy, and now she looked with a deprecating earnestness into our face, quite touching to see, and answered—

"Ah, indade, and he *didn't well understand the laws of the country*."

Here was confirmation, new and unexpected, to our theory, that ignorance is the mother of sin."

A CHILD'S INFERENCE.

CHILDREN are the best teachers. Our unconscious learning is the best learning; and children perform the office performed by the bird and the flower—sending lessons of benign import into the heart all unaware. Their pretty confusion of ideas causes a smile which does us good and need not harm them.

"When *will* mother be home?" cried a child, bursting into tears.

"She will be home after dinner," was the reply.

"After dinner! then let us eat dinner now," he returned, growing bright at the overcome difficulty.

OLIO SEASONINGS.

THE ATMOSPHERIC TELEGRAPH ANTICIPATED.—First voice:

"But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?"

Second voice:

"The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind."

[The Ancient Mariner.

This is the exact principle of the atmospheric railroad; and it is perhaps worthy of a note as a curious fact that such a means of locomotion should have occurred to Coleridge so long ago. [Notes and Queries.

IN DANGER OF HIS LIFE.—In Newgate, many years ago, a notorious highwayman, who was desirous of having his trial deferred, after consultatio: with his solicitor, re-

solved to employ an apothecary to make affidavit of his illness. An apothecary was speedily found, who for a moderate fee gave him the following certificate: "The deponent verily believes that if the said James Bolland is obliged to take his trial at the ensuing sessions he will be in imminent danger of his life." The Judge, upon hearing the certificate read, remarked that he believed so too, and ordered it to proceed immediately; and the result was that the highwayman was hanged.

ALL TIPSY BUT ME!

[From the German.]

Out of the tavern I've just stepped to-night:
Street! you are caught in a very bad plight;
Right hand and left are both out of place,
Street, you are drunk; 'tis a very clear case.

Moon, 'tis a very queer figure you cut;
One eye is staring while t'other is shut;
Tipsy. I see, and you're greatly to blame—
Old as you are, 'tis a horrible shame.

Then the street lamps, too, what a scandalous sight,
None of them soberly standing upright;
Rocking and staggering—why, on my word,
Each of the lamps is as drunk as a lord!

All is confusion; now isn't it odd?
Nothing is sober that I see abroad.
Sure it were rash with this crew to remain,
Better go into the tavern again.

AN ENLIGHTENED JUDGE.—In 1687, the law against witchcraft being in force, one Jane Wenman was tried before Sir John Pawell, a native of Worcestershire, and her adversaries swore that she could fly.

"Prisoner," said our Judge, "can you fly?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"Well, then you may; there is no law against flying."

EXCESSIVE POLITENESS.—A California poet gives the following lesson on politeness to the juveniles of the gold region.

"Indeed, my friends, far better it would seem
Were you to choose the opposite extreme—
Like one down East, who an umbrella took,
And from the rain gave shelter to a duck;
Who to a limping dog once lent his arm,
And to a setting hen said, 'Don't rise, ma'am;'
Nor e'en to lifeless things respect did lack—
Said always to a chair, 'Excuse my back;'
'Excuse my curiosity,' he said to books,
And to the looking-glass, 'Excuse my looks.'"

The Boston Post has credit for the last liquid remedy for baldness, as follows: "Use brandy externally until the hair grows, and then take it internally to *clinch the roots*."

THE PIG AND THE MOCKING BIRD.—Mr. Gosse, in the History of the Birds of Jamaica, gives an amusing account of the mocking bird. The hogs are, it seems, the creatures that give him the most annoyance. They are ordinarily fed upon the inferior oranges, the fruit being shaken down to them in the evening; hence they acquire the habit of resorting to the orange tree for a lucky windfall. The mocking bird, feeling nettled at the intrusion, flies down and begins pecking away at the hog with all its might. Piggy, not understanding the matter, but pleased with the titillation, gently lies down and turns up his broad side to enjoy it. The poor bird gets in an agony of distress, pecks and pecks again, but increases the enjoyment of the luxurious intruder, and is at last compelled to give it up.

Talleyrand, talking of a man who dealt in nothing but quotations, said: "That fellow has a mind of inverted commas."

There is an old lady in Virginia who believes it to be a Bible doctrine that for seven years before the end of the world, no children are to be born; and that gives her comfort, for at every fresh birth she hears of she says to herself: "Well, the seven years at least have not begun."

"George Smith, do you recollect the story of David and Goliah?"

"Yes, Sir. David was a tavern-keeper, and Goliah was an intemperate man."

"Who told you that?"

"Nobody. I read it—and it is said that David fixed a sling for Goliah, and Goliah got slewed with it."

An Irishman, writing a sketch of his life, says he ran away from his father because he discovered he was only his uncle.

"Mary, where's the frying-pan." "Jemmy's got it, carting mud and clam shells up the alley, with a cat for a horse." "The dear little fellow, what a genius he will make; but get it, we're going to have company, and must fry some fish for dinner."

A gentleman observed to a lady that a mutual friend, since a late illness, had spoken like a puppy. "No doubt of it," she replied, "for his physician has since ordered him to bark three times a day."

A traveler in rather a slow coach inquired of his next neighbor its name. "I think, sir, it is called the regulator, for I observe that all the other coaches go by it."

A SIGNIFICANT HINT.—A lady who was in the habit of dropping in at her neighbors' about meal time, in the hope of obtaining an invitation to partake with the family, was recently completely nonplussed by the unhesitating frankness of a child.

Knowing that a neighbor's supper hour was five, she called in about four and settled herself down for a long call.

"It takes two to make a bargain," and the lady honored with the call had no idea of giving an invitation, if it was in her power to escape it. Accordingly the hour of five brought no indications of supper. Time wore on, the sun was near its setting, and still the same. A little girl, the daughter of the lady in question, began to grow quite uneasy. At length, her mother having gone out for a moment, the visitor said:

"You must come over and see me, Mary, some time."

"No, I won't," said the child.

"Why not."

"Because I don't like you."

"But why don't you like me?"

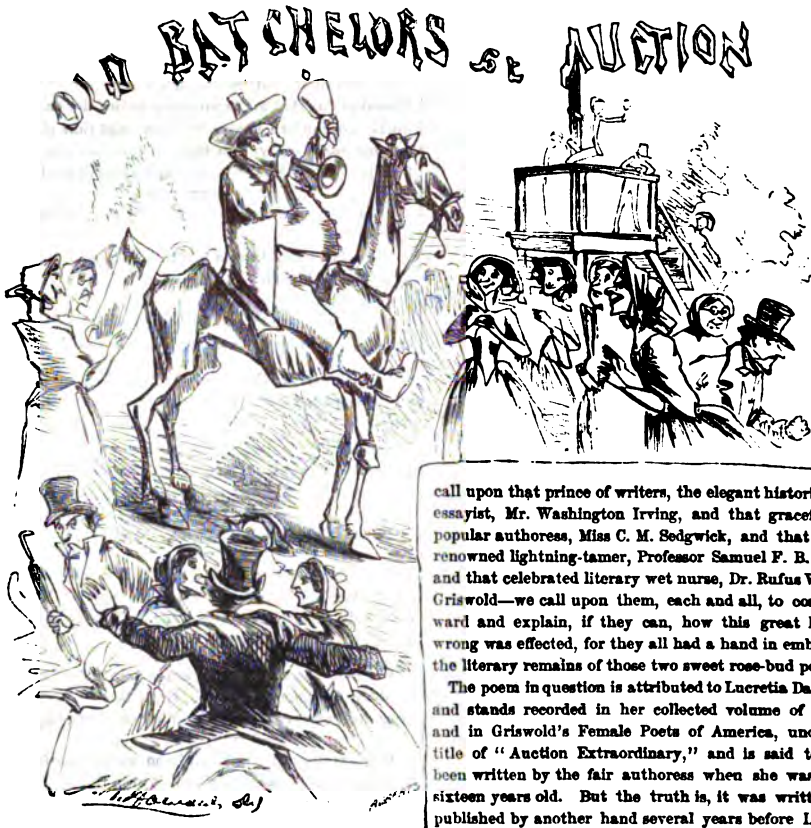
"Because I'm hungry, and want some supper."

"But," said the visitor amazed, "I don't prevent your having your supper, do I."

"Yes you do," said little Mary. "Mother said she wouldn't have supper till you were gone, if you staid till midnight."

In less than five minutes the visitor was marching out of the front door with a very red face. She hasn't called to see Mary since.

Little Mary, in her childish frankness, has not learned the important lesson which after years will not fail to teach her, viz: that "the truth, however excellent or desirable, is not to be spoken at all times."



OLD BACHELORS AT AUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY CORRECTED.

COLUMBUS discovered the Western World, but Americus Vespucius bore away the honor of the discovery. History at last corrected the error, but all too late to answer the ends of justice. The world had rolled the lie as a sweet morsel under its tongue so long that it never could make up its mouth to spit it out. Therefore the continent is called America, and not Columbia, to the present day. So it is the world over, and in all ages. The discoverer, the inventor, the man of science, the devotee of art, the poet, the scholar, the philosopher, toil and achieve, and others step in and enjoy the fruits and honors of their labors, without so much as saying "by your leave." Virgil is not the only poet who, in the bitterness of experience, might have exclaimed:

> "Hos Ego versiculos faci, tulit alter honores—
> Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves;
> Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves;
> Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;
> Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves."

It is the duty, however, of the patrons and conservators of letters to endeavor to wipe out the errors of history whenever an opportunity occurs. That high duty, in one instance, it is now our purpose to fulfill. The subjoined poem, describing a remarkable public vendue, stands recorded in sundry volumes as the production of one of those sweet precocious poets "whom the gods loved," for they died "young," Lucretia and Margaret Davidson. The record is false, and should be expunged And we now call upon that prince of writers, the elegant historian and essayist, Mr. Washington Irving, and that graceful and popular authoress, Miss C. M. Sedgwick, and that world-renowned lightning-tamer, Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, and that celebrated literary wet nurse, Dr. Rufus Willmot Griswold—we call upon them, each and all, to come forward and explain, if they can, how this great literary wrong was effected, for they all had a hand in embalming the literary remains of those two sweet rose-bud poets.

The poem in question is attributed to Lucretia Davidson, and stands recorded in her collected volume of poems, and in Griswold's Female Poets of America, under the title of "Auction Extraordinary," and is said to have been written by the fair authoress when she was about sixteen years old. But the truth is, it was written and published by another hand several years before Lucretia had reached her sixteenth year. It appeared originally in the year 1819 or 1820, in that stanch old Democratic paper, the Eastern Argus, published in Portland, Me. How it found its way, years afterward, into Lucretia's volume, bearing Lucretia's name, we must leave to her literary executors to explain. We freely exonerate the child-songstress, for her volume was edited and published after her decease. And beside, her pure spirit could no more steal than Washington could tell a lie. Nor are we willing to attribute malice prepense to the honorable literary executors to whom we have alluded. We are charitable, and are disposed to consider the error the result of mistake rather than crime. And in the absence of positive testimony we should always give the accused the benefit of every doubt. Till the matter is cleared up, therefore, we will suggest the possibility that the gentle and young Lucretia found the poem in a newspaper, and, being pleased with it, copied it and placed it among her manuscripts. There her literary executors may have innocently found it, and honestly published it, believing it to be her own.

But having stated the negative side of the case, it behooveth us now to give the positive side. If Lucretia was *not* the author of the said poem, who was? Ay, who was? that is the question.

Don't be importunate, good reader, and we will make a clean breast of it—That poem, The Auction Sale of Old Bachelors, which now, for the first time, appeals to the stern spirit of history for protection, and claims its true paternity, was the *bona fide* production of the original Major Jack Downing, (*alias* Seba Smith.) Of this fact

there is abundant testimony sufficient to establish the Major's rightful claim to this piece of property in any court of justice in the United States. Should it be thought strange that the Major has so long neglected to assert his authorship in the premises, it should be borne in mind that he is used to have his honors filched from him without troubling his head much about it. There are those, even, who have been willing to "filch from him his good name," and to try to wear the mantle of the original "Major Downing;" but the true Major is modest and unselfish, and slept never a wink the less.

There! the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE has washed its hands of this great wrong, and vindicated the truth of history. And now for the poem:

OLD BACHELORS AT AUCTION.

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dream'd, it was roll'd into numbers.
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful meter,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter.

It seemed that a law had been recently made,
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid,
And, in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.

BACHELORS' INDIGNATION MEETING.

The bachelors grumbled; and swore 'twas no use,
'Twas cruel injustice, and horrid abuse,
And declared, that to save their own heart's blood from spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.

But the rulers determined their course to pursue,
So they put all the bachelors up at vendue.

WE ARE GOING TO THE "VANDUE."

A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow,
And to bawl out to all he might meet in the way,
"Ho, forty old bachelors sold here to-day."

Straightway every spinster that lived in the town,
Each one in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty—fair, plain, red and pale—
Of every description, all flock'd to the sale.

The auctioneer soon in his labors began,
And call'd out aloud as he held up a man,

A LOVE OF A MAN, LADIES; HOW MUCH?

"How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?"
In a twink every maiden responded, "I," "I."

In short, at a hugely extravagant price,
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice,
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
Each lugg'd an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

"TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE SPOILS."

FASHION PLATES:

ENGRAVED FOR THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.—WALKING TOILET FOR A YOUNG LADY.—Bonnet of fine Belgian straw, trimmed with fanchons and a curtain of green silk, black lace and narrow velvets. The bonnet is lined with light green silk, trimmed with black lace, a green band covered with narrow velvets, and bordered with a white blonde and two tufts, one light, the other dark. On the edge of the front, there are three small black velvets and a narrow black lace. Two three-cornered pieces are laid on as fanchons; one light, the other dark. Each is bordered with velvets, and trimmed with a narrow lace. The curtain of dark silk spreads out square, and on each side a light point comes from underneath, turns up and envelopes it. The whole is trimmed with velvet and lace. Strings of No. 22 ribbon of two colors are put inside of the front. A black silk basquine, trimmed with tassel buttons. This garment, fitting tight, is terminated by a long and full skirt, but of a piece with the upper part. All the edges and every seam are covered with small tassel buttons. The sleeve is cut in the pagoda style, forms a decided bottom and is edged with tassel buttons. On the front there is from top to bottom a certain width of plaits laid one on the other, and enclosed between two rows of the tassels. Skirt of light green silk, with Bayadere stripes of a darker green. Cambric collar and under-sleeves, with a hem in Turkish stitch. The sleeve is puffed and terminated by a deep plain wristband.

PARIS LETTER.

[From the Paris Bon Ton and Monthly Report of Fashions.]

Attention is now turning to Autumn toilets, though the

dresses in actual wear still speak of Summer and sunny skies, but over these thin toilets of grenadine, silk, muslin, or barege, our fashionable ladies are pleased to wear silk or black moire antique redingotes, to which the name of *Incroyables* has been given. These are the chief eccentricities of the day, and are the subjects of conversation in every circle interested in toilet. Women who have an aversion for everything singular or remarkable, cry out against this innovation, but most of the fair daughters of Eve who possess the attraction of a fine figure, have already made up their minds to bestow their warmest patronage on this moire antique redingote (the French name for a gentleman's frock coat.) It has, indeed, some right to be so called, as the skirt is gathered in flutes and forms a second skirt over the dress. The body is tight and closed down the front with frogs or loops. As for the sleeves they are very wide and flowing, and opened up so as to show to advantage the rich lace sleeves worn underneath, as well as the sleeves of the dress. Such is the general aspect of these *Incroyables*. They have no trimming whatever, and it is, perhaps, this very plainness which gives them so much the appearance of gentlemen's frock coats. Should the silk and moire *Incroyables* meet with as much favor as many persons anticipate, it may be easily foreseen that the same cut will be in equal vogue when the approach of Winter renders the adoption of velvet or cloth indispensable. Indeed we are more than half inclined to think, that before the time for the use of cloth arrives, these *Incroyables* will have obtained the almost undisputed possession of the field. But for a lady to appear to advantage in one of them, she must have a nymph-like slender figure, without which the redingote will be as vulgar as anything else—in short, she will have the appearance of a perambulating beer barrel. We think few unmarried ladies will venture alone into the streets of Paris in these redingotes for some time yet, at least, as they attract too much notice, and seem to say, "Look at me!" The Boulevards belong to the general public. It is very different in a drawing-room, where the company all know, or are supposed to know, each other. The rich and noble foreigner can indulge freely in all the caprices of fashion, because the manners and customs of Paris are not held to govern those of other countries. But in Paris, a lady who appears on the Boulevards must be extremely reserved in her toilet, carriage, and gesture, especially when alone, with no other protector than herself. If she walks along staring at everything she passes, and holding up her dress like a Spanish dancer ready to fly off into cachucha, she is sure to compromise herself, though she may be the most respectable woman in the world all the time. This manner of raising the dress, which some ladies who think themselves fashionable have adopted, is really most unbecoming. I am well aware that crinoline makes it impracticable to raise the dress at the side, and so, in order not to derange the harmony of this wondrous pile of petticoats, ladies adopt the expedient of raising their dresses in front. But why persist in wearing crinoline when it imparts neither grace nor elegance? Crinoline is like the frog in the fable that tried to rival the ox in bulk. A woman invested with such unmeasured volume of crinoline, may fairly be compared to a *diving-bell*. Some ladies, especially remarkable for the excess of crinoline, have lately been seen indulging in another eccentricity, carrying an eye-glass stuck in the corner of the left eye, with all the easy impudence of a made dandy. These ladies have received the name of *Crinolinettes*. They have a peculiar style of their own, like the corresponding class of the other sex. If I thus attack the weak side of fashion, it is solely for the benefit of my fair readers, whom I wish to caution against the bad taste of certain persons, who are, nevertheless, among the queens of the day. I would not have them fancy that all the showy dames whom they may see belong to the beau monde, while they are neither more nor less than adventuresses, the divinities of the public balls at Asnieres, Mabille's, the Chateau des Fleurs, and Musard's. The real lady is too conscious of her beauty, her elegance, her birth and her fortune, ever to compromise herself to parading extravagant fashions. She will dress for Autumn like a daisy. What can be more pleasing? The prettiest Autumn dresses are made of English alpaca and plain silk, with quilled flounces. The skirt has seven flounces, merely hemmed and quilled. The Queen Daisy of the gardens has nothing smarter than this skirt all quilled like a collar. The body is plain, and has quilled lappets round the waist. The sleeves are gathered at top and have three quilled flounces. This dress is far best when made of a quite plain tissue. It is the very personification of a lady of good taste. The collars and sleeves are also made with quilled trimmings, and are some fichus to which the name of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette has been given. Then there is another novelty called the Fanchonnette. Of course you want to know what that is. Why, a mere nothing made out of lace, a kind of low bertha with long rounded ends, which may be worn on either a high or a low body. This fanchonnette gives the body a very rich appearance. Indeed, we have seen some very stylish ladies throw this fanchonnette over their straw bonnet and tie it under the chin, over their ribbons. It imparts at once a resemblance of the costumes of the reign of Louis XV. It is really very becoming; it is certainly not of the classical school, but of the romantic.

Bonnets for Autumn differ very little, if at all, from those worn in Summer. Belgian and Panama straws are trimmet with velvet and flowers of the season. Those ladies who must absolutely have something new in the shape of a bonnet, have them made of crape and velvet, crape and silk, with ornaments of feathers of two shades. Curtains are still made of enormous dimensions, and it is hardly to be supposed that they will be less in the Winter. Nothing will be really done in point of Winter fashions till after the long holidays, which terminate early in October. Till then the only change will be in the ornaments and trimmings of dresses and bonnets. The appearance of the *Incroyables*, already described, is quite an exceptional case at the present season. Dresses are still made of Louis XV. lappets, that is to say, reaching down to about the middle of the skirt. The lappets, body and sleeves are generally rather profusely trimmed with ball or tassel fringes. Fringe is an ornament that enjoys extraordinary favor. We have also seen some very pretty velvet tresses so employed, but for this trimming the lady should be of a very slender figure, else it will give an appearance of stoutness, which may not be desired. Before I leave the subject of dresses, I will lay before my readers the description of some pretty toilets which attracted no little attention at a ball given by the Emperor at St. Cloud We will begin with the dress worn by the Empress, which was made of Azof-green crape, trimmed with English point lace, and a profusion of green wheat ears, matching the tint of the dress; the three crape skirts were almost covered with them. Madame T. de la ——— wore a toilet composed of seven skirts of grenadine gauze, shaded of all the blues from torquoise to China blue. The trimming of this toilet was blue-bells of all the tints contained in each skirt. The bertha was also of blue-bells, and wreaths of them meandered all over the skirts. The Duchess d'A——— had a toilet covered all over with quilled illusion tulle and grass fringe, studded with bunches of black and red currants. The Countess of M——— wore a white crape toilet, ornamented with long branches of apple bloom and fruit. Nothing could be more original than all those little green apples swaying about on their flexible stems like so many little balls. So much for ball-dresses.

Now a few words on walking dress. We have three new bodies to describe: the *Montespan*, the *Moresque* and the *Catalonian*. The first has very much the appearance of a man's coat, as it has a little skirt behind formed by three large plaits, while the front terminates at the waist in a little point either sharp or rounded. This is a very pretty little body. The moresque body has a plain lappet very much curved, on which fall a quantity of basquines, forming a double lappet. All these basquines are ruched with ribbons and bordered with fringe or lace. The Catalonian body presents a kind of second body formed of a chequer-work of velvet and ribbon, something in the Swiss style. This chequer-work begins below the bosom. It is an admirable means of setting off the waist to advantage. Next month we shall have plenty to say on Autumn novelties, especially bonnets and mantelets.

VISCOMPTESSE DE RENNEVILLE.

United States Magazine.

Vol. III.].....OCTOBER, 1856.....[No. 4.

VESTIBULE OF UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE.

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.....No. IV.

UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE.

The description of the building and of some of its numerous contents will occupy this number. The history of the Patent Office, of the rise and progress of mechanical skill and science in this country, with notices of the library, models, &c., will make up the second part of this article in our November number.

The building known as the Patent Office contains, in addition to the Commissioner of that office and his clerks, the Secretary of the Interior, with his clerical force; the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and the General Land Office, with its large force. As the President has indorsed the recommendation of the Secretary of the Interior advising the construction of a suitable structure for that Department and all its bureaus, excepting the Patent Office, a few years will doubtless see another added to the fine Federal buildings which grace the political metropolis.

The center of the Patent Office building was commenced in 1836. Like all other buildings, it was, though designed with room and verge enough, soon found to be wholly inadequate to the purpose of its erection, but the early cause of this was that the main hall, instead of being devoted to models, was made a Government Museum, which it still remains. The site is elevated, on the north side of Pennsylvania avenue, about a quarter of a mile therefrom, near the General Post Office. It occupies now three sides of a square, bounded by Seventh and Ninth streets east and west, and F and G streets north and south.

The building is striking from its size and massiveness more than from any very great architectural merits. Mr. Mills, who claimed the credit of the structure of the center—and certainly he was entitled to most of it—says, "the general outline of the plan corresponds with that of the celebrated Louvre at Paris; the facade is derived from the Parthenon at

Athens." The *general outline* of the Patent Office will require considerable filling up before the resemblance would strike an observer with much force. As to the portico, the claim for that alone, not its position, is better founded.

"The idea of the plan," Mr. Mills says, "was presented by Town and Elliot, and is that upon which the center portion of the building was erected." Now the fact is, the plan was drawn by Messrs. Town and Elliot, and submitted and approved by the President; Mr. Mills was appointed architect, and superintended the erection of the building, making some alterations externally and internally. The simple truth is, though Doric simplicity prevails, yet the style of architecture is nothing more than another specimen of American composite, a sort of conglomerated specimen of native growth.

The building is 405 feet front, including the wings, which are 275 feet long—both the front and wings having a depth of, the former 70, the latter 69 feet; the center building faces Eighth street, and is 270 feet wide; it connects on either side directly with the wings, and but for the difference of material the whole looks, as it is in fact, like one building. The material of the first structure is sandstone, painted white, with granite basement in the rear; it has a rusticated basement, and rises two stories in hight above. The wings are of marble, the east similar in its construction to the center; whereas, owing to the declination of the ground, the west wing has a sub-basement of granite, to bring it on a line with the rest; the rear of each wing is constructed of granite.

The portico, which is very elevated, being reached by numerous granite steps, supported by cheekblocks, is of the same proportion as the Parthenon. The entablature and pediment are supported by a double row of massive Doric columns, resting on a stone pavement; pilasters ornament the entire front of the building. The ceiling, however, was, as was more customary twenty years ago than it is now, or than we hope it will ever be again made, merely lath and plaster, in imitation of stone panels, and it is now in a broken condition. We cannot but suggest that the Secretary of the Interior should direct the intelligent architect who is now in charge of the work on the new part to have this cheap looking and unsightly stuff removed, to be replaced by marble panels or some other solid material.

The view which our artist has most accurately and gracefully sketched, presents this portico, as well as the one on the east wing, to which we will allude again, and the entire center and eastern and southern fronts, conveying an accurate idea of the whole structure as seen on approaching it from the avenue. Ascending the steps, and passing the portico, the visitor enters the Vestibule, of which we also present a capital view. This room is 70 feet deep by 50 in width; the ceiling is divided into arches, which are supported by four large stone columns of the Doric order. Here formerly were gathered a large number of models, but the greater part have been removed to the upper story, and the cases now contain mostly models of rejected applications. From the east side there is an entrance to the Examiners' and Commissioners' rooms, and to the main passage-way of the east wing, in which are the apartments of the Secretary of the Interior, the library of the Department and the clerks' rooms. The corresponding entrance leads to the Patent Office Library and to the west wing, now occupied by the General Land Office. The second story is reached from the vestibule by a double flight of circular stone steps, and though without pretension, this stairway is graceful, with an easy angle of ascension; to save room a circular extension out of the line of the building was erected to contain the stairs, which also extend down to the basement. The grand hall is entered by a large but plain doorway, and is, with its contents, an object of great curiosity to visitors at the metropolis; as many as 10,000 persons have visited it in a month—the only tax being to inscribe the name on a register, and accept of an official catalogue, printed and circulated by order of the Commissioner. This hall is now and has been used since 1842 by a learned society, the National Institute, which was of much consideration by scientific men and officers of the Army and Navy until a few years since; now it attracts comparatively little attention, why we are at a loss to explain. The Government also occupy portions of the hall.

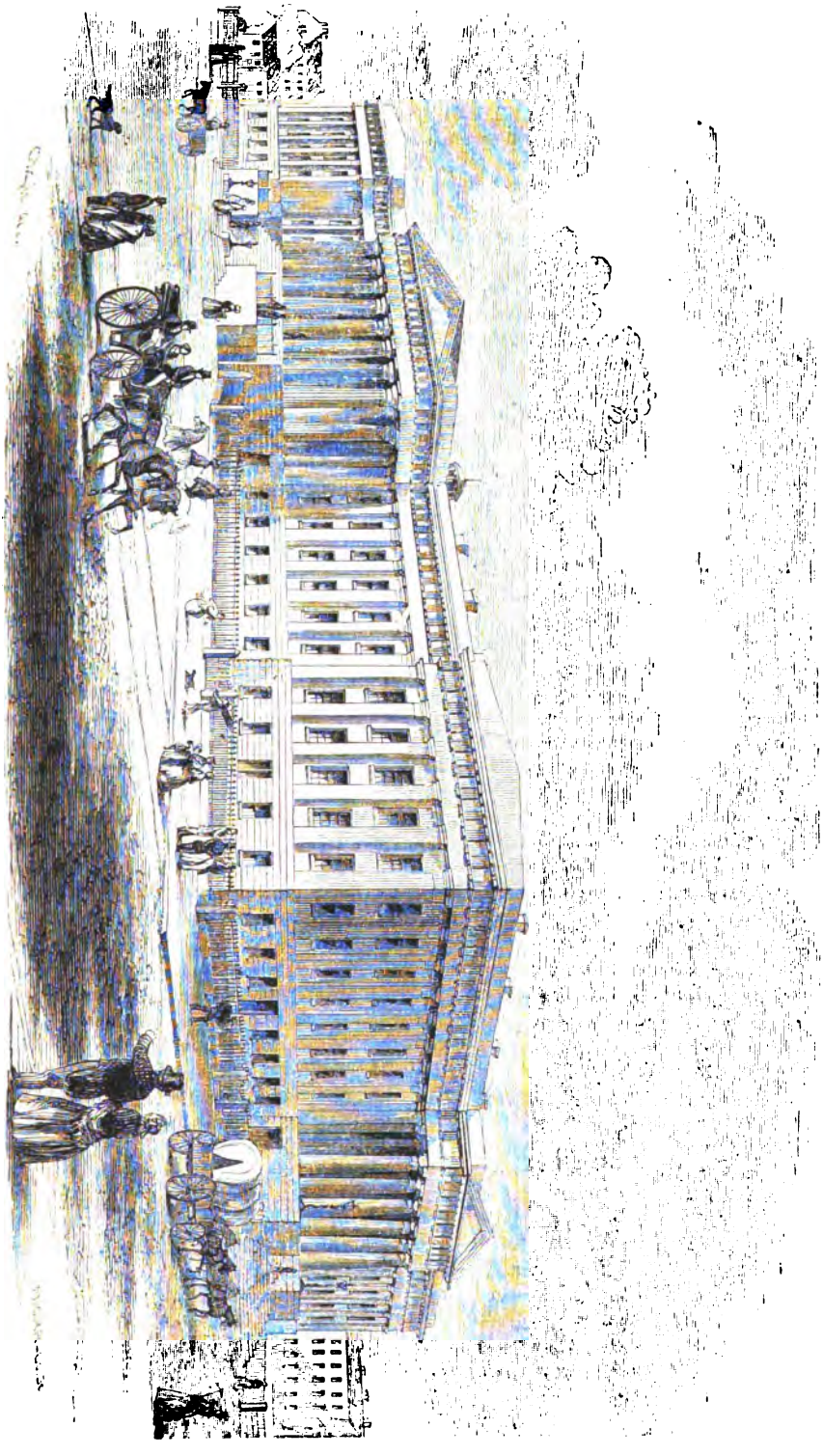
The official catalogue, prepared by a Committee, divides the collection into five classes, as follows:

First: Articles belonging to the South Sea Exploring Expedition, under the command of Commander Charles Wilkes, U. S. N.

Second: Articles belonging to the General Government, including the specimens from Japan, brought home by Capt. Perry, U. S. N.

Third: Collections belonging to the National Institute Society for the Promotion of Science.

Fourth: Numerous contributions from individuals, Salt Lake and other expeditions.



UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

Fifth: Collections from the Washington Museum.

The deposits of Capt. Wilkes's expedition are very numerous, and, though we will not pretend to enumerate or mention all, we give a recapitulation of portions as evidence of their extent and value, the latter long recognized by the scientific world. They consist of the offensive weapons of numerous tribes and races found on the islands and shores of the Pacific. War clubs, bows and poisoned arrows, spears, &c.; specimens of manufactures, cloths, hunting and fishing implements, boats and dresses, from the Fejee, Navigators, Sandwich, Tonga and numerous other islands, Oregon, California and portions of the Southern continent, all not only curious but interesting as showing the progess and the social and domestic habits of those semi-civilized and barbarous races. The ethnological collection contains crania of the ancient Peruvians, various Polynesian races, the aborigines of Oregon, &c., and offers a rare opportunity for the student of the comparative races of mankind. The number of all these specimens is 2,576.

The mammalia and ornithological specimens are 3,130, representing 846 distinct species; there are, too, thousands of specimens of the piscatory family, reptiles, crustacea and entomology, while the plants here and at the Government greenhouses number over 10,000.

There is one melancholy sight—the war club with which Lieut. Underwood was killed at the Fejee Islands; it was found by Mr. Eld.

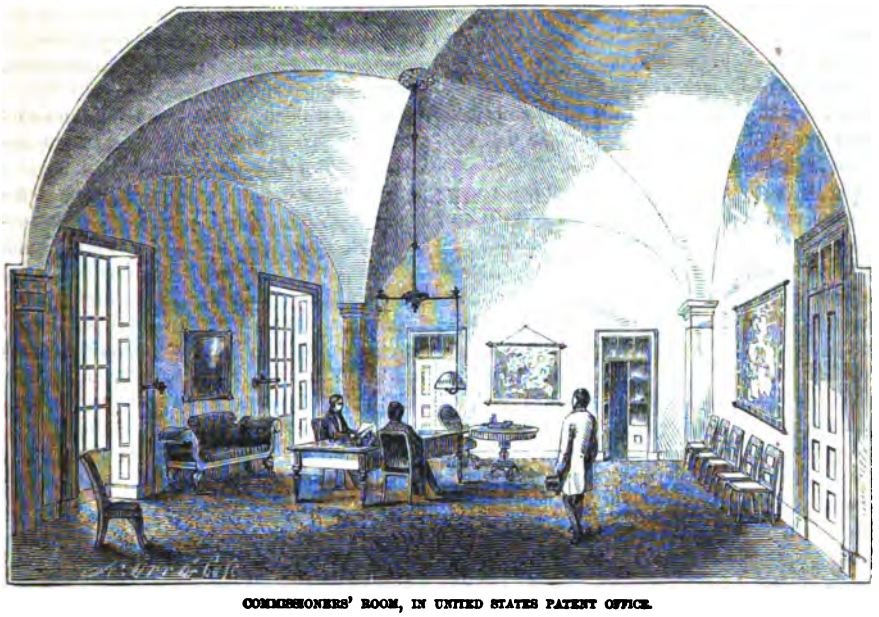
Added to these are Capt. Stansbury's collection from the plains, Salt Lake, &c., and the numerous contributions from officers, consuls and gentlemen from every part of the world, making altogether the largest and most interesting museum of natural and national curiosities on this Continent, and one which in some way should become the sole property of the Government, and the nucleus of a great national museum. How soon, comparatively, could such an institution be reared here, which would be an honor to the country, of great service to the arts and sciences, and an object of deep interest to our own citizens and to strangers.

Several meritorious paintings are hung upon the walls, of which we do not remember ever to have seen any special notice.

A large view of Constantinople, the artist unknown; it was purchased at the sale of Cardinal Fiesche's collection by Thomas L. Halsey, Esq., and by him presented to the Institute. The coloring is managed with great skill, and their is a life-like appearance in the numerous figures and animals not often met with in similar works. We are surprised at its position, directly over the door, ten feet at least above the floor. Mr. Healy has furnished one of the best specimens of his celebrated portraits, in a full length, life size picture of M. Guizot, the scholar, author and statesman. There is also an *original* portrait of Washington, painted by Charles W. Peale, of Philadelphia. It was executed for Gen. La Fayette, and was intended for the King of France. It is considered a good likeness and one of Mr. Peale's best specimens. A number of original portraits of distinguished Indian chiefs grace the walls; they are reputed by tradition to be excellent things in their way, but having no telescope, we could not pretend, from the distance we were compelled to view them, to express an opinion of their merits or demerits.

Mr. Flagg has here one of his characteristic paintings, "General Marion offering a sweet potato dinner to the British officer." General Jackson appears as his favorite artist, Mr. Earle, was in the habit of painting him. It is an excellent likeness of the old soldier as he looked when it was taken, some twenty-five years since. Copley and J. M. Stanley also have portraits here, and, with these named exceptions, of all our numerous and brilliant artists none are represented here; it appears to us that some specimens of the most celebrated painters should appear on the walls. There is no sculpture save a bust or two, and divers plaster casts. The remark we have just made toward painters is equally applicable to sculptors; if we were an artist, we would deposit a painting or statue merely to show the numerous visitors that we have some artists who draw their inspiration from the true sources of the beautiful.

The personal effects of James Smithson, Esq., the eccentric English gentleman who so liberally bestowed $500,000 to establish an Institution for the diffusion of Science and Art, (now in a prosperous condition,) fill part of one case. His walking-stick, umbrella, a sword and plume worn by him in the militia of England, his silver and table equipage, spirit lamp, a part of his laboratory, and a small mineralogical collection, are looked at with that interest which all Americans must feel in the man who, by a princely munificence, enabled us to rear an institution which has done, and is doing, so much for science under its able Secretary, Joseph Henry, LL.D. Here, too, are the various presents—or rather, the remains of the collection



COMMISSIONERS' ROOM, IN UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE.

which the burglars, who a few years since robbed the room, left behind—received by our officers and Presidents from foreign potentates. Curious guns, of every variety of pattern, inlaid with silver, gold and jewels; swords and cymetars, some with gold scabbards and jeweled hilts; pistols and daggers; Persian carpets, becoming moth-eaten; the richest camels-hair shawls, of incredible value, presented to Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren; two ten-gallon demijohns, containing ottar of rose, sufficient, it is said, to supply the United States for years, are among this class. In the same case are a number of our first treaties, including the first which recognized us as a nation, made with Louis of France; next to which, on something less than a quarter of an acre of paper, in Arabic character, is a treaty with Turkey. Russian, English, Austrian, and various other treaties are here, but we looked in vain for the treaty of Ghent. The seals of these important documents, generally well entitled to the appellation of "great seal," are inclosed in boxes, mostly of silver, with one or two of gold, with the coat of arms of the prince or nation in bas-relievo, in gold, on the covers. However, we have neither space nor time to enumerate all, or even half of the things so well worthy of being seen.

Come with us to the end of this case! Do you see that old looking paper, with the fading ink? That is the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE; the great original instrument, written, adopted and signed eighty years ago, at Independence Hall, Philadelphia. That sheet of paper has felt the pressure of the hand of each patriot, who, by signing it, consigned himself to the gallows or to immortality; the breath of each has fallen upon it; can you not almost feel the presence of those great and noble sponsors of freedom and liberty? Every hand has long since moldered in the dust, and even the narrow graves of the greater number of them are unknown and unmarked, but their acts will live through long ages of admiring posterity.

The truths of that instrument are as self-evident and undeniable as the light of the sun itself. A great and powerful nation has arisen, carrying into practice those great principles then first given to the world, amid peril and dangers, thus, in a measure, rewarding those who, to accomplish it, were ready to sacrifice life and liberty. Let this be the National Altar, the Jerusalem of your political pilgrimage—here swear, in the presence of those spirit witnesses, that your hand will never strike a blow, or your tongue utter a word, to sever the Union they made.

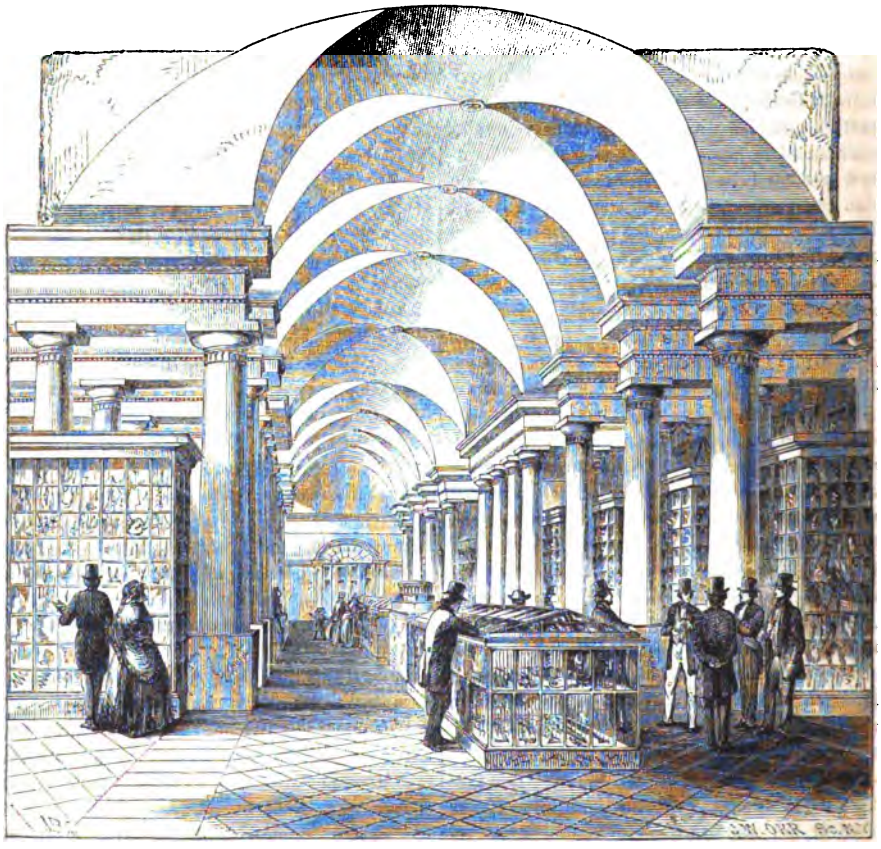
Beside this, are relics of a personal kind—here is Washington's camp-equipage—simple, like the man—for use, not for show; his tent, too, under which he slept amid storm and sunshine, and beneath whose simple canvas most of his orders were written. That uniform, unlike anything of modern times, was Washington's, worn by him again and again. That long staff,

standing with a sword, was Franklin's; and as his step lost its elasticity from age, *that* supported him. The sword was the weapon of Washington—their hands have grasped them both—sacred emblems of the soldier and sage. Turn around, and in the window you will see an old, worn, blue uniform coat—that was Gen. Jackson's at the battle of New Orleans. Yonder is another relic of the past, which our artist has truthfully sketched, but it cannot have, in an engraving, the venerable and battered look that belongs to it—it is the printing press on which Franklin worked when he was perfecting himself in the "art-preservative of all arts," in the great golgotha of genius and talent, London. We felt a strong desire to take the old buckskin balls and ink the form, and work off a few sheets where he had worked. This press, which is perfectly authenticated, was procured in London at considerable expense by Col. James B. Murray, of New York, and was by him deposited in the Institute.

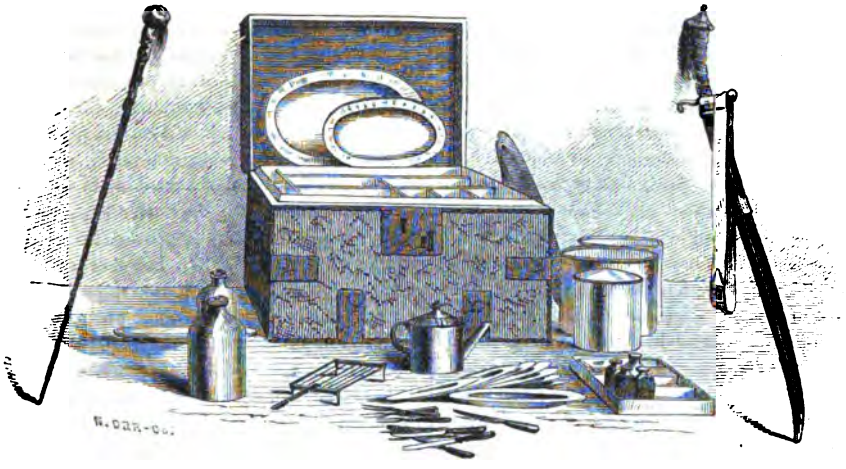
The effects of Mr. Smithson are to be removed, we understand, to the Smithsonian Institute, and their place is to be supplied by some of the rarest specimens brought from Japan by Commodore Perry.

The mineralogical and conchological specimens are numerous, and well arranged for the student. The Government standard weights and measures are also on deposit here. Why does not the Secretary of the Treasury contribute a complete collection of all the coin struck at the mint, including the colonial coins and the celebrated Washington penny?

But we must leave the contents, for the description of the hall itself, as part of the building. It is 269 feet long, 63½ feet wide, and 28 feet high; it has through its entire length a quadruple row of stone columns, which divide the room into eight alcoves on either side, with a passage about 20 feet wide in the center. We dislike to find fault with a work which the architect, a very worthy and excellent man, with much practical ability, now recently deceased, considered almost perfection. Good taste, how-



MUSEUM OF UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE.



WASHINGTON'S SWORD AND CAMP CHEST, AND FRANKLIN'S CANE.

ever, requires us to say, that harmony and proportion do not characterize the work; the columns are nearly Doric, with a square pedestal, which, as no base is allowed in that style of architecture, is certainly an anomaly. They are too massive—the ceiling, though arched, springing up ten feet above the column on which each arch rests, is not heavy enough to require thirty-six columns 20 feet high, 3½ to 3 feet diameter, with pedestals to support it. In the center is a species of dome, semi-circular in form, running crosswise of the ceiling to an elevation of 40 feet, pierced with a skylight 13 feet in diameter, which gives ample light, with the numerous windows in the sides of the room. Still, at the time it was projected, over twenty years since, when our national and individual taste in pure architecture was much less formed than now, this hall was doubtless a very creditable structure.

The east wing communicates with this room at the eastern end; here is the great model exhibition, rivalling, if not, as we believe it does, surpassing any similar institution in the world. It contains now, judiciously arranged by subjects, each model fully perceptible, over 25,000 specimens of ingenuity and skill, for which patents have been granted, while some 30,000 more pertaining to rejected applications may be found in the basement.

This room is 264 feet long by 69 in width; the ceiling is 30 feet high. Equidistant from the sides are two rows of marble-squared columns, or columns squared with bases and ornamented capitals; these columns are 22 feet in hight, and have corresponding pilasters on the sides of the room. The ceiling is composed of three arches, crosswise, resting on the piers and pilasters, and is painted in fresco in a most masterly manner, representing a richly-stuccoed wall, which many visitors will not believe to be merely painting.

The hall is thus divided into three passages, from end to end; the center one is used for promenading, those on the sides, 20 feet wide, have, at intervals of ten and five feet, cases (erected on an iron base) 16 feet long by 4 wide, and 9 high, made of light frame-work, filled with glass; on the tops of these cases, between the piers and the ceiling, is a lightly constructed flooring paneled on the under side; on this are similar cases to those below, also filled with models; this floor is reached by two light iron stairways in the center of the room; the number of cases is 96, and from the materials used the whole room is fire-proof. It is lighted by windows in the sides and four skylights in the ceiling. The effect of this hall from the better proportion of the piers, the greater beauty of the material used, and from the marble tesselated pavement, has a much more harmonious and agreeable appearance than the first hall. This was designed by Mr. Walter, and finished under the direction of Mr. Clark.

The rules of the office permit any person, for the purpose of study, to examine the models, on application to the chief clerk; and with the gentlemanly bearing of the clerks in charge of the room, it is a pleasing matter to apply for and receive the models. It would be truly a herculean task to enumerate and name the models. They are divided into about 25 classes. Immediately on entering the hall you are met with what might readily be mistaken for a vast armory of small arms. Here are all kind

and manner of death-dealing weapons; Colt's, Allen's, and other well-known pistols; Hall's, *Shar's*, (now quite well known,) the Minié and other rifles; muskets, and in short the whole family of guns—big and little, great and small. We do not remember the number of varieties, but we certainly had no idea that so much skill and ingenuity had been used to create weapons for man to kill his fellow with. Few, comparatively, have succeeded, and the greater part have never paid the inventors the patent fees, to say nothing of the labor and expense of their invention. Facing these, and the contrast, if accidental, is certainly a very happy one, are implements of a far more peaceful character—plows, and cultivators and many others of similar import. Great ingenuity and much time has been spent on these, and with considerable success. Several plows have made the fortunes of their inventors; one, especially, the Wood plow, invented many years since, the patent frequently renewed, but now, we believe, expired, has been, pecuniarily, one of the most successful inventions ever patented. Yet we were told, on good authority, a singular fact in relation to plows. Under the old system few records of applications for patents were kept, and consequently there was no means in the office to detect piracy. Recently a plow patent has been found and recorded which, if recorded at its proper time, some fifty years since, would have superceded Wood's, and several other more modern and successful patents. We do not mean to go through the room with you, reader, as a cicerone, but just look at the next case. What do you think these are? Why, beehives; of which nearly one hundred have been patented. Adjoining, or nearly so, is the farmer's good-

WASHINGTON'S UNIFORM.

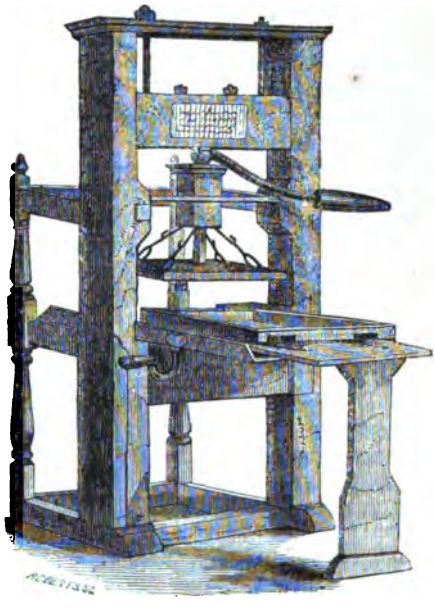
wife's piano, or rather *forte*, a churn. There they are, from the old style, the simple up and down movement, at a great expense to the operator of muscular energy, especially in peculiar states of the atmosphere, through all sorts and kinds, rotary, self-acting, pump-handle, crank and cog, with dog-power attached. But we saw no model of a machine to work out the butter-milk after the butter has *come*, certainly a much needed improvement in some regions of the country, for however palatable it may be as a beverage, it is not beneficial in butter. Sewing-machines come up to 66 in the models, but of these hereafter. Water-wheels innumerable grace another case, and some of them really look as if they could be operated by a tolerable August or September dew; clocks, reapers, bedsteads, coffins, locks and steamboats, locomotives, anchors and stoves—in short, everything that can be dreamed of is here, in some shape or other—not merely as subjects of idle curiosity, but as an evidence of the skill and ingenuity of our countrymen, and as studies for those who are constantly striving to find some labor-saving machine, or to improve the crude efforts of the mere tyro in mechanics.

We emulate a rather peaceful temperament, yet we never visit a navy-yard, fortress, or ship-of-war, with our national flag waving over us; listen to the martial music, the tread of armed men, and the deep booming of the cannon, that we do not, for the time, feel warlike and patriotic. We think of our national glory, our victories on the deep and the battle-field, and in spite of the fact that the pen is our truculent weapon, we unthinkingly assume a military air and step, and speak for a day or so to hackmen and servants as though we commanded a crack militia regiment. Nay, more than this, we sometimes give mental cheers for Washington, Hull, Stewart, Scott, Taylor and Worth, and other of our successful generals and captains. But here, in this congress of inventive skill, we begin to doubt the efficacy of and necessity for generals and commodores; of the utility and benefit derivable from armies with banners, and the sanguinary field. We are surrounded by the victories of peace. Here are new implements for those who till the ground, the use of which adds largely to the quality and quantity of the crop, and saves an immense expenditure of animal economy. Here is Whitney's great invention, the cotton-gin, which has made the rich lands of the South white with the great staple. The steamer of Fulton, overcoming space itself; the plow;

the planing machine; the ventillators; the washers; the steam-engine; the power and cylinder press; the electric telegraph; paper machines; reapers—these, these are thy great works, oh Peace! and they will make out thy triumphs. You have conquered the earth, the air, the winds; you have driven the huge leviathan over the stormy and troublous deep—nay, you have called the lightnings to be your winged heel'd Mercury, and made it more obedient than the fabled messenger of gods. You have ennobled labor; brought forth the artisan and the workman from the false position in which the feudal and aristocratic system of the Old World had placed him, and ought we not to feel a just pride in these, our civil triumphs? Yes, and hereafter when we speak of our great men, and hold up their examples to our children, let us not look solely to the camp, the deck, the senate, the bar, the pulpit, to the counting-house or the professor's chair; let us go to the workshop, the forge, the anvil—everywhere where labor is bestowed in production, and emulate them and our inventors—Evans, Whitney, Fulton, Whittemore, Morse and the rest. Yes, let the days and years of toil, patient industry and life-destroying thought, meet not only their merited rewards, but let them be considered the evidences of innate and active greatness.

But let us again pass down. Here we are in the basement, surrounded with stoves and rejected models, some sent here hundreds of miles with no explanation and no names. Pause a moment. You may think that large stone sepulcher, with its pointed lid, and strange figures in bas-relievo, a model of a tomb, rejected of course. It is not a model precisely, but it was rejected. It was dug out in Egypt, some years since, and is, on very good authority, assigned to one of the Pharaoh's as his final resting-place on earth, but antiquarian research found him out, or rather it found him in and tumbled him out, and then stole his tomb and sold it. Commodore Elliot purchased it, and during Gen. Jackson's administration brought it here and presented it to the President as a fitting resting-place for his remains. But the old hero, in a characteristic letter, declined it, deeming the tomb of a King a very unfitting receptacle for a Republican Chief Magistrate. He refused it, and it found its way where it now stands, and is daily visited by numbers as one of the lions of the Patent Office.

In one of the rooms on this floor is a painting made with colored crayons upon the white-washed wall; it is a copy of Leutze's "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and not only as a first effort of an untaught lad, it is a bold and spirited thing. The young artist has since spent two or three years in Europe studying, and has already executed some really remarkable pictures to order. His name is —— ——, Washington, and as he is now only about 21 or 22 years of age, his promise of future greatness is somewhat flattering.



FRANKLIN'S PRESS.

The porticos of the wings differ from the one in front; they have one row of six massive fluted marble columns, purely Doric, resting on the pavement; they are 34 feet 6 inches high, and 5 feet 10 inches in diameter.

The west wing, now only just completed in the two basements and the first, or main story, differs in the interior very much from the east wing. The groined arch is changed to the barrel arch—and instead of simple partitions, the basement has two rows of massive granite piers, with equally massive architraves of the same material. The main story has the same style, but the piers are much higher, and, with the architrave, are of marble. As this building was at present imperatively demanded for the immense work of the General Land Office, it has been divided judiciously into rooms by filling in between the piers with brick, thus making fire-proof rooms, convenient and well arranged, yet so constructed that, when required by the Patent Office, and when the Interior Department is built, it can all be thrown into one large

room on each floor, of the same dimensions as the model-room.

The main hall in the upper story is finishing in a style different from the others. It has no columns, and a paneled ceiling. The heating of this wing is perfect, and the whole work is perhaps one of the best specimens of a *fitting* public building erected by the Government.

The architect and superintendent, Mr. Edward Clark, deserves and receives very great credit for the able and efficient manner in which he has discharged his duties. Capable of the designs and plans, original or in connection with other parts, he is equal to a perfect superintendency.

An appropriation has just been made of $200,000 to commence the building on the 4th side of the quadrangle. This will be erected by Mr. Clark, and when completed will present one of the finest buildings in the world. The model hall will be 140 feet long by 70 wide and 30 high. But we cannot make it more apparent, and must leave it, with the suggestion that all who can should visit the Capital, and see this and other public buildings.

BIG JOE LOGSTON AND THE TWO INDIANS; OR, A FIST FIGHT IN OLD KENTUCK.

Joe Logston was one of that class of half horse, half alligator Kentuckians that could—to use his own words—"out-run, out-hop, out-jump, throw down, drag out and whip any man in the country."

Joe was a powerful fellow, of six foot three in his stockings, and proportionably stout and muscular, with a handsome, good-natured face and a fist like a sledge-hammer. Fear was a word he knew not the meaning of, and to fight was his pastime, particularly if his scalp was the prize he fought for. On one occasion he was mounted on his own favorite pony, (Joe owned two or three others which he had "run" from the Indians,) which was leisurely picking his way along the trail, with his head down and half asleep, while his rider was enjoying a feast on some wild grapes which he had picked as he came along. Neither dreamed of any danger until the crack of two rifles on either side of the path killed one and wounded the other. One ball struck Joe, passing through the paps of his breast—which were as large and full as some nurses—grazing the skin above the breast bone, but without doing any material damage. The other passed through his horse, just behind the saddle, and in an instant of time Joe found himself on his feet, grasping his trusty rifle—he had instinctively seized it as he slipped to the ground—and looking for his foe. He might easily have escaped by running, as the guns of the Indians were empty, and they could not pretend to compete with him in speed. But Joe was not one of that sort. He boasted that he never left a battle field without making his mark, and he was not going to begin now. One of the savages sprang into the path and made at him; but finding his opponent prepared for him, he treed again. Joe, knowing there were two of the varmints, looked earnestly about him for the other, and soon discovered him between a couple of saplings engaged in reloading his piece. The trees were scarcely large enough to shield his person, and in pushing down the ball he exposed his hips, and Joe, quick as thought, drew a bead, fired, and struck him in the exposed part. Now that his rifle was empty the big Indian who had first made his appearance rushed forward, feeling sure of his prey, and rejoicing in the anticipated possession of Joe's scalp. Joe was not going to lose the natural covering to his head, however, without a struggle, and stood calmly awaiting the savage with his rifle clubbed and his feet braced for a powerful blow. Perceiving this, his foe halted within ten paces, and with all the vengeful force of a vigorous arm threw his tomahawk full at Joe's face. With the rapidity of lightning it whirled through the air, but Joe, equally as quick in his movements, dodged it, suffering a slight cut on his left shoulder as it passed, and then rushed in. The Indian darted into the bushes, and successfully dodged the blows made at his head by the now enraged hunter, who, becoming mad with rage at the failure of his successive efforts, gathered all his strength for a final blow, which the cunning savage dodged as before, and the rifle, which by this time had become reduced to the simple barrel, struck a tree and flew out of Joe's hand at least ten feet into the bushes.

The Indian sprang to his feet and confronted him. Both empty handed, they stood for a moment measuring each other's strength; it was but a moment, for the blood was flowing freely from the wound in Joe's breast, and the other, thinking him more seriously wounded than he really was, and thinking to take advantage of his weakness, closed with him, intending to throw him; in this, however, he reckoned without his host, for in less time than it takes to recount it he found himself at full length on his back with Joe on the top. Slipping from under him with the agility of an eel, they were both on their feet again—and again

closed. This time the savage was more wary, but the same result followed, and he was again beneath his opponent. But, having the advantage of Joe in being naked to the breech-clout and oiled from head to foot, he could slip from out of the grasp of the hunter and resume his perpendicular. Six different times was he thrown with the same effect; but Victory—fickle jade—seemed disposed to perch upon the banner of neither of the combatants. By this time they had, in their struggles and contortions, returned to the open path, and Joe concluded to change his tactics. He was becoming sensibly weaker from loss of blood, while, on the other hand, the savage seemed to lose none of his strength from the many falls he had had. Closing again in a close hug, they fell as before; but this time, instead of endeavoring to keep his antagonist down, Joe sprang at once to his feet again, and as the Indian came up he dealt him a blow with his fist between the eyes which felled him like an ox, at the same time falling with all his might upon his body.

This was repeated every time he rose, and began to tell with fearful effect upon his

JOE'S NEW LADDER.

body as well as his face, for Joe was no light weight, and at every succeeding fall he came up weaker, and seemed disposed to retreat; this his foe decidedly objected to, and dealt his blows more rapidly, until the savage lay apparently insensible at his feet. Falling upon him, he grasped the Indian's throat with a grip like a vice, intending to strangle him. He soon found, however, that the savage was playing possum, and that some movement was going forward, the purport of which he could not immediately guess. Following, with his eye, the direction of the movement, he discovered that he was trying to disengage his knife, which was in his belt, but the handle of which was so short that it had slipped down beyond reach, and he was working it up by pressing on the point. Joe watched the movement with deep interest, and when he had worked it up sufficient for his purpose, seized it, and with one powerful blow drove it to the hilt in the Indian's heart, and he lay quivering in the agonies of death.

Springing to his feet, Joe now bethought him of the other red-skin, and looked around to discover him. He still lay with his back broken, by Joe's ball, where he had fallen; and, having his piece loaded, he was trying to raise himself upright to fire it—but every time he brought it to his shoulder he would tumble forward, and again renew his struggle. Concluding that he had had enough fighting for exercise, and knowing that the wounded Indian could not make his escape, Joe took his way to the fort.

Although he presented a truly awful sight when he reached there—his clothes being torn nearly from off his person, and covered with blood and dirt from his head to his feet—yet his story was scarcely believed by many of his comrades, who thought it one of Joe's big stories. "Go and satisfy yourselves," said he; and a party started for the battle-ground, where their suppositions were confirmed, as there were no Indians to be found, and no evidence of them except Joe's dead horse in the path. On looking carefully about, however, they discovered a trail which led them a little distance into the bushes, where they discovered the body of the big Indian buried under the leaves by the side of a stump, and following on they found the corpse of the second, with his own knife thrust into his heart and his hand still grasping it, to show that he came to his death by his own hand. Nowhere could they discover, however, the knife with which Joe had killed the big Indian. They found it at last thrust into the ground, where it had been forced by the heel of his wounded companion, who must have suffered the most intense agony while thus endeavoring to hide all traces of the white man's victory.

DEATH OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY VIRGINIUS HUTCHEN.

Solemnly and slow the day-god gave
  To shadowy earth his parting smile,
Then seemed to sink in a liquid grave,
  And the ocaen raged the while:

Dull golden rays were upward sent
  To the zenith whence he came,
And in language "mute but eloquent,"
  Those faint beams told of life and fame:

At birth, man's life is gay and bright,
  And brightens as the years go past
Which bring it to *its* zenith's light,
  And then it fades and sinks as fast.

The sea was like a caldron vast
  Around Helena's rocky form.
Which rose midst wave and foam and blast
  Like some dread monster of the storm.

O'er the distant waters rose the tone
  Of the trade-wind, like a mourner sighing,
And deeper grew the solemn moan,
  Where Bonaparte was dying.

The roar of elemental strife
  Came to the dying exile's ear—
And the last words of the conqueror's life
  Were words of victory and cheer.

Yes, Nature, like a mother kind,
  Wept with feeling deep and wild,
As death's oblivion hid the mind
  Of her and France's bravest child.

Thus faded from our mortal ken
  A prodigy of power sublime—
A Titan 'mid the race of men,
  The wonder of his age and clime.

He swayed as with the magil's spell
  The proudest kingdoms in his path—
And like the shock of lightning fell
  The trenchant weapons of his wrath.

But vengeance will at last o'ertake
  The ruthless despot, though has power
Thrones and armies long may shake
  As hurricanes will sweep the flower.

Napoleon, the brave, who wore
  The Bourbon crown in fortune's smile,
Was banished to a friendless shore,
  And died upon a desert isle!

Ambition sings a siren's note
  To lead astray the strong and brave,
And on War's sea a time they float,
  Then sink beneath its gory wave.

The broad earth seems a battle-field,
  The scene of endless toil and strife,
But the bravest chief at last must yield
  To Death, the conqueror of Life.

Still man will fight, as he hath fought,
  Amid the conflict's smoke and flame,
Cheered on by an alluring thought—
  The worthless bauble of a name!

FASHIONS IN ENGLISH COSTUME, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT.

As we have read the history of Fashion and her freaks in various countries and different ages we have been less disposed than formerly to think that she, in any manner, denoted the progress of civilization and the development of invention. One would think invention were the last thing exercised in articles of toilet, so surely do certain modes appear and disappear at intervals, with scarcely a variation in form or material.

The earliest chronicles of sacred and profane history allude to perfumes as being used in exactly the same way as they are used now. Alexander found in the camp of Darius, among other treasures, "rich perfumes and precious ointments." Nero is said to have expended more incense on the funeral pile of his wife than the scented groves of Arabia could produce in a year, and among the nations of the East "myrrh, frankincense and cassia" have lost none of their value as sweet odors.

We read that "Jezebel painted her face and tired her head," and in every Christian and civilized country the women, whether princes or peasants, have followed her example. The face and the tips of the fingers are painted by modern belles in the most Christian and barbarous countries, and even the coloring of the eyelid, "to give expression," is not confined to the actress, and we read that in the days of Ezekiel the same practice was common. "Thou didst wash thyself, painted thine eyes, and decked thyself with ornaments," says the phrophet. Cosmetics for "beautifying the skin" were imported into England from Italy in the reign of Elizabeth, and the fashion of wearing black patches upon different parts of the face was at the same time brought from Arabia.

The mother of John Quincy Adams was accustomed to wash her hands in moistened Indian or corn meal, as we presume hundreds of New England housewives are, for it is at once cleansing and softening to the skin. When in England she was asked what she used to render her hands so white and delicate. She said a cosmetic which could be procured only in America, and immediately little packages of the same were ordered across the water!

In all despotic countries attempts have been made to regulate dress by law, but with about the same effect as laws are made concerning eating and drinking. Several of the early kings of England waged war against *piked* sleeves, and their edicts were evaded or defied by substituting those of a breadth equally ridiculous.

Elizabeth regulated the size of the ruffs to the length of swords worn by her courtiers, and appointed officers to see that her decrees were obeyed; and during the reign of her successor a serious debate took place in Parliament concerning the proper size of *verdingales*. The Turks fix the length of the petticoats which shall be worn by Grecian women, and hesitate not to *clip* them in the street if they are seen to exceed the prescribed limits.

Dress was one of the items in the code of reform during the French Revolution, and stormy debates were held concerning it in the National Convention; and in all ages since their first organization as a people, the English and French have been the most abject devotees at the shrine of Fashion.

The wearing of ornaments is carried to the greatest excess by the most civilized and most uncivilized nations—the inhabitants of Nubia priding themselves upon their beads, shells and berries, and the *elegantes* of civilization, levying contributions from every river, and desert, and mountain, and island of the sea. Bracelets and ear-rings are mentioned in Genesis, and among every nation, kindred, tongue and people they are equally valued. Among the ruins of Herculaneum was found a golden Venus, with golden bracelets and anklets on the arms and legs.

In the Scriptures, too, the *signet-ring* is often mentioned, and it was worn as an ornament among the Babylonians, Chaldeans, Persians and Greeks. Rings with stones were worn by the Romans only on the left hand, the Greeks wore them on the fourth finger of the left hand, and gave as the reason that this finger communicated by a small nerve with the heart. The Gauls and Britons wore them on the middle finger.

Necklaces are mentioned by all ancient writers, and the Gauls are said to have worn them in battle.

There is one consolation amidst all the caprices of fashion—that those who gain a livelihood by the labor of their hands are furnished with plenty to do, by conforming to her ever-varying modes. How many thousands are employed in the manufacture of silk, linen, woolen and cotton, the principal materials of which clothing is made, not to mention the delicate fabrics which are only considered as luxuries—lace, embroideries, &c. Spinning and weaving are mentioned in the Bible and by all ancient writers, and in "purple and fine linen"

there is little hope of excelling the Tyrian artists.

For the richest and most beautiful material of dress we are indebted to a woman. Pamphylia, daughter of Plates, invented the manufacture of silk, and the looms of Persia, China and Italy have always excelled in producing it. Linen seems to be as old as the world, and cotton to have been known in the earliest ages. Lace is not mentioned by any Greek or Roman author, and is not supposed to have been known, except as an article of needle-work, until the sixteenth century. But embroidery is very ancient. In the Bible we read, that the high priest's robe was wrought upon the skirt with "figures of pomegranites in blue, purple and scarlet," and the girdle of needle-work was embroidered with flowers in colors. The Æneiad speaks of "robes of tissue, stiff with golden wire," and in the Odyssey,

> "Close by the stream a royal dress they lay,
> A vest and robe with rich embroidery gay."

In Exodus, Moses speaks of Aholiah as "a cunning workman, an embroiderer in blue and purple and scarlet." The head-dress and vail are often alluded to in Scripture, and have been among the favorite articles of apparel for ladies in all ages. Ruth's vail is mentioned in the Bible; and Homer says of Helen,

> "O'er her fair face a snowy vail she threw,
> And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew."

Pins are said to be a German invention, and, simple as they are, to require twenty-five different processes to perfect one.

But of all articles of dress, useful and ornamental, perhaps the fan is the most universal, being so ancient that no history reveals its origin, and so valued that the people of no country or class think of dispensing with it. They were little used in England till the reign of Elizabeth, and were soon fluttered alike by gentlemen and ladies in the morning's walk or evening's promenade.

Queen Boadicea is the first British female whose dress is recorded, and she is represented as wearing on the field of battle a "various colored tunic flowing in long loose folds, and over it a mantle, while her long hair floated over her neck and shoulders."

This, of course, was the dress of her enemies, the Romans, for hitherto her people had worn only the skins of wild beasts fashioned into rude garments, and sandals made of skins upon their feet.

The dress of the Romans at the time they conquered Britain, was the *toga*, or gown without sleeves, of pure white, thrown gracefully around the shoulders and descending to the ground behind. A purple border was a mark of dignity. The *tunic* was the indoor dress, the sleeves of which at first only reached to the elbow, but afterward to the wrist, and then to the feet. The *stola* came in time to be worn by the women, and resembled a *chemise* with long sleeves, and had sometimes a border of gold around the bottom. An under garment was considered entirely a feminine article of dress for a long period, but was at length adopted by the men, and often richly embroidered.

The Saxons introduced no improvements in dress, their own being of the rudest kind; but they soon adopted those of the people among whom they came. They admired bright colors, and wore red and blue hose.

The dress of the Anglo-Saxons before the invasion of the Northmen was very rich and graceful. That of the gentlemen was a loose cloak reaching to the ankles, and over this a long robe fastened on the shoulders or at the breast by a clasp or buckle. These cloaks and robes were often lined with fur and bordered with gold. The soldiers and common people wore close coats, only reaching to the knee, and short cloaks hung loosely over one shoulder.

The women wore long, loose robes reaching to the ground. On their heads hung a vail, which, falling down before, was gathered up at the corners and folded over the neck and bosom. Slippers were worn by men and women, and the hair of the men was long, and the beard permitted to grow upon the upper lip.

The Danes are represented as quite effeminate, "combing their hair once a day, bathing once a week, and often changing their attire!"

Short hair and close beard characterized the dress of the Normans, and when the Britons followed their example they were stigmatized as effeminate. There still exists in the Church of Bayeux a curious piece of tapestry, said to have been wrought by Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, measuring two hundred and twelve feet in length, in which Edward is represented as seated on his throne dressed in a long robe, emblazoned round the bottom, and fastened at the neck and waist by a band, and with long sleeves nearly tight. He has shoes on his feet, and long thick beard and mustaches.

It is in the reign of Henry I that we see the great change made in the dress of the ladies, every article of the toilet being of the richest material, the finest cloths, linens and silks adorned with gold and embroidery. Vails trailed upon the ground, and were tied in bows

and festoons, and laced bodices were introduced, with light sleeves and pendant cuffs.

LADY IN COSTUME IN REIGN OF HENRY I.

The dress of the men outvied that of the women in costliness and elaborate ornament. A robe was presented to Henry by the Bishop of Lincoln which cost a hundred pounds. It was of fine cloth, and lined with sables.

In the reign of Edward I trains are first mentioned, and the ladies reproached for tight lacing. A poet describes them as like peacocks and magpies, which have long tails trailing in the mud. "The ladies," he says, "make their tails a thousand times larger than peacocks and pies." Over the head and round the neck they wore a curious article, which would give the impression that they were all afflicted with sore throat or toothache.

LADY IN COSTUME IN REIGN OF EDWARD I.

In the reign of Edward II aprons are first spoken of, "tied with a ribbon behind."

Our chronicles prove, incontrovertibly, that men in all ages have shown as great a love of dress as women, and as foolishly fond of decking themselves with finery. In barbarous countries it is the warriors who wear feathers and trinkets, and the women who do without what cannot be furnished for all. In the courts of princes, velvet and gold and lace are as profusely scattered over the lists which make up a gentleman's toilet as those of a lady.

Lavishness and variety had at no time previous become so great as during the long and prosperous reign of Edward III, though the king himself did not countenance extravagance by example. The long flowing garments for men were discarded, and in their stead were substituted vests fitting close to the body, buttoned down in front, with sleeves terminating in long white cuffs like those worn by ladies. Over this was worn a cloak, and all were of the richest material, profusely embroidered.

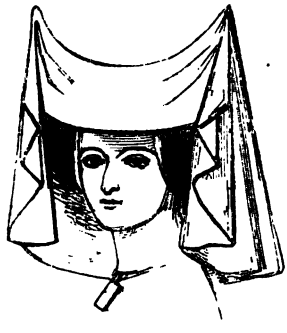
The dress of ladies of high degree was a velvet skirt trimmed with rich furs, and jackets fitting tight, embroidered in gold and silks, with hanging sleeves, and a mantle of gold and silver cloth.

LADY IN COSTUME IN REIGN OF EDWARD III.

Of Richard II it is recorded that he had a robe he caused to be made for him of gold

and stone valued at thirty thousand marks. The dresses of ladies were emblazoned with precious stones, letters and mottoes; and authors and preachers were continually declaiming against fashion, as they have been doing, to no purpose, in every age since. It was in this reign that we first read of "petticoats stuffed about the hips," without the modern name of "bustle," and parti-colored garments, with stockings, one red and one blue.

LADIES' HEAD-DRESSES IN REIGN OF HENRY VI



In the reign of Henry V appeared the celebrated *horned head-dress*, which was ridiculed and caricatured without mercy, but which remained a favorite with the fair wearers for a long time notwithstanding.

As yet gloves had only been worn by men, but the sleeves were immensely long and wide, to serve as a covering for the hands.

GENTLEMAN IN COSTUME IN REIGN OF HENRY VI.

It would seem that during the reign of Henry VI the toilet would have been a minor consideration, "the times were so troublous;" but at no time were there so many ridiculous varieties—no time that gentlemen dressed so fantastically. The head-dresses of the ladies vary somewhat from the *horns* but are still hideous.

In the reign of Edward IV everything trailing and flowing disappeared. Both gentlemen and ladies wore every garment close and short, and the head-dresses assumed forms still more ridiculous. One can scarcely believe they had mirrors who imagined themselves attired becomingly in things like these.

LADIES' HEAD-DRESSES IN REIGN OF EDWARD IV.

To us it is the greatest marvel how they obtained the money to attire themselves, in an age when commerce was limited and agriculture little understood—in an age when manufacturers knew nothing of steam, and only a few countries knew anything of looms, and bills of exchange had scarcely been heard of; but it was in personal dress only that they were extravagant. Their habitations were mere shells, and so late as the age of Elizabeth they had not dreamed of carpets, but strewed the floors with straw, which was not removed till it was offensive with accumulated filth. The mandates

of Richard III contain orders for robes and dresses of almost incredible magnificence, among which is the one Edward V was to wear at his uncle's coronation. "A short gowne, made of two yards and three-quarters of crymsy cloth of gold, lyned with two yards and three-quarters of blue velvet; a long gowne, made of six yards of crymsy cloth of gold, lyned with six yards green damask; a short gowne made of two yards and three-quarters purple velvet lyned with two yards and three-quarters green damask; a doublet, and a stomacher of two yards of blue satin, and a bonnet of purple velvet."

The coronation dress of Henry VII consisted of a shirt of fine lawn, a vest of crimson silk, open in front; crimson sarcenet chausses laced to the coat with ribbons, and the coat lined with ermine, decorated with bows of gold and ribbon trimmed with minever. The mantle was of crimson satin, laced with silk and adorned with tassels.

The robes of ladies were now made so as to "pinch the figure!" cut square on the bosom and confined by a girdle or belt, with a splendid ornament in front, terminated with a splendid cordeliere and tassel. The petticoats were full but without trains, and had a colored border round the bottom. The sleeves were sometimes full, and confined at the wrist by a narrow band and sometimes by two or three large puffs down the arm, and some were left quite loose and hanging like those of the present day, and trimmed with a border to match the robe.

Under Henry VIII silk stockings were first brought to England, and during the reign of Elizabeth they were first made. One of her gentlewomen having knit a pair for a New-Year's present to her Majesty, she was so much pleased with them that she resolved henceforth to wear only knit silk stockings, "they were so soft and pleasant."

It is recorded of Cardinal Wolsey that his shoes were

> "Of gold and stones precious,
> Costing many a thousand pounds."

And gallants

> "Wore a farm in shoe-strings edged with gold,
> And spangled garters worth a copy-hold:
> A hose and doublet which a lordship cost,
> A gaudy cloak, three mansions' price almost;
> A beaver hat and feathers for the head,
> Prized at the church's tithe."

King Henry wore a collar of rubies, diamonds inserted in his bonnet, and rings on his fingers.

But of all kings and queens, Elizabeth was the greatest devotee to dress, attiring herself in the fashion of all ages, and leaving three thousand habits in her wardrobe when she died. In one description of her we find: "She had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops, and she wore false hair which was red; upon her head a small crown, her neck uncovered and a necklace of exceeding fine pearls. Her gown was white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of bluish silk, shot with silver thread; her train was very long, and she had a collar of gold and jewels."

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Her ruffs were always larger than any worn by her subjects, and she found great difficulty in getting a laundress who could starch them, but finally procured a Dutch woman who was famous in this art.

A writer of the day says: "There is a certain liquid which they call starch, wherein the devil hath learned them to wash and dive their ruffs. Then their gowns as famous as the rest, for some be of silk, some of velvet, some of gograin, some of taffeta, some of scarlet and some of fine cloth—ten, twenty or forty shillings a yard—and if the whole garment be not of silk or velvet, it must be layed over with lace two or three fingers broad. The fashions, too, be changing as the moon; some of the sleeves are hanging down to the skirts, trailing to the ground and cast over their shoulders like cow-tails, and some cut up to the arm and gallantly

tied with love knots. And whatever the petticoat be, they must yet have kirtles of velvet, silk, scarlet and taffeta, bordered with gards, lace, fringe, and I cannot tell what."

It was during Elizabeth's reign that the manufacture of pins was introduced, and that fans became common, the most costly of which were made of ostrich feathers, and carried by gentlemen as much as ladies.

And it was during her reign that a writer remarked, "Women are bad and men are worse; in extravagance and frivolity they surpass the expenditure and caprice of the other sex. What with shoe-ties, hangers, points, caps and feathers, scarfs, bands, cuffs, &c., it is an ordinary thing to put a thousand oaks and an hundred oxen into a suit of apparel; for a man to wear a whole manor on his back."

Among the ridiculous fashions of gentlemen of the reign of James I, were the sugar-loaf hat and the stuffed hose. These hose were a sort of sack and stuffed to an enormous size, sometimes twice increasing the ordinary dimensions. A law was made to regulate this article of apparel, and a youth, being arraigned for disregarding it, convinced the judge that he had used no contraband article, by pouring out the contents, which consisted merely of a pair of sheets, two table-cloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush and glass, a comb and a night-cap.

Another stuffed his sack with bran, and while escorting some fair damsels, caught against a nail and out ran the contents to the great dismay of the gallant.

The ladies are accused, as usual, of adorning themselves with so many colors of herbs, fictitious flowers, curious needle-works, quaint devices, sweet smelling odors, precious stones, pearls, rubies, diamonds, emeralds, &c. Trains were now in fashion, high-heeled forked shoes and peaked bodies.

In the year 1625, when the Duke of Buckingham went to Paris, he had twenty-five suits of clothes, the richest that embroidery. lace, velvet, gold and gems could contribute, one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, suit and cloak, with diamonds worth eighty thousand pounds.

During the reign of Charles I, it is recorded that "the wish to have small waists was so great that women wore high stays, laced so tight that they could scarcely breathe, and the gowns were made very low in front and over the shoulders with slashed sleeves and quantities of lace and jewels."

The most incomprehensible fashion was that of wearing patches on different parts of the face, from the gray-haired grand-mamma to the girl of sixteen. What beauty or comeliness they could imagine themselves to acquire by covering their faces with black spots of all manner of shapes, it is difficult to imagine, but this is a fashion which we think will never be revived.

LADY'S HEAD-DRESS

At this time also arose those towering head-dresses which gave authors and preachers occasion for so much discourse. Addison describes them as reaching a foot and a half above the head.

Hoops have ever been a favorite article of dress and periodically revived and passing through the same variations at each period. "Now expanding from the size of a butter churn to the circumference of three hogsheads. At another time bent upward like an inverted bow, by which the two angles, when squeezed on both

A LADY IN HOOPS.

sides, came in contact with the ears." The suggestions of writers at every spasmodic appearance of these articles are the same. They are said, in the Spectator, to be "so large that only one lady could occupy a pew in church, or the street in walking, or a coach in riding, and vehicles were constructed on purpose for the reception, unharmed, of a lady in *full petticoats*."

There is no article of the toilet in which ladies display so little taste, and make themselves so ridiculous as in the head-dress, and

HEAD-DRESS OF 1750.

nothing has furnished theme for greater ridicule for wits and wags. At one time, it is stated, "Ladies wishing to set an example of precedence to their inferiors, have invented, without a patent, a machine for the head, in form of a *post-chaise and horses*, and another imitating a *chair and chairman*," and a poet thus alludes to them:

"Here on a fair one's head-dress, sparkling sticks,
Swinging on silver springs, a coach and six;
Here on a sprig or sloped pourpon, you see,
A chariot, sulky, chaise or *vis-a-vis*."

HEAD-DRESSES OF MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

In the reign of George III gentlemen are more severely satirized than women, and dress was said to be as much a study of the male world as the female. They had their toilets set out with washes, perfumes and cosmetics, and would spend the whole morning in scenting their linen, dressing their hair, and arching their eyebrows. Neither did they disdain the use of paint, and were indebted to Spanish wool for their ruddy complexions. Their coats were of every brilliant tint and shade, from lightest scarlet to the most dazzling cerulean blue, laced with gold and covered with buttons. It was during this reign that shirt collars were first worn, coats with tails, pantaloons and round beaver hats with narrow turned-up brims. Ladies now wore wigs like gentlemen, and coiffures, in the construction of which mountains of lawn, muslin, net-lace, gauze, ribbon, flowers and wire were in requisition.

HEAD-DRESS OF 1766

Another is described as a perfect mountain of curls, powder, pomatum, flowers, feathers, blonde and ribbon, rising one above another Powder continued in use until 1794, and after it disappeared the hair was worn in curls

Sundry varieties of dress of this period are enumerated in the following lines:

"Painted lawns and chequered shades,
Crape that's worn by love-lorn maids,
Watered tabbies, flowered brocades;
Violets, pinks, Italian posies,
Myrtle, jessamines and roses;
Aprons, caps and kerchiefs clean,
Straw-built hats and bonnets green;
Cat-gut gauzes, tippets, ruffs,
Fans and hoods, and feathered muffs;
Ear-rings, necklaces, aigrets,
Rings and blondes, and mignionettes"

Dresses were made open behind and in front to the very waist, "petticoats frightfully scanty, the shoes elaborately sandaled, the stockings of thick silk, and the pocket handkerchief had a good seamstress hem, with no ornament but a neat red mark in the corner"

Then came those enormous bonnets, some relics of which most of us have seen.

"That build of bonnet whose extent,
Should like a doctrine of dissent,
Puzzle church doors to let it in,
Nor half had reached the pitch sublime,
To which true *toques* and berets climb;
Heaving like lofty Alps that throw
O'er minor alps their shadowy sway,
Earth's humbler bonnets far below,
To joke through life their fameless way!"

BONNET OF 1770.

Fashions since this period have been merely a repetition of those which have gone before,

"Puffs, powders, patches, billet-doux,"

coming up in almost regular succession.

It is a pity some genius should not arise who would at the same time give us something original, and something entirely in accordance with good taste and utility. A lady's toilet at the present time makes of her a show, an invalid and a monster. And while "our lords" are continually railing against these consequences, they help to create a public sentiment against reform more despotic than any decree of autocrat or Grand Mogul. It is impossible for a woman to walk with any degree of grace or ease fettered by corsets or trailing skirts. But when an effort is made to substitute a costume which admits of health and energy, and grace besides, every newspaper in the land rises up to "cry aloud and spare not," lest women are stepping out of their sphere and assuming "man's attire." There is no costume which may be so elaborately ornamented as the Turkish, and surely there are no women more beautiful or graceful than Turkish women. Robes that are full and unconfined about the waist are absolutely necessary to free play of the vital organs. And our country must be cursed with pale, haggard, helpless women till they are permitted to breathe, and sit and walk without being compressed as in a vice.

Whoever has the power, position and influence to institute a new order of things, in this kingdom of fashion, far more important than any other earthly kingdom, will deserve a brighter crown and more costly mausoleum than prince or potentate of land or sea.

NEBRASKA.

"Westward the star of empire holds its way."

THIS truth, so emphatically enunciated by an English bard more than a century ago, has been gathering force, by the concurrence of historical events, from the time of its utterance to the present, and is at this moment more intensely true than at any former period of the world's history. Three-quarters of a century ago, the bold pioneers of Ohio and Kentucky made their advances into the wilderness with little prospect of social or civil comfort. Their hope was, by a life of patient, self-denial and enduring toil, to secure for their immediate offspring a competence, and for posterity the ennobling, and humanizing and refining influences of science, and wealth, and Christianity, and civil liberty They were men of faith and energy; sustained amid the perils of savage treachery, and the labors of subduing the forest, by the consciousness that they were laying broad and deep the foundations of future greatness for others, and for themselves an honest fame.

The Atlantic States, then almost the only source of western emigration, were but sparcely populated and scantily supplied with means for home operations. Hence but few were induced by the temptation of a more prolific western soil, to enter upon the privations of migration into the wilderness; and the daring spirits who did thus undertake, found themselves for a long period, like Crusoe, solitary monarchs of the realm of their choice.

This state of things has greatly changed. The flood-tide of emigration now sweeping onward with progressively accumulating volume, is peopleing whole States within the brief period of a few years. The Valley of the Mississippi, which only a few years ago formed our extreme boundary, has become the geographical center of the American Union. In the extent and fertility of its soil it surpasses that of any other continuous basin of land on the globe, and is rapidly becoming the granary of the world. The commercial marts of Europe and Asia already graduate their scale of prices, and extend or shorten their ventures with reference to the fruitfulness of the season in this mighty valley. What think you, gentle reader,

of the Mississippi and its branches forming a continuous inland navigation of more than thirty thousand miles! teaming with the almost spontaneous produce of untold millions of acres!

Such is a faint view, at a single glance, of this great valley! extending from the frozen regions of the north to the latitude of perpetual verdure on the south, and from the Alleghanies on the east to the Rocky Mountains on the west, constituting a basin of land more than three thousand miles long and fifteen hundred miles broad.

We have no such vain conceit in the power of our pen as to attempt to stimulate the already headlong current of emigration. As well aid the violence of the tornado with a lady's fan, or swell the mighty upheavings of the ocean by casting a pebble into the abyss! Our less ambitious purpose is simply to record the facts of history.

The hardy and enterprising citizens of the Atlantic States have long appreciated the rich harvests of the West, and have sent forward their surplus population to garner up its abundance. Who among us has not kindred and friends in the great valley made rich by their migration thither? The oppressed multitudes of the Old World, starving for bread, struggling for liberty and panting for enterprise, are also rushing thither by thousands. The forest and the prairie are becoming cultivated farms; the railroad is tracing the course of every river and crossing every plain, and the puff of the iron-horse is wafted on every breeze. This is a great country, and a progressive age, and the word is, "onward!"

The subject of the prospective wealth, resources, population and greatness of this portion of our country has long engaged the attention, and occupied the pens of able writers and profound statesmen, and yet its extent, variety and magnitude have scarcely begun to be unfolded. Suffice it to say, the Valley of the Mississippi contains more abundant elements of wealth, and is capable of sustaining a more dense population, than that of any other territory of equal extent on the globe.

There is probably no part of this mighty valley whose history and natural resources would not afford abundant material to elicit and reward the attention of the reader, and, should we find leisure, we may produce a series of papers to that end, but our purpose is to confine our present remarks to the new Territory, Nebraska.

This Territory embraces an area of country of more than 335,000 square miles. This is more than five times the extent of the area of the whole New England States—their whole extent being 57,000 square miles. Its form is very regular and nearly a diamond shape, more than 600 miles from east to west, and about the same distance from north to south. The general surface of the whole Territory is that of an undulating plain, sloping gradually toward the east, so that its streams all flow eastwardly and fall into the Missouri River.

In the eastern part of the Territory the face of the country is uneven or rolling, being traversed in every direction by streams, the divides between which are generally low, rounded and flat, and support a rich and luxuriant vegetation.

This part of the Territory contains timber at least sufficient for present use, and with economy the supply will continue. The timber, however, as you advance into the interior diminishes in quantity, and finally, at about 300 miles west of the Missouri, it is confined almost exclusively to the margins of streams. The soil of almost the whole of this section is equal in fertility to any upon the continent. Its elementary constituents are sand and clay, mixed with ashes, carbon and decomposed vegetable matter—all constituting a black rich mold from one to twelve feet deep. The bottom lands lying along the rivers, with a level plain surface, are alluvial, with a much larger amount of vegetable matter and a much less proportion of alkaline substances than the soil of the rolling prairies. There is, along most of the rivers, a large amount of what is called second bottom or bench land, generally from 40 to 100 feet above the immediate bottoms of the rivers, presenting, in many instances, an almost unbroken succession of the most beautiful and picturesque town sites in the world. Such is peculiarly the case along the west bank of the Missouri River, from the mouth of the Kansas up to as far as the Blackbird Hills. These table lands slope gradually back, and terminate in the summits of more elevated bluffs, the tops of which appear to range with the general level of the surrounding country. In many places perennial springs issue from the hillsides and mingle their pure, clear waters with the larger streams, with which this country is abundantly supplied. A rich and luxuriant carpet of grass covers these bottoms, table lands and prairies, intermingled with beautiful and oderiferous flowers, which likewise bloom upon the plain. The trees upon the bottoms and over the bluffs frequently present

themselves with as much order as if they had been planted by a human hand; and, the Autumnal fires having burned away the brushwood and undergrowth, they are found standing in groves of the most singular and bewitching beauty, as if in their arrangement had been lavished the utmost perfection of artistic skill.

As you proceed west from 98° 30′ to the 102° of longitude there is a deficiency of both wood and water, and north of the Platte these deficiencies extend about one degree further west. Large portions of this section are perhaps unfit for agricultural purposes. The best parts lie along the rivers—the intermediate country being more or less barren, and containing water in only limited quantities. This is the portion of the country that Col. Benton says "is to be helped out by wells as soon as settled."

West of the 102° of longitude the country, embracing the head waters of the great rivers and the Black Hills, is for the most part extremely fertile, and covered annually with the richest grasses. In speaking of this country Fremont says: "The soil of this country is excellent, admirably adapted to agricultural purposes, and would support a large agricultural and pastoral population." Among the varieties of grasses he mentions the "esparcette," a species of clover cultivated in Germany for the pasturage of swine, and indigenous in all this country. This portion of the Territory is well watered, abounding in springs and rivulets pure and clear, hurrying with rapid current over sandy and gravelly beds, to meet and mingle with those mightier waters in whose embrace their identity is lost. Nearly the whole of this immense region appears exceedingly well adapted to grazing, and when the waves of that mighty emigration now rolling onward to find a resting-place only on the borders of the Pacific shall be stayed, it will doubtless be appropriated to that use for which it appears by nature adapted—as the pastoral and grazing district of America.

We have endeavored to give some idea of the great territorial extent, the general features and resources of Nebraska Territory—a Territory equal in extent to thirty States of the average size of the several New England States; rich in soil as the Valley of the Nile; watered by the finest streams in the world; and destined by the good Providence of God, under the banner of the Union, to become one of the richest and most populous States of America. We are not writing fables, or giving utterance to the extravagant chimeras of an enthusiast. These are the sober deductions of reason, from well-attested facts. With a soil equal in fertility to that of Illinois, instead of fevers and chills, and bilious diseases—the devil's own tormentors—arising in miasmas, from stagnant waters and level prairies, she has a climate as free from these diseases as the mountains of New England, and far more mild and salubrious. While her high rolling prairies, with a gradual descent to the east, affording the most perfect drainage, secures exemption from miasmatic diseases, the soft and balmy atmosphere of Southern Nebraska render her equally free from all pulmonary complaints. Consumptions are unknown there, and in several instances persons removing there while suffering under these diseases have found themselves entirely relieved. Far better supplied generally with timber and building stone than Illinois, she has undoubtedly an equal abundance of coal, copper, lead and other minerals; for these have already been discovered in several localities, and the geological formation of the country affords ample assurance of a full supply.

Though far in the interior, her inland navigation is extensive, and she lies on the great highway of navigation to the ocean. The Missouri River, which waters the Territory, is navigable more than 2,000 miles. Col. Sarpy states that loaded Mackinack boats have descended the Platte from Fort Laramie to its mouth, more than 500 miles, and it is his opinion that steamboats especially constructed could navigate its waters successfully. The Yellowstone is another important river, estimated at from 1,000 to 1,300 miles long, and, if not otherwise navigable, it will at least be found useful to float down the timber growing upon its banks. This river, 400 or 500 miles from its mouth, flows through a broad open valley, heavily timbered with pine and cottonwood, and containing all the elements of fertility. Besides the rivers already mentioned, there are others, almost innumerable, varying in size and importance from 100 to 700 miles in length, so that a very large majority of the Territory is well watered and the whole is drained and rendered salubrious.

With all these facts before us—facts resting not on the authority of any individual, but fully sustained by the concurrent testimony of all who have had an opportunity to form a judgment in the matter, comparing Nebraska with States and Territories already settled, and forming an estimate of what will be from what has been—judging the future from the past, we

are fully warranted in the conclusion that Nebraska is destined soon to become a powerful State, teaming with wealth and swarming with inhabitants.

You will bear in mind that it is scarcely more than two years since Nebraska became, by an enactment of Congress, a legal Territory, with power, when settlers should arrive, to form a political organization, and that, at that time, she had not a score of white inhabitants within her borders. She has now twenty-two organized counties, and several towns of considerable importance. The Yankees have commenced an invasion; their reënforcements are hurrying forward, and they are sure to subdue the elements, and coin them into gold or convert them into the appliances of civilization, comfort, luxury and wealth. The two largest towns are Omahaw and Nebraska City, each containing from sixty to eighty houses, and a population of four or five hundred. The former is the Capital; and the United States Government are now erecting public buildings there on a liberal scale.

For the last five years the rush of emigration has mainly centered on the upper Mississippi, and the great strife has been to seize upon all the favorable points until all the lands on that stream and in its vicinity are appropriated. Towns and cities have sprung up as though the whole land had been touched by Ithuriel's enchanted wand. Speculation has done her work, and the prices of lands and building lots have increased beyond all former precedent.

The Missouri has now begun to attract the attention of emigrants, and the settlement of the lands, and the growth of towns and cities on that thoroughfare, will be no less rapid than on the Mississippi; and we hazard the prediction that in five years from to-day both banks of the Missouri, for the distance of five hundred miles, in Nebraska, Iowa and Minnesota, will be thickly dotted with flourishing towns and populous cities.

CAPITAL AND LABOR OF WOMEN.

"Every one cries out, 'if I had but money!' Those that are in authority-power suck the very marrow from the bones of men of low degree." [JACOB BEHMAN.

MANY are the modes by which power is employed to grind the faces of the poor. In our time and country capital is the great oppressor, and its grasp is felt most sensibly by the working women, who often are not only dragged down by toil, but to this is superadded the sad blighting of the heart from disappointed affections, and the perpetual anxiety and discontent of the mother, who sees her children neglected and squalid, while all her efforts are insufficient to present a remedy. She is driven here and there to procure work, and when all her strength is exhausted, the family is kept poor by insufficient remuneration.

The woman who can obtain a small capital to open a shop, soon finds her condition bettered; but the needle woman works hard, and is at the end of the year as poor as at the beginning of it. The dressmaker and milliner, who have some little start, by way of capital or influence, are able to employ apprentices, and thus get in advance of their daily wants; but the girls thus employed as apprentices have small pay and much hard work. They must expect this till their trade is learned. Girls must be taught to feel that work *must* be hard in the beginning, and to many will always be hard, for enterprise and capacity are not equally distributed. As soon as women become employers, they find their profits much increased. It is by keeping business in their own hands only, that they will find themselves paid for the work they do.

In Europe women fill any and every avenue to wealth, honors and utility. They are artisans, farmers, artists, authors, professors, manufacturers and merchants, while in our country almost all occupations of the kind are filled by men; and women so employed are always subordinate, so that the portion which falls into their hands is very small.

This is a bad state of things, and one which women can redeem if they once set themselves resolutely to the task. They must employ rather than be employed. They must procure capital, and make it work for them, as the other sex have made it work. Instead of being content with a few shillings beyond their daily wants, they should aim at accumulation as a passport to influence, usefulness and beneficence. They can do more, and do better in the world with money than without it. Madam Bonaparte is not ashamed to deal in stocks at Baltimore; Mrs. Lorillard, of New York, became a partner in the firm of which her husband had been principal; and a thousand similar cases might be cited, to show that women of ordinary courage and capacity may go on adding their thousands to an already large fortune.

Do not be humbugged into the cant that money is an evil, and to accumulate it is sordid and base. If your soul *is* a mean one, nothing will make it lower—therefore you will be none the worse with money than without it; if you are brave and noble, money will aid

you in the exercise of magnanimity—therefore "put money in your purse." Men and women know how to respect wealth, which has its power, when they would never learn to appreciate that which is beyond money and price—genius and goodness; and hence it is well. where the greater is beyond your reach, to procure the less.

Snobs, even, do not turn up the nose at a full purse. With money taste and culture can be procured, while he or she who is goaded by intimations of beauty and desires of elegancies beyond their ability to procure is always miserable. We do not say, as is so often quoted, "the way to make a man rich is not to increase his stores, but to diminish his desires," because we do not believe in any such dwarfing process. We believe that men and women should have a full healthy growth, and that they should desire much, and be willing to work hard to get it. Women must work as well as men. The poor woman, in spite of her disinclination, is driven to toil the moment her beauty is gone. She must work, or eat the bitter bread of dependence. When this period comes upon her she complains of the world, of the neglect of friends, and the ingratitude of relations. Neglect is a hard dose to take, and ingratitude "sharper than a serpent's tooth;" but women must put themselves beyond the reach of these things by holding a certain kind of power in their own hands, which money can alone impart. Therefore women, who complain the most in this way, should learn to "put money in their purse."

The man or the woman whose daily toil will no more than supply the wants of the body, only procure necessary food and clothing, is a slave. The worst bondage is that which keeps the body and leaves the soul starved. Go out of this bondage. The soul is large, and generous and brave, and demands a broad field of beauty, and enjoyment, and action; and ye who keep it cooped in your miserable bodies, defrauded of all freshness and joy, are guilty of a deadly wrong. Work then, work for the sake of casting off this bondage, for in our day the great Evangel is *work*.

CAPTURE OF SIMON KENTON.

About the first of September, Kenton, who had lain about Boone's and Logan's stations until ease became irksome to him, determined to have another bout with the Indians, and for this purpose he associated with Alex. Montgomery and Geo. Clark to go on a horse stealing expedition. They reached Old Chillicothe without meeting with any adventure; here they fell in with a drove of horses feeding in the rich prairie, of which they secured seven, and started on their return. Upon reaching the Ohio, they found the river lashed into a perfect fury by a hurricane, and the horses refused to cross. Here was a dilemma unlooked for. It was evening; they felt sure of being pursued, and no time was to be lost. As the only resource, they rode back to the hills, hobbled their animals, and then retraced their steps to see if they were followed. The next day, the wind having subsided, they caught their horses, and again endeavored to cross the river, but with the same result; the horses, from fright, would not take to the water, and they were driven to the alternative of parting with them. Selecting, each one of the best, they turned the rest loose, and started for the falls of the Ohio, but avarice whispering that they might lead the others, they returned and endeavored to retake them. This was by no means an easy task, and, while busily occupied in their endeavor, they were surprised by a party of mounted Indians, who had followed their trail with vengeful pertinacity The whites were separated, and Kenton hearing a whoop in the direction of his comrades, dismounted, and crept cautiously in the direction of the sound, to discover, if possible, the force of the savages. Dragging himself forward on his hands and knees, he came suddenly upon several Indians who did not discover him at the moment. Being surrounded, and thinking the boldest course the best, he took aim at the foremost, but his gun missed fire. This, of course, discovered his position, and he was pursued. Taking advantage of some fallen timber, he endeavored to elude his pursuers by dodging them, and hiding among the underbrush, where their horses could not follow; but they were too cunning for him, and, dividing their forces, rode along on either side of the timber, beating it up, until, as he was emerging at the further end, he was confronted by one of the savages, who, the moment he discovered him, threw himself from his horse, and rushed at him with his tomahawk. Kenton drew back his arm to defend himself with the butt of his gun, but as he was about to strike, another stalwart savage, whom he had not discovered, seized him in his powerful grasp and prevented the descending blow. He was now a prisoner, and yielded with what grace he could command to superior numbers. While they were binding him, his companion, Montgomery, made his appearance, and fired at one of the Indians, but missed his

mark. He was immediately pursued, and in a few moments one of the pursuers returned shaking the bloody scalp of his friend in Kenton's face. Clark succeeded in making his escape, and, crossing the river, arrived in safety at Logan's station.

That night the Indians encamped on the banks of the river, and in the morning they prepared to return with the unfortunate prisoner Some little time elapsed ere they succeeded in catching all their horses, and when at length they did succeed, they determined to torment their captive in return for the trouble he had occasioned them. They accordingly selected the wildest and most restive horse of the number, and commenced to bind him upon his back. Their mode of proceeding was as follows: A rope was first passed round the under jaw of the horse, either end of which was held by an Indian, and, even with this advantage, it required the assistance of others to control the vicious beast, who seemed determined not to receive his burden. Kenton was first seated upon his back with his face toward the tail of the animal, and his feet tied together under the horse. Another rope confined his arms, and

THE INDIANS BINDING KENTON TO THE BACK OF THE WILD HORSE.

went round the horse, drawing the prisoner down upon his back. A third was secured around his neck, and was fastened to the horse's neck, and thence extended longitudinally across his person to the tail of the horse, where it was secured, and answered for a crupper. In this way he was securely fastened to the almost wild and frantic animal beyond the possibility of escape To make the matter sure against contingencies, they fastened another rope to his thighs, and secured it to the one which served as a girth, and then fastened a pair of moccasins upon his hands to prevent him from defending his face.

During the time they were thus preparing him for his Mazeppa-like ride, they taunted him by asking him if he wanted to steal more horses. They danced around him, yelped and screamed, and in every possible manner exhibited their infernal delight at the anticipated sufferings of their victim. With stripes, and yells, and thunder-shouts, they at length turned loose the almost savage horse, who bounded away on his aimless and erratic course, anxious only to rid himself of the burden he bore. Frantic with fright, the noble animal darted through the woods, rearing and plunging, and inflicting upon his tortured rider countless wounds and blows as he endeavored to dash him against the trees, or rushed through the tangled brush, lacerating the flesh of both with innumerable thorns and briars, until, with wasted strength and trembling limbs, he returned to the spot whence he had started, with his almost inanimate rider, who longed for death to release him from his torture. His sufferings had barely commenced, and death, even in its most terrific form, would have been mercy compared with the ordeal through which he had yet to pass. To feel certain of death, to count the fleeting hours as they pass, and know that each is but a step toward a fearful doom; to feel that doom impending, and yet to see it postponed from hour to hour, from day to day, to suffer continually all the anguish the human frame is capable of bearing, and above all, to know and feel that Hope has fled beyond recall, and all this suffering, all this anguish, but leads to inevitable death, is terrible indeed. The trial through which he had passed was but the opening scene in a fearful tragedy, in which he was destined to perform the leading part.

Worn out with fatigue, and satisfied of his inability to rid himself of his unwelcome rider, the now exhausted horse took his place in the cavalcade which had already started for their home, which they reached after three days of intense suffering on the part of the prisoner, during which his exhausted frame was racked and tortured with the most exquisite pain.

THE GREAT ROCK IN DENNIS, AND THE MYSTERIOUS BIRD-NEST.

Once upon a time we were visiting the town of Dennis, on the sea shore of Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Now, Dennis is by no means the Athens of America, but it is inhabited by a hardy, well-to-do population, whose mode of life is quite novel to the New Yorker The men are sailors or salt manufacturers, for there is hardly soil enough in the town to raise a head of cabbage or nourish a crop of potatoes. The trees all look as if they had been bit off, and the vines seem to have taken an ugly fit and to have twisted themselves about, positively not to go any higher up. There is nothing there but sky, ocean and sand, with now and then a bright girl, who seems to have been designed for a mermaid, but spoiled by her prettiness. Such an one was our escort all along the sea shore; with her we rode, and walked, and swam, and ducked in and out under the great troughs, containing salt, as if we had been all our life to the "manor born."

We said there was nothing at Dennis except sky, and sand, and ocean; we had forgotten. The wind-mills are the most remarkable feature of the place. The whole town is one field of wind-mills, and there they are, frisking and turning, rolling and playing, now two or three wheeling together, and now a whole group whirling themselves in exactly a contrary direction. It has a strange, forlorn aspect, the town, at night, guarded by this army of wind-mills, numerous enough to turn the heads of a dozen Don Quixotes—their white vans now in light and now in shadow. These wind-mills do the work of evaporating the water which is to deposit salt. Under these immense troughs, ranged side by side, and oozing all over their margins with a whitish-gray mixture, grows a coarse high grass, with no other sign of vegetation for many acres, and giving an uncannie look to the vicinity.

We were shown all that was remarkable in the place by our pleasant guide. We recollect with some interest a huge bathing tub, made of blue and white porcelain, which was suffered to stand out of doors as an incumbrance not to be tolerated in the house; and that, too, after having been transported all the way from the Celestial Empire. We thought it exceedingly handsome and dainty for a lady's use. Then there were heavy silver forks and spoons, man-

ufactured at Australia; lumps of quartz, heavy with gold, from California; great white ribs of some leviathan of the deep—long, straight congeries of bones, once belonging to a shark; the tusks of a young elephant; rare sea-fans, and corals, and rose-lipped shells scarcely deserted by the Nereads, for the sailor is the true cosmopolite, and fills his house with tributes from every clime.

We were taken down to see the "Great Rock" also. Now we had been used to mountains and rocks all our lifetime. It was not easy for us to think of a place where rocks were not. Indeed, we had a vague terror all the time we lingered at Dennis that the fate of the Laird of Ravenswood might be our own—for the long range of shifting soil looked to us like one vast quicksand ready to engulph the unwary. When it began to move we did not see how it should ever stop. It followed, then, that this promise of a "great rock in a weary land" was most grateful and refreshing to us. We had seen only the smallest possible representatives of what might be called rock, and we entered the carriage with Mary and one of the youngsters with the highest expectation. It was a pleasant drive, through pine trees whispering in the Summer breeze. We passed several miles through a valley filled with low oaks and bushes of various kinds, some yielding the blackberry, raspberry and whortleberry. We started up several covies of partridges, and, leaving our vehicle, tried to detect them among the bushes, which was no easy task. We watched the sea gulls wheeling and skimming over the water, and the old eagle motionless upon a solitary hemlock; and, entering the carriage, started again for the "Big Rock," with much of the curiosity Sinbad must have felt in pursuit of the rook's egg.

At length we neared it; the trees were taller and larger. We had ascended what might be called a hill; birds, small singing birds, were in the air; something like mystery grew about us—mystery always invests the atmosphere of the unwonted. We felt we were reaching a crisis. A large blacksnake, which had been out in the road cogitating lonely wise the consequences of his imposition on Eve, gathered up his folds leisurely, like one unaccustomed to disturbance, and slid under the shadow of a small rock, the *avante guards* of the Great Rock. A moment more, and there was a shout. The Great Rock was before us. There it was—with seams and rents; there it was, heavy with moss, and the blue harebell nodding, as harebells always do, as if to show what wondrous grace and beauty they can put on with the smallest imaginary materials to work with, for the bunch of earth out of which they were growing could be put into a woman's thimble. There it was—still, solemn, solitary; there it was, the "Great Rock," which we had ridden eight miles to encounter—eight miles with bread and cheese in the pocket to sustain our outer man, the inner living upon expectation—eight miles over sandy roads, and down that long ravine, under a broiling sun; there it stood, about the size of a merchant's safe standing in the corner of his counting-room!

Verily we received a shock; for in all our visit this Great Rock had been the talk. Presently, however, we grew into the relation, and saw the beauty and the need of this Great Rock to the people—and we saw how, verily, it *was* a Great Rock, and we learned to reverence it, and to marvel at its beauty, and to feel ourselves well rewarded for the visit thereto. We saw names written upon the sides thereof, and felt that a kindness and an honor had been extended to us in this visit to the Rock. We knew, also, that lovers came here as a trysting place; and children, fretful at the monotony of the sea-side, were promised a visit to the Great Rock. Old people came to it and thought of the "Rock of Ages;" and those whose friends and lovers were doing business on the mighty deep, and were gone down to the sea in ships, came here that they might better conceive the perils of a "rock-bound coast" which they had never seen, but which must be encountered by the dear ones away! We saw how the affections of the people clustered themselves around "the Great Rock," and we recognized its symbolism with joy. It was not mean to us, albeit we had seen mountains, for it was large in the eyes of these people. It was not foolish to bring strangers hither, for it was the pride of the place, hallowed by a thousand loving associations, and crossing with a sharp outline their otherwise wearying sameness of landscape; and so the Great Rock lives like a precious memory in our heart.

After the Great Rock, was the wonderful *Bird-Nest*. The story was told us in this wise: One morning, after the swallows had all built their "procreant cradles" and begun to make the usual preparations betokening family joys, the whole neighborhood was thrown into confusion by the turmoil among the swallows. Such a noise and chattering, such a flying to and fro from eaves to ridge-pole, never was before known. Thousands of swallows, collected apparently from long distances, were having a

noisy council of it. The top of every barn was alive with them, and they settled upon trees and houses in a perfect furore of excitement. Squads of them were seen to go to a certain angle of a shed, dive under the broad open doorway, and after balancing themselves in grave speculation over a particular nest, they flew out, to be followed by groups of others who went through the same process of inspection. In this way several hours passed, the birds settling themselves gradually down upon the roofs, as if in full caucus organization, pouring out at the same time a perfect torrent of swallow eloquence. One would have thought them human, so loudly did they declaim, and apparently to so little purpose. But mark the sequence, and you will see that these swallows were far from being as foolish as their betters.

After having apparently brought the subject to a close—viewed it in every possible point, and exhibited all its pros and cons, with a gravity and earnestness worthy of imitation, they suddenly became silent, and at the same moment every swallow gave his neck a dip forward, expanded his wings, gathered up his little red feet, and was off in the twinkling of an eye, every one in the same direction. The meeting had adjourned.

For a brief space there was quiet. Suddenly back came a long file of swallows, each with a bit of clay in his bill. Each one in regular succession ducked under the great doors of the shed, and aimed at the nest which had been subjected to so much scrutiny. With a quick dash he fixed his little dab of clay upon the top of the obnoxious "procreant cradle," and then flew out, giving a chance to his next neighbor, till the whole army of swallows had, one after another, fixed his bunch of clay about the nest; and it was not only filled up, but rounded over to a perfect dome. We saw it in this wise, and should take shame to ourselves that we did not pluck out the heart of the mystery, but ——

What was in the nest? Had a bat crawled therein? Had a snake slid within? Had some graceless swallow hatched out a brood of young monsters? What was in the nest?

But the reader may ask, why not investigate the case? In any other locality we might have done so—our eagerness in the pursuit of knowledge under all difficulties might have so impelled us—but the place—the occasion was a hindrance. It had been a cruel robbery to the people, who, having had for a long time only a Great Rock about which to cluster all their symbolism and pride and affection, had now *a mysterious bird-nest.*

THE SCOTCH COVENANTERS, AND THE VIRGINIA REBELLION.

BY BELL TRACY.

INTRODUCTION.

In 1640 a little boy was seen running over the hills of Perthshire, in Scotland, playing with the lambs and caressing the dogs. What cared he for the haughty mandates of Strafford, or the dissensions in the Government of Charles I?

He heard political matters discussed at the hall of his fathers, and long stories rehearsed of the former glory of Scotland, with the victories and defeats attending the feuds of the clans; but he heard with the evanescent interest of a child, and remembered but a moment the incidents to which older persons listened with so much feeling and attention.

He saw the mother of Thyme, (Thymis Sirpilling wrought upon his tartan, as the badge of the Clan Drummond,) but to him it was little more than a curious device, at which to gaze in his moments of listlessness. He listened eagerly to the stories of malicious elves and "uncanny" people with which the superstitious—and there were few who were not—peopled all Scotland. And he learned various little songs commemorative of the deeds of his race, and shouted them in childish glee, as he frolicked among the heather and the berries. But one day word was brought that there was a little baby at his Aunt Morrison's, over the hillside, and then his curiosity was all astir.

He scampered away as fast as his feet could carry him, and in breathless haste demanded to see his little cousin. How large his eyes grew with amazement and surprise at the little helpless being, as it lay breathing so quietly and unconsciously in the arms of its nurse. He touched so gently the sunny hair, and peeped into her pretty blue eyes; he lifted her little hands, and hunted among the soft blankets for her tiny feet—constantly expressing wonder and delight, and asking if she was one of the "fair folk" that Davie told of, but never dreaming of the varied and terrible destiny that was then shrouded in the far future for that sweet little cousin and himself.

Effie was now the burden of all his talk; daily he ran over the hillside to see how she grew in size and knowledge; and when she came to be so large as to clench her little hands in his locks, and give them a hearty pull, and would laugh and crow at the famous feat, he danced about in very joy, and thought the performance as wondrous as herself.

When she could walk, he would lead her to

the sunny bank, and gather flowers and berries, and tell her what great things he would do when he became a man and a chief like his father.

Thus they grew to the estate of man and woman, in daily companionship with each other—their characters becoming assimilated by association, both imbibing strength and character from the instruction of their elders and the momentous times in which they lived.

The Clan Drummond was one of the highest respectability in the Highlands; not world-renowned for its feuds and warlike deeds, as those of the Gordon, the McGregor and others, but rather noted for its religious opinions and peaceful integrity. They were intimately associated with the Clan Cameron, and joined with them against the Episcopalians during the terrible persecutions in which the founder of the Cameronians lost his life.

Passing over the times of the Protectorate, in which the Presbyterians enjoyed freedom of religious opinions, we come to the reign of Charles II, in which the Covenanters, among whom was the Clan Drummond, sought caves and solitudes as a refuge from the merciless cruelties of the Royalists, and during which time incidents occurred that determined the destiny of nearly all of that race.

CHAPTER I.

"But hark! the tent hath changed its voice—
There's peace and rest nae longer." [BURNS.

"O! hae mercy upon him, hae mercy upon him, as ye hope that the Lord will hae mercy upon yoursell—the only son of his mother, an his father lang sin dead. O! remember his youth—only nineteen Simmers hae passed over his head; spare him, spare him for his young years—spare him to his mother's heart."

Such were the agonizing cries of an aged woman in June, 1660, when the joy of the people at the restoration of a legitimate monarch was turned into mourning by the spirit of revenge which prevailed throughout all the United Kingdom.

The cold and relentless eyes of the Judge fell upon the frenzied creature at his feet, and the victim *must* die; suddenly, turning to the youth, he offered life on condition that he would "tell the haunts of the accursed Presbyters, that he might stop forever the howling of their impious prayers and songs." For a moment the young man wavered, when the mother, rising from her humiliation, said:

"My child, my child, if you *do* betray the fastnesses of the Lord—if you show the heathen to the haunts of the chosen of God, the heaviest curse of your mother shall fall upon your head, and the milk of her bosom shall be poisoned in your veins."

He was executed, and the strength of her soul enabled her to cheer him in the moments of trial—to see the death-blow without a tear; when, turning to the hillside, she sought her desolate home.

The sun shone in all his glory, as though there was no sorrow in the land, and the pang struck deeper and deeper to the heart of the mother as her eye, at every step, rested on the heather, glistening in all its loveliness beneath the bright and beautiful light of day. "O! how could the heather-cups open to Heaven when the braw lad who had sae often gazed in admiration upon their delicate flowers, an nestled in love amang their green leaves, lay cald, cald, and unconscious of the beauty and the glory, the sorrow and the shame of Scotland."

She at last reached the threshold of her cottage, and throwing her arms around the neck of a fine, handsome girl, of something more than twenty years of age, she cried aloud, "O! Effie, Effie Morrison, the hell-hounds hae murdered him; they had nae mercy in their souls, and they struck off his young and beautiful head as though it had been the head of a dog! Wae is me, wae is me, and wae, wae, is Scotland; but my heart is growing colder and colder. I feel the death-damps gathering on my brow. Go you to the mountain-side, and tell Jamie Drummond that you are alone in all the wide world. Tell him that the accursed Tories murdered your brother, and that the ax sunk to your mother's heart. Tell him to flee from this wretched land, which seems overshadowed by the wrath of the Almighty, and go to that new world where the hounds of persecution dare not assert authority over the conscience, and the voice of prayer and praise may float up to God on the free air of Heaven."

"Go Effie—weep not sae bitterly—thy uncle will take thee as his own, and he will treat thee tenderly as a grief-stricken lamb; but, O! gird up your soul for the times upon which you have fallen, for you too may be called to give a martyr's testimony to the faith that is in you. *But remember*, if you fail to bear witness to the truth of the Great Jehovah, the curse of the mother who bore you shall follow you through all time." Thus saying, she sunk back upon the settee, covered her face with her hands, and with one groan of agony the soul passed to its Maker.

Effie remained almost paralyzed, feeling the

unutterable desolation of the awful bereavements that had so suddenly deprived her of her nearest and dearest protectors; besides, she was in constant fear that the Royalists, in their search for the Whigs. might visit her defenseless cabin, and she knew not what violence to apprehend from their unrelenting hatred of all whom they termed "canting, psalm-singing fanatics."

But suddenly she knelt beside the cold remains of her mother, and put up a fervent prayer to the God who watched over her, that he would give her strength to support, without faltering, the trials that were before her; and enable her to maintain, under all circumstances, the truths of the covenant.

Rising from her position, she found that the mists of evening were closing over the mountains, and she threw her cloak around her and crept stealthily forth. She moved cautiously, that none might observe and follow her to the retreat of the Covenanters; for the persecutions were growing so bitter that few dared now to kindle the fire on their own hearthstones, but sought in the solitudes and fastnesses of Scotland that freedom which was denied them by the laws of Charles II.

Presently she came to a rugged and wild path, which led to the haunts of the Presbyterians, when she was accosted by a rough voice, which she readily recognized, with "Wha gaes there?"

Throwing aside the hood from her face, she was greeted with a hearty welcome. "An God be wi ye in these troublous times. But stop a bit, Effie, an tell me what the wicked are doin yonder;" when, raising the lantern, so as more closely to see her face, "O! I fear they hae dealt hardly wi ye by the pitiful sobs and groans that break frae ye—and it is indeed sair times we have fallen on, as the good preacher saith. But gae forward, and God be wi ye and lead ye till ye come to your good uncle, and maybe he will find means to comfort ye in yer trouble, whatever it may be. I must e'en watch the closer if they hae become sae desperate as to cause such as ye to weep, for belike, should they find their way to the fold of the mountains, there would be none left to tell of their visit. Gae, gae, and God be wi ye."

Effie pursued her way through the narrow and tangled path, until at length she came to an opening in the side of the mountain, where perhaps an hundred people, of all sizes, were listening in wrapt attention to the earnest preaching of a venerable man, who was exhorting them to hold fast to the faith of their fathers, and prepare to die, if need be, in defense of the truth.

Effie crept to the side of her uncle, and told him, as her sobs would allow, the terrible events of the day. He immediately arose, pale and almost rigid with emotion, and said:

"Let the servant bow in humble submission to the Lord, his master, for we indeed know not what an hour may bring forth. This day has the first martyr blood been shed in the cause of God. Here, in our very midst, a stripling—Edward Morrison—has given his life for the cause. The dogs are upon the trail, and the wolves hunt in packs. Let us, therefore, concert together what is best for us to do. Famine looketh us in the face, and a worse death followeth in our footsteps. Let us bury this night our beloved sister, who lies in yonder cabin, and perhaps we may hold some parley with the enemy on the morrow, and they will permit us to leave this unhappy country and go to Virginia, where we may at least worship God as seemeth to us right."

The proposition met with general consent, and four stout men brought the remains of Mary Morrison into the fold that night; and amid songs, and prayers, and groans of the congregation, and while the moon was struggling through the mist, as though, with her mild face, she would give one look of sympathy and respect at the burial of the broken-hearted mother, she was laid on the mountain side, at rest forever.

It was not alone that one well known for godliness, and strength of character, and kindness, had gone from this world, but their souls were dark with impending evils. Scotland was to be their home no more; and if they journeyed to another land the future was dark and unknown, and the yearnings with which they would look back might be accounted sinful to their souls.

CHAPTER II.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing."
[LONGFELLOW.

At the "King's Head," in the small village, the company under the command of Capt. Murray were drinking ale.

"An it makes me feel bad, Grahame, to think of Morrison, for he was as canny a chiel as ye would likely see. I hae played wi him many a time on the hills, an I would hae been glad he had a' been pardoned."

"Yes," said Grahame, "an it seems wrang to take the life o' a man when he canna think as

we do, an they are Scotch, too, like oursels. I did nae think they would gang quite so far. An we could get up an auld grudge maybe to make the wark lighter, an it were the English we were after."

At that moment the door opened, and Capt. Murray entered, who had overheard the conversation. "By all the Heavens," said he, and with an eye flashing fire, "there is heresy in the camp. If I hear any more of it your heads shall keep company with the psalm-singing dog who lies yonder. To-morrow we take ourselves to the mountains, and send more of the canting devils to bite the dust."

There was no response to the bitterness of the captain, for the hatred and cruelty of a later day had not been called forth. It takes time, and the dwelling upon a wrong, or a fancied wrong, and the taste of blood to cause man to become as ferocious in his nature as most of those engaged in all persecutions seem to have been. The captain then poured a cup of stout ale, and drank to the health of the King. The men immediately followed his example, and in the jest and revelry that ensued, the events of the day were temporarily forgotten.

Before the morning mists had lifted from the mountains, a messenger stood at the door desiring to see Captain Murray. He was told to enter. The captain, looking earnestly at the rough, clownish-looking fellow before him, demanded his business.

"An I have a paper for yer honor," said David Sillar, drawing a letter from the folds of his plaid. "It is from Jamie Drummond, the Covenanter, an a godly man he is too; belike ye hae heard o' him."

The captain frowned darkly as he took the paper and read; then turning to the peasant he said: "They do not like the example of yesterday, and care not to have their heads keep company with young Morrison."

"Na! it be more natural and pleasant to have ane's head on ane's shoulders, as God intended it said be."

"How dare you," said the captain, "come here? Did you not fear your own life?"

"Na! na! my life is nothin worth to ony one, an I hae played the bagpipe sa many a time, to sa many ye hae wi ye, that I thought they would hardly do yer biddin, een it war to tak my life."

"But I can compel you to show me your hiding-place."

"Na! na! Jamie Drummond knew weel that the lad wha cam up wi his weans wad na lead the wolf to his flock. I hae nae one to care for, an ye be sae godless as to murder me ye may, an the sin rest on yer own soul."

The perfect independence and fearlessness of the young man enraged the captain, accustomed always to have such as him cower in his presence; and he called out in a frenzy, "None of your canting here, you villain, else I swear to you Jamie Drummond will wait long for your coming;" when, turning again to the letter, he sat for a long time, with a dark brow, brooding over its contents. He feared, in the present state of affairs, if he denied the request, that many of his men, coming from the neighborhood, would refuse to pursue the Covenanters to the extremity desired by those in authority; and perhaps it would be the easiest and best way to pledge himself to let them leave the country undisturbed. He accordingly wrote to them to that effect, when, handing the paper to Davie, he bade him begone, and be slow in showing himself there again.

Davie thrust the paper into his plaid, and said: "Thank yer honor, an I shall be right glad to be goin, an many blessins upon ye that my head is where it grawed, an be sure I'll not beg very hard to come to ye agen."

It was evident from the brightening of Davie's face, and his light step, that he felt safer and happier on the heather than under the same roof with Captain Murray. He was soon winding his way among the mountains, where he was met by Drummond, who had been anxiously watching his return.

Drummond soon communicated the result of the expedition to his friends, and all was bustle and delight that they might go once more to their dwellings in the sunlight.

The Rev. Richard Cameron called them once more together, to thank God for his protection and all that they had enjoyed in their safe retreat, and after singing and invoking a blessing upon his faithful flock, he promised to meet them once more, upon the sea-shore, when they would leave that Scotland so dear to their hearts.

The next two or three weeks were passed in comparative quiet by the small band of Covenanters, who were busily engaged in preparations for their long voyage. They were permitted to bury Edward Morrison according to the customs of their country; and William Drummond, whom it was now noticed was Effie's constant guardian and attendant, assisted in preparing the funeral feast at her lonely dwelling. And it was a sad, sad day when they came from the hill-sides to weep with poor

Effie. It seemed to her that the fountain of tears was dried at its source; that a century had worn its way through her heart in the sufferings of a short week. No kindness from her friends, no devotion of young Drummond, could win a smile from her lip or lighten the shadow upon her brow; but she went about the duties devolving upon her, pale and passionless, as though the world had become a blank to her—as though there was nothing on which her fond heart could rest. She feared to love, for the idols she had worshipped had been cruelly crushed at her feet; the voices that had been to her the music of life would never thrill on her desolate heart. It seemed to her, when others wept and no tears sprang to her own burnig lids, that her feelings had become hardened, and her very soul petrified and incapable of human tenderness. Yet she struggled with the fearful energy of a strong woman to bow in perfect submission to the will of her Father in Heaven, and to feel that she could lean upon his mighty heart and rest beneath the shadow of his love, secure in the belief that he pitied in all her sorrows and sympathised in all her afflictions.

Weeks passed on, and the serenity that shone through the sadness upon her countenance told that the victory was won—that she could now say in childish trust: "Thy will be done." Hard had it been for her to become reconciled to the terrible dispensation; but the faith that was in her that God ordereth all things right, and that it is wicked in the creatures whom he hath made to murmur at his decrees, though dimmed for a time by the heaviness of her grief, had at last obtained the ascendancy, and she was daily assuming the cheerfulness which such principles generate in the conscientious and upright.

At length the day of embarkation had come, and William Drummond had persuaded Effie to unite her destiny with his before they should leave Scotland for an untried home in America. Accordingly their friends came once more to the cottage, where Effie felt that the ceremony would indeed be consecrated—in that home where a father's fondness had blessed her childhood, and a mother's and a brother's love had surrounded all her life; that home where she had enjoyed and suffered so much; it would be one more link to bind her to the land of her birth, to the cherished remembrances of the past. Her's was no merry bridal, too heavy a cloud floated over the guests for the jest or the laugh to find place on the occasion; and the pastor, who had been to them a good shepherd and a faithful friend, would stay to do and to suffer with those who would remain at home.

The day was one of Heaven's own, when scarce a feathery cloud floated on the serene blue above, and the very air was redolent of the sweet Summer-time. Far around, in the valley and on the mountain, spread, like a glowing carpet, the beautiful heather—that flower so peculiarly Scotch, and so dear to the Scottish heart.

The bridal ceremony was finished and the emigrants were seen coming down to the seashore. They paused again and again to look at, and fix upon the eye forever, the landscape never so beautiful as now. Tears flowed from their aching hearts and fell upon the flowers at their feet; but when they reverted to all that the faithful were suffering for opinion's sake, and to their own probable fate should they remain, the vessel with her white sails seemed to them like an angel with outspread wings, waiting to carry them to a haven of peace.

They rested upon the beach, and once more, for the last time, gathered around Mr. Cameron. He prayed long and fervently that God would keep them safe on their perilous voyage; watch over them in their new homes, keep them faithful to the covenant, and at last gather them into one fold in Heaven. His voice was tremulous with emotion, for he loved them as a father, and their parting would probably be forever in this world. He exhorted the preacher who would bear them company to be faithful to his flock, to watch over them with a vigilant eye, as perchance their souls might be required at his hands. They parted with sincere sorrow and much weeping, and in a few hours the vessel had sailed far out of sight of the bay, and the shores of Scotland were growing more and more dim to the noble hearts who would gladly, if so it could have been, toiled a long life for the elevation and best good of their country, and slept their last sleep in her bosom.

CHAPTER III.

"To deep, lone, chastened thoughts of grief and love.
Oh! we have need of patient faith below,
To clear away the mysteries of such woe!"
[HEMANS.

In 1654 Lord Fairfax, residing in the North of England, was engaged fighting on the side of the Protector. Contiguous to his own estates were those of Sir Edward Lawrence. The families, until the unhappy dissensions in the Government of Charles I, had lived on terms of the utmost intimacy. But now, when son was found arrayed against father, and brother

against brother, it occasioned no surprise that those whose hearts had been knit in the more dissoluble bonds of friendship should become hostile and bitter enemies.

But there was one member of each family who participated not in the unwonted feeling. Richard Lawrence, the second son of his father, and an under-graduate of Oxford, loved Edith, the beautiful and interesting daughter of their neighbor; about the same age with himself, and from childhood his favorite companion.

Edith had likewise for some years associated Lawrence in all her musings and her dreams; and the most unhappy circumstance attending the Parliamentary war, in their minds, was the bitter dissensions of their families, and the consequent prohibition of their happy and innocent enjoyments.

In vain did Richard protest that the feuds of the fathers should not be expected nor permitted to extend to the children—too young as yet to take any active part in political affairs. But in the excess of Sir Edward's loyalty, in his bitter hatred of the Presbyterians, he commanded his son, on penalty of imprisonment, if no other resource should be left, to forget that such a being as Edith Fairfax existed. Rather would he see him dead than that his house should be dishonored by the union with that of a rebel and a traitor. "You are *mad*," said he to Richard, as he still continued his remonstrance. "You talk like a driveling fool! Is there no other girl in the land but Edith Fairfax? I tell you there is many a high-born maiden who would gladly match herself with Richard Lawrence, whose face is fairer, whose lands are broader, and who bears no traitor stain upon her escutcheon."

"I tell *you*," said the manly boy, "there is none whom I can love, there is none whom I will wed but her. You may prevent our union; you may shroud my life in the lingering misery of a cruel disappointment by a selfish indulgence of a personal animosity, but the heart that I pledged in my boyhood shall still beat in fidelity to the one whose only fault is that *her* father differs from mine in religious and political matters."

"Is *that* not enough?" stormed the father, as his son left the library, where the conversation had been held. "Fool! *fool!* but I'll see that you are well removed, and time will effect the rest."

Richard went immediately to the sequestered spot in the park, where he had been accustomed to loiter with Edith, and related to her faithfully the result of his conversation. They renewed their pledges of constancy, through whatever vicissitudes might befall them, and agreed to meet as often as possible during his stay at home.

The next morning, without any premonition, Richard was hurried by his father back to Oxford. Edith sought the haunt, as usual, consecrated by the remembrances of many a happy year, and seating herself upon the bench encircling the old oak, waited in terrible suspense the coming of one whom hitherto she had looked for with so much pleasure and confidence. Worn with weeping through the long night, pallid with torturing and indefinite fears, the flitting of the robin, the soft tread of the rabbit, the gliding of the deer, sent a dagger to her heart in the thrill of expectation, in the agony of disappointment, that attended each familiar and formerly unmistakable sound.

The hours wore on, but still he came not to end her conjecture and suspense. She felt rivited to the spot, for even then, at that late moment, he *might* come—and come to say farewell for a long time. At length her serving man, who had been from long before her infancy a dependant of the family, missed her, and conjecturing from a knowledge of her habits where she might be found, followed her.

"Miss Edith," said he, "I thought maybe you didn't know that Master Richard left this part of the country this morning—at least I thought so. I met him on the highway at dawn; he was in a coach laden with trunks, and he put his head from the window as he came along, and said good-by to me. I thought then, Miss, maybe you didn't know, and he wished me to tell you."

Edith drew her shawl about her, and, accompanied by her faithful servant, returned with a sinking heart to her home. Her father watched her carefully, and if he would have sternly opposed her wishes, he wisely judged from his knowledge of the character of Sir Edward Lawrence that he would have no necessity to interfere; and he believed that time and new scenes would efface the impressions of their childish attachment from the feelings of Edith.

His brother, Sir Thomas Fairfax, had raised a large number of troops to join Cromwell, and for the safety of his family Lord Fairfax deemed it proper to remove them to London during the continuation of the civil war, for all London at this time was arrayed against the king, and Charles I had made his headquarters at Oxford.

Those familiar with the detail of the civil war remember the foolish, vacillating and unwise course of the king, by which he lost the victories he might have won, the confidence of

his subjects, the crown, and finally, his life. Edith, during all this distracting time, remained at London. Her father engaged under the immediate banner of Cromwell and one of his principal officers. But she heard no sound from Richard, only the vague rumor, after the battle of Marston Moor, that Sir Edward Lawrence and one of his sons were among the slain, and that one son was fearfully wounded.

O! what a day of wretchedness was that battle to her! She listened to the heavy booming of the cannon, feeling that every sound was a death-knell of some one she had known and loved. Her father, brother and uncle, and, she feared, her lover, were among the combatants on that fearful day.

This battle decided the fate of England; and Cromwell sent into London fifteen hundred prisoners of war, with all the appurtenances, of arms, banners and booty, that told of a victory and defeat. Lord Fairfax, his son and brother, returned with the victors, and participated in the pomp and ceremonies, and rejoicing that distinguished Westminster and London at that time.

But to Edith there was heaviness and sorrow in the midst of all the joy. She rejoiced for the safe return of her father, uncle and brother; but where was he whom she could not if she would forget. If a prisoner, what would be his fate? O, that she could know, that she could assure him of her sympathy, of her fidelity.

Richard, after being so abruptly sent to Oxford, found himself, in the after events, forced to take up arms in a cause, it is true, which he most favored, but in which he had indulged no idea of taking an active part. During this memorable battle, and while fighting under Prince Rupert, at the time when he retreated with calamity and disgrace to Chester, Richard received a severe and disabling wound. The Marquis of Newcastle, who knew him, and had observed his courage and bearing through the day, saw him fall, and had him borne in safety from the field. He afterwards induced Lawrence to leave England, where he could no longer remain secure, and go an exile with him to France.

Then came the beheading of Charles, the establishment of the Protectorate, and the iron rule of Cromwell for the next few years. Lord Fairfax again found time, after the lull of the horrible excitements, to observe his daughter, and he chided her for her wan face, and hoped in the coming festivals that her eye would regain its brightness, and her spirits their elasticity; for he could not think that she still lamented the boy, to whom, individually, he had no objection, but the intimacy he had regarded as the evanescent dream of childhood.

Contrary to Edith's inclinations, she was compelled to be present on all public occasions, and her position and beautiful face attracted the attention of many a Republican of that day. Among her suitors was the elder son of the Earl of Manchester, both of whom had distinguished themselves under the Protector, and the son received the favorable encouragements of her father.

Lord Fairfax was naturally kind, and he treated Edith with a large share of tenderness in advocating the suit of Manchester; but at times he could hardly restrain his vexation at what he almost considered her obstinacy, in so positively rejecting a suitor whom, he said, "any other woman would be proud to obtain. and who was likewise so eligible in every respect to her situation and to promote her happiness." But no inducement could change her resolution. "My life," said she, "is sufficiently wretched now, and I positively declare that I would sooner die than change my present determination." As an additional motive to keep her faith, Edith had incidentally heard that Lawrence had sought refuge in France, and still faithfully cherished her remembrance.

Years went on, and Edith suffered the neglect in her own family almost to estrangement, until at last Cromwell was seized with the illness which terminated his existence and that of the Commonwealth.

Lord Fairfax, familiar with Richard Cromwell, anticipating the troubles which would ensue, feeling afraid for the safety of Republicans in England, and unwilling to engage in further hostilities, collected the revenues from his estates, and in 1658 sailed for Virginia.

Their voyage was marked by fearful storms; their vessel, stove and unmanageable, finally entered Cape Fear River, where the people of North Carolina induced him to remain by the superior advantages they represented that State to possess over Virginia, their original destination.

Richard Lawrence, during his long confinement with his wounds, knew that Edith was safe and surrounded with every advantage; like those who are generous and true-hearted themselves, he never for a moment doubted her constancy, and consoled himself with the pleasant places of the past, and with the belief that he yet should be united with Edith—yet be happy—notwithstanding the present adverse circumstances.

After his recovery he was employed in the

service of the King of France, where he remained during the Protectorate. He heard occasionally of Lord Fairfax and family, but he could never succeed but once in conveying to Edith any message of remembrance and love; and now, after the death of Cromwell, he determined to return to England and seek the reinstatement of the property, all his own since the death of his father and elder brother.

He was cordially received by Charles II, and, in consideration of the loyalty and services of his family, his estates were fully restored. But, as a death-blow to all his hopes, which had seemed to him so near fruition, he learned that Lord Fairfax and his family had emigrated to America. For the first time despair ruled in his heart; he felt as though he was destined never to attain the one object for which he lived—while Edith, in her new home, dreamed only of a reunion in Heaven.

Soon after his affairs were settled, he began to think seriously of following Lord Fairfax to the New World. He heard that a party of adventurers were about to sail from Bristol to Virginia, and after making the necessary inquiries and arrangements, joined the company of Thomas Wilford. Nathaniel Bacon, and Edmund Cheesman, and they arrived at Jamestown about the same time that the vessel from Scotland bore the Covenanters to their desired haven.

Everything was new and of absorbing interest to these young men; but a shadow rested upon the spirits of Lawrence wholly unaccountable to those who knew nothing of his affairs. To him Edith was an ever-present reflection; he saw her beautiful face at every step, her confiding eye still looked in love and confidence upon him, and her name was associated with every thought. Smiles and shadows flitted over his lips, as pleasant remembrances or despairing forebodings found a place in his heart; and, to deepen his gloom, he could learn nothing in the Colony of Lord Fairfax.

He endeavored to divert his attention from the thoughts that had become so engrossing to him, by cultivating an interest in the affairs of the Colony and in what was passing around him.

CHAPTER IV.

"Long time against oppression I have fought,
And for the native liberty of faith
Have bled and suffered bonds."

[REMORSE, a Tragedy.

"Yet thou, by fount and forest-murmur led
To worship, thou art blest; to thee is shown
Earth in her holy pomp, decked for her God alone.',

[HEMANS.

The winds and waves were favoring and propitious, and the Scottish vessel bore safely across the blue and boundless ocean the precious freight of strong and pious souls. Their time was chiefly spent in listening to sermons, often three a day, and their ideas were too rigid to admit of looking back and repining when it seemed to them they were following the guidance of Jehovah, who was leading them, as he had led the Israelites of old, from a land of mourning and bondage to one of promise, flowing with milk and honey. Even the mother, as she indulged in reveries of the past, and dropped a tear upon the babe at her breast, hastily checked the emotion as a sinful indulgence, and put up a silent prayer for forgiveness and to thank God for the manifold blessings that were showered upon their way. And, O! how their hearts leaped with thanksgiving and joy when the New World broke on their delighted eyes. No month in all the calendar could have been so happily chosen for their voyage as the sunny month of June, and as they sailed up the James River to the settlement, planted a half century before, the inhabitants went to the shore to welcome the new comers and learn tidings from England.

When they had come on shore and thanked God for his watchfulness and care, and the inhabitants learned that they were Presbyterians like themselves, and that two ministers were among their number, their gratitude and kind offices knew no bounds, for there were at that time so few ministers in the colony that a bounty was offered for their emigration, while to the emigrants every object was new and wonderful. The forest still stood in its primeval grandeur around the village; the air came laden with flower-scents, and seemed to vibrate with the melody of birds. "Abundance gushed from the earth," and to their fervid imaginations the reports that had been borne to them across the Atlantic had been more than realized. They felt that they, indeed, had reached the land of promise—that it was a fit place to worship God.

They soon made arrangements for their homes; "they found that labor was valuable, land cheap, and that competence followed industry." William Drummond and his father built a house together, and before the Summer was through vines from the forest, brought by the hand of Effie, enwreathed the doors and windows; and in their garden—where grew, with "improved flavor," the fruits of their Scottish home—flourished and glistened in the sunshine and the dew a bunch of heather, brought by Effie on her bridal morning from

her cottage on the hill, and for the first time transplanted in American soil. O, how kindly it grew beneath the brilliant skies of this western world—and Effie had literally nourished it with smiles and watered it with tears; to her it was the dearest of treasures to remind her of childhood and youth.

In a land so new, and so unlike her own, with so much to occupy her mind and time, her feelings were gradually losing their somber hue, and she mingled with much enjoyment in the innocent amusements of the people; for, notwithstanding their strict ideas and observances, they were almost always cheerful, and sometimes indulged in frolic and gayety; this was much more the character of the Virginians than the still more rigid people of New England.

The people then living in Virginia were most of them native-born, and had imbibed with their growth the freedom and spirit of the woods. They had no villages—even Jamestown, of fifty years standing, had "but eighteen houses, a State House and church, and was occupied by a dozen families"—but their cottages and plantations were scattered along by the beautiful streams, and everything connected with early colonial life tended to increase and strengthen the innate love of liberty that God planted in the soul of man.

There were those living in almost baronial wealth and pride, with large and well-furnished estates, having vassals and servants at call, and imbued with the strong aristocratic prejudices and tendencies of England. Among those was Sir William Berkeley, the Governor of Virginia.

William Drummond was young, of fresh and independent feelings, unwavering determination, stern integrity, an ardent love of liberty, strong and well-cultivated intellect, and industrious habits. Such an one will thrive under any circumstances; and he soon became well known, and much respected for his worth of character and valuable suggestions for the good of the colony. Even the Governor often consulted with him on the progress of affairs.

In 1663 the settlements in North Carolina had increased so as to command the attention of the Proprietaries, and Berkeley established a separate Government, and appointed William Drummond first Governor of that State. Effie's heart swelled with pride when the appointment was made known to her, and she looked at her two fine children and fondly conjectured what honors might await them in their native and favored land (for the people had now become proud of the native-born.) But then came the thought that she must leave her home once more, break up all the associations of old friends and new ones, and begin life again under new and untried auspices; besides, it was very uncertain what the reception of her husband would be by a people who had even left Virginia in jealousy of her Government, and to enjoy a larger liberty with less restraint. There, too, were their father and mother, and honest Davie Sillar, still faithful and attached, who played the bagpipe at the rural weddings and loved the boys as though they were his brothers. They were unwilling to leave their home so pleasant for a journey across the wilderness, and her heart was heavy to part with them; but, like a true woman, she strengthened herself for the change.

At this time a vessel came from Scotland, and brought a letter from the Rev. Richard Cameron to his old friend Drummond. As soon as it became known the emigrants came to his house to hear from one whom they still regarded as their spiritual teacher, and likewise to hear from unhappy Scotland, now reeking and groaning with the blood of her children. Jamie Drummond welcomed them heartily, but the troubled brow and the frequent and heavy sighs of the old man told that the news from home was gloomy. After the congratulations were over, William Drummond read to them the following letter: -

"COSSACK, May 16, 1663.

"Dear and beloved brother in Christ Jesus, the blessed head of the Church: I send to you greeting from this troubled and unhappy country. I think often and pray for my beloved children in the New World, and thank God for having taken you from the sufferings of Scotland.

"My heart sinks within me for reason of the wickedness committed all about us. It indeed fails me to relate the sufferings, both of ministers and people—the great trials and hardships to which they are subject. It seems to be a great battle with the enemy of mankind against the Lord's people, but *holiness* will prevail, and this poor land will come up out of this terrible darkness, for the Lord God is mighty, and none can prevail against him. Indeed, I think the spirit of the Lord was never so strong and stirring as at this present time, for under this blessed spirit even the children are able to meet death singing psalms.

"It has been the privilege of many of our friends and neighbors to die the blessed death of martyrs, and yield the crown of thorns for an unfading crown of glory; among them is that holy youth and powerful preacher, 'Hugh McKail,' brother of the young minister who bore you company on your voyage. His last words were a testimony to the faith, and against prelacy. He said 'that though the adversaries of the Church might be permitted to prevail for a season, yet God would arise and plead the cause which was his own.' He died truly rejoicing, and all the people lamented his death, for he was greatly beloved, and it stirred up a great feeling against Sharpe and

the Archbishop of Glasgow, whom they called his murderers.

"Aug. 24, last year, the Uniformity Act came to be the law. Two thousand clergymen on that day preached farewell to their congregations and quitted their preferment, and since that time there has been nothing but the most direful distress all over the country—sickness, imprisonment, and great affrights to wives and families, and great poverty. Some only live on bread and water—those who had plenty awhile since of this world's goods; and it is said that six hundred people have suffered death this last year in the West. The ministers are driven into the fields, and no one dare give them food or shelter; many are afraid to pray or say grace in their families, and many are daily dragged to prison or execution.

"They are in hot pursuit of me, offering a bounty for my poor head. Hitherto, by the help of God, I have been wonderfully preserved, but may be called upon at any time. I pray God to give me strength to hold fast the blessed covenant, and let his vengeance fall upon the wicked who strive to murder his people. Pray for us, dear brother, and may God preserve your country from such direful events.

"Give my love to your wife, and Effie, and William. Effie's cottage has been a shelter to me many times since you left, when I had no other. May God watch over them and theirs, and keep them safe in the ark of his covenant. I pray that God may bless all of my precious flock now in America, and make them strong to do his work. When next you hear from me it may be that I have gone to enter my testimony in the courts of our Lord and Saviour. God bless you all.

"From your faithful and persecuted pastor,
"RICHARD CAMERON."

There was great sorrow among the Covenanters during the reading of this letter. Andrew McKail left at the news from his brother, and went alone to weep and pray, while the others, after talking and exhorting each other to a holy life, resolved to wrestle with the Lord to avert his wrath from his people, and pour vengeance on those who were trying to injure his cause, and to pray that the spirit of persecution might not be kindled in Virginia.

CHAPTER V.

"So must it ever end, too much we give
Unto the things that perish." [HEMANS.

The arrangements had now become completed, and with several servants and horses, with as many domestic appliances as could be stored for a long journey, William, now Gov. Drummond, his wife, two children, (the younger about three months old,) a guide, compass and canoe, set out for North Carolina.

Effie, like all the women of Virginia, was skilled in the management of a horse or could wield an oar, both of which accomplishments would be useful on their way.

It was early morning on the 25th of June, and all nature in that Summer-land seemed sending up an anthem of rejoicing. The air was fragrant with the spicy honeysuckle, and sweet smelling jasmine, twining in gladness and gracefulness all through the woods; the glowing and many-hued butterflies and the innumerable bees were reveling in the very luxury of life, while the whole boundless forest, with all its winding and leafy ways, seemed filled with the gladest, richest chorus of the countless and varied warblers, from the sportive and mirth loving mocking bird, whose breast seems to swell with delight in its beautiful and happy deceptions, to the tiniest little humming bird that ever spread its gossamer wings and floated away on the sunshiny air.

The oldest boy, Jamie, felt the gladness of nature in his spirit; and as his grandfather took him into the open air, and placed him upon the horse with his father, he wildly clapped his little hands and laughed aloud. Effie carried the little Willie carefully strapped to her waist in a manner to leave her hands at liberty to guide the animal, and where her eye would always rest on his sweet, innocent face, securely nestled in the folds of love.

Some of their friends accompanied them some distance on their way, and thus lightened the pain of leave-taking; but Effie's eyes still sought the various familiar objects and the beautiful landscape by which she was surrounded with an expression of fondness and regret, as though she would, after all, prefer to live and die where pleasant associations had become so clustered about her than to enjoy all the honors of the world.

Sarah and Mary Malcolm and Mrs. Hansford, ladies near her own age, and who had been to her faithful friends, and several others, all with their gallants—Henry Grey, whose father owned a plantation in the vicinity, Edmund Cheesman, Thomas Wilford, Thomas Hansford and Nathaniel Bacon. The latter had been highly educated, and brought wealth, ability and unusual acquirements to the New World.

These made up an agreeable party to escort them through the bridle-paths of the woods. They employed the few hours with their friends in the pleasant jest, the exhilerating race, and in talking of the affairs of the Old and New World. These young men were all ardent lovers of liberty, and were disposed to criticise closely the aristocratic prejudices of Gov. Berkeley; for there was even now, in some places, a strong sympathy with the measures of Charles II quite at variance with the spirit of colonial life.

About noon they halted by the side of a clear stream, and partook of a parting lunch; and, after drinking a health from their hunting

flasks, the party returned to Jamestown, and left Drummond and his family to pursue their way alone through the wilderness.

Now it was that Effie's heart ached, and she looked upon their little party and felt that they were indeed isolated and alone. She spoke a bright word to the laughing boy, who was prattling to his father, and pressed closer and kissed more fervently the babe in her arms. The tears fell fast on the same little face that received the kisses, for the mother's heart was as true and warm as it was strong when strength was required.

For days they journeyed on, with no event to mark their way, except now and then the starting of a deer, or the call of some Indian, until they came in the neighborhood of the bogs of the Dismal Swamp. It was then noticed that Jamie was ill. He had appeared languid and more inclined to sleep for the last few days, but his mother thought it to be the fatigue of the journey. The night had been restless with him, and in the morning as they were equipped for traveling, and Effie took him to give to his father, he laid back in her arms, pallid and insensible. O! the world of agony that was compressed in that single moment! The impression that he was dead had sent an icy torrent through her veins, and for an instant paralyzed all sense; but summoning resolution from despair, she knelt on the green grass, and unloosing the strings about the child, rubbed his limbs a long time. At length he languidly opened his eyes, and drew a long breath. He lived—he lived; and that to her hopeful nature was a world of joy.

The tent was soon replaced and they prepared to stay with Jamie until he should be better. Alas! a hope destined not to be realized, for the miasma, to which a few nights before they had been unavoidably exposed, had wrought its fatal effects upon him, beyond the power "of the medicinal herb or the vexed ore," or the fond yearnings of his parents to save.

He lay for several days insensible—the quick, heavy breathing alone betraying life.

Gov. Drummond was almost overwhelmed, for he loved Effie with the tenderness of a noble heart, and the heaviness of her affliction deepened his own agony. They forgot not to bow before their Maker for strength and guidance, and resignation to his will; but Nature is always strong in the assertion of her claims, and there were times when Effie *could not* give him up. O! how wicked she thought herself to be; but it seemed as if she could grapple with Deity for the life so dear to her. How could she part with her first born, glorious boy, and never more see his bright flashing eye return her own glances of love; never more hear the joy of his musical voice. How could she leave him there in the forest alone, *alone*. O! she could better bear the parting could she lay him to rest among her household graves—a feeling peculiarly strong in the Scottish and Irish people.

In vain the struggle and the prayer! Death paused not in its work—but as time wore on the pulse grew fainter and fainter, and the cheek wore a paler hue; and as Effie watched in wretchedness by his side, wishing but for one look of recognition, the sweet boy opened his eyes with an expression of consciousness, nestled with a smile to his mother's face as though he would bid her weep no more—and his pure spirit departed from this world,

"——— to call what answers not our cries.
By that we love to stand unseen, unheard,
With the loud passion of our tears and sighs
To see but some cold glistening ringlets stirr'd,
And in the quenched ægis fixedness to gaze
All vainly searching for their parted rays.
This is what waits us. Dead! with that chill word
To link our bosom-names! For this we pour
Our souls upon the dust, nor tremble to adore?"

Such were the feelings with which Effie and her husband watched through the long hours of the night beside their dead.

How could they think that death was in the beauty of that slumbering face, with the smile that the parting spirit had so tenderly left upon his lip. But in gazing upon his placid rest, the mother's heart yielded to a deep sense of humiliation, helplessness and dependence upon God.

She knelt beside the beautiful boy, fervently asked forgiveness for the love she had poured upon an idol; prayed that the death might be sanctified to her husband and herself, that they might so live as to meet him in another and a better world; and she rose with a deep, chastened feeling that all at last was well.

When the morning sun had gilded the tops of the tall pines, they prepared for the lonely burial. A grave was made by the ever murmuring stream, and there, in the pine forest, with no service but that of their own hearts and lips, they knelt together beside the little mound, poured out their sorrows to their Heavenly Father, and left the little child to sleep quietly in the eternal solitude until the last trump should summon to the courts of Heaven the quick and the dead.

The tent was again struck, and with a deso-

lation perfectly indescribable they pursued their sad way. Everything seemed changed to them now. The very music of the birds had become saddened, and the sunshine wore a melancholy tinge. How often Effie, through the journey, and through all her long life, looked back upon that small grave by the river side. It was the Mecca to which all her thoughts reverted—the pilgrimage of all her prayers. Though she felt resigned, felt that God could do no wrong, yet, in counting her treasures she still numbered one unseen by others; and when she had lived through even heavier sorrows, and had become an old and time-worn woman, there still nestled in her heart a beautiful little boy whose eye was still bright and who never grew old.

CHAPTER VI.

"A voice is singing full and strong through every wild-wood glen,
And high resolves are burning deep within the hearts of men." [BELL TRACY.

After a few weeks' travel Governor Drummond arrived at the place of his destination, and was hospitably received at the plantation of Mr. Eastchurch.

North Carolina had been the receptacle for some years of various descriptions of emigrants, mostly from Virginia. Some in search of wealth and personal aggrandizement, others mere lovers of adventure; but the greater part were those impatient of interference, "who dreaded the enforcement of religious conformity," and sought deeper solitudes than those of Virginia, whose Government they distrusted.

Likewise, there came, in 1660, a party of emigrants from New England, and planted themselves on the Cape Fear River. Although they became discouraged, and gave up the idea of founding a city, yet some of them remained as planters, and cherished and imparted to others the resolute spirit and love of liberty common to the Puritans. Most of the inhabitants had purchased their lands of the friendly natives, and were widely scattered along the banks of the numerous pleasant streams, with no roads but bridle-paths, and no guides but notches cut in the trees to direct from one plantation to another. There was no minister in the land, and no religious worship except such as every man kept alive in his own heart and family; therefore, the only gatherings were at the court-house and the horse-race.

After a suitable time Governor Drummond sent messengers to convene the people and establish the Government appointed by Berkeley. The people were pleased with the address and principles of Drummond, and although they were conscious that Berkeley had assumed to himself unwarrantable power in separating them from Virginia, yet, as he did not question their political principles nor "dispute their possessions," said nothing of religious matters, and had sent a Presbyterian to govern them, they acquiesced very readily in the new forms established, and for three years lived in their usual quiet manner, in the perfect enjoyment of liberty of conscience and entire freedom of the wilderness.

Drummond had been some time a resident of North Carólina when he was invited to visit at the residence of Lord Fairfax, quite in the interior of the State. The gentlemen were mutually pleased with each other, and Effie and Edith soon became friends. During the dessert one day, and while the gentlemen were discussing various subjects of interest, Lord Fairfax asked Governor Drummond who were the most distinguished men of Virginia. Drummond, after speaking of those who had been long resident there, and had distinguished themselves in Colonial affairs, added, that about the time that he arrived at Jamestown there came several young men from Bristol, whom he considered to be a great acquisition to the State, inasmuch as they possessed superior acquirements, commanding talents, liberal ideas, and integrity of character. Among them was Nathaniel Bacon, a young, wealthy and highly educated man, and possessing wonderful powers of elocution. Thomas Wilford, whose father was a royalist knight, and fell in the cause of Charles I; "he is," continued Drummond, "a truly worthy and brave man." Likewise Edmund Cheesman, who possesses sterling integrity; and Richard Lawrence, "distinguished for learning and sobriety—a man of deep reflection and energy of purpose."

At the sound of this name falling upon her ear so unexpectedly, Edith turned deadly pale. It seemed as though she could not withstand the emotions that rushed in clouds through her heart. The change in her appearance was instantly observed by those present, and in the solicitude expressed by Drummond and Effie at her sudden indisposition, Lord Fairfax explained, by saying that Lawrence was probably an early companion of Edith's, whom she had for some time considered dead.

Edith sought the earliest opportunity to pour into Effie's ear the detail of all she had suffered; and received the warm sympathy of a generous and affectionate nature. Her

mind was now tortured by hopes and fears. She felt that after so long a silence it would be indelicate to apprise him of her residence and unchanging affection; besides such a step would wound, unpardonably, the pride of her father. And Lawrence might have forgotten her—how could she know? And yet a secret belief haunted her soul that he came to America in search of her.

The society of Effie became now a solace to Edith, and she listened with eager interest to all the little items in relation to Lawrence which Effie in her kindness would strive to remember and relate.

At the end of three years the Proprietaries took the jurisdiction of affairs, and Sir John Yeamans was appointed Governor. North Carolina then became involved in the various difficulties that distracted the mother country and the colonies.

Drummond and his family now returned to Jamestown, where he built him a fine house, and hoped to spend his days in quiet and honor. Not long after his return he told Lawrence of having visited the family of Lord Fairfax, and of Edith. His deep feelings were betrayed in the rapidly changing expression of his face. At that moment he was involved in political affairs from which he could not honorably extricate himself, otherwise he would immediately have gone to North Carolina and besought permission of Lord Fairfax to renew his addresses; and he now hoped that in a few weeks he would be able to leave Virginia, but the political horizon grew darker and darker. Lawrence, in the meantime, sent two letters to Edith, but the bearers were both murdered by the Indians on their way, and she still remained ignorant of his feelings and occupations, and he for a long time was unable to account for her total silence.

After Drummond became again established at Jamestown a horse-race came off in the vicinity of Governor Berkeley's plantation, in which several of his stud bore a prominent part. Berkeley took that opportunity, as usual, to invite a large number to dine with him.

The political feeling of the times, although it had not then produced open dissensions among friends, evidently threw a reserve upon this convivial occasion never before noticed, and it was observed that Edmund Cheesman and several others had absented themselves altogether from the circle that day.

A long table extended down the hall, filled with foreign and domestic viands, while the forest supplied as choice meats as could have been furnished by any park in England. A large number of servants were arranged in appropriate places, and the ancestors of the Governor looked down from the walls with apparent complacency upon this aristocratic display. At the head of the hall, and over the seat of the host, shone the armorial bearings of the Berkeleys, with the insignia of the various orders to which he belonged, together with several banners and trophies which had been taken by members of his family during the wars.

The ladies were in the drawing-rooms, for they attended the horse-race, and as a matter of convenience to the widely separated families were invited to visit at the mansion of the Governor that day. They dined apart, and not until tea was served were they joined by the gentlemen, after which time the play and dance then, as now, beguiled the rosy footed hours of the night.

Lady Berkeley was dressed in the quaint and expensive costume of the day, with her hair drawn back from the forehead and elevated in an immense bow upon the crown. She was a lady of much dignity of carriage, combined with a suavity and intelligence that rendered her extremely pleasing and popular.

John Washington was seated on the right hand of Governor Berkeley at table, and Governor Drummond upon the left. Robert Beverley, Thomas Hansford, Thomas Wilford and Nathaniel Bacon, were among the most distinguished guests, while the lower part of the table was filled with the very respectable, but less prominent planters of that district.

"Your horse, Charlie," said Drummond to the Governor, "showed right royal blood today."

"Yes," responded Berkeley, "the horses of Virginia seem to possess more royalty than the people of late; but here—lifting his glass from the table—is to the health of our good King Charles, in which I trust we can all join with good will."

Every cup was lifted in hearty response, when Beverley, who was naturally hotheaded, and now felt the genial influence of the somewhat deep potations, called for "a health to the Primate, and the establishment of Episcopacy in the Old World and the New."

Berkeley and several others rose to the sentiment; but the silence that manifested dissent was the only return made by the many, when Beverley cried out:

"Come, Drummond, get up man, and look to your interest for once, and let the Quakers

and psalm-singers fight their own battles."

"I can do no otherwise," replied Drummond, "than follow the dictates of judgment and conscience, even though they may appear to oppose interest. You was aware, Beverley, that to the sentiment just proposed I could express no sympathy, even though it might seem uncourteous to him whose guest we are; we would have preferred some other occasion to have avowed our sentiments, but so long as Virginia has no schools, no printing press, has no commerce, an exorbitant taxation, and is refused the tolerance of religion, I at least must be permitted, and I hope without offense, to preserve silence while others express approbation."

"Drummond," said Gov. Berkeley, with the color suffusing his face, "have a care what sentiments you avow, and where they are uttered; for I thank God that there are no schools in our State, nor printing, and I hope we shall not have them for a hundred years to come—for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has promulgated them and libels against the best Governments. God keep us from both; and as for the ministers, they should pray oftener and preach less."

"We found the mild laws by which Virginia was formerly governed," said John Washington, in his conservative and pleasant way, "sufficient to guard her interests and make her people happy."

"But I tell you," shouted Beverley, "we must have a religion of the State and a landed aristocracy, else in time your lands will be cut in small parcels, and no one can tell of their family, and there will be nothing but canting and groaning from one end of Virginia to the other."

"Better cant and groan than be a persecuting churchman," grumbled a voice from the lower end of the table.

"You Royalists," said Bacon, "profess much love for Virginia. What good have you done for her? What institutions have you promoted?"

"Given away all Virginia," muttered Wilford, in an under tone, "for thirty-one years, thus rendering the honest tenure of lands altogether uncertain."

"Made Episcopacy the religion of the State," cried another.

"And kept the poor down by taxation," said a third.

All had now become quite confusion, when "treason, treason," was shouted by Governor Berkeley; "treason here at my own table. Gentlemen, this scene ill befits my house or station."

"Nor came we here," said Drummond, "with the intention to provoke it; but subjects upon which there are strong feelings in the minds of the community have been thrust upon us, apparently to incite disturbance, and the only resource left us is to thank you for your hospitality and bid you good-by."

At this instant every person present started to his feet; and, amid angry words, menaces, jest and sneers, a large number left the house, and sending their attendants to apprise the ladies, mounted their horses for departure.

"What," said Mrs. Drummond, "was the cause of the confusion in the hall to-day, and of this hasty leave-taking. I assure you Mrs. Berkeley was evidently much troubled."

"Ha! ha!" said Hansford. "We had the Primate for dinner, Episcopacy for dessert, and Taxes for sauce, merely as a prelude to a roasted non-conformist which the Governor would like to serve up for the gratification of our tastes."

"We may perhaps," replied Bacon, "invite him to a conformist collation. Look at the invasion of our soil by the Indians, and the ruthless murders they are daily committing. The Governor, in his security, bids us trust to the forts for defense. I am determined that if another white man is murdered, I will take up arms with no commission but my sword."

"I am convinced," replied Lawrence, in a thoughtful manner, "that the people of Virginia are ready to join any standard that shall float over a free constitution and protect their rights."

"It is evident," said Wilford, "that the time for some more active demonstration has arrived, and I think it was the intention of Beverley, if not the Governor, to make the breach they have effected."

"The women of Virginia," said Sarah Malcolm, "are on the popular side, with the exception of a very few. Madame Beverley said to-day that she thought a little powder mixed with the ale might have as happy an effect for Episcopacy in this country as it had in England."

"We shall undoubtedly have the opportunity of witnessing the effects of powder, according to present appearances," replied Bacon, "but I would gladly see the horizon lightened by some happier agency."

When Berkeley saw the desertion of his table in a manner so decided and fearless, he was

for a moment lost, but Beverley, pouring a full glass, shouted: "A safe ride home, a full exposition of principles, and a short road to the gallows for all enemies of our good King Charles and his righteous laws."

"All of which promises speedily to arrive, if we may judge by the manifestations to-day of the stiff-necked Presbyterians," responded a Royalist officer who had just come to this country fresh from the wars against the hated Whigamores, as he termed them, of Scotland.

"If they could have their way," cried Job Baker, the business partner of the Governor in the fur-trade, "what a blessed state we should be in. They would take the beaver-trade from those who have carried it on for years, and give it to the people. What impudence, when the Governor is so largely interested."

"Yes," said Parson Murray, "and everybody would expound the Scriptures then, and everybody would preach who felt a call from the Lord, as that straight-laced Andrew McKail has it in his ignorance. *Our* religion at that rate would be cut up, root and branch."

"And the state of our Governor would be just what his private purse would permit it to be—witness their groans over the taxes," said Philip Manning, a well-paid underling of the Governor's.

"I foresee a crisis in these affairs," responded Berkeley, "and the sooner brought about the better. It is my duty to sustain the church ordination and preserve the present Government of Virginia."

The next morning after this affair one of Bacon's men came in haste to Jamestown, and reported that his beautiful plantation had been laid waste, and every soul but himself had been murdered. This plantation was situated on James River, where Richmond now stands, and was unsurpassed by the magnificence of its prospect and the luxurious manner in which it was maintained; and, to increase his exasperation, he anticipated soon to have carried his bride to a home fitted for so much enjoyment.

The news spread in every direction, and, as though this had been a concerted signal, the people came from all the country round, ready armed, into Jamestown, and Bacon found himself chosen leader of five hundred men.

Berkeley immediately proclaimed Bacon and his followers rebels, and levied troops to pursue them. But the lower counties rose in arms at the same time, and expressing indignation at Colonial tyranny, demanded the immediate dissolution of the old Assembly.

The Governor was obliged to yield, and in the new election Bacon was chosen Burgess from Henrico County. Of commanding intellect, fine powers of elocution, and pleasant address, he had become the idol of the popular party, and one to whom they looked to extricate them from their difficulties.

Berkeley refused his sanction to the liberal acts which the new Assembly furnished, when Bacon privately withdrew from Jamestown and appeared before the Governor with an armed force, supported by Drummond, Lawrence, Hansford and others—demanding a commission to save their lives from the Indians. The Cavalier again yielded to force, and Bacon, with a judgment and celerity peculiar to himself, scoured the forests and the swamps, and visited every place where an Indian could be concealed. Just as "security dawned," and they were preparing to march in a body against the enemy, Berkeley again proclaimed Bacon a rebel.

They had just halted for the night when Drummond and Richard Lawrence came into the camp with the news. It struck the company with momentary dismay; but, after much debate, they resolved to do battle, if necessary, in the cause of justice and right.

"It vexes me to the heart," said Bacon, "that while I am hunting the wolves and tigers that destroy our lambs I should myself be pursued like a savage. Shall persons wholly devoted to their king and country, men hazarding their lives against the public enemy, deserve the appellation of rebels and traitors? The whole country is witness to our peaceable behavior. But those in authority, how have they obtained their estates? Have they not devoured the common treasury? What arts, what sciences, what schools have they promoted? I appeal to the King and Parliament, where the cause of the people will be impartially heard."

They returned from their expedition; and Bacon, with Drummond, Lawrence and others, addressed the people of Virginia, called upon them by their love of country, the love of their wives and children, to assert their rights. And they met in the deep forest, in the stillness of midnight, with the broad skies over their heads, and the stars and the solemn trees for their witnesses; they swore to join against the Indians, to resist the tyranny of Berkeley, and, even if troops should come from England, to defend themselves until an appeal could be made to the King in person.

CHAPTER VII.

"Know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?"
[BYRON.

The small village of Jamestown, that had been so convulsed by the revolutions of the last few weeks, was again astir, as Bacon stood at the head of his small army, ready to go forth once more against the terrible foe. The women then, as in all times of strong national excitement, forgot the household routine and minor cares, and were absorbed in the topics of so much interest at that time.

They were generally on the popular side, and encouraged by every possible way their husbands, brothers and friends in resistance to tyranny and efforts to establish their rights.

They now joined the men who were gathered on the green in front of the Court-House, and as the brave company filed before them, waved their kerchiefs, and cheered with redoubled fervor this display, as it was regarded as the proof and the assurance that victory at last had peacefully perched upon the banner of justice. Many an eye sought the glance of love that they might carry the remembrance in their hearts to cheer them on the perilous way, for they were not only exposed to surprises from the Indians, but the more insidious and irresistible death from the miasma of the swamps.

They at last had gone from the village, and the banner with its English arms had become lost in the distance, and "Rule Britannia" was brought back as a sound only, when the people melted silently and thoughtfully away to talk over at their homes the prospects of the future.

Berkeley, in the meantime, had withdrawn from Jamestown, and Drummond, who had remained to watch affairs at home, advised to depose the Governor. This was a bold proposition, to which the people were hardly prepared to assent; but when the convention which had been called met at the Court-House, they appointed a new Governor, "revolutionized Virginia, and established a popular Government."

"The child that is unborn will have cause to rejoice for the good that will come by the rising of the country," said Effie Drummond, in the ardor of her enthusiasm. "But should we overcome the Governor," said one of the fearful, "a larger power will come from England to crush us."

"Is not England," said Effie, "divided by factions. Her power is no more to be feared than a broken straw. Now, we can build ships like New England, and trade to any part of the world. Fear not, but lay down your lives if need be in defense of rights so precious as freedom of conscience, freedom from taxation and liberty of franchise; and if *this* is rebellion, I tell you that *I* will preach rebellion, if my head and my husband's pay the forfeit on the block."

"Fear not," said Sarah Malcolm; "better die the death of martyrs than live the life of slaves. Do right and trust God for events. Though you may not reap the fruits of peace, the seed sown now will ripen in another generation."

Well does the prophesy seem to be fulfilling, for the tree of liberty which germinated in that first revolution in the New World promises to overshadow every land on the globe.

Berkeley gathered a large number of adherents in Accomack by promising plunder to the lawless whites, freedom to the slaves, and hiring the Indians to enlist under his banner.

He embarked in the English vessels and sailed for Jamestown. Bacon, with his followers, among whom was Andrew McKail, pursued their way through the forest. Night and morning the young minister prayed that God would keep them safe and prosper their arms against the heathen, that many a sacrifice might be laid upon the altar of the Lord!

After some days' marching, word was brought that they were in the neighborhood of an Indian encampment. All possible information was obtained, and about night of the next day they came to and surrounded a large space occupied by one large and several smaller wigwams,c ontaining women and children and their old king, Opekankanough, then very aged and infirm, but still retaining his hatred of the whites, and still inciting his warriors to revenge.

He received them with true Indian stoicism and the haughtiness of his station. "Were not" said he, "the frosts of an hundred Winters upon my head you would not have found me sitting idle with women and children; and it had been my purpose, aged as I am, when the sun had sunk twice more behind the tall trees, to have been borne to your settlement to gather fresh scalps to decorate the war-clubs of my people."

The next day at noon they heard that the warriors were coming in. Bacon and his followers surrounded the camp, placing the women, children and the old chief in the center, and with a white flag floating as an emblem of treaty, awaited the arrival.

With many a horrible trophy of success the Indians came rushing home, in the anticipation

of celebrating their achievements with their usual night orgies and war-dances. When they came upon the surprise that awaited them their hideous yells seemed to rend the very heavens. For a moment they were panic-struck, but immediately surrounded their principal men; and, after a consultation, a deputation was sent forward to treat with the whites. They delivered up their arms to the care of Bacon, and agreed henceforth to live on terms of peace with their white brothers.

They were at this time engaged in an enterprise projected by their old king—to commence at the frontier and exterminate every white in Virginia; and during the two days they had been out, five hundred whites had been murdered. Bacon, therefore, took Opekankanough and several others as hostages on his return; and, with light hearts at so happy a termination of the expedition, retraced their steps toward Jamestown. When within a few miles of the town he disbanded the army, retaining only a small number to guard his hostages and for personal defense, and remained at a plantation until further plans should be decided upon.

While here, one of the soldiers set to guard the old chief, probably in remembrance of some massacre in which his friends had suffered, barbarously fired upon him, and inflicted a mortal wound.

From extreme age, and great fatigue and pain, he was unable to lift an eyelid, but hearing the noise and bustle of those crowding to see a sachem die, he commanded, in a voice of authority, to have Bacon called, when, raising himself from the ground, he said with indignation: "Had it been my fortune to have taken you prisoner, I would not meanly have exposed you as a show to my people," and immediately expired.

On the afternoon of September 8, Berkeley, with fifteen English vessels, arrived at Jamestown. Entering the town, he fell upon his knees, returned thanks to God for his safe arrival, and again proclaimed Bacon and his followers rebels and traitors.

Governor Drummond and Effie were seated at the table with their parents when the news was brought of the arrival of Berkeley. The old man leaned upon the table and silently prayed for the safety of the country, when, drawing his hand over his head and smoothing his hair, silvered by time, he said: "It had been my hope to rest in this land at peace with all, and in the enjoyment of religious freedom, but God seems to have a work for this generation to do.

"It was but the other day that we heard that our beloved pastor, and father in the church, Richard Cameron, and his godly brother fell gloriously fighting the battles of the Lord at Arismoss, and it may become our duty to surrender our lives in the same service; go, therefore, William and prepare to do battle. My feeble arm is of no avail, but my prayers shall ascend to God in your behalf."

At this moment Sarah Malcolm hastily entered, desiring Davie Sillar to accompany her on an excursion into the forest, to report to Bacon the unexpected news.

Drummond immediately sought Richard Lawrence and told him that the sword must now be their only commission; and dispatches were sent to the country desiring aid to save them from death and ruin.

The night came on with heavy clouds, betokening a storm, but Sarah Malcolm, with true heroism and devotion, set off with her attendant to follow the river until she should find the small camp and apprise her lover of the impending dangers. Fearfully the wind swept through the tall trees, and pitch darkness covered the land; though often bewildered on the way, she never hesitated in her purpose, but encouraged Davie to fear no evil, either from the storm or "uncannie spirits," but to persevere on the errand of mercy and love, and all would yet be well. An hour past midnight she discovered the faint glimmer of a light, which gave her fresh courage, and soon led her to the desired haven, where she presented herself to Bacon, drenched with rain and overcome by fear and fatigue.

Well did his generous and noble heart appreciate the resolution and affection of her with whom he had fondly hoped to have enjoyed a long and happy life. He tenderly bestowed the care which her situation required, and thanked her again and again for the perils she had undertaken in his behalf.

They spoke of the future, when quiet would again be restored, and they should enjoy the fruition of all their hopes in a home smiling with happiness. Davie soon made himself comfortable by the fire, and told of their fearful journey; how, had it not been for the courage of Miss Malcolm and his faith that good spirits were with her, he should have turned back from the terrors of the way.

In the morning Bacon prepared for his work, and, collecting his small force, started for Jamestown. He visited several plantations on the way and took with him the wives of the Royalists as hostages, and at night appeared before

the town and sounded the trumpet of defiance. Here Drummond, Lawrence and others joined him, and in the mild evening, with the moon and the stars moving in their harmonious course, with all nature inviting to feelings of peace, the deep, fierce passions of men were at work, and war, and hatred, and revenge were breathed against their brothers.

Berkeley's men were too cowardly to sally. Some of them deserted, and the rest withdrew and escaped to their fleet by night. On the morning after their retreat, Bacon entered in triumph the little capital of Virginia. Delight once more abounded—too soon to be changed into notes of sorrow, for the Council of War, hearing that there was a large party of Royalists from the northern counties drawing near, decided to burn the only town in Virginia, that they might have no place of shelter.

The elder Drummond applied the brand to his own house, thus depriving himself in his age and decrepitude of an asylum; while William Drummond and Lawrence kindled each their own elegant dwellings—a free offering to the cause they loved. Far and wide the flames rose upon the night air, and as it encircled the newly erected Court-House, and wreathed around the tall church spire, the hearts of the people felt sad that such a sacrifice was required, and when the morning sun shone upon the ruins of their homes and what had been their pride and veneration, they turned slowly away, seeking the first plantation for their place of refuge and headquarters.

CHAPTER VIII.

"To die for what we love! Oh! there is power
In the true heart, and pride and joy for *this*;
It is to *live* without the vanished light
That strength is needed."

"There are some happy moments in this lone
And desolate world of ours, that well repay
The toil of suffering through it, and atone
For many a long, dark night, and weary day."
[HALLECK.

While volumes of smoke still rolled up and hovered over the ruins of Jamestown, Bacon hastened to meet the coming Royalists, and, as though fortune delighted to crown her hero, the Royalist troops in a body joined the patriot party and gave up their leader to the mercy of the insurgents. Even the inhabitants of Gloucester gave pledges of adhesion, and nothing remained to seal the destiny of the State but to cross the bay and revolutionize the eastern shore. Bacon had been exposed during his march to the night air, and nature yielded to the deadly vapors. Just when hope was growing brightest, in the midst of the revel and the jest, when the spirits were flushed with success, when life was glowing with its many-hued promises, he suddenly sickened and was carried to the plantation that he might have the necessary care.

Sarah Malcolm was almost frenzied to see him borne in so helpless on a litter. She watched over him day by day, with her whole being absorbed in the wretched termination of all her hopes. Oh! would he *die!* He, so full of health, and strength, and spirits, that she had never dreamed that death *could* have power over him. She could have borne anything else, but herself and sister were alone, their father a few years before having quietly paid the debt of nature and of age; and since her betrothment Bacon had been the concentration of her pride, and of all her strong affections.

His adherents encamped on the plantation, and every other thought seemed lost in the one suspense of his illness. But he gradually sunk away, and on the first day of October, pressing the hand of Sarah to his heart and to his lips, and with his last words imploring Drummond, Lawrence and Fairfax to live and die in the cause of liberty, he expired. Sarah had clung to the belief that he would live with the energy and madness that despair sometimes assumes, and now, when she saw the unmistakable change spread over his cheek and brow, she still believed it not. She bent over him and called in accents of tenderness, but no word was answered back. She placed her hand upon his heart, but no pulsation started to the touch. She touched his brow, and the icyness of death sent the stern and terrible conviction to her soul, and she passed from the room a maniac for ever.

Seldom has a political leader been more honored in life or lamented in death. He was buried with the honors of war, and with the true sorrow that arose from personal friendship and his admirable qualities as a man and as a hero.

"Who is there now," said they, "to plead our cause?" His eloquence could animate the coldest hearts—his pen and sword alike compelled the admiration of his foes, and it was but their own guilt that styled him a criminal. His name must bleed for a season, but when time shall bring to Virginia truth, crowned with freedom, and safe against danger, posterity shall sound his praises."

With the death of Bacon the confidence of their success was greatly diminished. Many

of them ignorantly and superstitiously believed his loss to be a direct visitation of God, and a token of his displeasure at taking up arms against those in authority.

Berkeley, in the meantime, had been daily exasperated by the triumphant success of the rebels. He saw his authority wrested from him, and the idea of being sent to England in disgrace was anything but agreeable to the haughty Cavalier. He could place no dependence on those who called themselves Royalists, for the moment the opportunity offered they declared their true sentiments, and became rebels and traitors like the rest; therefore the news of Bacon's death was absolute joy to the heart of the old man, for he felt now that his hour of *real* success was come.

Before the rebel leaders had time to reassure their men and mature their plans, Beverley, with much tact and celerity, had entered unperceived, by night, York River. They had received information that Thomas Hansford was at his plantation, (one of the few left unravaged by the Indians,) and surrounded his dwelling, taking him prisoner. They then marched to the place where the troops led by Edmund Cheesman and Thomas Wilford were encamped, and with a slight skirmish succeeded in carrying away the two leaders. As soon as they were brought before Berkeley he ordered them, with but few forms of justice, to be executed.

This proceeding struck dismay into the insurgents, and many of them left Virginia and sought safety in the forests of North Carolina and the neighboring States.

Drummond was surprised as he was taking farewell of his family, and hurried before the Governor. "You are very welcome," cried the exulting Berkeley, with a low bow, on meeting William Drummond as his prisoner, "I am more glad to see you than any man in Virginia; you shall be hanged in half an hour."

Mrs. Drummond followed the men who bore her husband into the presence of Berkeley, and plead with frenzied earnestness for the life of him whom she had loved and honored for so many years. She placed her children before him, and begged for mercy to be extended to their father. The tottering father entered the court and offered *his* life a sacrifice for the son; but the cruel and inexorable Governor commanded that "the rebel should be hanged at four o'clock."

When Effie heard these terrible words she rushed to the arms of her husband, and gave way to her overwhelming wretchedness. He, calm and composed throughout the dreadful scene, with manly dignity avowed the part he had taken in the contest for what he still considered right. He tried to console and strengthen his wife to bear with her accustomed fortitude the trials she would be called upon to endure; bade her educate her sons in the principles of the father, and meet him in a world where the unjust judgments of this would be reversed.

Effie spent the few remaining hours with her husband until the fatal moment had arrived, when, with tears rolling over her sunken cheeks, she leaned upon his manly breast; for the last time he pressed her to his heart, and imprinted a burning kiss upon her brow; and she left him, and in speechless agony sought her home. Berkeley, not content with taking the life of Drummond, confiscated his estates, and compelled the widow and children to depend upon the charity of the planters.

Lawrence succeeded in making his escape and fled to North Carolina, still sustaining himself in his wanderings through the forest, under disaster and defeat, by the anticipation gilding the future meeting with the ideal of his life; of being repaid in the love of Edith for the gloom and trials of long years. But William Fairfax, some time previous to this, had visited the remote County of Westmoreland, of which John Washington was magistrate, and, purchasing a large tract of land, had sent guides to conduct his father and sister to Virginia; and, as though the fates would ever be adverse, Edith and her father had already left North Carolina to join his son, in what was afterward Fairfax County, Virginia.

It was, however, but a few months when the king, hearing of the high-handed cruelties of Berkeley, publicly censured his conduct and demanded his return to England. The day of his departure was devoted in Virginia to public demonstrations of joy; and Sir William died soon after arriving at home, from mortification and remorse.

In a short time quiet was restored, and Lawrence retraced his steps to Virginia and found himself at last on the way to Westmoreland. As each day brought him nearer and nearer, his heart throbbed with more and more impatience, mingled with the fear that Lord Fairfax might, in the remembrance of the past, rigidly oppose even the renewal of his acquaintance.

At length he had arrived at the plantation;

and, as though Fortune for once would cheer him with encouragement, he was met by William Fairfax, who instantly recognized and extended to him the hand of friendship and hospitality. He hurried along with an unconscious step toward the house, when William led Lawrence immediately to the room where his sister was sitting.

Edith was evidently engrossed in some reminiscence of the past, judging from the slight smile that played around her mouth and the suffusion of her eyes. Her harp was leaning by her side, and a sheet of music laid open, which she had often sung to Lawrence, at his request, in years gone by.

She raised her eyes as they entered the room, and one glance assured her of the presence of the long loved and long absent. The surprise overpowered her. She sat perfectly motionless, with the tears rolling in large drops over her cheeks, unable to speak or move. Lawrence rushed to her; and, kneeling by her side, clasped her to his heart, and poured forth the story of his trials and his love. And

"Her soothed head, in silence reposing, could hear
The chimes of far childhood throb thick on the ear."

They were entirely absorbed in their reunion, and knew not that there was another existence in life. William had apprised the father of the arrival, and he, coming into the room, stood several minutes unnoticed, when, approaching them, he laid his hand upon the shoulder of Richard and said, "Come, Lawrence, embrace me now." Richard immediately returned the cordial salutation of the old man in a very satisfactory manner.

The velvet-footed hours glided by, and a month had gone as a day, when a summons was sent to all the country round to come to the bridal. Effie declined being present, as she said that her "sorrowful presence could add no pleasure to the occasion."

Davie Sillar was there with his bagpipe, somewhat strained by service, but yet giving great edification to the negroes, to whom, in the kindness of his heart, he played, and who on this occasion were having high holiday. Bonfires were kindled on the grounds; and one would not have dreamed, to see Lawrence and Edith, in the happiness and buoyancy of their spirits, leading down the dance, that they had ever suffered sorrow and the torturing suspense of years. It was said that a braver time had never been known in Virginia than at this famous wedding.

William Fairfax accompanied them to their new home, near Jamestown, where, during his stay, he met with Mary Malcolm, whom he soon afterward married.

With the death of her husband, and the consequent depressions of poverty, "the iron had entered the soul" of poor Effie. But she was invited to make her home with Lawrence and Edith; and, by constant effort, she regained a slight degree of cheerfulness, and lived for some years, the honored and respected widow of the lamented Drummond.

Jamie Drummond survived but a short time the death of his son, and was laid quietly at rest beside his wife—who, happily for her, had died some time previous to the execution of her child.

Davie Sillar made himself a happy and useful inmate of Lawrence's family, and amused others and himself by sitting on the balcony in the Summer afternoons, and playing to the servants while they went through the "Chorus Jig," "Scottish Reel," and "Highland Fling," dances which he had assiduously taught to them; and frequently descended himself to their midst, and led off with bagpipe in hand, and his bald and uncovered head, much to the merriment of the lookers on.

Mrs. Hansford, after a few years, married Andrew McKail, and he enjoyed a long life in faithful ministrations to a small congregation of Presbyterians.

Mrs. Cheesman, from the reflection that her own wrong had led her husband to join the rebellion, and in consequence of which he lost his life, never recovered from the affliction. She lived a few years of sorrow, and finally died of a broken heart.

Sarah Malcolm, in her insane wanderings, was treated with the utmost kindness by all the people, and was always welcomed to their houses and given the best seat at their board She was perfectly harmless, and seldom spoke; but was constantly humming something low, the only word of which that could be recognized was "*never*," and was supposed by many to have reference to the loss of Bacon—the great grief that occasioned her madness.

The name of William Berkeley was a hissing and a by-word for many years in Virginia, and they never spoke of him otherwise than with hatred and contempt for his intolerance and excessive cruelties.

The effect of the rebellion was disastrous to the State for a long time. But the principles for which they fought are now spread over a wide extent of territory, and constitute the happiness and glory of many millions of people.

INDIAN LEGENDS OF THE HUDSON.

BY SIGMA.

One hundred and fifty years ago, amid the sloping undulations and beautiful hills of the Highlands lived a clan of the Wappinger, or river Indians.

Their most favored section, which, more than all others, may truly be called their home, was situated some eight miles from the east bank of the Hudson, by the Newburgh Bay Water Gap, in the old township of Fishkill.

The name of Wiccapee still attaches itself to the location, though from the peculiar formation of the country, receding behind a jutting prominence of the mountain, with high peaks spreading to the east in the form of an amphitheater, it is also known by the name of Fishkill Hook.

This section, now the richest in fertility and productiveness of the whole County of Duchess, then was the home of the Highland Priests of wide renown. Tradition and history alike confirm that in the early settlement of the county the invalid whites from remote distances were frequently carried thither to be healed by these noted medicine men. Not only did the neighboring counties, but what was then considered the far away County of Queens, distant as she was, she, too, must needs bring her sick to the Highland enchanters.

The sites of their corn-fields, burial-grounds, together with the old apple trees, many of them still standing, invest the place with peculiar interest. The characters here introduced are not inventions of the imagination or fancy, but were, in their day, veritable Indian chiefs—Indian men. The scenery, the clans and tribes, are those of the then lords of the soil of the Hudson.

Mr. Broadhead, in his distinguished history of New York, thus happily alludes to them: "It would seem that the neighboring Indians esteemed the peltries of the Fishkill as charmed by the incantations of the aboriginal enchanters who lived along its banks; and the beautiful scenery in which those ancient priests of the Highlands dwelt is thus invested with new poetic associations."

The legends of those early times are already, too many of them, swept into that oblivion where the little that is left will soon follow. To preserve, if possible, a few leaves from withering—to associate with the country the names of the old lords of the soil, this historical note and the following lines have been prepared for the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE:

APOSTROPHE TO WICCAPEE.

When teeming Nature cloth'd this glen—
This ancient home of stalwart men—
Ere the white man's foot had press'd thy sod,
To curse thy altars, wave his rod,
Those distant voices faintly still
Echo the mandates of thy will.

The curling smoke, the cabin floor,
Beguile me with their tales of yore,
And deep'ning shades with silver'd breast,
Where limpid waters are at rest,
As boundless carpets, living green,
Spread all the land, o'er ev'ry scene.

I see thee in young greatness great—
See captive warriors crown thy state—
At the loud accents of thy voice
Kettena's peaks and glens rejoice,
And Waronacks with fierceness greet
The fresh-dy'd trophies at thy feet.

Thy home, how beautiful! how grand!
These mountain peaks around thee stand;
Here, Shenandoah's dusky crest
Pillows the clouds around her breast;
There, oaks and tow'ring pines arise,
Like pillars propping up the skies.

Home of thy kindred! here thy dead
Rest gently 'neath their mossy bed;
These apple boughs above them wave—
These corn-fields rustle near their grave—
Fit spot to rest—fit spot for thee,
Chieftains and braves, oh! Wiccapee.

Home of the mountains! yonder trace
The Apoquague's deep hiding place;
The Wappinger of noted fame,
Of kindred stock thyself the same—
And Warwankongs, in distance seen,
As border Minsi's dwell between.

Home of the hunter! here the stag
Sweeps the green earth, the mountain crag;
The beaver finds his shady lake,
The wild fowls nestle in the brake,
Where forests ring with sounding note,
As spangled turkies swell their throat.

Home of the priests! this lovely bower
Enchantment holds with wond'rous power—
Kindred and realms of every state
Bow to thy altars, honored, great—
Brave Wapperonk, Nimham thy king,
And waving plumes from Wawasing.

Near aged Memram, stately, see
The royal princess, Tintgeme;
Fair Tintgeme, whose very face
Adds luster to her native grace,
Whose living worth has not been told—
Shawaskwo, too, so valiant, bold.

Memram! the chief of all was he
In magic art's deep mystery—
O'er beaver robes and tassels green
His frosted temples whiten'd stream!
His scanning look, his eye, the man,
Told the great Nestor of his clan!

Stoic and grave, scarce deign'd to speak,
The lesser cares he left to Seeck;

Kindtquaw and Seeck could both foretel,
And both divine, if not so well:
Old Memram reigned supremely great
In hidden things, life, war and fate!

From the far North swift footsteps reach,
With signal omens, void of speech—
The South pay tribute, bring their king,
Haggard and wan, a helpless thing:
Then Memram speaks, his form, his eye
Lit up with glowing ecstacy:

"These streams can tell—I, born to use,
Command the secrets I may choose;
Manitou leads me—thence I bring
To heal the anguish of your king—
Bind this around—the other take—
This, charm will lend—that, spell will break."

Then turning, thus divined; "I see
The deep laid plan—the mystery—
The three spans long are three days old,
The elk horns, too, are thus foretold,
When three days old—next moon shall tell—
Beware! not in your cabins dwell."

The throng dissolve, nor longer wait;
The Indian lover woos his mate;
Neath woodland bowers low words are spoken,
The warm, deep vow, that's never broken;
Line of great sages! fitting be
Thy princely dames, oh! Wiccapee.

Dusky maidens, beauty lingers,
Nature sweeps her gentle fingers;
The hazel cheek with freshness seen,
The deep'ning blush, the graceful mien,
Willing hearts now captives taken,
Gods less moved, nor altars shaken.

They come, in sickness or distress,
To appease the omens thou mayst bless,
They come, some favor to implore,
To avenge the wrong, their right restore,
Ere war dance or the quiver's rattle
Hath drawn them to the field of battle.

And art thou gone—forever fled?
Mingle no mourners round thy dead?
Gather no footsteps here to greet
Spirits, where spirits love to meet?
Gently to press thy sacred sod,
Honor thy altars, bless thy God?

As some fair bark in distance seen,
Rides o'er the wave with gallant mien,
Rounds the high capes for foreign shore,
And then is seen, is heard no more—
So, Wiccapee, thy bark goes down;
A moment, and the waves pass on.

MENDEE'S DAUGHTER.

BY GAY HUMBOLDT.

The sun was sloping down the wooded west,
The eastern wooded hills were robed in gold,
The wooded vale between was paling cold,
And night at Mendee's wigwam gone to rest.

A little child was playing on the shore
Of a broad river, which rolled strong and deep
Its world of waters from the farthest steep
That crowns the Rocky Mountains evermore—
Which rolled its waves five thousand miles along,
By frowning mountains and the gloomy grove,
In which the fierce-eyed lynx and panther rove,
Down to the great gulf renowned in Aztec song.

'Twas June. The Natchez chieftain was away
Hunting the dusk ox, that had left ere now
Its rocky realm beneath the mountain brow
To sport where deeper shades—where richer pastures lay.

The Natchez wife had also taken leave;
Plucking the luscious fruits which Nature yields,
Careless of owners in her countless fields—
So Mendee's Loo-ay played alone this eve.

And a sweet child it was, of four bright years,
A laughing thing—a sweet bright Indian girl,
All decked with bead and costly shell and pearl
As well beseemed the queen of "Nature's peers."

And life is passing fair, until—'tis tried,
And she had only gazed on wayside flowers,
Or sported on through sunny days and hours,
Unheeding that so near surged "Time's ungentle tide."

Unheeding that the raft which came to-day
Against the bank where she so careless played,
Should be but by the merest fancy staid,
Then, treacherous, borne by the mad waves away.

And Mendee's wigwam shall no more be blest
By the bright presence of this angel form!
And has she passed, like sun-wreath in the storm?
Or like the twilight down the wooded west?

And Mendee dreams it not; for he is far,
Hunting the dusk ox by the mountain steeps,
And while his lone wife calls Loo-ay! and weeps,
All through the long night Mendee dreams of war.

But beauteous Loo-ay—she nor weeps, nor cries,
But stands, her arms clasped in imploring mood,
While her dark eyes gaze mournful on the flood,
And on the swiftly flitting woods and skies.

Oh Christ! would that some Raphael might see
And sketch out nature's attitude of prayer,
Or that a poet might behold her there,
And henceforth dream of her divinity!

Or would some Christian find her. He *should* take
Her to his home, and cherish her and love,
As a pure god-send from the realms above,
Should cherish her for good and Jesus's sake.

And she *was* found by Christians, as they say,
"While yet the sun was struggling up the east,"
For Chopart owned a Christian *name*, at least,
And found and took our heroine away.

And, boasting Christian, knowing Mendee well,
Did he take Loo-ay to her home again?
Or did he teach her Christ, for sinners slain?
And of his home where angels love to dwell?

Say, should he not? But he did not, and so
A life went out in darkness, that begun
So full of radiance and joy, the sun
Saw not a gladder where its beams might go.

Did Chopart save? ah, no! but made her slave;
A trembling slave the kingly daughter creeps;
And Chopart swears, though injured Heaven weeps,
His right to scourge her to a villain's grave.

THE OLD CHARTER OAK.

On the morning of August 21, 1856, a little before one o'clock, the witching hour of night, the wild and fierce storm-spirit grappled with this venerable monarch of a thousand years, and after a brief struggle he fell, full of days and full of honors, bequeathing his body to the earth from whence it sprung, and his history to the world. People arose from their beds and mourned as though a monarch had fallen in Israel. Thousands came up reverently and plucked a twig or a leaf for a memorial, to be preserved in a case or in the family Bible, to be looked upon by their children to the third and fourth generation. A band of music played solemn dirges over the body at noontide, and at nightfall the city bells tolled a long sad requiem.

Few trees in the wide world have acquired a stronger or worthier historical interest than the memorable Charter Oak of Hartford, Connecticut; and now that its days are numbered it is fitting that its history should be recorded. We avail ourselves of the contributions of several of our cotemporaries to make up our biographical and obituary notice. We first draw from the account contained in the Hartford Times:

"This noble old tree stood upon the beautiful grounds of the Hon. Isaac W. Stuart, late the Wyllys' estate, in the southern part of the city. About three years ago some boys built a fire in the hollow of this tree, which burnt out the punk, and though it was feared that this would kill it, such was not the fact. Fresh sprouts sprung up the next Spring, and Mr. Stuart took great pains to preserve this valued relic of the original forests of New England, but more especially interesting as the tree in which the old British Charter of Connecticut was secreted and preserved. At this time the hollow in the trunk of the oak was so large that a fire company of twenty-seven full-grown men stood up in it together. Mr. Stuart had a stout door made to shut up the entrance, and he also placed tin caps upon the stumps of broken limbs, and for the past three or four years fresh sprouts have grown upon most of its limbs, though other limbs were decaying. At the time of its fall young and fresh acorns were growing on every part of it. Thousands of people are visiting the tree and bringing away such sprigs and parts of limbs as Mr. Stuart permits.

"Watchman Butler says he stood at the head of the street at the time of the crash. The wind had been blowing freshly from the northwest for an hour or more. He first heard a loud crack, and saw the old oak swaying in the breeze; a crackling noise followed, then the crash, all within the space of half a minute, and the famous monarch of the forest, whose history is so intimately entwined in that of Connecticut, was prostrate upon the earth.

"Proudly it had stood, and when tottering with age and reduced to a mere shell of a few inches by the steady inroads of Time itself, it still clung with fondness to the loved spot on which it had witnessed the decay and downfall of many of its associates; the path and the bloody wars of the red man and the red man's decay; the birth and death of generations of the white man, whose ax had cut away its towering comrades of the olden time. But, while preserving a fair exterior, it was inwardly wasting away, and was obliged to yield and fall in a storm far less severe than many thousands that had preceded it.

"Before Governor Wyllys came to America he sent his steward forward to prepare a place for his residence. As he was cutting away the trees upon the hill-side of the beautiful 'Wyllys Placee,' a deputation of Indians came to him and requested that he would spare this old hollow oak. They declared that it had 'been the guide of their ancestors for centuries.' It was spared to fall this day, having finally yielded to the process of natural decay.

"The tree measured thirty feet in circumference at the bottom; and it has broken off so as to leave eight feet of stump on one side and six feet on the other—the stump measuring twenty-one feet in circumference at its top.

"The charter of King Charles II for the Colony of Connecticut arrived in Hartford in 1662, probably in the month of September, though the precise time is not known. On the 9th of October it was publicly read to the assembled freemen of Connecticut, and was declared to 'belong to them and their successors;' and the people evinced their gratitude

by appointing a committee to take charge of it, under the solemnities of an oath. and to preserve this palladium of the rights of the people. It contained many liberal provisions, as may be seen on examining it in the Secretary of State's office, where the original copy is still preserved with care. It was the organic law of Connecticut till the present constitution took its place in 1818.

"In 1686, the General Government of New England was dissolved by James II, and a new Government was instituted, with Joseph Dudley as President of the Commissioners. Connecticut refused to surrender, and when the third writ of *quo warranto* was sent to her, Gov. Treat, in January, 1687, called a special session of the Assembly, which refused to accede to the demands of the new king. They still held to their charter. In March another special session was convened, but still the representatives of the people refused to 'surrender.' In May they met again in regular session under the charter, and reëlected Treat as Governor.

"On the 31st of October, 1687, Sir Edmund Andross, attended by members of his council and a body guard of sixty soldiers, entered Hartford to take the charter by force. The General Assembly was in session. He was received with courtesy but coldness. He entered the Assembly-room and publicly demanded the charter. Remonstrances were made, and the session was protracted till evening. The Governor and his associates appeared to yield. The charter was brought in and laid upon the table. Sir Edmund thought the last moment of the Colony had come, when suddenly the lights were all put out and total darkness followed. There was no noise, no resistance, but all was quiet. The candles were again lighted, but the charter was gone. Sir Edmund Andross was disconcerted. He declared the Government of Connecticut to be in his own hands, and that the Colony was annexed to Massachusetts and other New England Colonies, and proceeded to appoint officers. While he was doing this, Capt. Jeremiah Wadsworth, a patriot of those times, was concealing the charter in the hollow of Wyllys' oak, now known as the Charter Oak.

"In 1689 King James abdicated, and on the 9th of May of that year Gov. Treat and his associate officers resumed the government of Connecticut under the charter, which had been preserved in the old hollow oak.

"Mr. Stuart had Colt's armory band to come up this noon and play solemn dirges for two hours over the trunk of the fallen monarch of the forest. He is a generous-hearted man, a worthy proprietor of the lovely hill-side that nurtured for centuries such a noble tree. The city bells are to be tolled at sundown as a mark of respect entertained by our citizens for the fallen 'monarch.'"

Life Illustrated publishes a full biography and a portrait of the fallen tree, and says:

"It had braved the blasts of a thousand Winters, and seen thirty generations of men rise and ripen and die. Before the art of printing was invented, or the process of making gunpowder was discovered, the Charter Oak waved its branches on the solitary banks of the Connecticut. When the ancient Briton was as rough and wild as the savage of the New World, and five hundred years before Columbus was born—nay, when all the scientific world supposed the earth to be a flat surface, and the possibility of a Western Continent was not dreamed of—even then the Charter Oak was an old tree. But it has fallen at last! It was not dead. Its umbrageous foliage still waved in the breeze; but the last storm was too stern for its enfeebled trunk to sustain the pressure upon its wide-spread branches, and it bowed its venerable head, which had stood so long, a monument of centuries."

The Hartford Press says the age of the oak cannot be told with correctness, but good judges place it from eight hundred to a thousand years. It was venerated by the Indians, and was spared at their solicitations. "It has been the guide of our ancestors for centuries," said they, "as to the time of planting our corn. When the leaves are the size of a mouse's ear, then is the time to put the seed in the ground."

The large trunk of the Charter Oak, says the Press, has been a mere shell for years, and drew its nourishment through only two or three inches of live wood on the south-eastern side. A few weeks since, a horizontal crack some four or five feet in length was observed, which slowly opened, and a day or two since had parted the tree in some places nearly three inches. Thus weakened, it was brought down by the storm of Wednesday night, and fell at about a quarter to one o'clock. At that hour there was a sudden and terrific gust of wind, and two policemen who saw the Oak fall, say that when it struck the tree there was a slight crackling noise from the trunk, hardly as loud or as sharp as the report of the explosion of a percussion cap, when the Charter Oak, the pride of the city and State, and the Mecca of patriot pilgrims from every part of the coun-

try, fell slowly to the ground with a crash that startled the sleepers in the neighborhood.

Thursday night the bells of Hartford were tolled in manifestations of sadness at the event, and Colt's Armory Band played a dirge over the ruins of the fallen tree, about which since Thursday morning there were crowds of citizens, each anxious to secure a leaf or branch. A photographic view of the fallen tree has been taken. The Press says it has suggested that a monument be erected, commemorative alike of the daring of Wadsworth who hid the charter in the tree, and of the spot on which the tree stood.

A great many views, daguerreotype and pencil, have been taken of the fallen tree, "whose very ruins are tremendous." The limbs have been mostly sawed away from the trunk, and twigs and leaves are still carried away as mementos. While the workmen were at work this morning, a large swarm of bees came out of a hole in the tree trunk, which, while the oak was standing, would have been some thirty feet from the ground. The wood in the heavier branches shows in the center but little sign of decay. It is thought that there must be life enough in the roots to throw out new sprouts. If there is, a chance will be given to make it known, as the stump is to be left standing as long as time and weather will permit it to so remain.

As an interesting matter of history we add the annexed sketch from a pamphlet published a few years since by the Connecticut Historical Society:

"The adventurers who, with Rev. Thomas Hooker as their leader, in the years 1635 and 1636, pierced the profound wilderness which then stretched westward from Boston, and commenced a new settlement at Windsor, Hartford and Wethersfield, supposed themselves to be within the limits of the Colony of Massachusetts. At the beginning their magistrates acted under the authority of the Government at Boston.

"When the inhabitants of the three towns on the Connecticut ascertained that they were without the limits of Massachusetts, they were already a distinct, organized political community. On the 24th of January, 1639, (14th Jan. O. S.,) the fathers of the State met at Hartford, personally, in full convention, and framed for themselves a written constitution, *proceeding from a people*, and in their name establishing and defining a Government.

"Connecticut, from its first settlement, chose her own rulers and magistrates. She never had a royal Governor or Judge. April 20th, 1662, Charles II granted a charter to the Colony, which confirmed the right and privileges which the people had previously enjoyed. Cotton Mather called it 'the freest charter under the cope of Heaven.'

"Charles II died in 1685. The kingly power and divine right of his successor, James II, could endure no such free charter. He ordered Sir Edmond Andross to go and demand its surrender, or to seize it. Judge Sewall, in his Diary, says: 'Wednesday, October 26th, 1687, his Excellency, with sundry of ye council, justices, and other gentlemen, four blew coats, two trumpeters, Sam Bligh, fifteen or twenty red coats, with small guns and short lances in ye tops of ym, set out for woodcocks, in order to go to Connecticut to assume ye government of that place.' Reaching Hartford, he sent a message to the General Court, demanding the charter. The Assembly met on the 31st of October, 1787, and deliberated long and earnestly on this message, representing the great expense and hardships of the Colonists in planting the Colony; the blood and treasure which they had expended in defending it, and the happy results it had afforded them. The evening came on, and still they would not determine to surrender it. At last Sir Edmond, impatient at their delay, came in person to take it; and when advancing to secure it, as it lay upon the table, the lights were suddenly extinguished, the charter was seized by Capt. Joseph Wadsworth, borne away in triumph, and lodged in a large hollow oak tree, fronting the house of the Hon. Samuel Wyllys, in the south part of the city. Since the event just stated, it has always been known, and still is, by the name of 'The Charter Oak.'

"The Government of the Colony was taken possession of by Sir Edmond, and was most tyrannically administered. All the laws were made by Andross and a few servile members of his council in Boston, and were transmitted monthly to Hartford. He oppressed the people most heavily with taxes—required them to go to Boston to settle their estates—questioned the titles to their lands, and made them take out new patents and pay enormously for them. He would not allow them their local usages wherever they conflicted with his wishes—established corrupt courts, and in all respects acted the tyrant. His administration disgusted the whole of New England; and on the accession of William and Mary to the throne, he was, in a sudden rising of the people at Boston, seized, with fifty of his abettors, and imprisoned.

"The people of Connecticut, immediately on the news of the revolution in England, resumed their Government under the old charter. It had never been vacated by any judgment in the King's courts against it—it had never been nullified by any voluntary surrender by Connecticut. The opinions of the best counsel in England sustained its perfect validity.

"The charter, though the offspring of royal grants, was republican in its principles. It was in fact drawn up in Hartford by a committee of the general court. It contains the principle of representation, and the right of suffrage. It is composed of free constituent parts, and the head of the whole is the elective Governor of a democratic Republic. From the boundaries in the charter, which extended the title of Connecticut as to territory, west to the Pacific, came the Western Reserve, the School Fund, and the blessings of education so widely diffused in the State. The charter carried the State through the wars with the Indians, the French, the Dutch, the war of the Revolution, and the second war of the Independence. It has bequeathed us the free institutions we now possess, and is therefore entitled to veneration.

"The present constitution of the State was substituted for the charter in 1818—a change perhaps demanded from the want in the charter of that formal enumeration of the elementary maxims of civil liberty, now so commonly expressed in the constitutions of the different States, and which impart some additional security to the liberties of the people."

The muse comes also to honor the memory of the departed, and we copy from the Boston Traveler of Aug. 25, the following poetical tribute:

THE CHARTER OAK.

When, years ago, the red man's wigwam stood
Beneath the mighty monarch of the wood,
Perchance at eve the lightly curling smoke
Flung its blue wreathes around the ancient oak,
Or 'neath its branches, carnage to forget,
The plumed chief puffed the feathered calumet;
The Indian maid her careless ditty sung,
The hunter listened with his bow unstrung.
The pale face came; the red man sadly tracks
The march of progress by the sounding ax;
Though the great forest melted 'neath it stroke,
One tree was spared, the Indian's ancient oak;
For ere the remnants of that savage band
Turned with sad hearts forever from their land,
They sought the spoiler that he would but spare
One tree, the oak, Manitou's special care.
Saved, the old monarch waved his arms on high,
In shout of triumph to the azure sky.

* * * * * *

The woodman rests beneath its shade,
Here keeps her tryst the rustic maid,
And 'neath its boughs, his fields to scan,
Here stood the honest husbandman.
List! on the wind that's sweeping past,
There floats a hostile bugle blast;
The zephyrs, whispering in the tree,
Seem softly saying, Liberty!
The air rings with a battle shout,
And Freedom's sword will soon flash out.
When minions came of royal might,
To 'spoil the freemen of their right,
Nor deemed one heart or daring hand
Would dare dispute their high command;
'Twas then thy fortune, ancient tree,
To guard the Charter of the free.
By tyrant's laws and rule oppressed,
Complaints unheard nor wrongs redressed,
Stripped of those rights that freedom prize,
Soon shall their shout for freedom rise.

* * * * * *

The scene is changed—beneath thy shade
Gleams many a foeman's flashing blade;
Thy mighty limbs like banners wave,
Above a band of heroes brave;
Their leaders tried, their numbers few,
Firm in the right, their courage true.
What though their armed legions pour
Their squadrons on, 'mid cannons' roar,
Those rustic bosoms brave the shock,
Oppression's waves meet freedom's rock,
Even the dark forest's silent shades
Rung with the clash of battle blades,
And thy huge branches, ancient tree,
Rocked to the shout of victory.
The dreadful notes of battle cease,
Once more returned, thrice blessed peace
Beams o'er the land with heavenly ray,
As breaks the rosy god of day;
Again, beneath thy spreading arms,
A glittering band in triumph comes;
Not armed for strife in dread array,
Nor on to battle take its way;
But 'neath thy spreading branches here,
Greets thee, old oak, with hearty cheer;
A shout that circles round the earth,
A cheer proclaiming freedom's birth,
And o'er that band, the true and brave,
Bright doth a starry banner wave.
Though the rough blast in fury ride
Around thy spreading branches wide,
Still thy great frontlet raised on high,
Shall proudly dare the angry sky;
And 'neath thy shade on sultry day,
To while the drowsy hour away,
With groups of children at his knee,
The grandsire shall tell tales of thee.
But hark! is it the rattling rain,
Or measured tramp of troops again?
No! 'tis the tempest's sounding roar,
That wrestles with the oak once more!
It yields! and with a rushing sound,
Like a great banner, to the ground
It comes at last; its mighty form,
That braved a thousand years the storm
Is prostrate; and when morning broke,
Low lay the mighty Charter Oak.
Ay! sing the solemn requiem now,
The mighty monarch lieth low;
But freemen all, the warning heed—
Let UNION be our only creed.
Let not our mighty nation now,

That stands with starry circled brow
The admiration of the world,
From its far hight by us be hurled;
Nor by fierce discord's tempest blast,
In ruin dashed to earth at last;
But linked in chain, no blow can sever,
Shine, Union's clustering stars, forever.

CONFESSIONS OF A TELEGRAPH POST...No. II.

How different are my present prospects of life compared with the past; and yet, now that I am duly installed in my new position, I do not regret the change, feeling, as I do, my sphere of usefulness enlarged. The wires are all up and soon I shall be in instantaneous communication with distant villages and cities. giving me an insight into the secrets of many a family circle, laying bare the hearts of its inmates, their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears. The merchant, too, will confess his plans to me, and the wily politician will pull my wires to accomplish his ends, and each will be a lesson in my book of life's experience. I am glad I have been placed near old St. Paul's, for the green trees that cluster around the old church serve to remind me of the past, and the white tablets that stand like so many monitors to the passers by lead my thoughts far, far away from the noise and confusion that surrounds me, until I seem to see in the dim distance the land of shadows, and hear the glad chorus that floats in angelic strains from that mighty army of the departed.

I love to gaze upon each and every spot in the church-yard of old St. Paul's, that is hallowed as a resting-place for many who have long since passed away. Towering high above the rest, like his own genius, stands the simple, chaste monument to Emmet; and but a few steps from the resting-place of Erin's gifted sonlies the good, the brave Montgomery,

"Like a warrior taking his rest,
With his marshal cloak around him."

Here he sleeps on the bosom of his mother earth, until the last roll of the drum and the last blast of the trumpet shall again call him forth to a new field of glory.

I like also to look at the busy passing throng as they hurry by, and note the different expression of faces as they look up at the old clock. First, at early dawn, almost ere the sleepy watchman has left his post, and ere the lamplighter has extinguished the beacons of the night, I see emerging, one by one, from the door of the newspaper office, the night printers of the daily papers, their pale faces showing a sleepless night. Often have I watched them as they toiled on through the long hours of the night, by their bright gas light, and without uttering a word to break the death-like stillness of the room, which was relieved only by the sharp click of the types, as one by one they transcribed the written thoughts of one mind to go forth in a few hours to battle with thousands.

The printer has scarcely left his weary night-work, ere I hear the rumbling of carriages; and then I know the boats and cars have arrived from some neighboring city, and as they drive quickly by I see the driver cast his eye upward at the clock, and with a crack of the whip urge his horses onward, that he may return in time for the coming boat.

As the dawn fairly breaks, the sturdy mechanic, with shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbow and trowell in hand, hurries past, with a cheek blushing with health and a strong and honest laugh, that is echoed back by the massive stone walls on every side of me. He is scarce gone, ere the sewing girl, with "fingers weary and worn, eyelids heavy and red," goes by with a melancholy face and a hand so pale and thin that it seems more befitting a shroud than work; she gathers her thin yet neat shawl more closely around her shoulders, and with a long-drawn sigh looks up at the face of old St. Paul's; it wants but five minutes to seven, and she has got a half-mile to go, so with a quickened pace she is soon lost in the distance.

A little later, and the clerk comes sauntering down with cigar in mouth, and head still swimming with the effects of a night's debauch. It is but three hours since he passed me on his way home, reeling with liquor and breaking the stillness of the night with "We wont go home till morning." See, he stops to take another drink to set him right and steady his hand for business. His salary is small, and yet from the way he spends his money one would think him a millionaire. Ah! well, the future may show how it is done.

And now the streets are becoming thronged, and each stage brings its twelve inside. The clock is striking ten, and the banks have just unclosed their doors, each clerk is at his post, and the business of the day has commenced. One by one the Presidents of the banks and insurance companies saunter lazily down Broadway toward Wall street, and compare their gold repeaters with the church clock, more from habit than aught else. Verily, you might remove many public buildings in New York and they would not be missed half so much as the clock of old St. Paul's.

But here comes the man that purchased me, and transplanted me from the green woods to

this toilsome city. He is a large operator in Wall street, and one can see he feels his position by the off-hand manner he returns the obsequious salutes of the passers-by. He is looking at me; and now he addresses his companions:

"I might have hired fifty men to have purchased me a stick like that, and yet never have got one; in fact, it was by mere accident that I got this fine post. I was driving through ——, when I came to one of the prettiest little cottages for a rustic one that I ever saw; and probably should not have noticed this tree had it not been for a little witch that was standing near the door, from whom I asked a glass of water. While she was gone to the brook I espied this fellow, and thought what a beauty it would be for this corner; and when she returned I asked her to sell it to me. Do you believe the little minx colored up and the tears almost came into her eyes, and she said she would as soon part with her best friend. But these country girls, you know, have strange ideas, and very likely if I had asked her to sell me a pig she would have made the same reply, so I struck a bargain with an old fellow that she called her uncle, and sent for it the next day. Did you ever see anything prettier in your life for a telegraph post? By Jupiter! I tell everybody that is my pet post. By the by, I intend going up that way again, if its only to see the little jade that refused to sell it. I'm thinking she would astonish some of our city belles with her bright eyes and rosy cheeks; 'pon my honor it's refreshing to see a *bona fide* rosy cheek—one that can raise a genuine blush. I've not seen one before since I was a boy, and it has been running on my mind ever since. I must present her at the Opera House, if only to make some of those Fifth avenue belles jealous."

"Extra Herald!—arrival of the Atlantic!—late news from Europe!" shouted the newsboy, and my purchaser quickly beckoned him to his side; dropping a sixpence into the little dirty hand, he glanced hastily over the page, while in the distance, loud above the din, could be heard that clear voice shouting, "Extra—arrival of the Atlantic—late news from Europe."

All Broadway is now alive, and I, the magnificent telegraph post, and Mary, the beautiful, innocent maiden, are both forgotten by him in the excitement and hurry occasioned by "late news from Europe."

I don't know why it is, but that man's presence seems always to affect me strangely; I feel as if a cold, slimy hand were clutching my heart; and far in the distance I hear a half-smothered voice, like Mary's, calling for help. When he is gone my feelings are at once changed, and I see the little valley again, and the cottage door ajar; Mary's shadow crosses the threshold as she plies her needle, and her sweet voice fills the valley with its melody.

How different from her face are those that daily pass me here! There are some that are beautiful, and bear the stamp of goodness and virtue upon their every feature; but they look as if the green fields would put new life into them. Others look hard; and in keeping with the hard stone and brick walls that surround them, showing no evidences of that inner life that alone can keep the heart young and pure.

I have just experienced a singular sensation—a sudden tremor passed through me, and in a moment the wires began to tremble, and a warm stream of electricity crept through my head, leaving the following traces on my throbbing brain:

"NEW YORK, ——.

"*Chief of Police, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"John Burke was murdered here last night. Murderer unknown. One Amos Brown was last seen in his company, and is suspected of the crime. Brown is a small man, 5 feet 3 inches, low forehead, black eyes, pale face, coarse features, and has a cast in one eye—dressed well, had on when last seen, black coat, white vest and black pants, patent leather shoes, and diamond pin, shape of a star. Burke was a porter in a large dry goods store in Broadway, and was murdered in the store, where he slept.

"J. M., Chief of Police."

This is a cloudy night, and the echoes of old St. Paul's had just tolled the hour of midnight, when I saw a dark form stealing silently beneath the shadows of the trees opposite. He crept close to the iron railing of the church, and seemed undecided which way to go. If the sound of approaching footsteps fell upon his ear he would start, like a wild man, and his eyes fairly glared from their sockets—his limbs trembled as if in fear of some impending doom. Seating himself upon the wall beside the stone pillar, on the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, he covered his face in his hands as if to more closely conceal his thoughts. As he did so, upon the wristband of his shirt I saw a spot of blood! Its color showed it had been there but a short time. As the moon emerged from behind a cloud he anxiously looked upon his hands, turning them over and scanning them closely; in doing so his eye fell upon the bright red spot on his shirt sleeve, and with an anxious startled look and half-smothered curse, he tore it off, and was about to put the piece in his mouth. But his hand trembled, and his

"BLOOD! I MUST BURY IT."

pale lips parted, as he said, "No, I can't do that—I should never get rid of the taste. I will bury it." So putting his hand through the iron railing he pulled up a small shrub, and winding the wristband around the root, thrust it again into the earth. Then taking a wallet from his pocket he hastily counted over its contents.

"Thirty-one dollars," he murmured; "not enough to take me anywhere—and yet I must leave this spot at once, or I may find it too late hereafter. I'll go to Philadelphia, and then"—

His eyes glared, and with a groan he jumped to his feet, exclaiming, "Surely, I saw him sitting on the stone beside me, just as plain as could be. My God! will he always haunt me? Oh! how I wish I had not struck him; but then he always stood in my way, from boyhood. At school, he was always sure to be above me in the class, and the master always praised him more than me. When our school days were over, and we both were obliged to go out into the world, he somehow always managed to get into the best places, and then used to wonder why I could not do the same. Ha, ha! he'll not wonder any longer *now*. Hark! I thought I heard him groan. Confound those old trees, they groan like human beings, and as the wind sweeps through their branches, they seem like so many voices calling my name, and pointing me out to the passers by. Oh! mother, look down upon your child; let me feel thy hand once more upon my brow, as in childhood, when I knelt by your side, ere my heart knew what it was to sin. Forgive and pity me. You, alone, dear mother, knew my wayward heart, and you alone could keep me in the path of duty. Oh! save me from the deed I have done; save and pity me, if it is only that I may lead a life of atonement, in some far land where I can feel thy presence, and feel once more as a child."

"One—two—three! Three o'clock! In another hour the day will break. I wish it was always night; I dread to look upon the sunshine; I feel as though its warmth would draw every dark deed from my heart, and place them in full view before the world. How parched my lips have become. Oh! for one glass of brandy, to cool my burning throat. I'll get some; perhaps it may give me new courage, and then, when the first train leaves for Philadelphia, I'll be on my way hence. When once I place my foot there, the first ship that leaves the port shall find me among her crew."

With quickened footsteps he hastened toward the North River, and each echo that was borne towards me, in the stillness of the night, seemed laden with the dreadful forebodings of his doom.

Now I understand the message that was sent over the wires this morning, and the red spot upon the shirt sleeve; the anxious look and parched lips. Poor fellow! your chances are, indeed, small for safety in a distant land; and the remembrance of a mother's love has come, alas! as it often does, too late.

[To be continued.]

LIFE OF COLONEL FREMONT. . . . No. III.

THE INSURRECTION IN CALIFORNIA.

We have described the complete conquest of California, as acknowledged by the Mexican authorities, and as reported to our own Government, and duly communicated to Congress at the opening of the session of 1846–'47. Commodore Stockton, acting under express orders from his Government, was duly recognized as the military chief of the conquered province. But he had other duties to perform. As the commander of a naval squadron in time of war, it was his duty to press forward to other enterprises. He therefore prepared to invest Fremont with the government of California and the command of the land forces, while he himself would proceed to the south and capture the important port of Acapulco. In pursuance of this plan, Fremont left Los Angeles early in September for the Sacramento, to raise recruits and supplies for the expedition, and Stockton went up to San Francisco to meet them, leaving Gillespie in com-

FREMONT AND THE WALLA-WALLA INDIANS.

mand in the south. Hardly had the work of preparation commenced, when word came from Gillespie that Gen. Castro and Gov. Flores had returned to California with a large Mexican force, and that an extensive insurrection had broken out in the adjacent region, the American garrison was expelled from Los Angeles, a battalion of marines, under Capt. Mervine, had been defeated in battle at San Pedro, and the garrison at Santa Barbara, under Lieutenant Talbot, had been compelled to retreat to the Savannah frigate. This news set aside the Mazatlan project, and Fremont directed his attention to the organizing of a battalion of mounted men to suppress the insurrection. The confidence of the people in him soon gathered a force of 425 men, with such dispatch that he arrived at San Francisco with his force on the 12th of October.

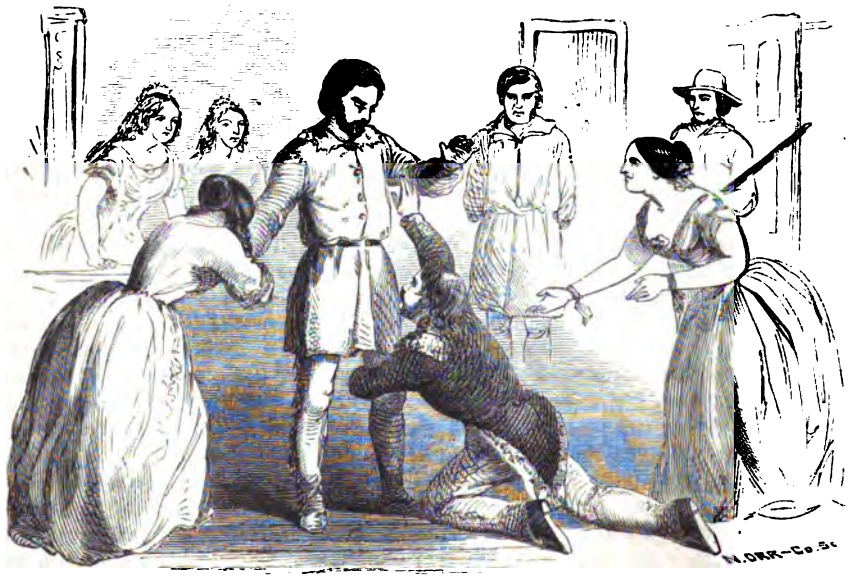
Another incident, which comes in here as an interlude during that hurried preparation, well illustrates the character of the man, and shows the remarkable power over men with which he is endowed, and his admirable promptness and address in dealing with all sorts of people in all sorts of difficulties. While he was gathering his battalion in the Sacramento, suddenly an alarm was spread over the country that the Walla-Walla Indians were coming down a thousand strong to destroy the settlements. It would be impossible to withdraw the men for his expedition until that danger was removed. He therefore took three tried and faithful men, and went directly to meet the Indians. He found them much less numerous than had been reported, but in a state of great excitement, and bent on revenge for an alleged robbery of their horses by the whites. Fremont went right into their camp, heard their story, and told them they had been injured, but that destroying the white settlements was not the best way to procure redress. He told them if they would follow his directions he would see them righted; he would not attend to it at that moment, because he was going off to the south to punish the insurgents; but if they would go off on a Winter hunt, he would give them a guarantee, and in the Spring would see that they had justice. They were so struck with his manner of treating them that they yielded to his counsel, turned their excursion into a hunt, and even went so far as to add ten of their young braves to his battalion, where they did excellent service. In the Spring he met them according to agreement, although at much inconvenience, and gave them horses till they were satisfied. He thus saved an Indian war, prevented the interruption of his own plans, and established justice toward a race who are too often exasperated by insult, and then crushed by force by the officers of the United States. In how many cases we have needed just such a man to control our Indian affairs.

Arriving at San Francisco, Fremont embarked his command in the ship Sterling, to go down the coast to Santa Barbara, intending there to obtain horses to remount his men; but on learning that there were no horses to be had in that region, he returned to Monterey, obtained horses from the Bay and the Sacramento, and marched overland. While at Monterey he received the intelligence, on the 27th of October, that he had been appointed a lieutenant-colonel in the regular army—a remarkable occurrence, considering that he had never been at West Point, and was only a captain by brevet in the Topographical Engineers; but it

was due, as was said by the journals of the day, for "his intimate knowledge of the country in which the regiment (2d Rifles, raised for service on the frontier,) was designed to serve—acquired by his indefatigable explorations of the whole extent of it; his being accustomed to face danger in every form; his induration to the habits of the wilderness; and his knowledge of the character of the tribes that wander over those desolate regions." This appointment was important in its bearing upon his subsequent fortunes, because it evidently prejudiced the officers of the army against him, who were all graduates of the Military Academy, and who have always resisted the admission of any man from civil life to their ranks.

The month of November was considerably advanced before he was ready to take up his line of march of four hundred miles from Monterey to Los Angeles. They took the sea-coast route to San Luis Obispo, one hundred and fifty miles from Monterey, where was a Mexican post, which they reached on the 14th of December; and with such rapidity and secresy was their advance, that the commandant had not the slightest notice of their approach, until he found himself a prisoner in their hands. His name was Don Jesus Pico, who had been taken before, and set at liberty on his parole of honor. He was, of course, put on trial at once for breach of parole, and justly condemned to be shot, according to the laws of war. The next day, December 17, at noon, was the time appointed for the execution, and the prisoner had prepared himself to die with the firmness of a soldier and the dignity of a Spaniard. But about an hour before noon, a procession of the women of the place came to Colonel Fremont's quarters, and in the most humble, earnest and eloquent terms, implored his clemency for their beloved commandant. Fremont was not the man to withstand such entreaties, especially as it accorded with his settled policy to secure friends, as far as possible, among the people of the province. He therefore granted an unconditional pardon on the spot. Pico was brought into his presence, and when told he was free he lost all his firmness and pride, flung himself down before the colonel, clasping his knees and promising to be his friend till death, ready to fight and die in his defense. This promise was faithfully kept, and his influence was serviceable in the speedy pacification of the territory. This generous act of mercy was also an act of the highest political wisdom. Fremont said afterward, in his defense before the Court-martial, "That pardon had its influence on all the subsequent events;" "many hearts were conquered the day he was pardoned, and his own above all."

Fremont lost no time in advancing to Santa Babara, which place he reached on the 27th of December. Edward Bryant, who was a volunteer lieutenant in the battalion, has described this little army in a work which he published in 1849:



SCENE BETWEEN FREMONT AND PICO.

FREMONT'S MEN.

"There are no plumes nodding over brazen helmets, nor coats of broadcloth spangled with lace and buttons; a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, a shirt of blue flannel or buckskin, with pantaloons and moccasins of the same, all generally much the worse for wear, and smeared up with mud and dust, make up the costume of the party, officers as well as men. A leathern girdle surrounds the waist, from which are suspended a bowie and a hunter's knife, and sometimes a brace of pistols. These, with the rifle and holster-pistols, are the arms carried by officers and privates. A single bugle composes the band.

"The men composing the California battalion have been drawn from many sources, and are roughly clad, and weather-beaten in their exterior appearance; but I feel it but justice to state my belief that no military party ever passed through an enemy's country and observed the same strict regard for the rights of its population. I never heard of an outrage, or even a trespass, being committed by one of the American volunteers during the entire march. Every American appeared to understand, perfectly, the duty which he owed to himself and others, in this respect; and the deportment of the battalion might be cited as a model for imitation."

It was on Christmas day that they crossed the Santa Barbara mountains, in a tempest of chilling rains and winds, in which a hundred horses perished, but the men stood it, to their honor. After resting a week to recruit, they again marched toward Los Angeles, meeting on the way several parties of the enemy, but forbearing to attack them, as they retreated without resistance, until they reached the plains of Cowenga, near San Fernando, where the enemy, he was informed, was in full force. On the 11th he sent them a summons to surrender, but the chiefs desired a parley with him in person, and he went to them at once, accompanied only by his now fast friend, Don Jesus Pico, and found them willing to capitulate to him but to no other; and the articles were agreed upon and signed on the 13th of January, 1847. The same wise and conciliatory course was pursued in this as in all his former transactions. The Californians agreed to deliver up their arms and artillery, return peaceably to their homes, and not take up arms again during the war; and, on the other hand, it was stipulated that any Mexicans who desired might leave the country, and none should be required to take the oath of allegiance to the United States until the close of the war. This terminated the war in California. The next day he entered Los Angeles, where he first met General Kearny, who wrote to the Secretary at War the same day, mentioning the surrender, and adding that, "We have now the prospect of having peace and quietness in this country, which I hope may not be interrupted again." Fremont explained his policy in a private letter written to Colonel Benton, on the 3d of February, 1847:

"Knowing well the views of the Cabinet and satisfied that it was a great national measure to unite California to us as a sister State, by a voluntary expression of the popular will, I had in all my marches through the country, in all my intercourse with the people, acted invariably in strict accordance with this impression, to which I was naturally further led by my own feelings. I had kept my troops under steady restraint and discipline, and never permitted to them a wanton outrage, or an avoidable destruction of property or life. The result has clearly shown the wisdom of the course I have pursued. Throughout the California population there is only one feeling of satisfaction and gratitude to myself. The men of the country most able and forward in the revolution against us now put themselves at my disposition, and say to me, '*Viva usted seguro, duerme usted seguro*, (live safe, sleep safe,) we ourselves will watch over the tranquility of the country, and nothing can happen which shall not be known to you.'"

There can be no doubt that the impression made by Fremont's energy, his wise forbearance and clemency, was what disposed these people to capitulate to him, and to no other person, and thus saved the country from the calamities of a long partisan and predatory war with the Mexicans, for which their habits and the numerous fortresses of the Sierra Nevada afforded every facility. In his defense before the Court-martial Col. Fremont gave a brief narrative of this expedition, which no person can read without feeling his heart glow with respect and admiration. We can only copy the closing paragraphs, beginning after the capture of San Luis Obispo without firing a gun, and the subsequent pardon of Don Jesus Pico, who was the cousin of Don Andreas Pico, the commander of the Mexican forces. He says:

"Don Jesus Pico attached himself to my person, and remained devoted and faithful under trying circumstances. We pursued our march, passing all the towns on the way without collision with the people, but with great labor from the state of the roads and the rains. On Christmas day, 1846, we struggled on the Santa Barbara mountains, in a tempest of chilling rains and winds, in which a hundred horses perished, but the men stood to it to their honor. They deserve mention, for they are not paid yet.

"We passed the maritime defile of the Rincon, or Punta Gorda, without resistance, flanked by a small vessel which Commodore Stockton had sent to us, under Lieutenant Seldon, of the navy. A corps of observation, of some fifty or a hundred horsemen, galloped about us without doing or receiving any harm, for it did not come within my policy to have any of them killed. It was the camp of this corps that Captain Hamlyn passed to give me Commodore Stockton's orders, which he found in the Camp of the Willows, as he said in his testimony. The defile of San Fernando was also passed, a corps which occupied it falling back as the rifles advanced. We entered the plain of Cowenga, occupied by the enemy in considerable force, and I sent a summons to them to lay down their arms or fight at once. The chiefs desired a parley with me in person. I went alone to see them, Don Jesus Pico only being with me. They were willing to capitulate to me, the terms were agreed upon, commissioners were sent out on both sides to put it into form, it received the sanction of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Commodore Stockton, and was reported to the Government of the United States. It was the capitulation of Cowenga. It put an end to the war, and to the feelings of war. It tranquilized the country, and gave safety to every American from the day of its conclusion.

"My march from Monterey to Los Angeles, which we entered on the 14th of January, was a subject for gratulation. A march of four hundred miles through an insurgent country, without spilling a drop of blood, conquering by clemency and justice, and so gaining the hearts of all, that, until the troubles came on from a new source, I could have gone back alone and unarmed upon the trail of my march, trusting for life and bread to those alone among whom I had marched as a conqueror, and whom I have been represented as plundering and oppressing."

MILITARY PERSECUTION AND TRIAL.

At the commencement of Fremont's military operations in California he held the rank of brevet-captain of topographical engineers—properly a part of the civil staff of the army. As he wrote to his friends at home, everything was staked upon success, because he was acting without written orders, under only the general verbal instructions sent by Lieutenant Gillespie. He therefore acted independently, and was prepared to resign his commission if his doings were disapproved by the Government at home. He was chosen by the Revolutionists, under the Bear Flag, as their chief or leader, civil and military. But as soon as he found the United States authority in the country, he hoisted the stripes and stars. Having at once a perfectly friendly understanding with Commodore Stockton, he and Gillespie yielded at once to Stockton as Governor, and volunteered to accept commissions under him, Fremont as major and Gillespie as captain of the marine battalion. As soon as the first conquest was effected, Stockton organized a civil administration, appointing magistrates, &c., and constituted Fremont Military Commandant of the Territory under himself as Governor and Commander-in-Chief. In his report to the Government, dated on the 18th of February, 1848, he says:

"The battalion of volunteers (Fremont's battalion) was ordered to be augmented to three hundred; and, contemplating soon to leave the Territory, I determined on my departure to appoint Major Fremont Governor of California. He was apprised of these intended arrangements, and instructed to meet me at San Francisco, on the 25th of October, for the purpose of consummating them. These acts

and intentions were officially communicated to the Dapartment in my dispatches."

The insurrection, which is described above, suspended this consummation until after the "Capitulation of Cowenga," on the 13th of January, when the appointment was made immediately. The commission bears date the 16th of January, 1847, and appoints "J. C. Fremont, Esq., Governor and Commander-in-Chief in the Territory of California, until the President of the United States shall otherwise direct."

In the meantime, General Kearny, of the United States Army, had arrived in California by the overland route, about the end of November, with a force of one hundred soldiers, and those very much worn by the journey. Arriving at Warner's Ranch, he found himself intercepted by the Mexican insurgents, and he sent a messenger to Commander Stockton, at San Diego, thirty miles distant, asking aid. A small force was sent under Gillespie, who joined the General on the 5th, and a battle took place on the 6th, at San Pasqual, in which Kearny was defeated, with the loss of 18 killed and 14 wounded, and the survivors were soon besieged without supplies. With much difficulty, Carson and two others made their way to Stockton, on the 8th, with an urgent call for help. A force of two hundred and fifteen men was sent at once under Lieut. Gray, which soon brought in the beleagured Kearny and his remaining men, where he was received in all kindness and honor. In all the proceedings of December, and up to the 13th of January, Kearny continued to recognize Stockton as Governor of California, and acted as a volunteer officer under him, and by his instructions at the entrance into Los Angeles.

On the 17th, however, Kearny claimed the right to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief, by virtue of his instructions received the year before, and when California was still a Mexican province, and demanded that Stockton should cease all further proceedings toward the formation of a Civil Government. At the same time he issued orders to Fremont, now a lieutenant-colonel in the hire of the army: "The general directs that no change will be made in the organization of your battalion of volunteers or officers appointed in it, without his sanction or approval being first obtained." Fremont replied, very respectfully but firmly, that he should "continue to report and receive orders, as heretofore, from the Commodore." Stockton replied: "I cannot do anything nor desist from anything on your demand, which I will submit to the President, and ask your recall." Fremont explains his motives in a letter to Col. Benton, which will inspire the respect of every noble heart:

"You are aware that I had contracted relations with Commodore Stockton, and I *thought it neither* right nor politically honorable to withdraw my support. No reason shall ever compel me to act toward any man in such a way that I should be ashamed to meet him."

An altercation of an unpleasant nature ensued; but Stockton was soon withdrawn from it, on receiving direct orders from the Secretary of the Navy to turn over the entire control of the Territory, and all the papers, to Gen. Kearny. The brunt of the difficulty was left to fall upon Fremont, and was aggravated by three circumstances: first, that he had received a high commission in the army without having gone through the intermediate grades; second, that his services as a volunteer in the conquest of California had been in connection with the navy and not the army; and third, that he had been appointed Governor by Stockton after Kearny's arrival. For this last, Stockton distinctly says:

"For each and every one of the acts of Lieut.-Col. Fremont, performed under my authority and in obedience to my orders, I cannot but feel that in some form or other I am responsible, if the acts were in themselves illegal, or in the execution of them criminal."

The Secretary of War says expressly that "Commodore Stockton took possession of the whole country, as a conquest of the United States, and appointed Col. Fremont Governor, under the law of nations, to assume the functions of that office when he should return to the squadron."

Under these circumstances, it was unjust in Kearny to attempt to enforce those obsolete orders. But the manner in which it was done was also cruel. On the 18th of January, Kearny left Los Angeles with 58 men, all the remains of his own escort. On the 20th Stockton took his departure, and sailed for Mexico, leaving Fremont to take his place in the Gubernatorial mansion as Governor, in which capacity he issued a proclamation on the 22d, declaring the peace of the country restored, ordering the release of all prisoners of war, and establishing a civil government in place of the military. His administration was marked with wisdom, justice and firmness, so long as it was uninterrupted. On the 20th of January, Major Cook, with the battalion of Mormons, arrived at San Diego, so that Kearny had now, for the first time, a military force of his own equal in numbers to Fre-

mont's battalion. On the 31st Kearny sailed from San Diego to Monterey, where he arrived on the 8th of February, where he found Com. Shubrick in command of the naval squadron. After consultation together, they issued a joint proclamation on the 1st of March, declaring that the President of the United States had assigned to the naval commander the regulation of trade and navigation, and to the military commander the administration of civil government. On the same day Kearny issued a proclamation, announcing that he now entered upon the duties of Governor, guaranteed life and property, promised a free Government, declared the country annexed to the United States, absolved the people from their allegiance to Mexico, and required them to take the oath to support the Constitution, although the capitulation of Cowenga expressly stipulated that this oath should not be demanded until the close of the war. No reference was made to the previous authority of Stockton by conquest, nor to Fremont's Government by delegation from Stockton. The same day he sent peremptory orders to Fremont, which reached Los Angeles on the 11th, directing him to muster the men of his battalion under the command of Colonel Cooke, and if they refused, to send them to San Francisco to be discharged; telling him, also, that he should not be detained in the country against his wishes a moment longer than the necessities of the service required.

READING THE RIVAL PROCLAMATIONS.

This assumption of the Government by Kearny was defended by the orders of Nov. 5, 1846, directing the naval commander to "relinquish to" the military commander "the entire control over these matters," to wit, "the administrative portions of the Government." But these orders had then just been received, and could not be deemed to invalidate the past proceedings, which they, in fact, recognize. The orders also contemplate a voluntary surrender by the Naval Government, which doubtless Fremont would have made on receipt of the orders. Instead of this, the proclamations were issued without any conference with him, and make no allusion to the previous acquisition of the territory, the capitulation, or the government hitherto exercised by Stockton and by Fremont as his successor and substitute, and which was unquestionably a valid government. Not only was Fremont thus publicly humiliated, but the people were distracted—not knowing which Governor was the real representative of the United States, nor whether the terms of the capitulation were binding, or whether they were to be subjected to the Mormon battalion, which was then Kearny's principal force. Rumors prevailed in the south that Bustamente was coming with a large Mexican force, the country became unsettled; the 400 volunteers of the California battalion were attached to Fremont, who also had the affection of the Pico family and other influential Californians, and could have fallen back upon his original inde-

pendent movement if he had chosen again to hoist the Bear Flag, which Kearny had then no force to put down. But that patriotism which has ever been a prominent and absorbing passion of Fremont prevailed over natural resentment, and he yielded again to the authority of his country, however unworthily exercised. He only endeavored, but ineffectually, to secure justice to his brave volunteers, and procure such a recognition of his acts as would protect the rights of others with whom his Government had transactions. It was for these objects that he performed the extraordinary ride from Los Angeles to Monterey.

The next day after the conclusion of the Court-martial the Military Committee of the Senate commenced an elaborate examination of documents and witnesses in relation to sundry claims growing out of the occupation of California by Col. Fremont, calling before them many officers and others to testify under oath. The report was presented on the 23d, and 20,000 copies ordered to be printed for distribution, a significant expression of the Senate's opinion on the proceedings of the military tribunal. It fully vindicated the conduct of Fremont and his heroic battalion, and was followed by a bill for the payment of their claims. Some of the remarks of Senators on this bill are worthy of being preserved as a full answer to those officers of the army or navy, or partisan politicians, who are now dragging those unlucky proceedings out of their long burial, to which the stern justice of the people had long since consigned them:

In the course of the speech made by Mr. Cass upon the bill, he briefly touched on the part "which Col. Fremont had taken in the occupation of California, and the consummate skill and courage which he had evinced in an expedition teeming with extraordinary and romantic interest."

Mr. Dix (Cong. Globe, vol. 18, p. 559,) made an able speech in support of the bill, and in which he paid the highest compliment to Col. Fremont. He said: "The pecuniary obligations for the discharge of which it provides were contracted in good faith for the purpose of subduing the country, and expelling from it the military forces of Mexico. In the execution of these objects, the young and accomplished officer, Col. Fremont, exhibited a combination of energy, promptitude, sagacity and prudence which indicates the highest capacity for civil and military command."

Mr. Atchison, on the same day, (see page 561, Congressional Globe,) remarked as follows: "He gave it as his opinion, not only that the conquest of California was effected by Col. Fremont, but that the United States had derived the advantage of his conquest at comparatively little cost. He justified Col. Fremont in all he had done. If he had done less, he would have deserved and would have received the execration of the whole country. He made some reference to the course which Col. Fremont pursued—a course in some instances rendered indispensible for his own preservation, and always characterized by skill and promptitude."

In the Senate, on the 25th of April, 1848, Mr. Crittenden said: "The conduct of Col. Fremont entitled him to our confidence, and on him we could more naturally rely than on any other persons who have not had the same connection with the claims."

On the same day Mr. Allen said: "Col. Fremont, in his opinion, was the most meritorious American of his age now in existence, and had he (Mr. A.) the power of appointment, he would ere this have given him a military appointment in Mexico, for which nature had so clearly formed him."

Mr. Rusk, of Texas, paid the highest compliment to Col. Fremont; and Mr. Bagby, who opposed the passage of the bill, spoke of Col. Fremont as a man of "extraordinary merits and abilities."

Mr. Calhoun, who opposed the bill, said: "I do not oppose this measure on the ground of opposition to Col. Fremont. * * * I have slight acquaintance with the colonel, and I am so favorably impressed as to him, that I would as readily trust him as any other individual. * * * His integrity is beyond suspicion."

"Col. Fremont is a young officer of great merit—one who deserves well of his country for the bravery and ability with which he discharged his important and delicate duties in California." [Daniel Webster.

"Col. Fremont exhibited a combination of energy, promptitude, sagacity and prudence, which indicates the highest capacity for civil and military command. That the country will do justice to his valuable and distinguished services I entertain not the slightest doubt."

[Senator Dix.

"Col. Fremont, in my opinion, is the most meritorious American of his age now in existence."

[Senator Allen, of Ohio

"I regard Col. Fremont as one of the most heroic and successful officers in our army—an army of which any nation might be proud." [Senator Rusk, of Texas.

THE NEGLECTED TRYSTE.

BY G C.

She has not come! All vainly have I waited—
'Tis but a specter does before me stand—
Which my tormented fancy has created,
Like lovely mirage of a longed-for land.

She does not come! Though waited for with yearning
Intense enough to summon back the dead,
And flames that waste my body with their burning
To yield but dust and ashes for my head.

She will not come! The heavy sentence presses
Down on my breast like tablet of the grave—
Only the balm that lives in her caresses,
This dying heart could animate and save.

London.

John Adams was at one time called upon by some one to contribute to foreign missions, when he abruptly answered: "I have nothing to give for that purpose, but there are here in the vicinity six ministers, not one of whom will preach in each other's pulpit. Now, I will contribute as much and more than any one else to civilize these six clergymen."

THOMAS H. BENTON.

SENATOR BENTON, of Missouri, is one of the most strongly marked men of the day; and "Old Bullion's" impress upon the history of this age will be as deep and enduring as that produced by "Old Hickory" himself. He was born in North Carolina, in 1783, and educated at Chapel Hill College, studied law in William and Mary's College, entered the United States army in 1810, and afterward practised law in Nashville, Tennessee. Soon afterward he moved to Missouri, where he edited a newspaper.

It was in 1820 that Mr. Benton came to Washington as one of the Senators of the newly admitted State of Missouri. At that time Mr. Munroe was President; and some of the ablest men in the country were members of the Senate. Speaking of the Executive Department of the Government at that time, he himself says: "It would be difficult to find in any Government, in any country, at any time, more talent and experience, more dignity and decorum, more purity of private life, a larger mass of information and more addiction to business than was comprised in its members. The Legislative Department was equally impressive. The Senate presented a long list of eminent men who had become known by their services in the Federal or State Governments, and some of them connected with its earliest history."

It was at this time that his term of thirty years in the Senate commenced. The Missouri of that early day had grown to the position of a most important State of the Union when the last term of Senator Benton expired.

One of the first subjects in which his efforts were enlisted after entering the Senate related to the occupation and settlement of the Oregon Territory. The agitation of the question at that time was followed by the occupation of the Territory by the United States.

Of the great questions of permanent import-

ance which early engaged the attention of Senator Benton were the "Tariff and American system." It came up in the session of 1823–'24, and began to assume something of the importance which subsequently it attained. From that period until its last revision, in 1846, it perhaps, for the length of time, has been the most prominent topic before the country. On this subject the views of Mr. Benton were uniformly and constantly expressed in opposition to Protection.

In fact, the life of Mr. Benton is more or less intimately interwoven in all the measures of the Senate of the United States during the thirty years of which he was a member. No full sketch of his life could be given without considerable enlargement upon these measures. This would require greater space than our limits permit, and would be departing from the general plan of these outlines. Those who desire more details, or who are interested in public men and public affairs during this long period, will find an inexhaustible fund of information in the last great work of his life, "The Thirty Years' View; or, A History of the Workings of the American Government for Thirty Years." Here is a biography of Mr. Benton to its fullest extent, as comprised in the period above designated; and to this volume we refer for the facts of his political life; it is, indeed, the greatest achievement of its author.

Mr. Benton, in political life, always acted with what has been known of late years as the Democratic party. Naturally ardent and impetuous, he commenced his public career with all the warmth inspired by these traits of character. Time and experience, however, calmed the one and cooled the other, and thereby afforded a rare opportunity for the exercise of candor and judgment. It is with such elevated and disciplined powers that he has compiled the materials gathered during his long career in these two extensive, interesting and valuable volumes. As an intimate view of the working of our Executive and Legislative systems, it will take the place of every other work which has been, or may soon be published. All the important topics which came up for discussion in Congress, the arguments on the opposite sides, the character and manner of the speakers, the action that was taken upon them, the character of the prominent public men, the action of the Executive, the State papers, the position of the parties, and, in a word, everything calculated to interest or to be of value to the American citizen, which occurred in these thirty years, is here spread out in full. It was during this period, that Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Jackson and many other eminent statesmen flourished. It was during this period that some of the greatest debates of the American Senate took place, and some of the greatest movements of the Government were made. Who does not remember Jackson's memorable Administration, and the astonishing excitement into which the country was at times thrown; the war with the United States Bank, the removal of the deposits, the treasury circular, the pet bank system, the nullification proceedings of South Carolina, the compromise tariff, etc., etc. With this book of Mr. Benton as our guide, we go behind the scenes and inspect the motives which actuated and controlled these measures, and learn the wisdom they should teach.

The manner in which Mr. Benton has performed this work is admirable. The style is as graphic and interesting as if he was narrating in our presence the particulars, and enriching them with personal anecdotes and sketches of a most striking character. His pages are entirely free from all asperity and bitterness, and with the utmost frankness, kindliness and candor he writes of political friends and foes. It is truly an American work in its spirit and in its contents, and we urge every one to render themselves familiar with it as the foremost political work of the country.

Mr. Benton, as a public speaker, is forcible and impressive. Not possessing that captivating, popular eloquence of Clay, nor the power or stately grandeur of Webster, or the clear, compact reasoning of Wright, he yet has always maintained a rank among the ablest debaters in the Senate. It is seldom, if ever, that there has been a member of that body whose mind was so richly stored with the facts of either American or English history, or who could use them to much better advantage.

PHRENOLOGICAL VIEW OF COL. BENTON.

Mr. Fowler, the distinguished phrenologist, from whose Journal we have drawn most of the facts in the preceding brief notice, gives the following view of Mr. Benton's physiology and phrenological character.

"Mr. Benton's physiology is a very marked one. For massiveness of chest, and size and vigor of the vital apparatus, he has few equals. He must have descended from a long-lived ancestry; and, unless he grossly violates the laws of life, he is destined to live to a very great age.

"His head is not large; it is, however, more round and less elongated than most heads, so

that a given measure contains more brain than if it was long and thin. But the extraordinary amount of vitality which Mr. Benton possesses furnishes his brain with all the power it can work off, and also imparts to it a power, intensity and vigor absolutely unattainable without it, by the largest sized heads. His mind is always fresh and clear.

"The phrenological organization of this distinguished man is no less remarkable than his physiology.

"The perceptive faculties are immensely developed, especially those giving the various kinds of memory, and accordingly in this respect he has but few equals. Individuality, eventuality, comparison and language are very large, while form, size, order and calculation are amply developed; but causality retires. And in consequence of the intimate relation existing between the body and the base of the brain, and of course organs of memory, Mr. Benton's extraordinary physical power gives his large perceptive faculties unusual vigor in *addition* to that derived from their great size.

"He is fluent in speech, yet the style of his eloquence is powerful and vehement, rather than beautiful or chaste. He is not a deep reasoner, except it be by a comparison of facts, nor a profound planner of ways and means. In short, in the function as well as the organ of causation he is rather deficient, yet this defect is not conspicuous, owing to the large development of the perceptive faculties. Mirthfulness in him generally works in conjunction with comparison and combativeness, hence his jokes are more severe and sarcastic than amusing or witty. Add to this his coarser temperament and small ideality, and you have an idea of the cast of his witticisms.

"Both approbativeness and self-esteem are very large, hence he is very aspiring and ambitious. Conscientiousness is rather deficient, and spirituality is almost wanting.

"The whole base of the brain is very large. Amativeness, acquisitiveness, appetite, combativeness and destructiveness are his largest organs, and secretiveness is by no means small, yet cautiousness has not much influence, considering with how much it is obliged to cope. His force of character is very great.

"Adhesiveness in him is very large, hence the number and devotedness of his friends, and his great personal popularity among them. Firmness is also very large, and accordingly he is very set in his own way, though easily persuaded in consequence of having large adhesiveness and benevolence."

THE MAGDALENE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAGGIE BELL."

She said to me that her life was "wrecked," and that she had "no hope."

"No hope"—alas, fair Kate, that one so young,
Should feel the bitterness of such despair;
That all the dreams to which thy young heart clung,
Should thus have wrecked thy life beyond repair,
That all the dormant intellect I trace
In careless word, or idle repartee,
Or fairer still, upon thy speaking face,
In such a sad career should waste with thee.

They pass thee by with bitterness and scorn,
The high bred dames, with virtue on their brow—
They never think upon thy lot forlorn,
They never think grief comes to such as thou.
But I, from sad experience, have learned
To lift the vail from Virtue's false disguise,
And she, poor girl, by whom thou here art spurned,
Will scarcely rank with thee in Paradise.

So do not say to me in vain despair,
That "life has not a single hope for thee."
There is no grief but comfort finds in prayer,
No human heart beyond its ministry.
The fallen Magdalene, by Christ reclaimed,
Gives promise of forgiveness, and of love,
To those like thee, by this cold world defamed,
Who seek for inspiration from above.

You know that pleasure wears a winning smile,
While, all unseen, beneath, deep sorrow lurks.
A heart like thine was never made for guile,
Thy mind was fromed for more ennobling works.
You know that Time, with never-tiring wing,
Bears us swift onward to Earth's last repose;
And if our lives have shown a misspent Spring,
We still may make them better at the close.

There is no wrong of Earth "beyond repair,"
No error that we may not here atone,
If we but sanctify our hearts, and dare
To brave the world for virtue's sake alone.
The "*World*" may not forgive—few take thy part,
Though *Charity* should be the Christian's creed;
But the "*good God*" will comfort give the heart,
Which seeks him in its hour of utmost need.

SONNET.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

And what is death? Is it all cold to lie,
The azure veins hiding their ruby store—
The marble brow upturned, and never more
To downward frown upon the passer by,
Who bends too near an over-curious eye?
This is not death; for rustling at the door
The wings of angels trail along the floor,
Sweeping aside the curtains of the sky.
Oh! death lies deeper down than this, when we
In our fool-hardy indolence and sin
Put out God's flaming candle, meant to be
An everlasting light and joy within—
As the Shekinah from the mercy seat
Of Zion fled, chased by unhallowed feet.

New York, 1856.

CHARLES SUMNER.

FEW men among us have acquired so much distinction at so early an age as Senator Sumner of Massachusetts—the successor of Judge Story as Lecturer in the Cambridge Law School, and the successor of Daniel Webster in the Senate of the United States, and yet but forty-five years old. The brutal and murderous assault upon him on the floor of the Senate by Col. Brooks, of South Carolina, his narrow escape of death, and the precarious condition of his health since, have thrown a new and painful interest around his history, and awakened the keen sympathies of the nation. A cotemporary sums up briefly a few facts in his history and that of his family, which will have a general interest for the reader.

CHARLES SUMNER was born in Boston, January 6, 1811, and is now forty-five years of age, and in the full vigor of ripened manhood. He is a man of commanding presence, with a tall, athletic figure and dignified bearing, which would awaken attention and command respect in any assembly of distinguished men anywhere.

With all his dignity and firmness he blends a frankness and urbanity of manner which inspires admiration and wins the affections.

The qualities of the man are indicated by those of his ancestry, some account of whom we compile from various sources. The grandfather of Senator Sumner, Major Job Sumner, was a native of Milton, Massachusetts. He entered Harvard College in 1774, but when, after the battle of Lexington, the students were dispersed and the college edifice was converted into barracks, he joined the Continental army, in which he continued until peace was declared. He was second in command of the American troops who took possession of New York on its evacuation by the British, November 25, 1783, and was also second in command of the

battalion of light infantry which rendered to General Washington the last respects of the Revolutionary army, when, on the 4th of December, 1783, at Francis's Tavern, New York City, he took leave of his brother officers and comrades in arms.

Major Sumner died on the 16th of September, 1789, and was buried, with military honors, in St. Paul's Churchyard, New York City. Alexander Hamilton was one of the pall-bearers at his funeral. Major Sumner's tomb is inscribed as follows:

"This tomb contains the remains of Major Job Sumner, of the Massachusetts line of the army of the Revolution: who, having supported an unblemished character through life, as the soldier, citizen and friend, died in this city, after a short illness, universally regretted by his acquaintances, on the 18th day of September, 1787, aged 35 years."

Charles Pinckney Sumner was the only son of the foregoing, and the father of the present Senator from Massachusetts. He graduated at Harvard College with distinguished honor in 1796, and studied law under the guidance of the Hon. Josiah Quincy; and, though he never rose to extensive practice, he acquired a reputation for the accuracy and extent of his legal lore. He early attached himself to the Democratic party, and was, throughout, a firm and consistent advocate of its principles.

He served for many years as Sheriff of the County of Suffolk. Through life he was characterized by the ripeness of his scholarship, his integrity, and the ease and grace of his deportment. He was often styled the "best-mannered man in Boston." His memory will be venerated in his descendants as long as eloquence, literature, science and moral purity are esteemed among men.

Charles Sumner received his early education at the Boston Latin School, was graduated with brilliant reputation at Harvard University in the year 1830, and soon after commenced his professional studies at the Law School in Cambridge. He was a favorite pupil of the late Justice Story, and, at his instance, was appointed editor of The American Jurist. Admitted to the Boston bar in 1834, he was at once recognized as a young man of rare legal erudition, of singular devotion to study. and of elegant classical attainments. He became reporter to the United States Circuit Court soon after commencing practice, and three volumes of reports attest his assiduity and legal acumen in that office. During the absence of Professors Greenleaf and Story he lectured, at the request of the Faculty, for three successive Winters, to the classes in the Cambridge Law School. He won golden opinions from the students who enjoyed his instructions, and enlarged the basis of his professional reputation.

Deciding to devote some years to the study of European institutions, he sailed for England in 1837. He was speedily introduced to the best circles of society, was received with marked distinction by the members of the bar and the bench, and was admitted to a degree of familiar intercourse with the highest intellectual classes, at that time rarely enjoyed by private gentlemen from this country. While residing in Paris, he formed an intimate acquaintance with Gen. Cass, then United States Minister at the French Court, and, at his request, prepared a defense of the American claim to the North-Eastern boundary. This able argument was republished in the American journals. He remained abroad three years, and upon his return again occupied the chair as Lecturer at the Cambridge Law School; and after the death of Judge Story, in 1845, was unanimously pointed out by public opinion as his successor. He was disinclined, however, to the office, and accordingly the appointment was not made.

Though decided in his political opinions, Mr. Sumner abstained from all active participation in the politics of the day until the movement for the annexation of Texas. Although his tastes and habits were averse to public office, he consented to become a candidate for the United States Senate as successor to Daniel Webster, and was elected to that post by the Massachusetts Legislature in 1851.

Since that time his career has been well known to the country, and it has been as honorable as it is conspicuous. Distinguished for the soundness and moderation of his political doctrines, for the fervor and brilliancy of his eloquence, for his varied accomplishments in literature, for the sunny warmth and kindness of his disposition, and the genial courtesy of his manners, he has won the friendship and admiration even of his political antagonists.

After the prostration of Mr. Sumner by the Brooks assault, he remained for many weeks an invalid in Washington and vicinity, hoping to be able to resume his seat in the Senate. At last he was obliged to give up that hope altogether. He then went to the sea-shore and other retreats, with but little improvement in his health and strength; and at last, by the advice of his physicians, he retired to the mountain air of Western Pennsylvania. In that retreat he was lately visited by a "strong-minded woman" and a strong writer, Mrs. Swishelm, of Pittsburgh, who has for several

years edited a paper in that city. The description of the invalid Senator by Mrs. Swishelm, as communicated to the New York Tribune, under date of August 23, is so graphic and interesting that we cannot do better than to append it to this notice:

"I found him," says Mrs. S., "at the private residence of Dr. Jackson, whom, with his amiable wife, I have for some years claimed as personal friends; and I remained with them two days to find out the secret of the conflicting accounts of his health. The Rev. Mr. Furness, of Philadelphia, is staying with him; he has been his companion a greater part of the time since he left Washington. He consulted Dr. Wistar, of Philadelphia, who gave it as his opinion that there was serious danger of a chronic congestion of the brain, and recommended Cape May. He went there, and returned to Philadelphia nothing better, when Dr. Wistar insisted upon Alleghany Mountain air; and, wishing to avoid the publicity of a hotel, he took lodgings at Dr. Jackson's private residence. The doctor is a Democrat and most accomplished surgeon, and says he thinks there is blood now settled or congested in the vessels of the membrane which lines the brain-pan, but that with plenty of mountain air, generous diet and exercise it will gradually be absorbed, and he be restored to his full vigor.

"For the two days I was there I watched Mr. Sumner closely, bringing to bear upon his case a thirty years' experience of frequent and sometimes long periods of nursing the sick, and think there is ample room for the worst apprehensions of his friends. He rides on horseback over the roughest mountain paths, twelve or fourteen miles a day, and returns with a good appetite for dinner; but a walk of a quarter of a mile prostrates him very much. Prior to this injury he was considered the best pedestrian in Washington, and ten or twelve miles was only pleasant exercise to him.

"He has all the impatience of ordinary men in illness, or in the prospect of restraint, and assures everybody that he is doing very well, feels very well, is quite strong, and will surely be able to go to Washington in two weeks. Mr. Burlingame assures me, with tears in his eyes, that this is what he always said. Ever since his injury he has been going to be quite well in two weeks; but when he rises from his chair he takes hold of the table. His gait, at a first glance, appears that of a man of ninety years of age; but, watching him a while, I felt that it was the very kind of step one takes when creeping through a darkened chamber under the influence of a paroxysm of nervous headache; but he says, with a kind of lofty, incredulous scorn, that his head does not ache! Sometimes he feels a pressure on the top of his head, and it appears to hurt him when he walks; but he will be ready to go to Washington in two weeks.

"It is a remarkable fact, that I never saw a sick man who was not either going to die in half an hour, or would not be ready to go to Washington in two weeks.

"Mr. Burlingame came on Friday evening about six o'clock, in company with a gentleman and lady from Philadelphia. He had not before seen Mr. Sumner since the Brooks challenge, and we all sat together until after eleven o'clock—there was so much to be told, and said, and explained. Without any personal resemblance, these two appeared together like father and son; but I could give no idea of their interview, even so much of it as the sacredness of private conversation would permit to be made public, in less than a column, and Mr. Sumner crowds everything from my thoughts just now. When his friends left, he had no disposition to retire, and when he did, slept but one hour. Next morning his pulse was very rapid, but he took his usual morning ride in company with Mr. Burlingame, the doctor, and the ladies of the party who wished to go. They returned in a great flow of spirits, and after dinner the Senator from Massachusetts was expelled from the library by a vote of the house. He retired, but did not sleep.

"He only reads and writes about ten letters a day, laying his hand every few moments, while absorbed at his desk, upon the top of his head, creeping, with his unsteady gait, his hand upon a table or back of a chair, or on the small of his own back, to lie down upon the sofa; and when he feels rested, back to his desk again. But he says these are letters which require no intellectual effort. He must write to his friends in Washington to stand fast by their position on the Army bill. O! if he only had a seat in the House now! Everything depends upon the House. He must read the Tribune and quite a number of other papers, then the dispatches from Kansas. The Free-State settlers, he fears, will be exterminated, and he watches every conflicting account with about that degree of interest which a man out on a plank at sea would feel for a sail in sight. He appears to forget that the civilization of the world, that God and humanity have sent him up to the Alleghany Mountains to take care of Charles Sumner's head; that the ardor with which he

[illegible] conversation [illegible] born of a [illegible] by it the [illegible] waiting have been [illegible] men. One of the [illegible] a red, angry ap- [illegible] was turned up at the [illegible] intended murderer must [illegible] above him, for the scars [illegible] of the top of his head; and [illegible] must have been inflicted while [illegible] with the face downward. It must [illegible] a very forcible blow to open the [illegible] through the masses of coarse, strong hair [illegible] which his head is crowned. 'That head [illegible] and so wise,' in every lineament of which the 'white soul' speaks so eloquently. One does not easily consent to see it so, that it should be beaten with a bludgeon; but it was one who had 'done no violence,' and in whose mouth there was no deceit, who was 'stricken, smitten for the iniquities of us all.'

"Those mistaken friends of his who would fain see Brooks killed or maimed, would greatly distress him if any such killing or maiming were done by their agency. He shudders at the thought that Burlingame might have shot him; and appears to feel about as much resentment against him as I should feel toward a tile which had fallen upon my head. I could not discern the slightest symptom of chagrin or mortification—no sense of the dishonor which so many attach to the blow unrevenged. I asked him if he would have defended himself if it had been possible.

"'Most certainly,' was the prompt reply, 'to the best of my ability, and the last extremity.'

"To Dr. Jackson's suggestions that the same principle which permitted him to defend himself when attacked should induce him to punish the offense, he promptly explained the difference between self defense and revenge. He appears to have no idea, however remote, of personal enmity in the matter; but, if he was only able to deliver one more speech! His brain is throbbing with pent thunderbolts; and if he could only get into the citadel of his foes and hurl them hissing into their faces! Kansas, Kansas and her wrongs; if he could but fight her battles! He does not appear as if he knew how to be afraid, or could learn if he tried for a lifetime. There is a lion look about him, and a courage which could not stoop to assault so frail a thing as a human body. That little piece of delicate mechanism which was a handful of dust yesterday, and may be a handful of dust to-morrow, through the agency of a clod, a worm, or an insect, is not an object for the enmity of any creature whose pulses throb with a consciousness of immortality. Charles Sumner never can seek to strike Preston Brooks or any of his compeers; but that elongation of the snaky sorceress who sits at the adamantine gates, those scaly folds which have wrapped themselves around the liberties of our country and the hope of mankind, and is surely and steadily crushing them out, that long-lived monster who has fed upon the children of men since the days of Abel—she against whom the armies of Heaven gird on their armor, may look for telling blows from his good right arm, should he get strength to wield his weapons.

That he may soon be able to realize his impatient wish, and throw himself into the front of Freedom's battle, nobody can wish more earnestly than I; but my hope is very much saddened by seeing him take these cautious steps which appear to fall upon the top of the pedestrian's brain, and to know that only such have been allowed to him for the last three months."

A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.

"Ubinam sumus gentium."

THE question we are summoned to meet is not whether our ancient and patriarchal institution of slavery is in accordance with natural right, in harmony with the dispensations and attributes of the Deity, and sustained by the teachings of his word. This abstract question of moral right has long been agitated in the schools, the pulpit and the popular forum, and the practical result has been to our disadvantage. The public sentiment of the civilized and half-civilized world has been invoked, and in some measure arrayed against us. Nations have severally and mutually overlooked the most despotic and cruel defects in their own civil and social organizations, and the most unjust and flagrant abuses of administration, to expend their sympathies upon our colored servants, and to denounce our institution of slavery.

We have aimed to meet this crusade boldly, in the arena of public discussion, and may point with just pride to the efforts of our eloquent statesmen and able logicians in defense of our position. In this respect we have occasion to indulge no regrets, and are disposed to ask no indulgence. But in defiance of all our efforts, and contrary to our cherished anticipations, public sentiment has, for the last half century, set strongly against us. Progressively increasing efforts are being made, and new in-

strumentalities are put in operation to destroy our self-respect, injure our business, and endanger our lives and property. The newspaper and periodical press, the pulpit and the literature of Christendom, are arrayed in solid phalanx to convince the judgment, excite the passions, and cultivate the sentiment of mankind to our prejudice. The liberal support they meet, in this vocation, shows the strong sympathy of the popular will. Finally the moral and religious beneficiary societies and Christian organizations have entered the field against us. Some of them have already driven us from church-fellowship, others are struggling, and rapidly advancing to the same position, and the signs of the times clearly indicate that we are to be excluded from the family of civilization and the pale of Christian sympathy. The voice of the universal brotherhood of man is to pronounce our doom as a proscribed people.

This is not the language of resentment; for I feel none. Nor is it my purpose to stir the passions of the reader, but to induce a careful survey of our actual position that we may hold council together, and, if it may be, avert the storm now gathering in the horizon. If we would wisely consult our true interest, we must divest ourselves of all partisan and sectional antipathies and resetments, and in the spirit of true philosophy regard our perilous position as we would a physical calamity, produced by the dispensations of providence, independent of human agency. In this spirit I write, and shall give full utterance to whatever truths may lie in my way, regardless of the squeamishness of those who are not prepared to look the matter boldly in the face.

Civil war exists in Kansas, and the Free and Slave States are respectively calling for volunteers throughout their entire extent, and marshaling their forces to march into Kansas and decide the question of freedom or slavery there by physical force. Each party claims to be in the right, and to be actuated by holy and patriotic motives, and call for the support of their respective sections with the fanatical zeal of Peter the Hermit, in the holy war of the Crusades. The North and the South have each representatives in the contest from almost every county and town; their friends become greatly excited; the rancor is infectious, and the two sections are becoming arrayed against each other with the proverbial bitterness of fratricidal strife. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." Whither does all this tend? One result is certain, a general feeling of embittered sectional strife for a generation to come. In former political contests, both before the people and in the halls of legislation, we have more usually carried our favorite candidates and policy, from the fact that we have acted with greater unanimity than the North. The exasperation of the present conflict will tend greatly to our prejudice in the South.

Quite a large proportion of our people, and among them many persons of position and ability, for whom the writer has a profound respect, look to disunion and a separate nationality as the necessary remedy. Such, I am sure, have hastily formed their conclusions under the influence of exasperated feelings, without having given the subject the cool, practical investigation due to its momentous importance. Whatever threats may be uttered, or whatever resolves may be cherished, under a sense of wrongs already suffered, or which we may be called upon hereafter to endure from the restriction of slavery extension, our people will never, for such a cause, favorably entertain the proposition to recede from the Union. Instead of remedying the grievance, secession would not only limit the extension we so much covet, but would, in a single day, depress the value of slaves more than one half, from their consequent insecurity.

The inevitable consequence of attempting a rupture of the Government, would be a bloody and protracted war; for peaceable secession is only the scheme of the impracticable dreamer. Should the Slave States all unite in the attempt, what would be the comparative strength and position of the parties? With a population of 6,000,000 of free whites, our only strength, scattered over a territory of 800,000 square miles, with land frontier of more than 4,000 miles, bordering on the enemies territory, and an exposed sea-coast of equal extent, we should have to contend with a people numbering 13,000,000, occupying a territory only three-fourths as large as our own. The disparity in resources and means of attack and defense would be largely against us. Besides, we have an element of positive weakness in our midst, which puts to rest forever the question of arraying ourselves in conflict with the North. However humiliating these concessions, to ignore the facts were to act the part of "the simple ostrich, which would elude its pursuer by concealing its head in the sand."

But let us take another view. Suppose our separate nationality were already peaceably established. We should be comparatively a weak nation, bordering on a strong one, with

whom commercial intercourse is indispensable in order to find a market for our produce and obtain necessary supplies of manufactured goods. We need not speculate upon the consequences of such a position. Take down your history and consult the records of Carthage, of Athens, of Rome, and their respective weaker neighboring States. One moral runs through the whole—"the strong oppress the weak." Turn over the page and read again. Where is Turkey, and Italy, and Poland, and Ireland? Devoured by their more powerful neighbors. "History is philosophy teaching by example." Let us wisely ponder its lessons.

In consequence of prevailing prejudice, however unjust, the sympathies of the world would be against us. Our rights would be made the sport of the strong, and combinations would exist subjecting us even to the contempt of weaker nations. Capitalists would look upon us with distrust, business would languish, property decline, and general stagnation and bankruptcy succeed to busy industry and progressive wealth.

Property holders are proverbially timid and distrustful of changes of Government—often resisting such changes as even challenge the approbation of the wise and prudent, and yielding only to stern necessity. This principle acts with ten-fold force on the holders of the prevailing species of property among us at the South; and whenever the question of secession shall be seriously proposed, the whole real estate and commercial interests of the South will be found in an unbroken phalanx against it, and secure its defeat. Other practical difficulties present themselves, but deeming them unnecessary in this discussion, I dismiss this part of the subject with the simple remark that our Union will be as lasting as our liberties.

Civil war exists in Kansas, and its malign influence is already seen in the embittered canvass going on before the people, and the sectional results of the late elections, to be consummated on the 4th day of November in the election of a President by the entire vote of the Free States against the unanimous vote of the South. Shall we still insist upon the position we have assumed, and send forward additional men to enforce our interpretation of the Constitution? Can we accomplish our purpose? Were the Government to remain neutral can we furnish the men and means to maintain the contest against the myriads of the North that will rally to the combat? Will the Government take an active part in sustaining our position? With the active coöperation of the present Government, can we secure permanent success? After long investigation and anxious deliberation, my convictions respond negatively to all these queries. The present Administration, having been placed in power and sustained mainly by Southern influence, has undoubtedly sympathised with our struggles; and, to the extreme limit of constitutional power, has contributed, both negatively and actively, to our success. Our proximity, in Missouri, to the scene of action, has also enabled us to send forward a limited force with comparative ease. But the Administration has incurred the displeasure of the Free States, and will soon be hurled from power; the whole North is excited, and her myriads of Yankees and European immigrants will rush forward and cover the land like the locusts of Egypt. The present Administration can do noting effectively for us, and every effort of theirs only increases the irritation, which it should be our policy to allay. Were they to sweep from Kansas every Free-State man now on its soil, it would only the sooner make it a Free State, and increase the retribution that awaits our friends. Every Free-State man executed there, whether justly or unjustly, will spring up, like the dragon's tooth, a hundred armed men to take vengeance on his enemies.

Civil war exists in Kansas, through the machinations of aspiring political adventurers. We have been betrayed into a false position by the wiles of Yankee sharpers, playing a desperate game for their personal aggrandizement. No Southern repreeentative conceived the purpose to repeal the Missouri Compromise! No Southern constituency petitioned for its repeal! It had been established as a solemn compact by our fathers; sanctioned by our most renowned sages. Our oracles of wisdom—Jefferson, Madison, Calhoun, Clay, and their compatriots—consecrated by time, and rendered doubly sacred by the fact that we had appropriated to our own use and behoof the consideration for which the compact was solemnized. It required the subtlety of a trio of artful Yankee barristers to devise even a specious pretense for the abrogation of this solemn compact. But the necessities and the genius of the trio were equal to the emergency, and they urged the proposition with the assurance that the people had already assented to and would sustain it. The South, seduced by these fair-seeming devices, accepted the boon; but it has proved to us, like the gift from a similar agency to our maternal ancestor, the harbinger of evils. It has inflamed sectional animosity. It

has tarnished our fair fame as honorable statesmen and reputable citizens. It has precipitated the burning coals of fanaticism into our hitherto sacred precincts, and set on fire the temple of our hopes. Already it has elected to Congress one rabid Abolitionist from a Slave State, and is rapidly distilling its infectious virus among the free laborers of the entire South. It has engendered a bitter aggressive war upon our institutions which resistance cannot overcome and reprisals would only exasperate. Prudent counsels and mild means are the only weapons suited to the emergency.

From the inception of this measure, a respectable proportion of our more intelligent citizens saw its injustice, and felt the humiliation of our position; but they were overborne and silenced by their more versatile and far more numerous neighbors, who had too implicitly listened to the sectional appeals of our deluded representatives in Congress. Thus have we been betrayed by a snap judgment into a false position, and made to hear the ignominy of the most infamous measure that was ever concocted in a conclave of unprincipled conspirators. What shall be done to retrieve our tarnished honor and save our institutions, now, for the first time, brought into imminent jeopardy? Will inaction do? Shall we fold our hands till we are ignominiously pushed to the wall, leaving to another generation to vindicate our fame by denying our complicity? I, for one, indignantly answer, No! Let us relieve ourselves at once by acknowledging the extent of our error, and throwing back the responsibility of this infamous measure upon its authors. We shall thus show to the world that, although in the common lot of humanity we may err, we have the magnanimity to acknowledge our error, and, as far as in us lies, relieve the innocent from its consequences. It is high time that we who are providentially located on the south side of Mason and Dixon's line should open our eyes and learn the important truth that

"Discretion is the better part of valor."

SCIENCE AND SAVANS IN AMERICA.

BY ANTHROPOS.

THE circle of the seasons brings three waymarks to the intellectual among the American people. In other words, the annual revolution of the continent of North America about the sun is marked by three tides that stir the intellectual, and extend their influence to the social deep. These occur in the months of May, July and August. The first of them has been christened "Anniversary Week," and is usually a week of some twenty-one days, or more, and peculiar to the calendar of New York; the second is known as "Commencement," a word of French extraction, signifying "*beginning*," and is so called because it is the *end* of the student's college life; while the third, marked by the sittings of our scientific and educational associations, may be regarded as the *Olympia* of the pedagogues and philosophers.

It is not our purpose to inquire what relation these tides bear to an elevated range of the thermometer, that they all appear during the warm months. The *fact* is undoubted: yet the inference that may be drawn therefrom, to the effect that the direct solar rays of Summer expand the ideas along with the "mercury," and mature ratiocinations as well as raspberries and rare-ripes, is after all the furthest possible from being true.

But having attended the late meeting of the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," and become slightly tainted with logic—not dangerously so!—we are tempted to show a relation existing between the three phases in our mental life to which allusion has just been made. If we carry back the May convocations of each year to the preceding, do not the three present a very natural order of succession? First, in the new arrangement, there is Commencement, symbolizing Aspiration and Promise; then the philosophico-pedagogical Olympia, emblematic of Struggle and Result; and finally, after the chill Winter has administered the lessons that make "sadder and wiser," come the moralists and philanthropists, signifying to us, as well as they may, how much of Wisdom and Hope the waves of the last twelve-month have cast upon the shore. July is a braggart, but tolerably sincere and well-meaning; August, keen and callous by long contact with the real, comes well laden, but a trifle too confident and narrow; May, an impracticable conjunction of the most aged "fogyism," with the greenest sproutings of radicalism, is on this hand too feeble to push its wisdom to fruitage, and on the other too busy even to look up and cultivate that scarce exotic. And so the world moves ever—in a vicious circle, *as may be demonstrated;* not in such circle, but in an infinite ascending line, *as is known.*

July has an *ideal* of life writ out in an oration, and declaims it faultlessly before an admiring auditory. August brings an *idea* chiseled out of a stratum one remove deeper than ideas had before been known to exist in,

and spreads it forth, severe in dignity and tenacious of priority. May would cover up all these behind her formula, ignoring the idea and superseding the ideal; and then the scene and the *dramatis personæ* change. Yet the collective man grows. But we wander from our intention, which was to speak of the meeting of the Scientific Association just passed.

The 20th day of August, 1856, will be remembered as that of the opening of the tenth meeting of the Association already named. It may not be generally known that this body emerged from the chrysalis state into its present condition of full development some time about the year 1848, at which time it exchanged for the style under which it is now known, that of the American Association of Geologists. Under the new order of things its meetings have been as follows:

1. In Philadelphia, in 1848; W C Redfield, President.
2. In Cambridge, in 1849; Joseph Henry, President.
3. In Charleston, in 1850; Joseph Henry, President.
4. in New Haven, in 1850; A D. Bache, President.
5. In Cincinnati, in 1851; A. D. Bache, President.
6. In Albany, in 1852; Louis Agassiz, President.
7. In Cleveland, in 1853; Benjamin Pierce, President.
8. In Washington, in 1854; James D. Dana, President.
9. In Providence, in 1855; John Torrey, President
10. In Albany, in 1856; James Hall, President

This body has published, in abstracts or at full length, many of the most valuable papers presented at each of its meetings. The complete set of its proceedings, save, perhaps, the volume for 1853. (condemned for typographical errors,) may be had of Mr. G. P. Putnam, of this city, "and of booksellers generally," we suppose, as everything just published always may be, whether it be a child's primer or an encyclopedia! It will be seen that this is the second meeting held at Albany; and the buxom little *fraulein* had the assurance to put her arms a-kimbo, and, through Judge Parker as spokesman, to dare the dignitaries of learning to "do it more!"

Some incidents connected with the politics of science, and to which we shall presently recur, marked the present occasion. The first day of the session an incessant torrent of rain flooded the streets. The psychical barometer stood low; and it was not improved by the storm which soon began to beat within door, growing out of the desire of the "Standing Committee" of the Association to cook its kettle of fish entirely to its owa liking, and the very natural desire of the outside members of the body to have a representation in its important proceedings. This storm Mr. Redfield will doubtless enumerate among the "Cyclones." It has followed the Association from Cleveland to Washington, thence to Providence, and thence to Albany—a very satisfactory circle—and has been whirling terribly all the time. "We are happy to announce that it has finally "gone up." Yet it raged here severely for a time. And while commercial Albanians were investigating some practical questions relating to the "water-level," and other subjects of hydrostatics, and removing salt and sugar from their cellars to let in a flood of muddy water, a somewhat muddy inundation, it must be confessed, was making its way over the scientific devotion and ardent enthusiasm of some among the assembled *savans*. In two or three days, however, the impetuous Hudson shrank back again within his banks, and through convenient sluice-ways called off his waters from cellars and counting-rooms; and the sun came out occasionally. So within the walls of the Capitol, although the mental flood culminated once or twice quite alarmingly, yet there was sunshine toward the last, and something like a solid footing appeared. But, behold! are not all these things printed in "the papers?"

Man is many-sided, and nothing proves it more than the history of science. We might adore Newton until we are brought face to face with his biography; then we subside into admiration of what he has done. *Our* Newtons should be wiser. But there is no disguising the fact that the peace, and probably, therefore, the progress, of the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," have been impaired by a constant uprising in its midst, like Banquo's ghost, of a troublesome suspicion of cliquism in its management and unfairness in in its awards of the honors of reading and publication of papers. Certainly the business of an executive officer in such an association has usually been deemed to be to administer equitably its affairs and to deal justice to its members in debate, and in all questions of privilege; while the history of all such convocations shows how a frank, straight-forward decided course on the part of such officer expedites its business and represses an often existing but bootless tendency to private pique and cabal. What kind of illustration all these principles had in the Albany meeting all who were present know painfully well. But since the pointed rebuke administered to the mistaken policy of the men in power, on the occasion of the final vote by which a new constitution was adopted, and in which provision is made against a recurrence of similar abuses, it is to be hoped

the Association will devote its sittings more exclusively to its ostensible and true objects, and that its credit may grow in the ratio of its increased usefulness.

But we have no quarrel with "standing committees," or their crotchets. We think our *savans* must be in sport in giving their attention to such kind of furtherances. They must do it to bring out some little of that tragi-comic variety of which human life and human endeavor, as they well know, are so abundantly capable. Surely they do not use such machinery because they have need of it? The reputation of names we could catalogue here is built on other and more substantial foundation. It is by what they have added to science, to art, to life, that we delight to measure their powers; and for this posterity will cherish their memory.

We have been at some pains to analyze the register of the first 205 names—all we have been able to command—of those in attendance at the Albany meeting, and believe the result will prove sufficiently instructive, if not also amusing, to warrant its publication. That result is as follows:

Professors	68	Manufacturer	1
Physicians	25	Sec. N Y. State Agricul. Society Rooms	1
Teachers	15	Fellow McGill Col., Mont'l	1
Engineers	8	Sec. Nat. Historical Soc., Montreal	1
Geologists	7	Regent Univ., N. Y.	1
Editors	4	Member Lyceum Natural History, N. Y.	1
Lawyers	4	Supt. Coast Survey	1
Clergymen	4	Director Polytechnic Ins., Troy	1
Chemists	3	U. S. Mint	1
Merchants	3	Astronomer	1
Clerks	2	Counselor	1
Naturalists	2	Conveyancer	1
U S. Coast Survey	2	*Broker*	1
Presidents of Colleges	2	*Planter*	1
Chancellors of Universities	2	*Author*	1
Fellows Corp. Christi Col., London, England	2	*Surgeon Dentist* (!)	1
Army	2	*Avocations not stated*	28
U. S. Navy	2	*Women*	0
Supt. N. Y. Census	1	*Persons of Color*	0
Curator Botanical Society Edinburgh	1		
Artist	1		
Mineralogist	1		
Total			205

When it is stated that this, save the last two items, which we have taken the liberty to add, is the registration of members' avocations, as subscribed *by themselves*, this table will be seen to afford quite a subject for psychological study; and from one who on the list assumed only the modest honor of "teacher," a few words of criticism may perhaps be allowed. However, we leave criticism to the sagacious reader, nudging him only with the elbow of a suggestion or two. In the first place, he may depend on the truthfulness of the record, save in very exceptional cases. For example, the distinguished linguist and ethnologist, Henry R. Schoolcraft, figures on the register among the twenty-eight whose avocations are *not given*; the equally distinguished scientist, Professor Hare, counting himself among *physicians*, and so on; while, possibly, some emulous sprig of "Young America," anticipating the future, has enrolled himself "Professor," alongside of the grave dignitaries of Yale and Harvard. Again, it would be a perfectly Hudibrastic deduction to conclude from this register that, in this large body of scientific men, there were really *only two naturalists, barely one astronomer*, and, all told, the astonishingly small allowance of *one author*; although, doubtless, the record is correct when it details but *one broker, one planter*, and *one surgeon dentist!*

The strong corps which the profession of medicine lends to the cultivation of science, as shown by this list is noticeable; but the fact is not new. The physician is compulsorily, if he were not so before from a love of it, made a student and a naturalist. The editors are, we suppose, too busy looking after the results of the times to assist in working them out. The lawyers are too busy with fossil ideas in the "Code Justinian," or with the care of the large class of vivacious extant bipeds that so often come under their management, to be able to give much time to the fossil bones of extinct mastodons and ichthyosauri. And when we remember that in our country a "Professor" is hardly possible, save as the *finishing* applied to a *rough coat* of "Reverend," we shall acquit the clergy of failing to do *their* part for the advancement of science, as they are certainly not delinquent in looking after the good conduct and morals of each of the bantlings to which science successively gives birth.

Although the names of no females appear on this register, we understand there are, nevertheless, two lady members of the Association—one of whom is the accomplished daughter of the astronomer Mitchell, and, it is said, no ordinary astronomer herself. Prof. Henry also read during the meeting a paper of considerable interest communicated by Mrs. Eunice Foote, wife of the Hon. Elisha Foote, on the "Heat of the Sun's Rays"—apologising, as he did so, for the lady, who, he said, although thus devoting her time to science, "had a feminine heart!" We protest against such apologies, and feel that it is the *opposite fact*, that so few of our countrywomen can be found who give any attention to science as *amateurs* (pardon the solecism!) or investigators—it is *this fact* that needs either explanation or apology. And, confessing that it may be a matter of private taste with ourself, yet as day after day we saw ladies of perfect breeding and "finish" gracing

by their presence the chambers in which the sessions were held, and listening intently to the enunciation of abstruse principles in mathematical and physical science, we could not help asking ourself, "why does it not occur to this portion of our race that they have faculties of observation and reason, as well as we; and that, instead of displaying the last new bonnet and the richest lace on the side seats, or perhaps whispering and tittering over some trifling ludicrous incident in the proceedings, it is their prerogative, not less than that of man, to bring upon the *tapis* before a scientific body the results of *their* investigations, discoveries and deductions in the common world of matter and mind, which, with them, we jointly inhabit?" It will not do for them to turn around and call us hard names; nor do we believe they accomplish very much by never so forcible or oft-repeated asseverations of their privileges or rights. It is when they come forward in these higher capacities of our being, with the fruits of *strong work done* in their hands, that man will instinctively make room for them by his side, and listen to them with respect, as worthy colaborers in a worthy field. Beauty is very well *in its place;* but the world is grown exacting, and demands more than beauty. There are nobler conquests than those of the ball-room or the *soires*. And when our women have looked at the world in some other light than as a fairy-land, or an elysium of belle-hood, with its *et.cateras*, the world will have greatly changed, and many minds, we venture to say, will be made thankful.

Of the fact that the colored race among us furnishes no contributions as yet to the body of promoters of science, we could say more than we shall. We may be reminded by some, at this point, of the doctrine of Agassiz and many others touching the diversity of human species. The corollary too many are ready to draw from this, is that of an inherent diversity of faculties and of manhood. It is very doubtful whether Prof. Agassiz himself would draw any such corollary, and beyond that it matters not whether he would or not. Even should the diversity of species be established, as he himself says, the *unity of the family* must stand. We are all *man* and no more, as is confessed in the very expression "species *of* man." So the question is narrowed down to this: Are human souls of inherently different make and value? To this question it behooves the more favored specimens of the negro race in our country to respond. The quality of their manhood, according to the decision of science, awaits the test. No better test can be proposed than a labor in the unknown regions beyond the "ultima Thule" of extant knowledge. When shall we listen to scientific deductions coined in the so-much-debated cranium of the Ethiop? When shall Ham vindicate his manhood?

Professor Hare had evidently come to this meeting intent upon being heard in relation to "certain sounds and movements not capable of explanation by ordinary physical laws." He had come expecting opposition, and prepared for it. Unfortunately for the doctor's success, he came *too well prepared* for opposition. He made his issue too soon, too often, with too much *animus*, and far too little discretion. Hence by the time when, in the course of things, he might have been heard, he had already raised a spirit of decided opposition to the granting of such permission. It is even doubtful whether the "Standing Committee" would have given him a place had he done otherwise. But should not a committee, or at least a society, have been wiser than one man? Had the Association heard Prof. Hare, his paper would have come under the usual rule—twenty minutes allowed for the reading, and ten minutes for discussion—and the next paper would then have been in order. By this simple and easy process, while the Association by no means committed itself to an admission of Prof. Hare's views, it would have saved much time and bad blood, satisfied all parties, and stopped the mouths of cavilers. So much easier is the generous course, if men could see it! And besides, is true science exclusive, or inclusive? Galileo suffered at the hands of the Cardinals, and Franklin saw his grand discoveries turned out of door by the Royal Society of London. But Cardinals are now pupils of Galileo, and the Royal Society have confessed themselves debtors to Franklin. And while we have not the most distant hope of ever having our private faith in a hereafter strengthened by the demonstrations of antic tables, or by "easy lessons" spelled out by the now truant spirits of Swedenborg and Bacon, we are not sure that there are *physical phenomena* of a new and intensely interesting character, against which our leaders in science have for the present at least resolutely bolted their doors!

But besides the too well-known disappointments of this meeting—the failures of "wise men from the east," and of distinguished speakers of our own country, to be present—and beside the various petty inflictions already alluded to, there was another, very small indeed, but not the less important in its place, to

which we must beg the public's pardon for alluding. That subject, then, forbearing public, is *chalk*. We are about to enter a plea in behalf of *savans* and schoolboys, and indeed all who are under the necessity at any time of going to a black board to demonstrate, and against the treacherous and shameless chalk with which all such are afflicted. We mean the manufactured article—the little white cones that look so enticing when just out of the box, and that lull the unsuspecting demonstrator into the security of making a brilliant diagram and a solid success. Fatal security! He claps his hand to the board, just when, in the tactics of verbal preliminary, he has reached the exact point for the ocular display; all eyes are on the board—on his fingers and the snow-white cone of chalk, in fact, eager to see the embodied form of the idea they are struggling to realize; the first mark is—*snap* goes the chalk; and, of course, *snap* the diagram, and *snap* the idea! He of the demonstration is disconcerted, while the white powder flies over his faultless black unmentionables, and the released extremity of the crayon pirouettes across the floor, and into some distant corner; the ladies half suppress a giggle, for they have a keen sense of a *defeat;* and the audience *hems* and hopes for better furtherance on the next occasion. The demonstration is completed with a *stump*, but its *prestige* is irreparably gone; and he who then acquits himself even tolerably is a fortunate fellow. But, in very truth, this making of fragile chalk is a very great nuisance. Who will furnish the grave members of the "Association for the Advancement of Science," and from them all the way down to the schoolboy, with a *solid, strong, adhesive chalk*—a chalk made by manufacturers who are sufficiently well educated and informed to know that it is not in human nerve and muscle to stand before an audience without some excitement, and not in nature that an excited person should do otherwise than grasp and press upon his chalk, as if it were a chisel or a marlinspike.

Let us not, however, lose sight of the *felicities* of the late scientific meeting; for they were many and noteworthy. The fact of an increasing membership and support augers well, not only for the Association, but for the country. Abstruse and technical science is at length receiving its due appreciation; and men are at last learning that, however apparently trifling the fountain, without it we must lack the rill and the river, with their beauty and supplies of power and convenience. Without the pushing of the more remote and recondite departments of scientific research, invention and the arts must soon find their limits.

In connection with this thought, naturally comes one rapidly growing in favor in our country at the present moment—the necessity of our having at home a great University, such as those which Europe already possesses at Leipsic, at Berlin, and many other points; a school for the education, not of teachers and of artizans merely, but of *scientific discoverers* themselves—of the men who desire to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge, and who often fail long at first for want of a suitable training, and of the most reliable *chart* to the unknown regions of natural law. To the proposition of the desirableness of such an institution, then, the members of the Association responded heartily, not caring to note the incongruity of its suggestion by one whose researches have been confined to the more popular and profitable field of politics, and who, after beginning our municipal administration with a flourish of trumpets over his proposed reorganization and clarification of society, has satisfied himself with shoveling the ice from our great thoroughfare, and an ostentatious tinkering of our police! Yes! Let the United States have the great University; and that, by what means soever it be brought about, we must have it soon, there can be little question.

Nor was the least pleasing feature of this meeting its adjournment to the City of Montreal next year. As a delegate from Canada, Professor Dawson, well remarked, although the countries are two politically, they are one geologically. The same strata underlie and unite the soil of both; and, we may add, the same formative forces developed both as a great unit—the chain of intersecting lakes being a recent and accidental barrier, while the physical, social, and commercial bond lies deeper—based in that broad and massive table of primitive or azoic rock, which Professor Dana has shown to have constituted the nucleus of the growing continent. And besides, the delegation from Canada showed a degree of promptitude and depth in scientific exploration sufficiently certain to assure our *savans* that they will lose nothing by cultivating a more intimate acquaintance with their translacustrine colaborers.

But, truly, for the worn toiler in the mines of knowledge, the hours of social and elegant relaxation afforded by the entertainments of the indefatigable "Local Committee" and the hospitality of wealthy Albanians were among

the choicest of the felicities of the occasion. When talent lays aside for a time the austerity of its tasks, and when to the play of humor and the "flow of soul," the interest lent by the presence of beauty is added, and the whole completed by a profusion of such "creature comforts" as fruits, ices, and we doubtfully add, champagne, it is evident to the most ordinary capacity, that the common artist may as well lay his pencil aside, and leave such memories to ripen in delicious silence. But while Albanians played so liberal a part in the physical and social sustentation of our *savans*, we doubt whether, after all, they saw the peculiar physiological propriety of their entertainment, or its fitness to minister to the exact wants of the occasion. Allow us to explain.

It cannot be denied, then, that between a philosopher and an *ice cream*, there is a natural affinity; nor that an over-worked brain is prone to magnify unduly the undeniable merits of a wholesome, artistical, complete *Charlotte Russe!* Through all the tangled mazes of our life's artificiality, thus will instinct still manifest itself. The poor, jaded brain, worn threadbare, over knotty points in the imponderables may never have solved the problem of its own sustenance, but there is somewhere a little monitor, somewhere a wide-awake little knot of nerve-matter—anatomists, we believe, have never designated it—which signifies the want and at the same moment esuriently draws its possessor toward the remedy, which, in all considered, is "not bad to take." That finer stuff through the metamorphosis of which the spirit elaborates its profounder thought, requires, as it is consumed, a finer material for its replacing. The most intellectual and moral nations are not those who, along the banks of the Indus, vegetate on so many daily pints of rice, nor those who over the Siberian steppes refit the physical man on black bread, onions and the flesh of carnivorous beasts. There is a reason not often suspected why we of the thoughtful climes feed on more varied and generous fare; perhaps it were more logical to say, why we who feed on more varied and generous fare *are* of the thoughtful climes. It is not solely accident, nor epicurism, that here the *cuisine* occupies so prominent a place in the general economy of our lives. Shocking and deplorable as its perversions are, it has its foundation deep in the nature of man, as a civilizable, that is, an improvable being.

But at this point we are admonished as ever, "*Est modus in rebus.*" There is a degree—there is a limit, beyond which—let Shakspeare be our spokesman:

> "Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
> Enrich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits."

As all other blessings are misused, why not this? In pointing out the philosophical relation between science and ice cream, we are compelled to end with a protest. It was our good fortune to attend some of the superb refections, social and physical, administered by considerate citizens to our country's way-worn *savants;* and on one of these occasions we were tempted to regale ourselves with social and convivial cheer till toward the approach of the small hours. Very many *savans* did so! The next morning we observed *phenomena*, such as usually follow a too exalted culmination of life. The chairman's tongue slipped; the reporters nodded assent to the discussion, or seemed bothered about its relevancy, and found little to take note of; a gentleman seemed to wear the tri-color in his face, that surface being variously striped with "red, white and blue;" and a member said, emphatically, "We *must* be temperate." Life coruscates only at intervals, and then the process is expensive. And it is because *savans* are usually thinking men, that they know and practice even more generally than others, upon the idea that it is the steadiest flame which burns the longest; and it is larely for this reason that they are, as a class, long-lived.

It would delight us to pass in review the fine physiological proportions, and we must not forget to add, physiognomical and phrenological developments of many of the country's most distinguished scientists, and indeed of the majority of attendants on the meeting just closed. With Agassiz, and Henry, and Pierce, and Bache, and Tappan, and a multitude more for our texts, we might show conclusively how mistaken is the notion that an addiction to science begets a "lean and hungry look," while in fresh, outspoken, ingenuous, republican faces we might portray studies for a Lavater; and with full, outstanding, massive foreheads, interspersed with true Webseterian beetle-brows, we might furnish an invoice of self-proclaiming talents that should tempt to a faith in phrenology the veriest skeptic. But space forbids; and we must leave it to those who saw it to snatch from memory a fresh *coup d'œil* of that fine looking body, as it was seen when gracing the seats of the Assembly Chamber.

The American mind is achieving a slow but certain progress. It is beginning to vindicate itself against the charge of being purely *prac-*

tical. We are beginning to *produce* science, of which we have always been prodigious *consumers.* It is still true that some of our most eminent scientific investigators are, in intellect as well as person, of foreign birth; that they imbibed the love for science, as well as its elements, in the universities of the Old World. It is not true that all have done so. It must also be confessed that many of our contributions to knowledge are of the kind that look to immediate and practical results; and that too often they are of a more fragmentary character than the researches of the French, German and English physicists. But these traits of adolescence are every year passing away; and without patrons, without extensive and opulent foundations, our scientific explorers are already showing to their trans-Atlantic co-laborers the capabilities of individual exertion when prompted by the love of truth, and sustained by the spirit of freedom and equality.

Should it be agreeable to the readers of the Magazine, we may next month attempt a review of some of the papers contributed at this meeting, and the new ideas in science which they may have contained.

Editor's Studio.

A GLANCE ALL ROUND.

FROM CALIFORNIA we have better news by the the last arrival than most people were prepared to expect. Our dates are to the 20th of August. Peace and good order were preserved in San Francisco and throughout the State. The Vigilance Committee, who were in the condition of the man having the wolf by the ears, and could neither hold on forever nor let go in safety, have finally extricated themselves from the difficulty. They have let go of the wolf and have no prospect of harm. In short, the Committee have liberated Judge Terry and quietly and victoriously disbanded and dissolved their public organization; though it is believed a living nucleus remains, around which the whole irresistible power of the Committee may be gathered at short notice, should circumstances again render it necessary. Never was a revolution, or insurrection, or rebellion, or whatever people may choose to call it, conducted with more prudence, firmness, wisdom and just regard for the public welfare. We believe, from all the evidence we can obtain on the subject, that more than three-quarters of the people of California strongly approve of the proceedings of the Vigilance Committee.

The Committee have acted wisely in disbanding when the public welfare no longer seemed to require their action. They would doubtless have disbanded weeks earlier but for the case of Judge Terry, which was a very perplexing one. Here was a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State arrested for stabbing one of their officers, while in the discharge of his duty, in attempting to arrest a culprit. The wound inflicted upon Hopkins was a dangerous one, and had he died, the Committee would undoubtedly have taken the solemn responsibility of hanging Judge Terry. Hopkins gradually recovered, and as the only punishment for offenses which the Committee had deemed it proper to inflict was death or banishment from the State, and as the offense of Terry, now that Hopkins had recovered, did not seem to justify this punishment, after a long trial, he was unconditionally discharged, with the exceptional recommendation that he should resign the office of Judge. The trial was conducted in a formal manner and at great length. A very large number of witnesses were examined and, counsel employed for Judge Terry and against him.

The following are the charges made against Judge Terry, together with his sentence:

CHARGES.

1. David S. Terry is charged with resisting by violence the officers of the Committee of Vigilance while in the discharge of their duty. Verdict—Guilty.

2. David S. Terry is also charged with committing an assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill Sterling A. Hopkins, a police officer of the Committee of Vigilance, on the 21st of June, 1856. Verdict—By the Executive, found guilty of the assault; by the Delegates, found guilty of the whole charge.

3. That David S. Terry is charged with an attack on J. H. Purdy, in the city of San Francisco Verdict—By the Executive, found guilty; by the Delegates, charge expunged.

SENTENCE.

That David S. Terry having been convicted, after a full, fair, and impartial trial, of certain charges before the Committee of Vigilance, and the usual punishments in their power to inflict not being applicable in the present instance: Therefore, be it declared, that the decision of the Committee of Vigilance is as follows: That the said David S. Terry be discharged from custody; and

Resolved, That in the opinion of the Committee of Vigilance the interests of the State imperatively demand that the said David S. Terry should resign his position as Judge of the Supreme Court.

Resolved, That this resolution be read to David S. Terry, and he forthwith be discharged from the custody of the Committee of Vigilance.

He was liberated at about three o'clock in the morning, and escorted by members of the Committee to his hotel. The trial and liberation were the acts of the Executive Committee; but as it was known that a large portion of the General Committee, which numbered perhaps

seven or eight thousand, were strongly opposed to his liberation, and thought he should at least be banished from the State, it was feared there might be some attempt to commit violence upon the Judge. And probably but for the precautions of the Executive Committee, something of the kind would have occurred.

In the early morning, as the news of the discharge of the Judge spread through the city, a general ecxitement began to be manifested, and busy throngs crowded the streets and harangued at the corners. The Executive Committee had taken care to have their alarm bell muffled, so that it could not be rung to fill the streets suddenly with excited thousands. Very early in the morning, by the urgent advice of friends and members of the Committee, Judge Terry and family were conveyed on board the United States sloop-of-war John Adams, lying in the harbor, and in the course of the day transferred to a steamer and conveyed up the river to Sacramento.

At Sacramento the friends of Judge Terry and the opponents of the Vigilance Committee got up a considerable demonstration, procession, &c, to receive the Judge and express their gratification at his release. The Vigilance Committee at San Francisco, believing it now unnecessary for them to remain longer in formal session, having been in permanent session some three months, announced their purpose to adjourn *sine die*. At the same time, that the public might understand that the strength of the Committee was not enfeebled by age, that its "eye was not dim, nor its natural force abated," they turned out with all their regiments, battalions and companies, and marched through the streets in grand procession, presenting the most imposing and remarkable public demonstration that had ever occurred in San Francisco.

Central America.—It seems that England has practically yielded to the carrying out of the Monroe doctrine. She has given up her claims to jurisdiction over the "Bay Islands" and restored them to the sovereignty of Honduras, having entered into a convention with that State securing equal and free right of way for the commerce of all nations over railroads or canals that may be built across the territory of Honduras from ocean to ocean. England has also abandoned her rather ridiculous "Protectorate" of the ridiculous Mosquito King, and turned over the Mosquito territory to the sovereignty of the Republic of Nicaragua, where it belongs. It is said our Minister, Mr. Dallas, and Lord Clarendon have entered into a convention stipulating that San Juan, or Greytown, shall be a free port, but under the jurisdiction of Nicaragua. We do not see, however, that this decision of the high contracting parties can be considered entirely legitimate till it has received the assent of Nicaragua. This assent will no doubt be given when diplomatic relations are fairly established between the three powers. A little delay in the establishment of these diplomatic relations seems to have occurred by the rebellion of ex-President Rivas against the Government since the election of General Walker to the Presidency. Rivas, with a faction of a few hundred men, has fortified himself at Leon, and been joined by forces from Guatemala and San Salvador, threatening the overthrow of the Walker Government. From the most reliable accounts, however, which we can obtain, there is very little prospect of their accomplishing their object. They were quarreling among themselves, and would probably soon disband, leaving poor Rivas alone in his glory, whose pretensions are supported by only a small faction even at Leon. Should these northern invaders hold together, however, a little longer, and attempt a demonstration against Walker's Government, they will probably meet with a repulse as decided and severe as did the Costa Ricans on their late invasion of the new Republic.

Nicaragua is fast becoming Americanized. Immigrants are continually pouring in from California, from New Orleans, and from New York. The steamer Tennessee, from New York on the 12th of September, took out about four hundred passengers to Nicaragua, and there was a prospect of as many more going in the steamer to sail on the 24th. In the meantime a Minister from Nicaragua, to succeed Padre Vigil, has been waiting with credentials in hand, near the Government at Washington, for several weeks past, to be recognized by the President. This delay on the part of the Executive, it seems to us, is exceedingly unwise, and can only be accounted for by the many false statements published by interested and designing parties to injure Nicaragua and dishonor our own Government. Our Minister, Colonel Wheeler, who has been in Nicaragua a year past, has certainly ample opportunity to understand the condition of affairs in that country. General Walker was elected President by about two-thirds of the votes of the whole State, the other third being scattered among four or five other candidates, ex-President Rivas receiving the least number of votes among them all. After President Walker was

inaugurated, Colonel Wheeler immediately recognized the new Administration, and is holding diplomatic relations with it. While so many of our countrymen are now seeking a home in Nicaragua, they have reason to complain of every day's delay on the part of the President and Mr. Marcy to receive the successor of Padre Vigil, and thus enable him more effectually to attend to important matters affecting the interests and future welfare of both countries.

From England we have dates to the 3d of September. It appears that England is very willing to be on good terms with the United States. She don't know how soon she may need a friend on this side of the water, nor how soon her present ostensible friends on the other side may become her foes. It was reported that a new Minister was about to be sent to the United States in the person of Mr. Villiers, a brother of Lord Clarendon.. Sir Henry Holland, Queen Victoria's physician, lately arrived at Halifax in the steamer Cambria, and it is said his visit is to ascertain whether the climate of the Provinces and Canada is such as to render it safe for her Majesty to visit her American possessions. If she comes across the water she will, of course, not return without paying her respects to Brother Jonathan.

Russia was making a grand display at the coronation of the Emperor at Moscow, on the 20th of August. The preparations were more imposing, probably than any event had ever before called forth in all the Russias. The ceremonies were to be attended by princes, embassaeors and other persons of distinction from many countries. Among Americans, who were present by Imperial invitation, were Professor Morse, inventor of the telegraph, and Col. Colt, inventor of the revolver—both of these inventions having been highly appreciated and largely appropriated by the Emperor for the benefit of Russia.

The Presidential Campaign, now drawing to a close, has not varied its aspect much since our last issue. One event, however, has occurred which to many minds points rather strongly to the final result. The State of Maine, which has usually been strongly Democratic, at the late election gave nearly twenty thousand majority for the Republican candidate for Governor over both the Democratic and Whig candidates. This is looked upon as a very significant indication of what the whole body of the Free States will do. Freedom or slavery in Kansas seems to be really the only issue made in this Presidential election. The Buchanan men declare that Fillmore has not a "ghost of a chance" for election, and urge his withdrawal to prevent the election of Fremont. And the Fillmore men turn round and use precisely the same language with regard to Buchanan. So it will doubtless continue a triangular fight to the end.

The Whigs were to meet in National Convention at Baltimore, on the 17th of September, but we had not learned their proceedings before going to press. Their movement will not probably have much effect upon the general issue. Some of the ablest and most conservative Whig papers, as well as some of the ablest Whig men, as yet stand aloof, and decline to favor either of the existing parties in the field.

PUBLIC OPINION.

If men and women would but look within for the burning and shining light which God hath placed in every heart to show the way to all truth, we might have a race of prophets—men and women would stand in the ways of divine Shakirah, causing the pure to shine as did that of Moses when he came down from the mountain, with the visible out-speaking of a God of love held between the palms of his two hands. But every one looks to his neighbor for authority, and partakes of the heavenly manna not in accordance with the demands of his own soul, but with an eye to the amount consumed and digested by this or that one who may be supposed good authroity as to the amount to be safely taken. Poor cowards that we are—poor self-pinched creatures, who persist in keeping ourselves meager of soul and poor in ideas, when the good Father has prepared the limitless universe and the infinitudes of thought to stimulate our aspirations. Even the snake crawls out of the skin that compresses him, and the lobster pulls off the pair of boots which have begun to pinch his feet; but we are less wise than they.

We stay in the valley when the mountain is before us; we keep to the stagnant pool when the cataract thunders forth its call in the mountain-pass. and invites us forward with the promise of the rainbow.

What is this man, or that man, that we should fear him? Is not God above all, and does he not speak in our hearts as well as in his? Did Luther wait? did he look about in fear? Rather did he not send forth a clarion voice that aroused the nations, and did he not send his inky stand to the devil himself? We, like the old Reformer, seeing the visible Satan

skipping upon the chimney-tops of Wittemburg. yet boldly defying him.

Whose opinion is better to me, or to you, than our own? We have as much right to give the law as anybody else. Our opinion is worth as much as another's, just in proportion as it is an enlightened one. We will not be such slaves and cowards as to confess to this or that man's superiority by succumbing to his opinions, least of all, will we be withheld from the utterance of our convictions because public opinion is opposed to them. Every man and every woman can create more or less a public opinion—does, in fact, do so just in proportion to the capacity and influence he is able to bring into the field. Women we have always thought foolishly unwise in this matter. It is as if every one of them laid aside her prerogative of giving the law and was content to obey, as if each one deliberately took the crown from her own head to lay it at the feet of another. She who was made to walk amid the lilies crowned with roses, has turned aside to wander amid the lurid blossoms of the night-shade, and has bound her brow with rue, absynth and chamomile.

Public opinion has been made for woman, and she has been content to follow. It is a sad pity, for there are heavenly oracles uttering themselves in and through her, and the world needs them. She reasons well, because her thread is finer. more subtle and spontaneous than man's. With her it is as it were a fine instrument giving out always a true sound. but which must be treated with gentle considerateness. Her reason is called instinct, which is only partially a just definement, for it follows a true process from cause to effect; every step is taken logically, but with so fine a touch and so rapid a tread that the looker-on, seeing only the result, calls it a "flight" when it has been a legitimate and a methodical ascent. Even were it instinct she should be content, for instinct is the reason coming directly from God's teachings, while reason is the growth of human culture growing out of human experience or necessity. Instinct is well—it is needful to both men and women; but each must be able to go over the ground which has terminated in certain results, and show its propriety, show the course of thought, the means by which the result has been achieved. If women think and decide quicker than men, it is good reason why their opinions should be sought, for life is no lazy thoroughfare, least of all, in our age, when so much is to be done; therefore it is well for women to aid in the making of public opinion, for indeed to her this public opinion is a very monster. Men defy it often times, and the braver portion of them go to work and make it what they wish. They speak and write and send forth the very soul of protest till the vast public mind is wrought to their own magnetism.

But for woman, as we have said, this public opinion is a very monster. It would take her as did the mother of Achilles and dip her into the fiery furnace, only to learn how much of her is mortal, and, it may be, celestial. It would compel the Priestess from the God-inspired tripod to hold the hand upon her lips, and thus smother back the divine oracles that she may mate with the satyrs of fashion, or be one with the uncomprehending girl "who does the meanest chores."

It would, in its envy and ignorance, love to see the white robes of the vestal smutty with the coals of the kitchen corner. It would pluck down God's masterpiece of beauty, whose nerves are so many golden harp-strings, that the roughest hand may shatter and jar upon their harmonies.

This public opinion is not the product of the ages whose wisdom shines like a beacon light upon the mountains, but a creature nursed by gaslight—sultry, distorted, and shallow, from lack of wholesome, vigorous diet, and heaven-imparted revelations. It is made by creatures whose crude, single utterence would be dispised; but uttered in the aggregate, is a great stunning blast, hideous as the braying of an ass. It is made by persons who hide themselves from sight, and who, like a certain fish, cannot be seen, but are traced by their inky-black track upon the waters where they have been.

We think women will begin to see, 'ere long, that they have much to do in making public opinion. At present she who presumes to do so must find herself comparatively isolated; but all greatness is comparative isolation. The nightingale does not sing in a flock, nor the eagle soar to the sky in crowds; they each leave that position to the sparrow and the goose. This isolation is more in talk than reality also, for the hills, though high, have found many to scale them, and human feet have trod even the hights of Mont Blanc. There is always for such "the meet audience, though few." Jove does not covet the haunts of the fawns, because he is better companioned upon Olympus.

Let us admit that a woman who solves moral problems beyond the reach of her husband or

brother, will find herself in a measure alone. What then? Shall she dwarf herself because others are small? Shall she be silent because her friend is dumb, and limp because another is lame? She is as God has made her if she but have the courage to carry out his designs; if she have not, she is so much the less called of God.

We would have woman hold herself in most queenly-wise, looking carefully into her own being for the measure of her own powers, and thus making a fair use thereof, as a sacred deposit, which she may not squander on the one hand, nor bury on the other. The world in these days needs much that can come only through her. She may refine and elevate, and lead public opinion into better channels, if she will, and we for one must believe her false to herself if she fail to do so. She must bring her sweet, genial lovingness to allay the bitter waters of hatred, and her deep spiritual intimations to arrest the spread of that rank materialism which pervades the whole aspect of society; in other words, woman must crown her discrowned brow, and walk the earth in a new and exalted womanhood.

RESPECTABILITY.

It was the custom with the Pharisees of Judea, a sect in the highest degree exact in the bearing of the outer man, to adorn themselves with parchments inscribed with pious apothems, so that all persons beholding them became at once impressed with their profound sanctity, and reverenced them in proportion to the *breadth of their phlacteries*, for so these badges of respectability were denominated. To this day the Turk plunges his scimitar into the heart of his victim, or severs his head from his body, oiling his way with a motto from the Koran piously inscribed upon the blade. In these cases the respectability of the parties is at once made manifest, but in our day we are very much afloat; all badges have become lost, or so inappropriately applied that they rather confuse than help us in our judgments of character.

Formerly white was the emblem of purity, and to wear white was to be virginal; to wear the "snood" was the privilege of the Scottish maiden, while the wife laid it aside, and the poor unfortunate betrayed her fall by not daring to bind her locks therewith. No such scruples exist in our day, and the hair may be snooded and the white robes assumed by the frailest of the sex without let or hindrance. We opine this is well. We are willing that judgment should be made in the inner sanctuary, and the outside world be forbidden to interfere. We are willing that an internal consciousness shall decide upon the conditions of the toilet, and not the requisitions of society at large. We do not like that respectability should flaunt itself. The less do we like that it should do this, now that its claims are so difficult to be defined.

But there is another aspect to the subject, which we wish to present to the public. Respectability being so slippery in character, so much akin to poor Scotch Jeannie's flea, which she described as impossible to catch, being "always hither and yon," we wish to hit upon some expedient by which it shall be held in the traces and made palpable to the public eye. For this purpose we find that church membership is everywhere regarded as honorable, and is accepted as a token of respectability. We were greatly relieved and comforted to ascertain this one point, for it gave us a hold-by—a something to stand upon. When we hear it said, "Mr. —— is a very respectable man," we can now understand what it means. Formerly we were obliged to say:

"You call Mr. —— a respectable man—in his intellect? position? wealth? morals? or what? We do not understand."

"He is entirely respectable in all these—he is a member of the Rev. Dr. Blowsin's church," which is answer enough. We thought the matter settled till we saw advertisements indicating that here and there "respectable people of color might be admitted," which put us all afloat again. Now we have a proposition to make to the churches which we believe entitled to respect.

We look with profound reverence upon the "star" of the Police. Every sinner, whether man or woman, straightens his aspect when he encounters one, for it is a warning to evil-doers, representing, as it is designed to do, the majesty of law. Sometimes majesty gets a little awry, but only sanctified hands—that is, one bearing a "star" also—has the power to interfere. The star is respectable. Then there is the epaulette—sign of the "pomp and circumstance of war." We hail it with a rising of the blood—a mantling of the cheek—a measured step, and a Yankee-doodle beating of the pulse. We are not sure but a little strut grows even upon the lean man at the sight, while the man with a goodly corporation beareth himself at once more bravely. Such is the power of symbolism that the dullest nerves thrill in some way or other at the encounter of a military token. It is respectable.

The badge of the Free Mason is even more imposing. Those bits of aprons painted all over with hyeroglyphics; those badges of office; those indications of preferment; those long scarfs—at first sight unbecoming the rude, sturdy outline of manhood, assume a mysterious import; only good, benevolent men are tolerated in the brotherhood; the fraternity is older than the days of Solomon; Hiram, King of Tyre, was an honored member; the Knights of St. John fought upon the Island of Malta as no men ever fought before or since, and they were Masons; all the great men of the Revolution were enrolled into the ranks of Masons; all the crafts of modern artizanship, from the times of the Crusaders down, have found protection under its banner; therefore to be a Mason is respectable.

In a less degree we should include under the same head the badge of Odd Fellowship. But as we regard this fraternity as a corruption of the other, we incline less kindly toward it, only to admit that its badge is a sign of respectability.

Now, the Roman Catholic Church proclaims the Cross as the badge of membership; but as robberies, murders, and all indecencies the world over, have been perpetrated under this most holy and most significant of all badges, it follows that mere wearing of it does not insure respectability.

The Protestant Church, as yet, has adopted no sign. We would urge upon them some such adoption as an outward token of respectability, that men may know at a glance their claims to be respected, whether they be men or women, black or white, and treat them accordingly.

This is a busy age. Everybody has something to do, and little time to study his neighbor. We do not care to be troubled with too much analysis; we want to know at a glance who is who and what is what. For this reason we are urgent in the matter. Sacriligious heels are endangering the Lord's anointed; unruly elbows interfere with the very "pillars of the church;" unsanctified tongues wag even in the presence of "godly men;" "of widows who are widows indeed;" of men whose might of speech may be likened to the weaver's beam of the ancient giant, and of women who help the saints mightily. This should not be. The times demand action upon this point, for the help of timid souls who err through their blindness and ignorance. We must know who are church members, because to be one is to be respectable, and we cannot know them from other men and women as the case now stands.

It is a dictum of the church, that all are equal in Christ Jesus. Men and women, bond and free, black and white, are one in the Lord. Now, if each one thus professing appeared with his badge, we should be at no loss as to the treatment to be awarded, and the black man or woman bearing such badge would be at once pronounced respectable, and, of course, would be treated with respect.

We have again and again seen a neat, orderly, perfectly respectable-looking negro hold up the finger to indicate a wish to ride in a car or stage, and the driver has paid no attention thereto; while a moment after the same car or stage has taken up some poor, miserable, debauched creature, reeking from the gutter, and nauseus from alcohol and tobacco, only because originally he claimed a white skin.

Once we were riding in a stage, in which we found a modest, well-dressed colored woman. Two women no better dressed, no more respectable in appearance, stopped the stage. As they were about to enter they discovered the negress, and fell back at once, signifying their disgust. The driver directed the woman to leave. In vain we remonstrated. In vain we asserted the perfect right of this decorous person to any conveyance for which she had the means of paying, when such conveyance was designed to accommodate the public at large. All was of no avail, and we saw her leave, after paying for a benefit she did not receive. This was a manifest injustice. A gross imposition and a swindle. We said to her, as we believe it best to say:

"Do not create a disturbance. Do not resist; but always take a stage or car when it suits your convenience; ride if you can. Let the negro be neat and orderly, and eventually he will be received because of his respectability, in spite of his color."

But the process of making a public opinion in accordance with this divine, Christ-like doctrine, is a very slow one, and we urge upon the churches the expediency of adopting a badge, by which we shall be able to know at a glance who is and who is not respectable, whether it be a man or woman, black or white. Then if a colored man or woman appear with such a token, their claims to respectability being so well defined, they will stand some chance of being treated with the courtesy and justice befitting a Christianized and civilized community.

It may not be our province to indicate what the church badge should be, but we insist upon a badge.

THE CITY DIRECTORY.

We have been reading Trow's New York City Directory for 1856—57, compiled by Wilson, and think it should be *reviewed*.

If we estimate a book by its utility, by its appositeness and thoroughness, perhaps we ought to place The Directory at the very head of all current publications. Again, if we estimate a book by the skill, tact and labor requisite for its construction, The Directory must be pronounced second to none. Those who drop into the grocer's at the corner, or stop at the apothecary shop a moment, to turn over the leaves of The Directory in pursuit of a name or residence, which else it would be as impossible to find as a needle in a haystack, are little aware of the amount of time, money and toil expended in the preparation of these essential but apparently indifferent productions. Everybody understands their need, and everybody has a vague idea that they spring up very much like Jonah's goard in a single night; but very few reflect what a perfect chaos New York would be to the stranger without the aid of the Directory. We might go here and there for a week and not be any nearer our object in finding friend or foe, without its aid.

Indeed, there is a moral attached to a Directory, and we are beginning to think the compiler a preacher in his way. The man who dives for pearls has no idea what he shall bring up, whether his treasure shall grace the head or the brow of the saint or the courtezan; and so with the compiler of the Directory—he gives names, the saint and the sinner, the good and the bad, the rich and the poor, he finds, not where pride or vanity might choose, but where those little arbitrary soldiers called the alphabet shall class them, the rogue and the merchant, the priest and the wanton, cheek by jowl. Verily the Directory has its moral.

Then again, a man sees his name heralded at all the corners—he is booked—he cannot be hidden if he would, he is there in black and white, his name printed out in full with the best of them—his little secrets, too, as they may be called, all told—he has a house in one place and a shop in another; he sleeps and eats here, and makes tubs or shoes, or trowsers there, and the public know all about it. Perhaps he has a thrifty wife, who stands in the market or keeps a shop on her own account; then that same wife has emerged from mere wifedom, beautiful as that is, and she has become an individual—she is a person even in the eye of the law, and there is her name also, large as his own, right out in black and white—the public are told all about it—she earns an honest independence here, and she lives there, at such a number, and he lives there too. Verily the Directory prompts to industry and to respectability also. We were coming down town in the cars lately, when we were attracted by hearing talking rather louder and more expletive than is becoming in these public conveyances. The conductor interfered:

"I tell you, man, let me alone," cried the passenger. "*You'll find my name in the Directory*, and a gentleman at that."

Here was conclusive evidence of the proud estimation in which a place in the Directory is held.

We might enlarge greatly upon this, but thus much will suffice. The Directory is a benign institution; it saveth the tempers as well as the time of men and women. The Directory is a money-saving institution, for time is money; and again it is a great advertising medium. The Directory is a preacher, and a prompter to good morals, as we have intimated above. Thus far as to Directories in general. This one in particular seems to be well arranged, and as far as possible complete in itself. It is accompanied with a full and convenient map, and the whole Smith family has been carefully looked after, with an evident design of doing them, as far as possible, a certain kind of justice. Twenty-three columns have been given to theis renowned brotherhood. Of the doubting Thomases there are about forty; forty Thomas Smiths; and Johns, about two hundred, duly ticketed and their whereabouts proclaimed, as well as their whatabouts. Under this assurance, the inference is inevitable that persons answering to names less renowned have been as carefully dealt by.

Wilson's Business Directory for the city of New York, published annually by John F. Trow, has the same laudable object in view as the foregoing, except that its information is confined solely to the business department of the city. It is exceedingly useful in kind, and seems to be well arranged and complete in itself.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

A Convention will be held on the 8th, 9th and 10th of October in the city of New York, for the purpose of discussing the question of Woman's Rights. We believe conventions are bad—bad for men, and worse for women—but till some mode more asthetic is devised we do not see that opposition to them can be either wise or good. We are willing this whole question of the Rights of Woman should be

thoroughly discussed. We believe the times demand it, and we are not one of those who can treat with indifference and contempt a considerable class of persons who systematically and persistently year by year are making their wants known. It is evident better legislation has been acquired in behalf of the sex, and a steady amelioration has been the result. More is demanded, and if these women are able to prove that they ask simple justice at the hands of the public, they have a right to a hearing and a right to redress.

We wish these few women, who for so many years have met in conventions, bringing no new force of logic, no new element of thought, neither genius nor womanly intuition to idealize their movement, would look to some better mode of presenting themselves. Some of the finest minds of the country are firm believers in the doctrine of equal political rights between the sexes, and yet are disgusted with the whole machinery of Woman's Rights Conventions. They believe more hurt is done than good by the crudities and coarseness so often apparent in these meetings. Nevertheless, let them work in this way, if they must, till something better occurs. We hope to see the day when woman will make her claims known in a purely beautiful and artistic manner, with all the accessories of exquisite dress, poetry, music. painting and sculpture; when woman shall look, not like a noisy demagogue, a poor puny pleader, or a stammering protestor, but as the brightest and lovliest representative of the human, the embodyment of law and order, and the voice of the beautiful, crowning herself with laurel and oak, or ivy, each in their best symbolism of poetry, civic honor, or dramatic grandeur. A symposium of the Graces and Muses, doing honor to womanly genius, and showing how worthily the sex can achieve, would do more to advance their rights than a hundred conventions.

ART, SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

Progress in Astronomical Science.—It is the opinion of those who take an encouraging view of future astronomical progress and discovery that a *ten-feet* reflector will be due to science before the close of the present century, and that a disc of flint-glass, twenty-nine *inches* in diameter, awaits the command of some liberal Government, or some munificent individual, to be converted into an achromatic telescope of extraordinary power. Another interesting fact in the astronomical world is that in connection with the report of the English astronomer, who expresses his regret that while the Greenwich astronomical observations have assumed such a shape that the astronomer will find all the moving bodies of the solar system presented in the utmost extent and accuracy, the same assertion cannot be applied to the magnetical and meteorological observations; not, however, from any defect in the instruments or observations, for these have acquired an extraordinary excellence and precision, particularly in the photographic branch of registration, but by the total absence of even empirical theory

Application of India-Rubber in Naval Construction.—One of the most unique of inventions is that for lining vessels with a continuous coating of India-rubber, as a safeguard against leakage, the lining being applied within the frame of the ship and beneath the ceiling. A large proportion of the accidents that occur to the hulls of vessels are from striknig the bottom in such a manner as not to actually displace, or rather destroy, any portion, but only to strain and split the wood. The whole reliance being on the integrity of the exterior shell, it follows that the starting of a few planks creates a furious leak, and unless the pumps are capable of controlling the evil the ship is lost. With a gum lining, however, the leak would merely fill the spaces between the frame, and the interior of the hold would remain as dry as before. The edges of the sheets, which are from one-fourth to three-fourths of an inch in thickness, are cemented by heat.

Wood Flooring, or Marquetry.—A new article of wood flooring or marquetry, the invention of Mr. Groebl, of Philadelphia, has received the favorable notice of artisans. Mr. G.'s floors are composed of small pieces of wood which fit together like mosaic, and are firmly connected with each other by means of tongues and grooves extending all around the single pieces. The pieces can be cut of any shape, either straight-lined or curved, so as to form any variety of patterns from the simplest figures of squares or diamonds to the richest designs with borders and corner-pieces. The single pieces being made of wood of different texture and color, a great variety in the general color of the floor is attainable.

Zincography—A New Art.—The name of *zincography* is that given by M. Dumont, a Parisian engraver, to a new process of electric engraving. Upon a thick plate of zinc, planed and grained with a steel tool and fine sand, he draws any subject with a kind of lithographic crayon; upon the design, when finished, he sprinkles a fine powder, mixed with resin, Burgundy pitch and bitumen of Judea; by heating the zinc plate he melts this powder, which is converted into a varnish, and spreads over the parts of the surface which have been covered with fat crayon—that is, on everything which constitues the design. To bite in the plate and obtain the design in relief, he plunges it, while in connection with the positive pole of the pile, into a bath of sulphate of zinc, in face of another plate connected with the negative pole; the current passes and corrodes the zinc, which is not covered by the ink, and thus the design is brought out, and from the plate thus engraved in relief a gutta-percha mold is taken, in which copper is deposited to obtain the engraved plate, from which proofs may be taken by the ordinary typographic press.

Improvement in Iron Manufacture.—The well-known inventor, Mr. James Nasmyth, has made some improvements of an interesting and valuable nature in the mode of puddling iron. These improvements consist in the disengagement of the carbon from the molten metal in the puddling furnace, by subjecting it to the action of currents of steam, introduced as near as possible at the lowest portion of the molten metal; thence diffused upward so as not only to mechanically agitate the metal, and thereby expose fresh surfaces to the action of the oxygen

of the air passing through the furnace, but also to remove the sulphur and other deleterious substances in the iron, by thus making the oxygen of the air, and also the hydrogen of the water, combine with and carry them off in a state of gas. This process is said to shorten the period of puddling, and greatly improve the character of the iron, rendering it remarkably tough and strong.

Curious Fact in Respect to Cannon.—In the process of experiments for testing cannon, a fact has become pretty well established which rather contradicts received opinion. It has been supposed that the cannon, always cooling from without, and the outside contracting, therefore, around the inside, still expanded by heat, would become more brittle; but this, in such tests as have been used, would not seem to be the case. A bar cut from the outside of the cannon will generally part with about the same amount of extension as a bar cut from the inside, whether it be taken from a longitudinal or vertical section of the gun. Another fact, of some importance, has also been established. It is found that the strength of the gun may be much increased by taking the weight of metal from the muzzle and casting it around the breech. In case of bursting, the fracture has been found to occur at the breech.

Telegraphic Apparatus and Atmospheric Electricity.—The invention by Mr. Bianchi, intended to preserve telegraphic apparatus from the disturbing influence of atmospheric electricity, consists of a metallic sphere, traversed by the circuit wire, and kept in the center of another glass sphere, formed of two hemispheres united by a broad copper ring, armed at its inside with equi-distant points directed toward the center of the metallic sphere, and approaching within a short distance of its surface. The two hemispheres end in sockets, into which the connecting wire is cemented. The lower part of the copper ring is provided with a metallic stop-cock, which permits a vacuum to be made in the apparatus, and kept in it if it be thought necessary. This stop-cock has a screw-thread which is to receive a metallic rod designed to put the metallic armature into direct connection with the earth, while the circuit wire and the sphere which forms part of it are completely insulated. All the atmospheric electricity which comes upon the conducting wire of the telegraph is transmitted to the ground through the points upon the ring.

Porcelain Photographs.—A plan for the transformation of photographs into indelible pictures, colored and fixed, has been originated by M. Camarsac. It is described as resembling the usual operations of painting on porcelain, though the inventor also proposes to work on glass and enamel. The paper of the positive is consumed in the heat of a *muffle*—an enameler's oven—leaving the photograph on the porcelain, glass or metal; these are colored with enamel colors and burnt in. The operation is conducted on white or colored bases. On the dark bases the lights are formed by the reduced silver deposit, which obtains a great brilliancy from the fire. On porcelain, white enamel and transparent glass, the blacks are formed by the metallic deposit—afterward treated with the salts of tin, the salts of gold and of chrome.

The Law of Earthquakes.—Dr. Kreil, formerly Director of the Observatory at Prague, has invented an ingenious instrument to measure the force, duration and direction of earthquakes. It consists of a pendulum, so contrived that while it can move in any direction, it cannot return. A perpendicular cylinder is attached, which, by means of clock-work, turns on its vertical axis in twenty-four hours. A pole, with a thin, elastic arm, is fixed near the pendulum; this arm points toward the cylinder and presses on it gently a pencil, by which means an unbroken line is formed on the surface of the cylinder as long as the pendulum is at rest; but if it is put in motion by an earthquake, the pencil makes broken marks, which show the strength, direction and period of the earthquake.

Phenomena of the Double Stars.—In the great work which has been published by Mr. Struve, the eminent *savant*, he gives, as the result of his careful examination and comparison of the whole body of facts in stellar astronomy, some conclusions of a novel character respecting the number and constitution of the double, or multiple stars. He examines especially the brighter stars—those comprised between the first and fourth magnitudes—and arrives at the conclusion that every fourth star of such stars in the heavens is physically double. Applying these considerations to the stars of inferior orders of magnitude, he finally arrives at the conclusion, which he admits to be of an unexpected character, that the number of insulated stars is indeed greater than the number of compound systems—two or three times as great.

The Art of Ivory Manipulation.—Etching on ivory is now performed by covering the ivory with wax; the designs are traced with a style, and then eaten in by a strong solution of nitrate of silver made by dissolving 6 grains of silver in 30 grains of nitric acid and 150 grains of water. Exposure to light, after the removal of the wax by hot distilled water, will blacken the color of the traces; by substituting gold, platinum or copper nitrates, other colors are obtained. In the process of etching ivory in colors, the ivory is coated like a copper plate, with an etching ground, a design graved through the ground, and then etched by a solution of 120 grains of pure silver dissolved in nitric acid and diluted with water. In the course of a half to a whole hour, according to the depth of shade required, the liquid is poured off, the ivory washed and dried by paper, then exposed to sunlight for an hour, and the ground removed by turpentine. The color is brown or black, and other colors are obtained by nitrate of copper, chloride of gold, or of platinum.

Peat Gas.—Few of the readers of this Magazine are aware, probably, that gas is manufactured from peat, and that its illuminating power has been proved to be 342, while that of coal is but 100. By subjecting the peat to a certain heating process an oil is obtained—a viscous, blackish liquid of a strong odor. It is then subjected to a new distillation, and resolved wholly into a permanent gas and hydrogen, very richly carbonated. This mixture is strongly illuminating, and gives a flame six or eight times brighter than the first, and of a more lively brilliancy.

[Announcement.]

THE COMMODORE'S SON;

OR,

THE FORTUNES OF THE MAC FANES.

A Story of Boston and the Texan Revolution.

This is the title of an original American novel which will be commenced in the next (November) number of this Magazine, and be continued in succeeding numbers until it is completed. Its length is about sufficient for a moderate sized duodecimo volume. But it has the interest of a two-volume novel crowded into one. It will probably extend into four or five numbers of the Magazine. It is from a pen of no ordinary power in delineating characters and elaborating a plot, and we believe our readers will find it to possess an absorbing interest. The

scene of the story is principally in Boston, but part of the time in Texas during the victorious career of General Sam Houston in that part of the country. In both localities the author is perfectly at home, and writes from personal knowledge and observation.

ANOTHER NOVEL.—There is also in preparation for this Magazine, by an author of rare genius and well-established reputation, a novel of greater length and higher consideration, which will probably be commenced in the Magazine before the completion of the Commodore's Son, and will be highly and beautifully illustrated.

THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON, by a distinguished author, very copiously illustrated in the highest style of art, will be commenced in this Magazine in a few months, or as soon as it is sufficiently advanced to enable the author and artist to keep up with the press without any danger of injurious haste.

We trust our readers will believe us in earnest when we repeat what we have said to them before, that we are resolved to publish the best and cheapest magazine in the world

Editor's Olio.

WORSHIP IN THE WILDERNESS.
PURITY AND DEFILEMENT.

WE were walking to our sanctum in the early morning, repeating as we went—for we are not ashamed to own that the poetry of Holy Writ is more significant, to our mind, and more rich and imaginative than any other—therefore did we repeat, mentally, the glowing description in the Apocalypse of the New Jerusalem—which must be first realized on earth if it is to be won in the eternal destinies:

"Her light was like unto a stone most precious:
Even like unto a jasper stone, clear as crystal.
And the building of the wall of it was of jasper;
And the city was of pure gold, like unto clear glass.
The twelve gates were twelve pearls:
Every gate was of one pearl.
The streets of the city were pure gold;
As it were, transparent glass.
I saw no temple there, for the Lord God Almighty
And the Lamb are the temple of it!"

Thus we repeated, filling the air with sublime conceptions and pure, heavenly intimations; thus does the Book of books suggest, not what is gross and groveling, but that which is accordant with our purest aspirations. As we went on thus it became needful to step warily, for there, all along the path, was the nauseous deposit of the tobacco chewer; the untidy exhumations of those who spit in the wantoness of idleness, and sit or stand by the hour, spattering the sidewalk with their repulsive saliva. Such can never enter the Golden City—pure as glass—for we are promised that:

"There shall no wise enter into it that which defileth."

The freshness and beauty here indicated is enough to cause a deep longing for the

"Golden gates of the city that hath foundations,
Whose builder and maker is God!"

The sidewalk was covered with peach stones, lemon peels, apple cores, dust and defilement. It was evident men and women had never worshiped in the Great Temple of Nature, where she is ever on the alert to cover up and remove that which is unseemly—making the beetle, the ant, the crow and the vulture her scavengers, and thus preserving her Summer garniture fair and comely—sending down the dew to refresh that which is arid, and calling up the rain cloud to enliven the woods and the way-side with a beautiful ablution, and then, not content that she shall be immaculately clean, she calls up a thousand perfumes to give a fineness and zest to all. More than this: she will be not only pure and odorous, but she will be handsome also, and she paints the rose and the violet, the lily and the citron with a grace which no art can imitate, for she is herself in love with the whole world of flowers, and has made them

"To tremble on the Alpine hight—
The fissured rock they press—
The desert, wild with heat and sand,
Shares, too, their blessedness.
And wheresoe'er the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek eyed blossom upward looks,
Inviting it to prayer."

More than this: she has made the atmosphere a medium of pure joy, and when she would give us a holiday she flings a rainbow banner across it. Surely these untidy men and women have never seen all this—have never felt the beautiful symbolism—if they had they would learn that it is gross and indecent to cast that which is unseemly under the feet or in the face and eyes of each other.

We remember an incident which occurred to ourself, and which is illustrative of the idea which we wish to convey.

We had been to Mount Katahdn, that great solitary peak in the wilderness of Maine; it was a wild, exciting excursion, of which we shall say more at some time, for we were one of the first to go there, and *the first* to make public the rare beauty and grandeur of the scene. We had passed a night upon the top, and heard the infinite voices of Nature whispering all the long hours to our ear, and the great howl of the storm, wandering over the peaks and penetrating the gorges; altogether it has painted upon the tablet of the mind a Salvator Rosa picture, which will survive "the wreck of worlds."

With the early light we descended "Avelanch Brook," and slowly made our way to the lovely Lake Katahdn. Saturday evening found us by the banks of a river, sweeping

from the mountain to mingle its waters with the Penobscot. The air was rich and balmy, and the deep, solemn woods impressed calm and hopeful thoughts. In the distance, a huge pyramid against the crimson sky, arose Mount Katahdn, while the Lake of the same name, ten miles distant, looked like a crystal bowl laid at its feet. We heard the cry of the heron, quivering softly through the air, and the voice of the moose, answered by its mate, had a preternatural loudness and solemnity of tone. Our party was soon buried in sleep, and we arose to watch—to take into our hearts great draughts of nature, to open our whole soul to her divine influences. The moon was at its full, and the stars were pale, bright vestals in her pathway. The sparks from our camp fire gleemed up amid the forest trees with a weird, unearthly brightness—we must take a draught alone, away from the human, even although it slept. We must be alone with God, here in the wilderness.

And so we arose and went forth, down to the river, and looked up under the huge primeval trees to the deep sky and the young stars—ancient as the Magi, and yet always young to us—and the white, cold moon looked down upon us in our solitude, and read what was in our heart, and took a shape needful to us, then and there. The storm had been busy in the mountain since we left, and the cateract sounded loudly—great rocks boomed along from hight to hight of the swollen river, and plunged over the falls to be lost in the abyss at our feet. It was then we realized the joy of Moses, who had been *alone* to the mountain with God; and then we saw why Jesus continued *alone* all night in prayer. We must have great mountains of joy in the heart, corresponding to the deep valleys of our anguish, if we would see God; and so that night, *alone* in the wilderness, was to us the face to face with the eternal.

It ushered in a Sabbath, lovely as a poet's loveliest dream; there were no singing birds in that great solitude—the singing birds love human habitations; there were no bees and butterflies and gay humming birds, revelling amid flowers—these follow human culture; but nature was very serene here, in her great solemn temple, and we had longed to hear a sermon from her with no instrumentalities of art. We dreamed away the Sabbath in almost utter silence. It was indeed a Sabbath, a divine resting, whence the true soul arises with a strong purpose and devout faith.

In the morning we must leave our sylvan retreat. We had repaired the rude cabin, for it was one which the lumbermen had used for their Winter occupancy; and some engineers had passed a week here, leaving their names upon a tree. But we had garnished it with new hemlock at the roof; we had spread hemlock branches freshly upon the floor, and here and there we had placed a tuft of white amaranths, knowing they would be bright and fair long after we should have left this lodge in the wilderness. We placed cups of birch bark in a recess, and small wooden spoons with which others might regale themselves, and then went forth sorrowfully.

Turning back to take a last tender farewell, we observed a bit of the hemlock roofing had slipped inward, and hung loosely over the sweet bower, sacred to the sylvan gods. We returned; we placed it where it should be with a gentle reverence; and seeing a scrap of old paper lying upon the floor, we gathered it up and cast it away, as also the bone of a partridge which had served for our repast; and thus the cabin was left with nothing unseemly associated therewith.

It stands forever thus in our mind's eye, without blot or stain, fair and sweet and beautiful, pure as a rose amid thorns—sweet as

"A lodge in a garden of cucumbers,"

an out-speaking of the primitive man; the embodying of a prayer. It is a part of our mental furnishing, and in it is nothing that defileth. We love to think how fair and sacredly we left the bower. We love to think that the reverence in our heart was akin to the conservation of Nature—that we had desecrated nothing which she had made holy.

AMERICA VESPUCCI.

This woman, who figured somewhat conspicuously a few years ago in the newspapers of the country, has been residing for several years in Ogdensburg, New York. She is said to be married to David Parish, who had met her in Europe previous to her application to our Government for a grant of land in consideration of her family, she being of lineal descent from the renowned Americus Vespucius. The Parish family were the original proprietors of extensive grants of land, comprising nearly the whole of Lawrence County, New York. Vincent Nolti speaks largely of the splendid speculations of the two brothers. George and David. They were originally Hamburg merchants.

David Parish is highly educated, and is most princely in his tastes. He travels much abroad, and lives in great splendor at home. It is said

the countess has all his garments made under her own eye, and even cuts them with her own hand; for with her dress is one of the fine arts. Mr. Parish is mostly habited in a sort of undress of easy sacks and loose pantaloons about his form, these being elegantly embroidered, with tasseled caps to match. He is hospitable and courtly. He gives dinners on Sunday frequently to invited guests. The countess is a keen observer, knows the names and history of all the people in the place, even to the names of the children, whom she sometimes invites in fruit-time to a sort of *fete champetre*, she herself joining in games of ball, hoop, ten pins, &c. She is a very skillful manager, knows the state of the market, prices of land, goods, &c., and often makes unexpected purchases. She keeps the key of the safe, and has large sums of money at command—pays off the servants, employs new ones, and changes these if any presume to treat her with disrespect.

Once having dismissed an old French cook for impertinence during the absence of Mr. Parish, he threatened that his master would take him back on his return, as he could not do without his fine cookery; but the countess, to prevent this, went herself into the kitchen and superintended the cooking for their private table, till she had thoroughly trained a new cook.

Mr. Parish keeps a stud of valuable horses, racers as well as others; in his absence she goes to the stables and looks with a careful and thrifty eye to their well-being. Nothing is neglected by her. The blankets for these fine animals are embroidered by her own hands; their food looked after all by herself. The plate, the linen, the accounts of a large household are daily inspected by herself. Originally she was rarely seen in public, now she has her own carriage and occasionally appears for excursions, purchases, &c. She passes frequently to the Canada side, and it is thought has eluded the revenue largely by employing an old French woman to carry parcels for her. This woman was born without hands, and her misfortune has created a sympathy in her behalf, which, added to a natural shrewdness, enables her to carry on her operations with impunity. The Countess, or Madame Parish as she is now called, employed her to sell the cast-off garments of herself or Mr. Parish as they become obsolete, which, being of rich materials and uninjured, find a ready sale among the Canadians. The woman, says the Countess, is very exact in her settlements, and by no means liberal.

America is thought to be about fifty years of age; she is tall, well-shaped and handsome. Her eyes are a brilliant black, an oval contour of face, clear olive complexion, great masses of black hair, totally unchanged, and a noble, commanding presence. She is highly cultivated, speaks all the modern languages fluently, and is perfect mistress of all feminine accomplishments. In every respect she is a remarkable woman, executive in her way, studious, energetic, and very domestic.

At a late meeting of the Scottish Curative Mesmeric Association, held in Edinburgh, Mr. A. J. Ellis announced to the audience that if they wished to avoid sleepless nights, they should lie with their heads to the north, in order that the polar magnetic current may pass through the length of the body, not across it.

COME HOME.

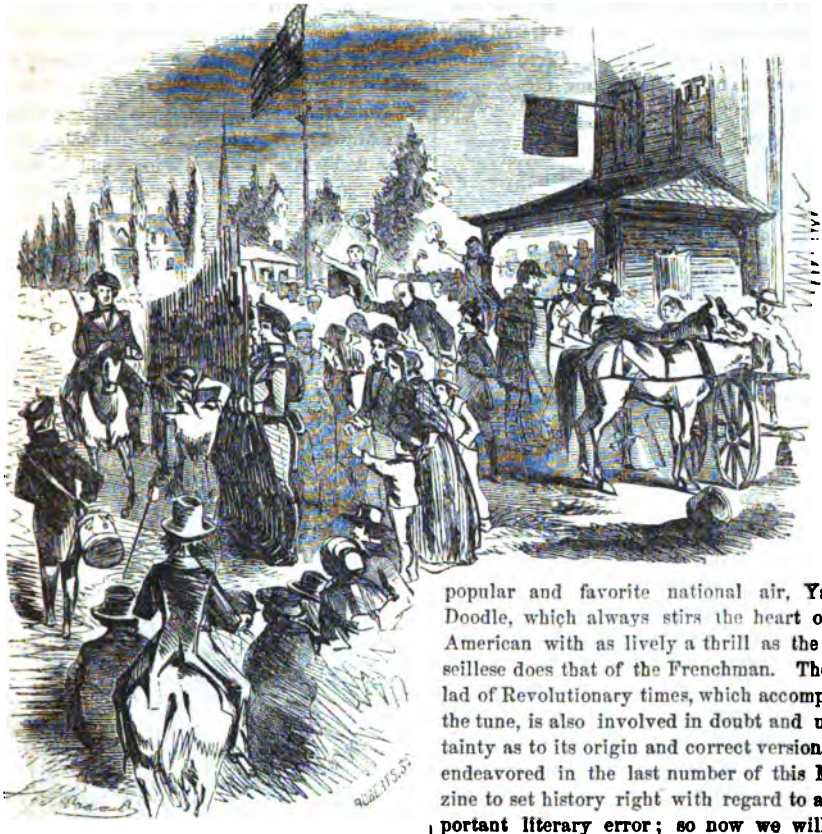
BY XENETTE.

Come home! there is a shadow on our hearth
Since thou didst leave us, and our songs of mirth
Have a too plaintive sound—too much of care
Burdens their sweetness since thou art not there
With thy sweet tuneful voice.
We miss thy step when evening's dewy hours
Come with their coolness to our garden bowers,
We miss thy laugh when the glad warbler's lay
Hails the blest rising of the orb of day,
And nature doth rejoice.

Come home! the vine which climbs our cottage eaves
Hath a low murmur midst its glossy leaves
When the south wind sweeps by, that seems to be
Too deeply laden with lone thoughts of thee—
Of thee our absent one.
The young rose blossoms and its beauties die,
And the meek violet opes its pensive eye.
By thee unseen, and from the old beach tree
Thy robin pours its song unheard by thee,
Who once so loved'st its tone.

Daughter, come home! thy lute neglected lies,
Breathing no more its wonted melodies;
Thy fav'rite books, unopened in their case,
Just as thy hands arranged them, keep their place,
And vacant is thy seat
Beside our hearth. At the calm hour of prayer
There's one who comes not with meek rev'rent air,
And when around the social board each face
Brings its warm smile, there's still a vacant place,
One smile we may not meet.

Come home! *thy home* was never wont to be
A place where clouds should rest; yet wanting thee,
All pleasant scenes have dull and tasteless grown,
And shadows lower where shades were once unknown—
Shadows of deepening gloom.
The halls where erst thy joyous childhood played,
And the sweet garden which thy hands have made,
The favorite bower, by thee once deemed so fair,
Are all unchanged, yet sadness lingers there—
Daughter, come home!



YANKEE DOODLE.

WHO wrote Homer's Iliad? One historian tells us that earliest and greatest of epics was written by a blind old wandering minstrel by the name of Homer. Another says it was not written or composed by Homer himself, but that the substance of it was floating about among the people of his time in ballads and detached fragments, and that the wandering minstrel picked them up in his travels and wove them together into a complete, sublime whole. Some even deny the existence of any *bona-fide* Homer, and consider him only a myth. They would have us believe that the aforesaid fragments gradually conglomerated themselves together, and at last rolled themselves out into a grand finished poem, according to the "development theory" of modern philosophers. Others stoutly contend that there *was* a Homer, a real Simon-pure Homer, which seems highly probable from the fact that seven cities each claimed the honor of being his birth-place.

The origin and history of other great works, besides the Iliad, are involved in doubt and obscurity. This is peculiarly the case with our popular and favorite national air, Yankee Doodle, which always stirs the heart of the American with as lively a thrill as the Marseillese does that of the Frenchman. The ballad of Revolutionary times, which accompanies the tune, is also involved in doubt and uncertainty as to its origin and correct version. We endeavored in the last number of this Magazine to set history right with regard to an important literary error; so now we will endeavor to collate such facts as we can gather, to throw what light we can upon the history of the air and words of Yankee Doodle. We have the satisfaction also to believe that some additional light has been shed upon the subject by the illustrations of our skillful artist.

With regard to the tune, authorities differ respecting both the date and source of its origin. Some consider it a genuine Yankee notion, whittled out in the days of the Revolution. Old General Dearborn, the elder, used to say the tune was of Spanish origin. Others say it was composed by a Doctor Shackburg, who was attached to the British army in the American Colonies in 1755, when the troops marched into Albany and prepared to attack the French posts at Niagara and Frontenac. It is said Shackburg composed the tune in ridicule of the uncouth appearance of the raw recruits, compared with the British *regulars*, and represented it to the Yankees as one of the most celebrated tunes in use in the army. And the accounts add that the simple Yankees swallowed the bait, took the tune for "gineuine," and it at once became very popular.

Again it is said that Shackburg did not compose the tune, and that it has been traced back as far as the time of Charles I. Corroborative of this statement, the following old English rhyme is given:

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a Kentish pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him Maccaroni"

There is some evidence, however, going to show that the tune may, after all, have originated in Holland. It is said the laborers who migrate from Germany to the Low Countries in harvest time, where they received for their work as much butter-milk as they could drink and a tenth part of the grain they gathered, were accustomed to sing a song with the following chorus:

"Yanker didel, doodel down,
Didel, dudel lanter,
Yanke viver, voover vown,
Botermilk und tanther."

Thus much for the tune. The history of the old song is equally vague and uncertain. Thatcher, in his Military Journal, says: "A song, called Yankee Doodle, was written by a British sergeant at Boston, in 1775, to ridicule the people there, when the American army, under Washington, was encamped at Cambridge and Roxbury."

Whatever may have been the origin of the song, it has undoubtedly undergone various changes, additions and interpolations; so that its original character cannot now be very accurately ascertained. From the several versions which we have been able to find we have collated the stanzas and given what appeared to us the best form of the old song. One of the versions before us is that given by the Massachusetts antiquarian, Isaiah Thomas, being a copy which he procured in 1813 from a ballad printer in Boston.

When the British fleet invested Boston in 1768, and landed troops in the town, it is recorded that their bands of music played "the Yankee Doodle song."

The general fact is clearly established, that the British on various occasions used this tune and song in ridicule of the Yankees, and that the Yankees turned the tune upon them most effectually, and made them laugh at the other corner of the mouth. On the morning of the battles of Lexington and Concord, the British marched from Boston through Roxbury playing Yankee Doodle, and as they were passing, a smart Roxbury boy was laughing so merrily that he attracted the attention of Lord Percy, who inquired of the youngster why he was so merry. Yankee instantly replied: "To think how you will dance by and by to *Chevy Chase*." Before night-fall the British were dancing Chevy Chase with their utmost speed.

When the proud Burgoyne surrendered his army of nearly six thousand men to the victorious Americans at Saratoga, the American forces were drawn up in two parallel lines facing each other, and while the British marched between them, and their commander presented his sword to General Gates, (which, however, was gallantly returned,) the American bands were coolly playing the tune of Yankee Doodle.

YANKEE DOODLE.

Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

FATHER AND I, AND CAPTAIN GOODING.

And there we see a thousand men
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it might be saved.

And there was Captain Washington,
Upon a slapping stallion,

SUCH A MAN AND SUCH A HOSS CAN'T BE BEAT.

A giving orders to his men,
I guess there was a million.

The flamin ribbons in his hat,
They look'd so tarnal fine,
I wanted peskily to get,
To give to our Jemima.

And there they had a swampin gun,
As big's a log of maple,
On a mighty little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they fired it off
It took a horn of powder,
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as near to it myself
As Siah's underpinnin;
But father went as nigh agin,
I thought the deuce was in him.

TAKE CARE, FATHER, THEY'RE GOIN TO SHOOT.

Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind o' clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbin iron
Upon the little eend on't.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would a cockt it;
It scared me so that I sneak'd off,
And clung to father's pocket.

And there I see a punkin shell,
As big as mother's basin,

LOOK OUT! THE KITTLE'S HILING OVER.

And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.

WHAT A FUNNY LITTLE LEATHER-HEADED BARREL.

And there I see a barrel too,
Its heads were made of leather;
They thumpt upon't with little clubs
To call the folks together.

And there they'd fife away like fun,
And play on corn-stalk fiddles;
And some had ribbons red as blood,
All wound about their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see 'em run such races.

Old uncle Sam come there to change
Some pancakes and some onions
For lasses cakes to carry home
To give his wife and young 'uns.

They eat more lasses every day
Than would last our folks all Winter;
By jings, they've got so much, I guess
They eat jest when they're a mind ter.

And there I see a snarl of men
A diggin graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They tended they should hold me.

IS THEM GRAVES? (INTRENCHMENTS.)

It scared me so I hookt it off,
Nor stopt, as I remember,

Nor turn'd about till I got home
Lock'd up in mother's chamber.

I VUM, I'LL HOOK IT HOME.

CHORUS.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy;
Mind the music and the step,
And let the girls be handy.

OLIO SEASONINGS.

Keep in good humor. It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that noble rage seldom mends the matter. Keep in good humor.

No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart makes nimble hands, and keeps the mind free and alert. No misfortune is so great as one that sours the temper. Until cheerfulness is lost, nothing is lost. Keep in good humor!

The company of a good humored man is a perpetual feast; he is welcomed everywhere—eyes glisten at his approach, and difficulties vanish in his presence. Franklin's indomitable good humor did as much for his country in the old Congress as Adams's fire or Jefferson's wisdom; he clothed wisdom with smiles, and softened contentious minds into acquiescence. Keep in good humor!

A good conscience, a sound stomach, a clean skin, are the elements of good humor. Get them, and keep them, and—be sure to keep in good humor!

Resistance to Ridicule.—Learn from the earliest days to inure your principles against the peril of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously and grandly—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. [Sidney Smith.

Dr. Fordyce sometimes drank a good deal at dinner He was summoned one evening to see a lady patient, when he was more than half seas-over, and conscious that he was so. Feeling her pulse, and finding himself unable to count its beats, he muttered, "Drunk, by ——!" Next morning, recollecting the circumstance, he was greatly vexed; and just as he was thinking what explanation of his behavior he should offer to the lady, a letter from her was put into his hand "She too well knew," said the letter, "that he had discovered the unfortunate condition in which she was when he last visited her; and she entreated him to keep the matter secret in consideration of the inclosed," (a hundred pound bank-note.)

An Irishman, newly imported, made application for work. On being asked if he could hold the plow, Paddy said he could do that or anything else. He was accordingly employed, and his master went with him to the field to see him commence operations. It was soon found that the Hibernian was new to the trade.

"Did you not tell me, Sir, that you could hold the plow?"

"Arrah, be aisy, now," said Pat; "how the divil can I howld the plow, and thim two spalpeens of horses dragging it away from me? But give it to me in the barn, and be jabers, I'll howld it with anybody."

"The baby is sick, my dear," said an anxious mother to her lord.

"Well, give it castor oil. Dennis, bring up that castor oil."

"It's all gone, Sir; divil a drop is left."

"Gone! why, we have not yet opened the bottle."

"Sure you have had it every day, and I've seen you use it myself upon your salad."

"Why, you scoundrel, you don't mean to say that I've been eating castor oil every day during the salad season?"

"Sure you have, Sir."

"Did you not see the bottle was labeled 'castor oil?'"

"Sure and I did, Sir; and didn't I put it in the 'castor' every day?".

A Sensible Request.—A new church having been erected in one of the flourishing towns out West, one of the papers of the place published the following notice:

"The new church building for Trinity parish (Episcopal) in this city, will be opened for divine service on Sunday next, the 20th inst., at 10½ o'clock A. M., and at 3 o'clock P. M.

"N. B.—The chewers of tobacco are earnestly requested to avoid the use of the article in the church, *or else spit in their hats.*"

An Article Right from the Factory.—Not long since a machine shop in New York City was struck by lightning. The fluid forced itself through the whole shop, and surcharged all the iron and tools with electricity. In fifteen minutes there were a hundred boys present, every one with his knife to be "magnetized." One little fellow, while rubbing his knife earnestly upon a half-melted saw, said to another, who was scrubbing away upon a file:

"Joe, this is none o' your boughten 'lectricity, but the real genuine lightin', right from where they make it!"

Jeu d'esprit.—At the corner of Bleecker street and Broadway, New York, there is a building, the upper part of which is used as an Episcopal church, and the lower as a tavern. The following *jeu d'esprit* appeared lately written on the door of the latter:

"There's a spirit above,
And a spirit below—
A spirit of joy,
And a spirit of wo—
The spirit above
Is a spirit divine,
And the spirit below
Is a spirit of wine."

FASHION PLATES

ENGRAVED FOR THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE.

WALKING TOILET.—Bonnet of pink crape, trimmed with flowers at the sides, in the hollows between the cheeks and on the curtain. At the edge of the front is sewed a short veil of white tulle sprinkled with little pink spots, and bordered with a double ruche of tulle similarly spotted. Inside the front are ruches of white blonde with a bow made of narrow pink terry velvets, at top, just on the bandeau of the hair. Dress a delicate grey silk clouded with a very small pattern in another tint of the same color, and ornamented with narrow black galloons worked in colors. Jacket-body with ends in front, high and sitting very close, although the lappet is not sewed on at the waist, that is to say, it is of the same piece with the upper part. The body buttons straight down in front as far as the beginning of the two rounded ends that hang down on the skirt. The lappet is square on the hip but is lengthened and rounded off behind. A galloon laid on flat begins to border the ends from the last button, and runs up the body and over the shoulder down behind in the form of braces. A second galloon begins under this first brace and comes on the seam of the sleeve to terminate also under the last brace. The sleeve forms at top a plain part and two puffs, and ends at bottom in a *bell*. On the shoulder, there is a second short sleeve which forms a *bell* or jockey more behind. The back forms at bottom two ends, as in front, which fall on the lappet. The skirt is double. The under one is trimmed on either hand, quite at the side and turning behind, with narrow galloons placed ladder-fashion. The first is 2½ inches, the

last, which ends on the edge of the hem, is 10 inches The extremities of the galloons are turned under so as to form a point. At the bottom of the upper skirt there are three rows of galloons which run round it, but leave an interval of about two inches between them and the galloons that form the sides. The hem is plain rather more than 3 inches deep. The second skirt has a plain hem 5 inches wide, surmounted by three rows of galloons without interruption.

Dress Toilet for a Young Lady.—Hair raised in puffed bands *a l'antique*, and separated in two rolls on the head, which meet the bandeaux behind under a bow of pink ribbon. Muslin fichu, with embroidered insertions and trimming. This fichu, low in the neck, crosses at the waist in front and forms a rounded pelerine behind. The edge of the neck is trimmed with a lace ruche; the bottom is bordered with an embroidered insertion, which is covered over half its width by a festooned trimming embroidered in spots. The trimming, diminishing down to the waist, crosses under a bow of pink ribbon No. 40, with long ends. From the crossing, under this bow, proceed two ends composed of a narrow band of plain muslin trimmed with two spotted festooned bands laid on flat The body of the fichu is composed of *dead* parts, which are obtained by making a broad flat plait with the muslin, then intervals of single muslin, having an embroidered insertion in the middle White muslin dress, ornamented with five graduated flounces festooned and embroidered in spots for half the depth Sleeves composed of two muslin puffs, with a *cloche* festooned and spotted to match the other trimming. The body is low, square in front, terminated by an insertion of narrow lace; it is gathered at top and at bottom.

New York Fashions.—As the weather continues somewhat warm the most light and airy textures are worn, as gauze, grenadine, barege, also some beautiful patterns of India and China muslins. Some exquisite patterns of silks are beginning to be worn, some with broad, solid stripes divided by a narrow stripe, brocaded with flowers in gorgeous hues; others with narrow stripes in plaid, in colors harmonizing with the broad stripes which they divide. Some elegant pattern dresses in silk, the flounces varying from three to five in number, trimmed by a deep border interwoven in the fabric, and gradually decreasing in depth as they reach the waist, are much in favor for walking or street dresses. The style of waist has not materially changed since our last; indeed, the plain corsage, high on the shoulder, and moderately high at the throat, closed in front with tasseled buttons, or bows of ribbon, is so becoming to most figures, that we think it will not soon be superseded. For light summer fabrics, thin silks, etc., the baby waist gathered, and confined by a belt, continue to obtain a decided preference, particularly with young ladies. The plain corsage is worn, slightly pointed or heart shaped, the bodice moderately long and rounded; for drooping shoulders bertelles are much worn, reaching from the front across the shoulder to the center of the back, trimmed according to the fancy of the artiste or wearer. Fringe, lace, or one or more rows of scolloped ribbon with a heading of bugle gimp, or several rows of very narrow black velvet ribbon, are favorite trimmings for the season. Another style of trimming much in use for basques, mantillas, etc., is the fringed guipure lace which is at once elegant, graceful and recherche. The skirts are still worn very full and universally flounced; the hoops are gradually becoming broader, the length is much the same: just reaching the floor at the sides and trailing one or two inches behind. The deep flowing sleeve, formed with puffs, and frills trimmed to correspond with the skirt, are generally in favor; a new and very pretty style of sleeve, formed of three frills, opening on the inside of the arm where the frills join the edge; trimmed to match the skirt, and finished with bows of ribbon at the top of the frills, on the inside the arm. This is termed "Le Ruche," and is exceedingly beautiful for a light gauze, barege, or muslin, as its folds fall with easy elegance, showing to advantage a finely molded arm. It is also applicable for silk, as the opening in the inside the arm displays the rich embroidery of the undersleeve; as also the rich bracelets worn in full dress. Evening dresses made in tulle, illusion, crape, barege, tissue, and the finest muslin are worn, also some elegant skirts of lace over satin, the sides looped with a bunch of fruit and flowers, are very beautiful and novel; for very light material the skirt is trimmed with three flounces having the appearance of three separate skirts. Low necks and short sleeves are universally worn for evening dress. The sleeves are fancifully trimmed; some are formed of a deep fall of rich lace with a very fine puffing, at the head; the lace may fall loosely to the elbow, or is festooned with knots of ribbon, bunches of fruit, or sprays of flowers; the front of the dress is sometimes formed of horizontal rows of puffs, edged with some fancy trimming running from the shoulder to the waist before. Another very pretty and fanciful article now in favor, is a basque made in plain black net, fitting the form easily and closed in front, which is ornamented with tasseled buttons, or buttons with bugles or jets depending; the skirt should fall easily over the hips, and is trimmed with a frill of net of medium depth and fullness, edged by several rows of No. 0 velvet placed in waves; the sleeves are trimmed to correspond. Collars of black net with rows of bugles, and velvet are much worn.

Mantillas, both of the shawl and talma form, made of lace and velvet, moire antique, silk and satin, are much worn. Another novelty which seems destined to become a general favorite, is a circular cape, or short cloak of cambric dimity, or Marseilles; the edge trimmed with embroidery, lace, or a frill of the same, edged with a scallop; the shoulder is trimmed with a hood or collar, as suits the fancy. It is easy and cool, which is sufficient to recommend it to the attention of those who combine taste and comfort.

The skirts of very young misses still continue short and much trimmed with tucks and flounces. The skirts are very full, and several have adopted the hoop; the waist is low, exposing the full round shoulders; the sleeves are very short, usually formed of one or two puffs, with a frill or edge corresponding with the trimming of the skirt. For very young misses the sleeves are usually looped on the shoulder with armlets of coral, gold or jewels. Small circular capes of dimity, or Marseilles, with an embroidered edge, are much in favor for the street. Leghorn hats with white or salmon-colored ribbon, with one or two ostrich feathers placed at the side, and drooping over the front, are decidedly in taste for the early part of the season. A very becoming dress for young masters is a loose sacque, the skirt slightly full, the body rather tight, confined at the waist by a belt of enameled leather, with a clasp of fanciful device; the sleeves short, full and open, displaying a sleeve of fine cambric, fastened at the wrist by a rounded band The trowsers are of white jean, full, and reach just below the knees, edged with a row of scallops with a simple vine or with muslin needle-work; a cap of fancy straw, trimmed with a straw cord and tassels, the front of white enameled leather; a cloak of embroidered cambric of the color of the sacque or white, finished at the neck with a small collar, completes this charming costume.

There has been a slight change both in the form and material of bonnets—the style now in favor being flat or square on the tip of the crown, instead of the oval or cap shape. Some, however, still adhere to the cap crown. The curtain is still very deep and full, much trimmed, or it is formed of alternate rows of ribbon, straw, velvet and lace; black velvet bands, with small straw buttons, are very much worn; the front is still very small, and seems to project a little more in the center; the inside is ornamented with a blonde ruche, with dark spots or rows delicately shading through it; clusters of fruit and sprays of flowers, mingled with the bright scarlet of the holly berry and the deep green of the ivy and grass, together with some deep colors in velvet leaves, forming a rich and beautiful contrast; the outside is trimmed with fruits, vines and leaves of the most gorgeous hues placed low at the sides and falling over the crown, partially concealing, and, at the same time, giving an air of grace which it is impossible to describe. The most brilliant colors of blue, scarlet, green, brown, gold and amber, mixed with fancy straw, spotted with black or colored chenille, velvet and lace, are usually the foundation of a fashionable hat. Some elegant chenille feathers in black and other colors are novelties and much in favor.

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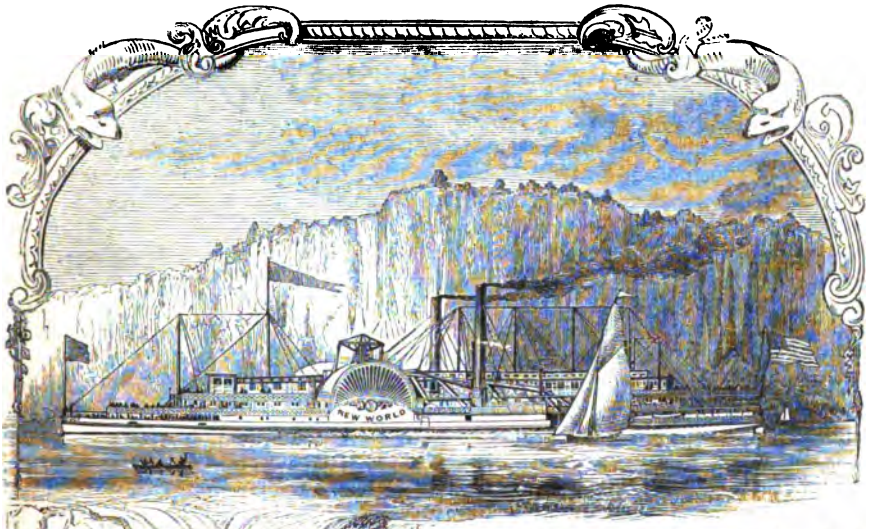
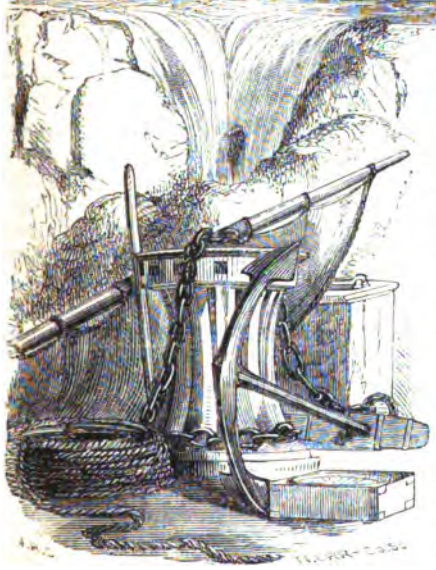




INLAND STEAM NAVIGATION.

THE EARLIEST AND LATEST BOATS ON THE HUDSON.

Steam navigation took its rise on our noble Hudson; and the many superior specimens of maritime architecture that now float on its bosom present conclusive evidence that, in perfection of construction, in comfort, speed and safety, the North River boats still hold the supremacy. The ease, luxury and security enjoyed on these floating palaces, are not only the astonishment, but the just subjects of eulogy from all our trans-Atlantic visitors. An illustrated description of a couple of our first-class inland steamers, or "steamboats," as they are usually designated, is the intention of this paper; preliminary to which, it will be well to glance backward on the pages of history, and briefly trace the discovery of the power of steam, the means of its introduction for practical purposes, with allusion to those individuals to whom mankind are mostly indebted for the benefits enjoyed through its agency.

The power of steam was not entirely unknown to the ancients, but before the era rendered memorable by the discoveries of James Watt, the steam engine, which has since become the object of such universal interest, was a machine of extremely limited power, inferior in importance and usefulness to most other mechanical

agents used as prime movers. Hero of Alexandria, who lived about one hundred and twenty years before Christ, has left us the description of a machine, in which a continued rotary motion was imparted to an axis by a blast of steam issuing from lateral orifices in arms placed at right angles with it. Other writers of remote antiquity make mention of various experiments, all of which confirm the fact that, in a measure, some of the qualities of steam were understood. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, a French engineer, De Caus, invented a machine by which a column of water might be raised by the pressure of steam confined in the vessel above the water to be elevated; and in 1629 Branca, an Italian philosopher, contrived a plan of working several mills by a blast of steam against the vanes. From the descriptions, however, which have been left us of these contrivances, it does not appear that their projectors were acquainted with those physical properties of elasticity and condensation on which the power of steam, as a mechanical agent, depends. In 1663 the celebrated Marquis of Worcester described, in his Century of Inventions, an apparatus for raising water by the expansive force of steam alone. The next name to be mentioned in the progressive history of the invention of the steam engine is that of Denis Papin, a native of France, who, being banished from his country, was established Professor of Mathematics at the University of Marburgh by the Landgrave of Hesse. He first conceived the important idea of obtaining a moving power by means of a piston working in a cylinder, (1688,) and subsequently (1690) that of producing a vacuüm in the cylinder by the sudden condensation of steam by cold. In accordance with these ideas he constructed a model, consisting of a small cylinder, in which was inserted a solid piston, and beneath this a small quantity of water; and applying heat to the bottom of the cylinder, steam was generated, the elastic force of which raised the piston. The cylinder was then cooled by removing the fire, when the steam condensed and became again converted into water, thus creating a vacuüm in the cylinder, into which the piston was forced by the pressure of atmospheric air. There is, however, no evidence that Papin carried this or any other machine into practical use before machines worked by them had been constructed elsewhere. Yet, as the inventor of the *safety valve*, (without which the steam engine could not exist,) his name will ever be remembered. He has also the credit of being the first person who suggested steam as a motive power for boats. Captain Savery, an Englishman, has the honor of constructing the first actual working steam engine, for which he received a patent in 1698. It was, however, a crude and impracticable affair, owing to the danger of explosion from the high pressure of the steam that was used, and from the enormous waste of heat by unnecessary condensation. Several ingenious men now turned their attention to the improvement of the steam engine, with a view to reduce the consumption of fuel, which was found to be so immense as to preclude its use, except under very favorable circumstances. In 1705, Thomas Newcomen, a blacksmith or ironmonger, and John Cawley, a plumber and glazier, patented their atmospheric engine, in which condensation was effected by the effusion of cold water upon the external surface of the cylinder, which was introduced into a hollow surrounding casing. Having accidentally observed that an engine worked several strokes with unusual rapidity without the supply of condensing water, Newcomen found, on examining the piston, a hole in it, through which the water, poured on to keep it air-tight, issued in the form of a little jet, and instantly condensed the steam under it. This led him to abandon the casing and to introduce a pipe, furnished with a cock, into the bottom of the cylinder, by which the water was supplied from a reservoir. Newcomen's engine required the constant attendance of some person to open and shut the regulating and condensing valves, a duty that was usually intrusted to boys, called cock-boys. It is said that one of these boys, named Humphrey Potter, wishing to join his comrades at play, without exposing himself to the consequences of suspending the performances of the engine, contrived, by attaching strings of proper length to the levers which governed the two cocks, to connect them with the beam, so that it would open and close the cocks as it moved up and down with the most perfect regularity. By this simple contrivance the steam engine, for the first time, became a perfect machine.

It was in repairing a working model of a steam engine on Newcomen's principle, for the lectures of the Professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Glasgow, that James Watt directed his mind to the prosecution of those inventions and beautiful contrivances by which he gave to senseless matter an almost instinctive power of self-adjustment, with more precision of action than belongs to any animated being, and which has rendered his name celebrated throughout the civilized world. At the time of which we speak, Newcomen's engine

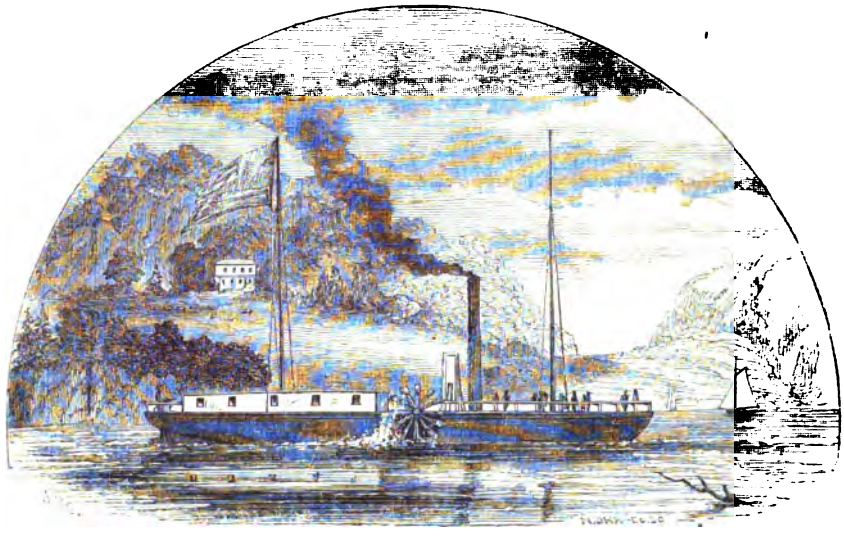
was of its last and most approved construction. Still, however, it contained but the mere rudiments, the undeveloped germs of that wonderful and more perfect triumph of genius and mechanical skill—the steam engine of Watt. We had intended to give a detailed account of several of the successive improvements of Watt in perfecting his engine, but are obliged to confine our article to a limited space, and must therefore omit them.

JAMES WATT.

James Watt was born at Greenock, in Renfrewshire, Scotland, on the 19th of January, 1736. He was the descendant of a family the members of which, for several generations, had exhibited no small degree of ability. His early rudiments of education were received in his native town; having, in his youth, manifested a partiality for the practical part of mechanics, he went, in his eighteenth year, to London to obtain instruction as a mathematical instrument maker, but remained there little more than a year, being compelled to return home on account of ill health. When he reached his majority he was appointed instrument maker to the University of Glasgow. His ability in his profession is thus complimented by M. Arago: "There are still in existence some small instruments which were at this time made entirely by Watt's own hand, and they are of very exquisite workmanship. I may add that his son has lately shown me some of his first designs, and that they are truly remarkable for the delicacy and precision of the drawing. It was not without reason that Watt used to speak with complacency of his manual dexterity." This was a gift that seemed to be hereditary in his family. In 1763 he left the University and removed into town, intending to practice as a civil engineer; but Professor Anderson's model of Newcomen's engine begot a germ in Watt's mind, its maturity had already commenced, and it finally propagated those ideas respecting the use of steam power which have led to such gigantic consequences. His first patent is dated June 5, 1769, which Parliament, in 1775, extended for twenty-five years, in consideration of the national importance of the inventions and the difficulties and expense of introducing them to public notice. In 1774 Watt removed from Glasgow to the vicinity of Birmingham, where he entered into partnership with Mr. Bolton, in which connection he carried on his improvements in the steam engine, which were not the only valuable inventions that resulted from his ingenious and industrious brain. He died at his house at Heathfield, in the County of Stafford, on the 25th of August, 1819, at the advanced age of eighty-four, after having realized an ample fortune and most distinguished civic honors, the well-earned reward of his industry and ability.

Next to its connection with the printing press, the application of steam to locomotion is among its most valuable benefits to our race, and must be considered one of the peculiar characteristics of the present age. The first of these latter adaptations was in its introduction to the propulsion of boats. The use of the paddle and the oar reach back beyond tradition; they are found with the most barbarous and untutored savage, the lowest type of the human family, and the perfection they obtained even there, shows their great importance in the economy of man. The steps were gradual, but sure, from the hollow log, propelled by a rude paddle, up to the rowing vessels of the time of the Phœnecians, who far surpassed all other nations of antiquity in navigation, adventuring far out to sea, and planting colonies at distant points, subsequently to be rivalled by Greece and Rome. Succeeding the oar, the paddle-wheel seems to have been the next step—of course the power being manual or animal; and next sails, which held the sway for centuries, and even at the present time are second only to steam itself in value.

To Robert Fulton belongs the imperishable honor of the invention and construction of the first successful steamboat. We have no wish nor intention to detract a single iota from the merits of the many master minds that, for nearly a whole century, were directed to the



THE CLERMONT.

accomplishment of the grand climax that was finally achieved by Fulton. To our countrymen, Evans, Fitch, Rumsey, Stevens, Ellsworth and Livingston, to Hull, Miller, Symington, and many others on the Eastern Continent, much credit is due; but, brilliant and above all on the roll of fame, stands the immortal name of Fulton, for his is encircled with the laurel of success.

Rumsey and Fitch were cotemporaneous in their researches. Both attempted to construct steamboats as early as 1783, and models of both of their contrivances were exhibited in 1784 to General Washington. Fitch's apparatus was a system of paddles; Rumsey at first used a pump, which drew the water in at the bow and forced it out through the stern of the boat. He afterward employed poles, set in motion by cranks on the axis of the fly-wheel of his engine, which was intended to be pressed against the bottom of the river. About the date of these experiments, Fitch sent drawings of his apparatus to Watt and Bolton, for the purpose of obtaining an English patent; and in 1789 Rumsey visited England upon the same errand. The former was not successful in obtaining patronage; but the latter, by the aid of some enterprising individual, procured the means to build a vessel on the Thames, which, however, was not set in motion until after his death, in 1793. Fitch's boat was propelled through the water at the rate of four miles per hour, but that of Rumsey proved unsuccessful. John Stevens, of Hoboken, commenced his experiments on steam navigation in 1791. He invented the first tubular boiler. His first attempts were made with a rotary engine; for which, however, he speedily substituted one of Watt's. With various forms of vessels, and different modifications of propelling apparatus, he impelled boats at the rate of five and six miles per hour. In the year 1797 Chancellor Livingston built a steamboat on the Hudson River. In the full confidence of success, he applied to the Legislature of New York for an exclusive privilege, which was granted on condition that he should, within a year, produce a vessel impelled by steam at the rate of three miles per hour. This he was unable to effect, and the project was dropped for the time. In the year 1800, however, Livingston and Stevens united their efforts, in which they were aided by Nicholas Roosevelt. Their apparatus was a system of paddles resembling a horizontal chain-pump, and set in motion by an engine of Watt's construction. The joint proceedings of these persons were interrupted by the appointment of Chancellor Livingston to represent the American Government in France, but neither he nor Mr. Stevens were yet discouraged; the latter continued to pursue his experiments at Hoboken, while the former carried to Europe high-raised expectations of success.

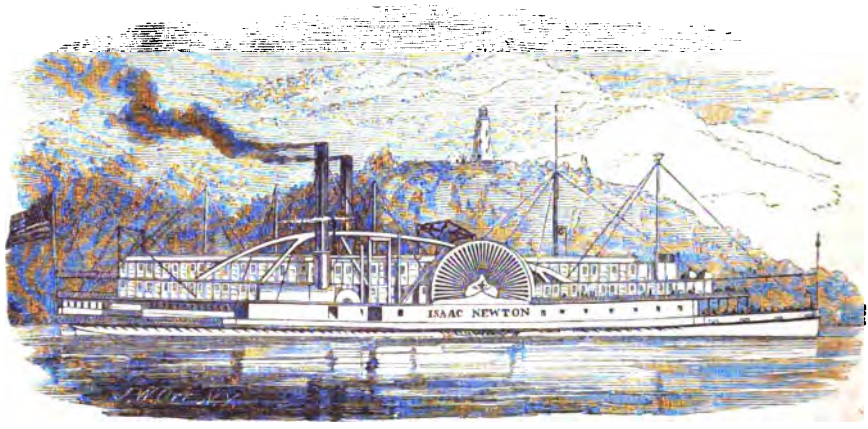
Fulton, having occupied himself at Paris, alongwith Livingston, in the investigation of the capabilities of different apparatus for propulsion, was finally led to the conviction that, of all methods proposed, the paddle-wheels possessed the greatest advantages. He next planned a mode of attaching wheels to the en-

gine of Watt, ingenious in itself, but complicated, and which he afterward simplified extremely. Up to this time the relation of the force of the engine to the velocity of the wheels, the resistance of the water to the motion of the vessel, had never been made a matter of preliminary calculation. Aware, however, that upon a proper combination of these elements all positive hopes of success must depend, he obtained access to the recorded experiments of the Society of Arts, and, limiting his proposed speed to four miles per hour, planned his machinery and boats accordingly. The vessel was then constructed at Paris, and being launched on the Seine, performed its task in exact conformity to his anticipations. From the success of this experiment, which was performed in 1803, it was resolved to take immediate measures to have a boat of large size constructed in the United States; but as, at that time, the workshops of this country were incapable of furnishing a steam engine, it became necessary to order one of Watt and Bolton; after which Fulton proceeded to England to superintend its construction. In the meantime Livingston was sufficiently fortunate to obtain a renewal of the exclusive grant from the State of New York, and having dissolved his connection with Stevens, now joined Fulton, as by this time the strife for supremacy was already getting quite animated.

In the Spring of 1807, having returned to this country, Fulton commenced the construction of his boat; she was launched from the yard of Charles Brown, on the East River side of this city, in July of that year. The engine from England having been placed on board,

ROBERT FULTON.

she made her trial trip in August, during which she was moved from her birth-place to the Jersey shore. The surprise and admiration expressed by all who witnessed this first happy result is almost indescribable; the minds of the most incredulous were changed in a few moments; before the boat had made the progress of a quarter of a mile the greatest unbeliever must have been converted. The person who, while he looked at the expensive machine, thanked his stars that he had more wisdom than to waste his money on such idle schemes, changed the expression of his features as the boat moved from the wharf and gained her speed; his complacent smile gradually stiffened into an expression of wonder. The jeers of the ignorant, who had neither sense nor feeling enough to suppress their contemptuous ridicule and rude jokes, were silenced for a moment by a vulgar astonishment, which deprived them of the power of utterance, till the triumph of genius extorted from the incredulous multitude which crowded the shores shouts and acclamations of congratulation and applause. This boat, which was in honor of Chancellor Livingston, named after his country seat, "the Clermont," soon after started from near the old State Prison Dock, at the foot of Amos street, New York, for Albany. On the first voyage she arrived at her destination without accident of any kind. The astonishment of the inhabitants on the banks of the Hudson, excited by her appearance, many of whom had never heard of a steam engine, much less a steamboat, has been the subject of many quaint and interesting sketches of both pen and pencil, some of which were most ridiculous, while others were of that character which nothing but an object of real grandeur could have excited. She was described by some, who had indistinctly seen her passing in the night, as a living monster moving on the waters, defying the winds and tide, and breathing flames and smoke. She had the most terrific appearance to other vessels which were navigating the river at this time. The fuel used, the same as in all steamboats for years after, was dry pine wood, which sends forth a volume of ignited vapor several feet above the top of the smoke pipe; and whenever the fire is stirred, a galaxy of sparks fly off, which at night presented a beautiful and effective appearance. This uncommon light first attracted the notice of the crews of other vessels, who, although the wind and tide were adverse, were astonished to find that the object producing it was rapidly approaching them, and when it came so near that



STEAMER ISAAC NEWTON.

the noise of the machinery and paddle-wheels could be heard, it is said the crews, in some instances, shrunk between their decks from the startling sight; some escaped to the shore by the aid of their small boats, while others prostrated themselves, and besought Providence to protect them from the horrible monster which was marching on the tide and lighting its path by the fire which it vomited. It is said that one individual, when he first saw the Clermont on her passage, and as she was passing the now city of Hudson, went home and told his wife that he had "seen the devil going to Albany in a saw-mill!"

Undoubtedly the Clermont's first trip to Albany was an experimental one, as it was the intention of Messrs. Fulton and Livingston to eventually employ her on the Mississippi River, it being surmised that the patronage procurable on the Hudson would be entirely inadequate to insure a paying speculation. The account of this first trip was, at the time, thus detailed by Mr. Fulton:

"*To the Editor of the American Citizen:*

"SIR: I arrived this afternoon at 4 o'clock in the steamboat from Albany. As the success of my experiment gives me great hopes that such boats may be rendered of great importance to my country, to prevent erroneous opinions, and give some satisfaction to the friends of useful improvements, you will have the goodness to publish the following statement of facts:

"I left New York on Monday at 1 o'clock and arrived at Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston, at 1 o'clock on Tuesday; time, twenty-four hours; distance, one hundred and ten miles. On Wednesday I departed from the Chancellor's at nine in the morning, and arrived at Albany at five in the afternoon; distance, forty miles; time, eight hours. The run is one hundred and fifty miles in thirty-two hours—equal to near five miles an hour.

"On Thursday, at 9 o'clock in the morning, I left Albany, and arrived at the Chancellor's at six in the evening. I started from thence at seven, and arrived in New York at four in the afternoon; time, thirty hours; space run through, one hundred and fifty miles—equal to five miles an hour. Throughout my whole way, both going and returning, the wind was ahead; no advantage could be derived from my sails; the whole has, therefore, been performed by the power of the steam engine.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT FULTON."

In a letter to his friend Mr. Barlow, he says:

"My steamboat voyage to Albany and back has turned out rather more favorably than I had calculated. The distance from New York to Albany is one hundred and fifty miles. I ran it up in thirty-two hours, and down in thirty. I had a breeze against me the whole way, both going and coming, and the voyage has been performed wholly by the power of the steam engine. I overtook many sloops and schooners beating to windward, and parted with them as if they had been at anchor. The power of propelling boats by steam is now fully proven. The morning I left New York there were not, perhaps, thirty persons in the city who believed that the boat would ever move one mile per hour, or be of the least utility; and while we were putting off from the wharf, which was crowded with spectators, I heard a number of sarcastic remarks. This is the way in which ignorant men compliment what they call philosophers and projectors. Having employed much time, money and zeal in accomplishing this work, it gives me, as it will you, great pleasure to see it fully answer my expectations. It will give a cheap and quick conveyance to the merchandise on the Mississippi, Missouri, and other great rivers which are now laying open their treasures to the enterprise of our countrymen; and, although the prospect of personal emolument has been some inducement to me, yet I feel infinitely more pleasure in reflecting on the immense advantages that my country will derive from the invention."

It must have been on the return trial trip that the first incident related in the following, by a correspondent to the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, occurred.

Some twenty years since, more or less—for I cannot fix the date with more certainty—I formed a traveling acquaintance, upon a steamboat on the Hudson River, with a gentleman, who on that occasion related to me some inci-

STATE-ROOM SALOON OF STEAMER ISAAC NEWTON.

dents of the first voyage of Fulton to Albany in his steamboat, the Clermont, which I have never met with elsewhere. The gentleman's name I have lost, but I urged him at the time to publish what he related; which, however, as far as I know, he has never done. I have several times repeated the facts as they were told to me, and have often been requested to secure them from oblivion by giving them to the press.

"I chanced," said my narrator, "to be at Albany on business when Fulton arrived there, in his unheard-of craft, which everybody felt such interest in seeing. Being ready to leave, and hearing that this craft was to return to New York, I repaired on board and inquired for Mr. Fulton. I was referred to the cabin, and there I found a plain, gentlemanly man, wholly alone and engaged in writing.

"'Mr. Fulton, I presume?'

"'Yes Sir.'

"'Do you return to New York with this boat?'

"'We shall try to get back, Sir.'

"'Can I have a passage down?'

"'You can take your chance with us, Sir.'

"I inquired the amount to be paid; and, after a moment's hesitation, a sum—I think six dollars—was named. The amount, in coin, I laid in his open hand; and, with his eye fixed upon it, he remained so long motionless that I supposed there might be a miscount, and said to him:

"'Is that right, Sir?'

"This roused him as from a kind of revery, and as he looked up to me the big tear was beaming in his eye and his voice faltered as he said:

"'Excuse me, Sir;' but memory was busy as I contemplated this, the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion over a bottle of wine with you, but really I am too poor, even for that, just now; yet I trust we may meet again when this will not be so.'

"The voyage to New York was successful, as all know, and terminated without accident. Some four years after this, when the Clermont was greatly improved and her name changed to the North River, and when two other boats—namely, the Car of Neptune and the Paragon—had been built, making Mr. Fulton's fleet consist of three boats, regularly plying between New York and Albany, I took passage upon one of these for the latter city. The cabin, in that day, was below; and as I walked its length, to and fro, I saw I was very closely observed by one I supposed was a stranger. Soon, however, I recalled the features of Mr. Fulton; but, without disclosing this, I continued my walk and awaited the result. At length, in passing his seat, our eyes met, when he sprang to his feet, and eagerly seizing my hand, exclaimed:

"'I knew it must be you, for your features have never escaped me; and though I am still far from rich, yet I may venture that bottle now.'

"It was ordered, and during its discussion Mr. Fulton ran rapidly, but vividly, over his experience of the world's coldness and sneers, and of the hopes, fears, disappointments and difficulties that were scattered through his whole career of discovery up to the very point of his final crowning triumph, at which he so fully felt he had at last arrived.

"'And in reviewing all these,' said he, 'I have again and again recalled the occasion and the incident of our first interview at Albany, and never have I done so without its renewing in my mind the vivid emotions it originally caused. That seemed, and still does seem to me, the turning point in my destiny—the dividing line between light and darkness in my career upon earth; for it was the first actual recognition of my usefulness to my fellow men.'"

Soon after her trial the boat was advertised and established as a regular packet between New York and Albany. The following is the first regular announcement. It appeared in the Albany Gazette, and is dated Sept. 2, 1807. The time promised was performed with great punctuality:

"The North River steamboat will leave Paulus Hook Ferry, [now Jersey City Ferry, at the foot of Courtlandt street,] on Friday, the 4th of September, at nine in the morning, and will arrive at Albany on Saturday at nine in the afternoon.

"Provisions, good berths and accommodations are provided. The charge to each passenger is as follows:

To Newburgh.....$3 00...Time, 14 hours.
To Poughkeepsie. .. 4 00...Time, 17 hours.
To Esopus..... 5 00...Time, 20 hours.
To Hudson.. . .... 5 50...Time, 30 hours.
To Albany..... 7 00...Time, 36 hours.

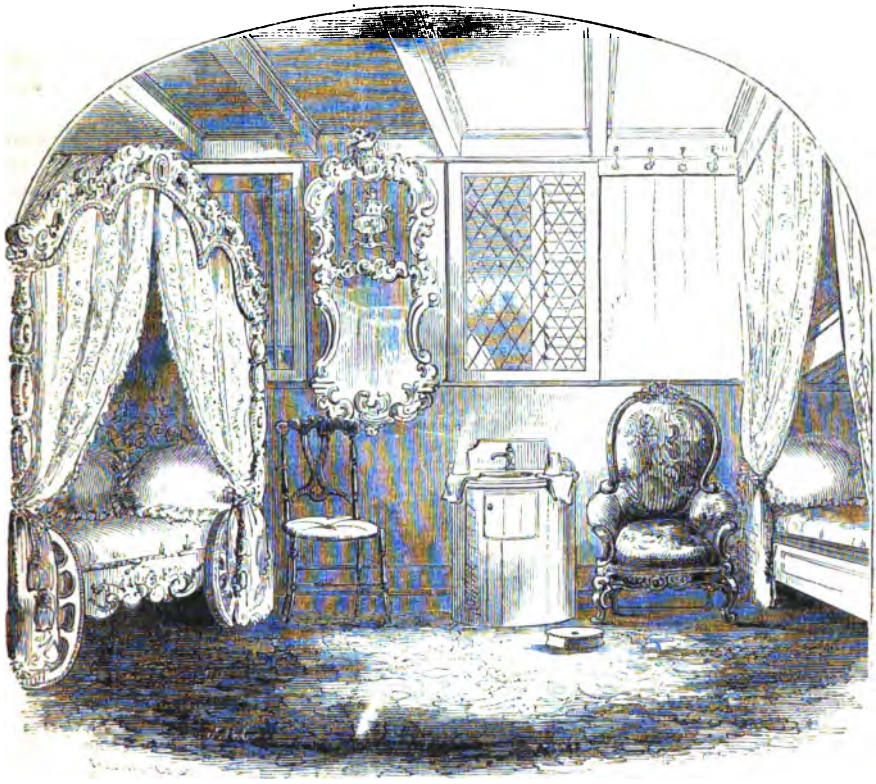
"For places apply to Wm. Vandervoort, No. 43 Courtlandt street, on the corner of Greenwich. Way passengers to Tarrytown, &c., will apply to the captain on board.

"The steamboat will leave Albany on Monday, the 7th of September, at nine o'clock in the morning, and arrive at New York on Tuesday at nine o'clock in the evening. She will leave New York on Wednesday at nine o'clock, and arrive at Albany on Thursday at nine in the evening. She will leave Albany on Friday morning at nine o'clock, and arrive at New York on Saturday evening at nine o'clock—thus performing two voyages from Albany and one from New York within the week. On Monday, the 14th, and Friday, the 18th, she will leave New York at nine in the morning, and Albany, on the 16th, at nine in the morning, after which the arrangements for her departure will be announced.

"For passage apply at the Tontine Coffee House, Stebbins's Stage House, or to the captain on board, where a book will be kept to enter names."

On the first voyage as a packet boat there were twenty-four passengers on board the Clermont. The only known survivor of the number is the Hon. John Q. Wilson, of Albany. Some time since, at the request of his friends, Judge Wilson published the following narrative:

"It may be of some interest to the present generation to have a correct account of the first boat built by Fulton and Livingston, on her first trip as a passage vessel, by one who was then a passenger. The writer of this article resided in New York, and was often in the shipyard when Mr. Fulton was building his first boat. She was a queer looking craft; and, like everything new, excited much attention, and not a little ridicule. When she was launched, and the steam engine placed in her, that also was looked upon as a piece with the boat built to float it. In those days the operations of the



BRIDAL CHAMBER IN STEAMER ISAAC NEWTON.

steam engine were but little known. A few had seen the one for raising the Manhattan water, but to the people at large the thing was a hidden mystery. Curiosity was now greatly excited. When it was announced in New York that the boat would start from the foot of Courtlandt street at 6½ o'clock on Friday morning, the 4th of September, and take passengers to Albany, there was a broad smile on every face as the inquiry was made if anybody would be fool-hardy enough to go. A friend of the writer of this article, hearing he intended to venture, accosted him in the street:

"'John, will thee risk thy life in such a concern? I tell thee she is the most fearful *wild fowl* living, and thy father ought to restrain thee.'

"When Friday morning came the wharves, piers, house-tops, and every spot from which a sight could be obtained, were filled with spectators. There were twelve berths, and every one was taken. The fare was $7. All the machinery of the boat was fully exposed to view; the water and balance wheels were entirely uncovered; the peripheries were of cast-iron, some four inches or more square, and ran just clear of the water. The weight of both the water and balance-wheels was sustained by the shafts, which projected over the sides of the vessel. There were no outside guards. The forward part of the boat was covered by a deck, which afforded shelter for the men employed in navigating the boat. The after part was fitted up in a rough manner for passengers; the entrance into the cabin was from the stern, in front of the steersman, who worked a tiller, the same as in an ordinary sloop. Thick, black smoke issued from the chimney—steam hissed from every ill-fitted valve and crevice of the engine. Fulton himself was there; his remarkably clear and sharp voice was heard above the hum of the multitude and the noise of the engine. All his actions were confident and decided, unheeding the fearfulness of some and the doubts and sarcasms of others. In the whole scene combined there was an individuality and an interest which, like 'love's young dream,' comes but once, and is remembered forever. The time for the departure of the boat arrived; some of the

machinery still required to be adjusted; there was a delay. Some of the passengers said, in Fulton's hearing, they feared the voyage would prove a failure. He replied:

"'Gentlemen, you need not be uneasy; you shall be in Albany before twelve o'clock tomorrow.'

"When everything was ready, the engine was started, and the boat moved steadily but slowly from the wharf. As she turned up the river and was fairly under way there arose such a huzza as ten thousand throats never gave before. The passengers returned the cheer, but Fulton stood erect upon the deck, his eye flashing with an unearthly brilliancy as he surveyed the crowd. He felt that the magic wand of success was waving over him, and he was silent. It was agreed that a kind of log-book should be kept. Gerrit H. Van Wagenen was designated to give the time, and the writer of this article to set it down. At the termination of the voyage, the following paper was drawn up and signed by all the passengers, and published in the Albany Register of Tuesday, September 8, 1807:

"'"On Friday morning, at eighteen minutes before 7 o'clock, the North River steamboat left New York, landed one passenger at Tarrytown, (twenty-five miles,) and arrived at Newburgh (sixty-three miles) at 4 o'clock in the afternoon; landed one passenger there, and arrived at Clermont, (one hundred miles,) where two passengers, one of whom was Mr. Fulton, were landed at fifteen minutes before 2 o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Albany at twenty-seven minutes past 11 o'clock, making the whole time *twenty-eight hours and forty-five minutes*; distance, one hundred and fifty miles. The wind was favorable, but light from Verplanck's Point to Wappinger's Creek, (forty miles.) The remainder of the way it was ahead, or there was a dead calm. The subscribers, passengers on board of this boat on her first passage as a packet, think it but justice to state that the accommodations and conveniences on board exceeded their most sanguine expectations.

SELAH STRONG,	G. H. VAN WAGENEN,
THOMAS WALLACE,	JOHN Q. WILSON,
JOHN P. ANTHONY,	DENNIS H. DOYLE,
GEORGE WETMORE,	WILLIAM S. HICKS,
J. BOWMAN,	J. CRANE,
JAMES BRADEN,	STEPHEN N. ROWAN.

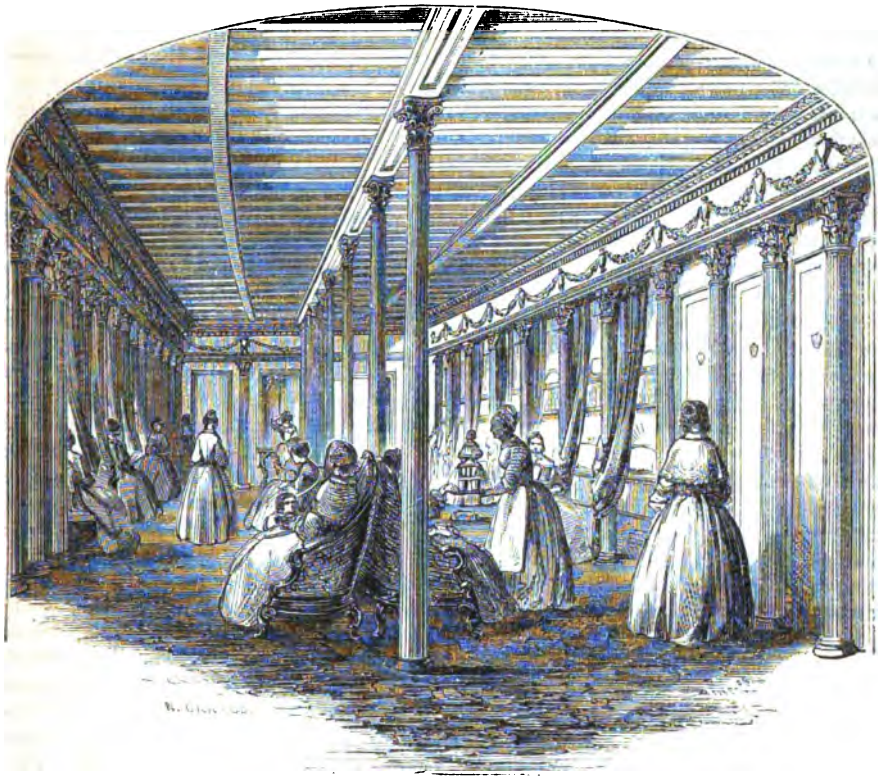
"'*Albany*, September 5, 1807.'

"When coming up Haverstraw Bay a man in a skiff lay waiting for us. His appearance indicated a miller; the paddle-wheels had very naturally attracted his attention; he asked permission to come on board. Fulton ordered a line to be thrown to him, and he was drawn alongside. He said he 'did not know about a mill going up stream, and came to inquire about it.' One of the passengers, an Irishman, seeing through the simple-minded miller at a glance, became his *cicerone;* showed him all the machinery and the contrivances by which one wheel could be thrown out of geer when the mill was required to come about. After finishing the examination, said he, 'that will do; now show me the mill-stones.' 'O,' said the other, 'that is a secret which the master,' pointing to Fulton, 'has never told us yet; but when we come back from Albany with a load of corn, then if you come on board you will see the meal fly.' Dennis kept his countenance and the miller left. As we passed West Point the whole garrison was out and cheered us as we passed. At Newburgh it seemed as if all Orange County had collected there; the whole side-hill city seemed animated with life. Every sail-boat and water craft was out; the ferry-boat from Fishkill was filled with ladies. Fulton was engaged in seeing a passenger landed, and did not observe the boat until she bore up alongside. The flapping of the sail arrested his attention, and, as he turned, the waving of so many handkerchiefs and the smiles of bright and happy faces, struck him with surprise. He raised his hat and exclaimed, "That is the finest sight we have seen yet."

The steam navigation commenced on the above day, and has been uninterruptedly continued, with vastly wonderful increase, up to the present time—possibly, at some future period, to be superseded by some other propelling agent, which will be as far superior to it as it was over its immediate predecessors. When first built, the Clermont was 100 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 7 feet deep. In 1808 she was lengthened to 150 feet, widened, by having guards built on the sides, to 18 feet, and had her name changed to the North River. Her burden, after the improvements, was 165 tuns. How insignificant to the noble structures of the present! We appreciated this disparity when, a few days since, during a conversation with Capt. Robert Crittenden, who is now the oldest living North River steamboat skipper, he said:

"Why, Sir, the boats of them days would be insufficient to carry the passengers' baggage at the present time." But, ere we drop them, a few words from the biography of the great successful inventor:

Robert Fulton, the son of an Irish emigrant, was born in Little Brittain, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1765. In his infancy he was put to school in Lancaster, where he acquired the rudiments of a common English education. His peculiar genius manifested itself at a very early age. In his childhood all his hours of recreation were passed in the shops of mechanics, or in the employment of his pencil. At



LADIES' SALOON IN STEAMER ISAAC NEWTON.

the age of seventeen years he painted portraits and landscapes in Philadelphia, where he remained until he was about twenty-one. In his twenty-second year he went to England, where he was received with great kindness by his distinguished countryman, Benjamin West, who was so pleased with his promising genius and amiable qualities that he took him into his house, where he continued an inmate for several years. After leaving the family of West, he appears for some time to have made painting his chief employment. He spent two years in Devonshire, where he formed an acquaintance with the Duke of Bridgewater, so famous for his canals, and Lord Stanhope, a nobleman celebrated for his love of science, and particularly for his attachment to the mechanical arts. In 1793 we find Fulton actively engaged in a project to improve inland navigation. Even at that early period he had conceived the idea of propelling vessels by steam, and he speaks in some of his manuscripts with great confidence of its practicability. In May, 1794, he obtained from the British Government a patent for a double inclined plane, to be used for transportation; and in the same year he submitted to the British Society for the Promotion of Arts and Commerce an improvement of his invention on mills for sawing marble, for which he received the thanks of the society and an honorary medal. He also obtained patents for machines for spinning flax and making ropes, and invented a mechanical contrivance for scooping out the earth, in certain situations, to form the channels for canals and aqueducts. The subject of canals appears chiefly to have engaged his attention at this time. He now, and probably for some time previously, professed himself a civil engineer. Under this title he published his work on canals. Throughout his course as a machinist and civil engineer, he derived great advantage from his talent for drawing and painting, he being an elegant and accurate draughtsman. After his attention was directed to mechanics, he seemed not to have used his pencil as a painter till a short time before his death, when he painted some portraits of his own family. In 1797 he went to Paris, where he lived seven years in the family of Joel Barlow, during which time he studied the higher mathematics, physics, chemistry, and perspective. While there he projected the first pano-

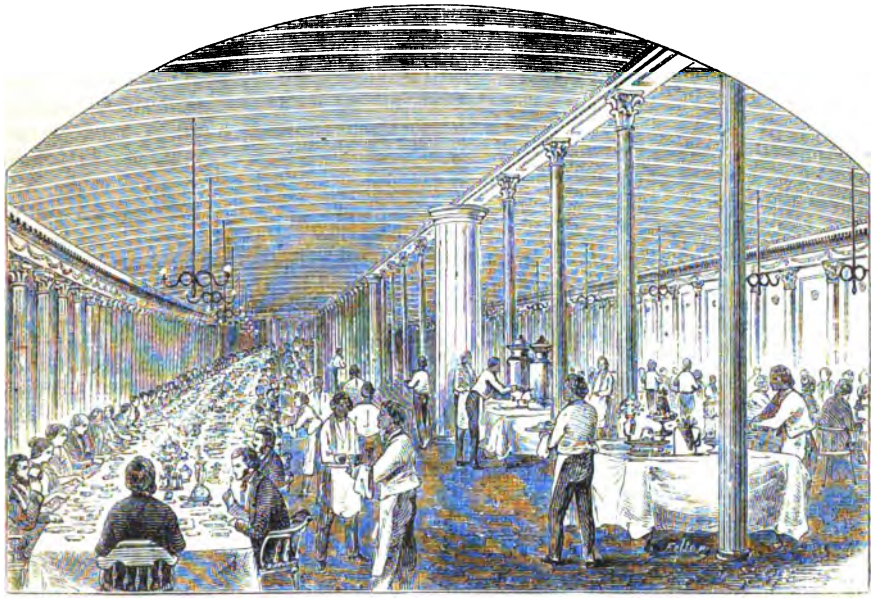
rama that was exhibited in Paris. He also made an experiment on the Seine, in 1797, with a machine designed to propel carcasses of gunpowder under water to a given point, and there explode them. Although this project failed, he continued to employ his attention on the subject until he had perfected the plan for his "sub-marine boat" as it was afterward executed. He left Paris in 1806, and, after a short stay in England, returned to the United States and effected his wonderful mission, the *practical establishment of navigation by steam*, for which he received his first patent February 11, 1809; and in the same month of the year 1811 obtained protection for other improvements in boats and machinery. From this time forward he was mostly employed in the construction of boats; among which were the first steam ferry-boats, two of these he built for the Jersey City Ferry. Fulton displayed his usual skill and ingenuity in fitting up the floating bridges and other appurtenances, most of which were the results of his own genius. Our space will not permit a detailed account of his connection with the project for the great Erie Canal; of his new plans and experiments in sub-marine warfare; of the construction of the steam-frigate which bore his name; of his vexatious and ruinous law suits and controversies with those who interfered with his patent rights and exclusive grants. Fulton died February 24, 1815, after a short illness. occasioned by exposure in superintending the construction of a steam-frigate. in the fifty-first year of his age, and was buried with military and civic honors, amid the most marked expressions of regret and respect.

Before Fulton's demise the Hudson River steamboat fleet had augmented to the number of seven boats, viz: the North River, the Car of Neptune, the Hope, the Perseverance, the Paragon, the Richmond, and the Fulton. There was a gradual but marked improvement in each successive effort. The Fulton measured 327 tuns burden, and was capable of attaining a speed of nine miles an hour. When the exclusive grant of the State of New York to Livingston and Fulton was set aside, the younger Stevens entered the field of competition. He constructed a boat that in speed excelled all its predecessors. Her usual time was to leave New York at four o'clock in the afternoon and arrive at Albany at from seven to eight o'clock the next morning. In that day this was considered a most wonderful performance. Soon after this period the long celebrated "Hudson River Steamboat Association" was formed. Prominent among its stockholders were the Stevenses of Hoboken, the Hearts of Troy, Captain Jenkins and others. They built a number of new boats of increased speed and accommodations, and for the next twenty years enjoyed an almost exclusive monopoly of the passenger traffic on the Hudson. In 1835 among their fleet were the De Witt Clinton, the Albany, the Ohio and the North America,* of the night line; and the Erie and the Champlain of the day line. These boats averaged five hundred tuns burden, and were well arranged for passengers. On each side of the lower cabin, fore and aft, were tiers of berths, the remainder being occupied with the supper tables, etc. The main cabin aft was, as is now the case, the ladies' saloon, in which were berths and other conveniences. On one or two of these boats the experiment of having state-rooms on the upper or promenade deck had already been tried with success. They had also reduced the time of passage to about twelve or fourteen hours.

For some time previous to the last mentioned date great complaint had been made by the traveling public of the exorbitant rates and other abuses practised by the association, all of which called strenuously for an opposition; and during that season Daniel Drew, Captain St. John and their copartners brought forward the steamboats Westchester and the Emerald, and under the popular cognomen of the "People's Line," established them, at reduced rates, as a regular passenger line between New York and Albany. This at once became a powerful competition to the old association, who then, and for a number of years after, used every exertion to maintain their supremacy. At times the spirit of rivalry was so much elevated that whole loads of passengers were carried from New York to Albany, and *vice versa*, for twelve-and-a-half cents; but the efforts, in the main, were fruitless. The conductors of the People's Line were men of capacity and discrimination; they had carefully measured the distance before commencing operations; their determination was to succeed, and, as the sequel showeth, they have swallowed the old line and nearly all other competitors. In 1836 the People's Line built the Rochester, and in the following year the Utica, which boats rivaled in speed and accommodations the best of those belonging to the Old Line.

In 1840 Isaac Newton and his associates joined the People's Line, bringing into the common stock the new North America and the

* This was the first boat of that name. She was destroyed by the ice in 1839.



SUPPER SALOON IN STEAMER ISAAC NEWTON.

South America, two of the largest and most elegant boats that had as yet been constructed. In regard to speed, we think the acme was attained by the latter, her time of *twenty-two* miles per hour never having been beaten. This, however, was an important era in the affairs of the People's Line, it being that of the introduction into its superintendence of a man of mark, and one who, though we trust his career of usefulness is no more than fairly begun, has already had no little influence in the advancement of steam navigation. It is aptly claimed that he has been the "head and front" of the system of safety, ease and luxury now enjoyed. To aid the youth of our country in an honorable spirit of emulation, as also to connect the thread of our narrative, we shall here digress for a few moments to give a brief sketch of his biography.

Isaac Newton, the son of a soldier of the Revolution, was born in the town of Scohdack, Rensselaer County, New York, on the 16th of January, 1794. About the commencement of the present century his family removed to Albany, where, from the death of his father, they became much reduced in circumstances; therefore young Isaac had no advantages of early education, and his first recollections were of toiling to earn his living. He worked at various trades, the last of which, printing, he would have been pleased to continue had his health permitted; but, it having been supposed he was in a decline, the physician ordered a change of occupation, and young Isaac was installed clerk in the grain and provision store of late William Chapman. Although rather odd and rustic in his personal appearance, he was studious and regular in his habits, avoiding convivial associates and doing his utmost to advance his social position. By regularly attending evening schools, and close application to study when not engaged in his regular duties, he at this time acquired the elements of a common English education. During the last war between this country and Great Britain, at the call for volunteers, he enrolled himself and shouldered his musket in defense of his native land. He was stationed at Fort Gansevoort, in the regiment of Colonel Cadwalader D. Colden.* He was not fortunate enough to see actual service, but remained on camp duty until peace was declared. On his return to Albany, finding that an outdoor active employment was necessary to his health, he went as a hand on board of a sloop plying between that city and New York. He readily gained a knowledge of the business, and soon took command; and having, by economy, accumulated something, he purchased a share of the vessel, and entered into a copartnership, in the freighting and provision business, with Mr. Bentley. His connection with the transportation business, commenced at this time, has uninterruptedly con-

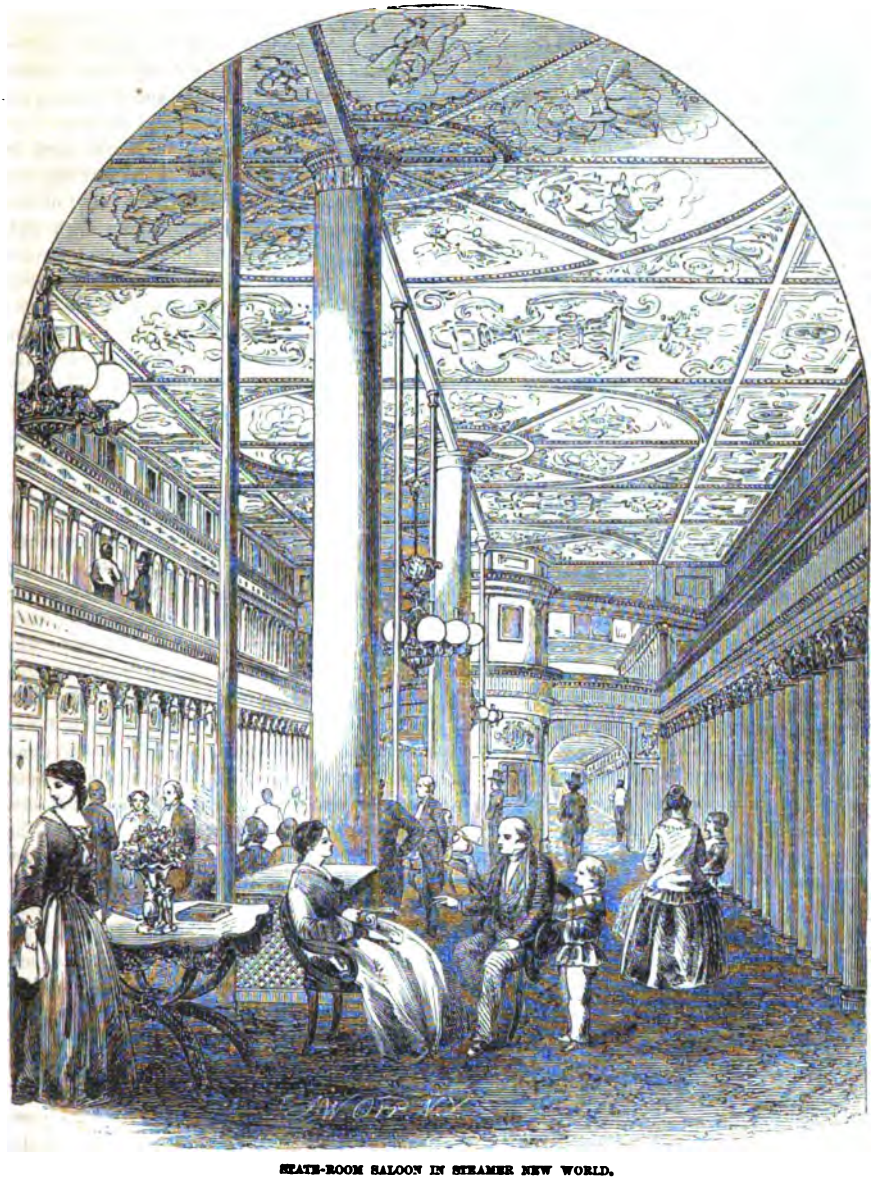
* The biographer of Robert Fulton

tinued until the present moment. On the formation of the "Eckford Line" of tow-boats, Newton was chosen managing superintendent in this city, and he at once began to devote his almost undivided attention to steam navigation. He soon expressed the opinion that the hulls of passenger boats were much too heavy, and that their models required serious modifications before great speed could be attained. His first experiment in building was in the construction of the Balloon, a boat that immediately became celebrated for her speed. She was intended to run between Poughkeepsie and Albany, but she was regarded as an interloper by the monopoly, who reduced the fare between the landings to a mere trifle, hoping by this means to drive her off. The Balloon was then brought to this city, and put on as a regular opposition boat to Albany. One after another all the boats of the monopoly were pitted against her; she, however, proved too fleet for any of them, and finally they were forced to pay a handsome bonus to have her withdrawn. The Balloon now runs on the Delaware, and is even yet considered a fast boat. In 1839 he superintended the building of the new North America, in which he successfully introduced the burning of anthracite coal, by which the expense of fuel was reduced at least 50 per cent. The following year, in connection with James Cunningham, an eminent engineer, he built the South America, of this city; which, when completed, was universally acknowledged to be unsurpassed in beauty of finish, accommodations, economy in fuel, and adaptation to her business. In regard to her speed, as we have before remarked, she proved herself, at all events, the fleetest boat of her day. These vessels were at first, from the lightness of their construction, stigmatized as "paper boats," and it was predicted that their careers would be short, but the sagacity and far-sightedness of their constructor have been amply verified by experience—these boats having not only proved swifter, but more serviceable, than any former productions.

ISAAC NEWTON.

Mr. Newton still remains the superintendent, or "agent," as he styles himself, of the People's Line. He is also one of its principal owners, and has acquired a competency by his energy, industry and ability. All the present boats have been built and fitted under his immediate supervision and direction, and his friends claim that he is the originator of the comfortable and luxurious system of traveling that has now become a necessity to secure the public favor. In his business transactions Mr. Newton is prompt, honorable and just to the letter; he likewise exacts the same treatment from those who are desirous of his patronage. Their insertion here would be out of place; however, we may remark that the universal commendation of his former associates—steamboat and sloop captains, with whom we frequently conversed while collecting the data for this paper—was of the most flattering description. Altogether Mr. Newton has built over ninety vessels, consisting of ocean steamers, steamboats, barges, sloops, etc., and it is said that in planning a vessel for any desired purpose he has no superior.

Succeeding the South America, the next noticeable boats were the Hendrick Hudson, of 1,170 tuns, and the Oregon, of 1,050; they appeared on the river in 1845, and are still on the theater of action. In accommodation and fitting the two later efforts excel them, but in speed and other qualities they have hardly been excelled by any craft that floats. In 1846, Curtis Peck and others commenced the construction of a large boat to engage in the passenger traffic of the Hudson. Before her completion she was purchased by the People's Line, and, in honor of their efficient superintendent, named the Isaac Newton. During the following season yet another boat was built for the day line, which, at her launching, was christened the New World. Each of these last boats measured 1,400 tuns; and in regard to their perfection for the purposes designed, they have acquired an almost world-wide reputation. The shortest passage ever accomplished by a steam-propelled vessel was performed by the New World

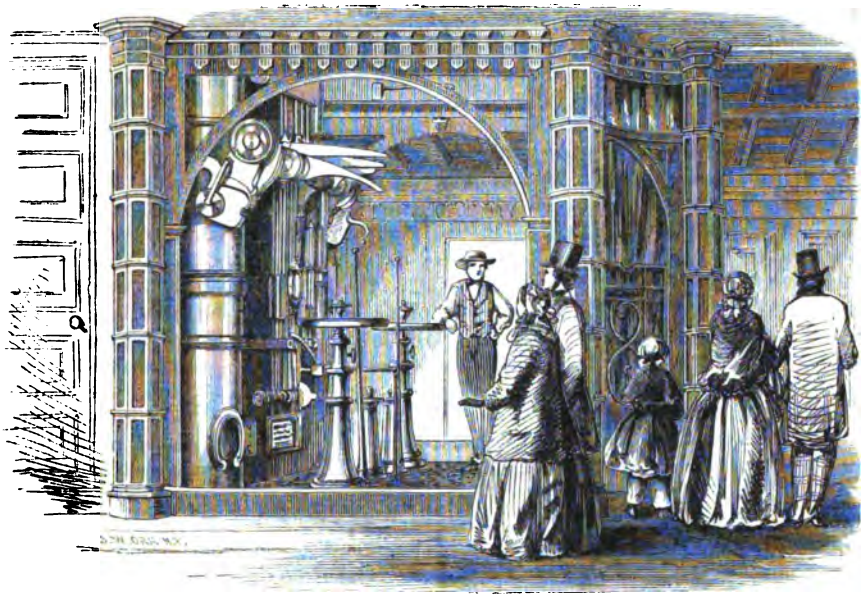


SEATS-ROOM SALOON IN STEAMER NEW WORLD.

in 1852. She left New York at ten minutes past seven in the morning, made nine landings, averaging five minutes each, and arrived at Albany at fifteen minutes past two in the afternoon; the actual running time being *six hours and twenty minutes*, the distance one hundred and fifty miles. Of course wind and tide were in her favor.

Within the past few years, owing to the competition offered by railroad facilities, the day travel on the Hudson has considerably diminished; and in 1855 the New World, after being for some time unemployed, was rebuilt for a night boat. At the close of navigation the Isaac Newton went through the same process. In the rebuilding of the New World another new feature in maritime architecture was successfully accomplished. Many hulls have been lengthened, but up to that period no attempt had been made to increase their breadth. In this instance the model was altered; and, although of the same length, the New World is now twelve feet broader than she was when first launched. In the case of the Isaac New-

ton, sixty feet was added to her length, and in both boats a large portion of the hull is of new material. For the perfection of these important alterations much credit is due to Mr. John English, one of New York's most experienced ship-builders. It was at their reconstruction that the fourth deck and double tiers of state-rooms were added to those boats. Their dimensions now are as follows: The Isaac Newton is 405 feet long; hull, 48 feet wide; total breadth, 78 feet; hight, from kelson to top of pilot-house, 47 feet; burden, 1,945 tuns. She is propelled by a beam engine, supplied by two low-pressure boilers, 43 feet long and 11 foot shell; diameter of cylinder, 81 inches; length of stroke, 12 feet; paddle wheels, 40 feet in diameter, 11 feet face, 40 inches dip. She has 220 family and state-rooms, besides 250 berths for passengers; her officers and crew consist of 75 persons, all of whom have their sleeping apartments; and, altogether, there are sleeping accommodations for *nine hundred persons*—a sufficient number to constitute a respectable sized Western village. The New World is 385 feet long; hull, 43 feet wide; total breadth, 88 feet; hight, from kelson to top of pilot-house, 46 feet 9 inches; burden, 1,810 tuns; beam engine, supplied by two low-pressure boilers, 43 feet long and 11 foot shell; diameter of cylinder, 77 inches; length of stroke, 15 feet; paddle-wheels, 46 feet in diameter, 12 feet face, 40 inches dip. She has 228 family and state-rooms, together with 249 berths for passengers. She is manned by the same number of hands, and her sleeping accommodations are parallel with her consort. In their refitting, nearly all the joiner work of the New World, and a large portion of that of the Isaac Newton, was new. Their perfect adaptation to the purposes designed, the correctness of the orders of architecture introduced, the elegance of finish; in short, the *tout ensemble* reflects unbounded credit on the projector and constructors of those aptly designated "floating palaces." The necessity of detailed description has been superseded by the truthful drawings of our artist, Mr. Chapin, which present vivid pictures of the beauty and luxury of the various apartments. As each boat has four decks, and there is a striking similarity in their internal arrangements, unless specially noted, the remainder of our remarks will be in common to both. The lower deck is divided by the space occupied by the engine into the forward and after cabins. Each side of the engine are gangways fourteen feet wide. Nearly the whole length of this deck the tiers of berths are three deep. The after cabin is the supper room, and the starboard gangway is the steward's pantry, with its appurtenances. The after part of the main deck is the ladies' saloon, which is 90 feet long, and in breadth varies with the run of the hull of the boat. At each side are state-rooms and berths, and in furniture and fittings there is everything that can be desired for the comfort and ease of the fair occupants. On the guards (the deck outside of the hull) are the boilers, coal bunks, kitchens, gas works, dressing-rooms, mess-rooms, officers' state-rooms, fire engines and pumps, closets; in short, nearly the whole domestic economy of the boat is located on the guards. The remainder of this deck, besides the room taken up by the engine, is partitioned off into apartments for light freight, (of which there is room for about 400 tuns,) passengers' baggage, deck passengers and promenade; the whole is inclosed, and in inclement seasons is kept comfortably warm. The third, or promenade deck, is mostly divided into three grand saloons, the center roofs of which form the fourth deck. They are designated forward, midship, and after "state-room saloons." The after or "grand saloon" on each boat are the most sumptuous in design and finish, and are the ones shown in the illustrations. The order of architecture is Gothic on the Isaac Newton and Corinthian on the New World. The carpets, lounges, tête-à-têtes, chairs, tables, mirrors, chandeliers, and all the furniture are of the most costly and elegant description. Two stories of state-rooms range along each side of these saloons, the fourth deck forming a balcony of three feet wide, giving ample access to the upper ones. Some of these rooms are of large size and have accommodations for eight or ten individuals; others are in suits for the convenience of families; but the majority are intended for two persons only. One of them is designated the "bridal chamber," the graphic pictorial of which excels the power of our pen. All these rooms, as well as the dressing-rooms down stairs, the ladies' saloon, the pantries, etc., are plumbed, the water coming from a reservoir located between the tops of the wheel houses. The Isaac Newton is lighted with gas manufactured on board by one of Aubin's Portable Gas Generators. This is the same style of aparatus as used at the Delevan House, Albany, where, a short time since, it was examined by a corps of scientific men and pronounced one of the most valuable inventions of the age. Dr. Carr, Professor of Chemistry in the Albany Medical College, in a report made at that time, after minutely de-



ENGINE ROOM IN STEAMER NEW WORLD.

scribing the generator, says: "I do not know how long this invention has been offered to the public, nor how extensively it has been introduced; but, in my opinion, the works at the Delevan House conclusively settle the question as to their success in large establishments, or for villages, and I see no reason why they are not equally adapted to private residences. The name given by Mr. Aubin to his apparatus is 'The Universal Generator.' On reviewing its advantages as they have been disclosed in my investigations, and from its adaptation to any gas-making material, (oil, fatty substances, oily seeds, etc., etc.,) as it may be the cheapest in the place where the aparatus is used, this name 'Universal' seems happily chosen. I have been informed that the number of burners in the Delevan House is 600, and that the cost of supplying them is at the rate of only $1,500 per annum."

Mr. Newton tells us that for economy, safety and simplicity of management this apparatus exceeds his most sanguine expectations. With oil the cost of lighting the boat was nine dollars per night; now, with a far better light, and no damage to carpets, clothing and furniture, the cost is only two dollars and seventy-five cents per night. The materials used here to generate from are rosin and sawdust; about four hours are required to make a supply for the one hundred and forty burners. At the close of navigation one of these generators will be put on the New World. The impertinence of the monopoly officials of city gas companies render the record of the above facts seasonable and pertinent at the present time. Should all large consumers manufacture their own gas, possibly these monopoly gentlemen would be brought to a proper sense of their duty; undoubtedly the Aubin Works are safe, easily managed, free from smell, and every way adapted to the purposes designed. The arrangements on these boats for security against fire are most admirable. Each has a steam fire engine with boiler, independent of the main machinery, besides each has three hand fire engines, the whole connected with copper pipes which permeate in every section of the vessel at convenient distances; even in the state-room saloons are hose and pipes always attached and ready for action. By this means any given point, or the whole upper works of the boat, can be flooded with water at three minutes notice. Still another invaluable safeguard against fire has been added within a few weeks, a security that undoubtedly will ere long be adopted on all steam propelled vessels, and, from the sad experience of the great loss of life occasioned by the destruction of steamboats by fire, even during the last five years, something of a just appreciation of its vast utility can be attained. We allude to "Cuthbert's Salamander Felting," for covering the boilers. On examination we find it a fabric, about one and a half inches

thick, the outside wool for about three-eighths of an inch, the remainder hair, and a non-conducting, earthy substance. It is manufactured by machinery, and the process is patented. By its application to the boilers, the decks and wood work in general are protected from charring and shrinking, and their ignition from the furnaces almost impossible; the heat being thus confined in the boiler, creates less consumption in fuel and expansion throughout the vessel. From actual experiment it has been demonstrated that this fabric will stand a red heat without carbonizing. From their almost perfect protection against fire, the United States Inspectors, at their late examination, granted those boats an extra certificate.

In all the ramifications of the business, the arrangements of this line, internal and external, are in the best possible condition that human skill, energy and sagacity can produce. Each has a full complement of life boats, and in every berth will be found a tin life-preserver, (the pin-cushion experiment would be a failure here.) The bow is protected by a water-tight bulkhead, and the massive guards are abundant defense for the sides of the hull. The officers are all tried and experienced men, most of them having been in the employ of the company from its foundation. Since the passage of the State prohibitory law no spirituous liquors have been sold on these boats, and the utmost order and decorum prevail during the passages. These boats form a line that runs in connection with the New York Central Railroad, and make their trips without landing on the way. Passengers for the West check their baggage; it is then put in crates on the wharf, and they have no further trouble with it until it arrives at its destination. We have heard the weary railroad traveler express his gratification at being able to meet the boat on his arrival at Albany. Aboard he comes, covered with dust and cinders; he rushes first to secure his state-room, and then to the dressing-room; after his ablutions and making his toilet, he marches down to discuss a capital supper, having no apprehensions of the conductor, or being disturbed with "all aboard." Then for an hour or two's reading, or more likely at the present time a discussion on the Presidential canvass, when he retires to his room and enjoys as comfortable a night's rest as could be procured at the St. Nicholas. In the morning at daybreak the boat is at her dock; he is perfectly refreshed and ready for his day's business, his passage on the river and his meals having cost him little more than if he had remained at a hotel.

The New World is commanded by Captain A. P. St. John; the present season completes his twenty-second year on the Hudson, before which he was commander of a like vessel on Long Island Sound. The Isaac Newton has been in charge of Captain William H. Peck from the first. He is a branch of a family that seem to have been especially created for steamboat captains. In our humble opinion these gentlemen have no superiors in their profession. Our acquaintance with Captain St. John commenced in 1839, during the palmy days of the old Rochester, of which he for a long time was captain. During the long period that has since elapsed, although we have seen and traveled with him frequently, we have never seen him out of temper, or in any way excited. These qualities are not the least that render him so peculiarly adapted to the position he occupies.

What a triumph is the success of steam navigation. Since its introduction, forty-nine years ago, each season has increased the tunnage on the Hudson. At the present moment, we find, on consultation with the United States Inspectors, that there are about three hundred steam-propelled vessels, the aggregate burden of which is about 120,000 tuns, employed in this district alone. But how its influence has expanded! how far Fulton's wildest speculations have been excelled! As we write, paddle-wheels are beating the waves throughout Christendom — on salt water as well as on fresh, reeking and foaming under the line as well as freezing in high latitudes, on crowded rivers as well as those whose shores are desolate, on large streams as well as on small ones, in bays, harbors, firths, estuaries and channels, on the small lakes of Switzerland, Scotland and Ireland, on the large ones of our own broad domain, on the wide Atlantic, on the Pacific, on the Black Sea, on the Red Sea, on the Mediterranean, on the Baltic, in fair weather as well as in foul weather, in a calm as well as in a hurricane, with the current and against it. This power, when tested, has most successfully answered the great purpose for which it was beneficently created; and it is impossible to reflect on the thousands of human beings who, at this moment, are being transported by it; it is impossible to summon before the imagination the various steamers, large and small, which, in all directions, in spite of wind and weather, are going straight as arrows to their targets, without feeling that in our time, as well as "in the beginning," "the spirt of God moveth upon the face of the waters."

APOLLO.

THE ARTS IN AMERICA.

CARLYLE some few years since took occasion to express his astonishment at the poetical tendencies of the American people, every tenth man or woman in the country having at some time or other written poetry. The fact is undeniable that Young America is poetic in temperament if not in execution. Nor is this his only elegant proclivity—he has also a positive taste for the arts of the sculptor, the painter and the engraver, as almost every house, however humble, can testify, and this taste has been for the last fifteen or twenty years steadily advancing to a high state of culture. We must have works of art to embellish our already ostentatious household furnishings, and the time has gone by when poor ones will content us. The old "mourning pieces," "samplers," "shepherdesses" and "Charlottes at the tomb of Werter," which were wont to grace the boudoirs of our grandmothers, have long since been consigned to lumber rooms and attics, and now that we are growing munificent in the arts, it is to be hoped the embellishments of the upholsterer will be cast into the back-ground to give space for that which is legitimately artistic.

It is probable that Richard Derby of Boston, Edward Carey of Philadelphia, Preston of South Carolina, and Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, men of liberal views and large wealth, were the first to give a decided impulse to the arts in this country. Dexter's immense wooden statuary, adorning his grounds in Salem, would hardly be regarded as an expression of art; but we find everywhere our merchants and scholars emulous of the taste, and our wealthy men have not been niggardly in their support of it.

Various attempts have been made from time to time to bring the finer products of art within the reach of the people—in other words to gratify an already developed taste. The last and most successful effort of the kind seems to be the Cosmopolitan Art Association, which combines two of the strong characteristics of Young America, and gratifies each at one and the same time, namely, a love of literature and of the fine arts.

The Cosmopolitan Art Association was organized in June, 1854, under the direction of a council of members, whose services are honorary and without compensation.

Its subscribers are now to be found in every section of the country, from the cabin of the new territorial settler, to the "big house" upon the plantation—from the sumptuous dwelling of the Atlantic merchant to that of the adventurous pioneer upon the shores of the Pacific. The scheme was as ingenious as it has certainly proved successful. By its regulations, any one *paying three dollars is a member for one year*, and has a share in the annual distribution of works of art.

The inducements to become members of this art association are so great and attractive, that it is not strange that the list of subscribers should run up, as it does, annually, to a very large number. Each subscriber receives, in return for his three dollars, a *three dollar magazine* for one year, taking his choice out of all published in this country or England. He *also* receives for one year a copy of the Cosmopolitan Art Journal, published quarterly at one dollar a year, devoted mainly to works of art, and handsomely illustrated. He thus receives four dollars in literature for his three dollars; and in addition to this he has an equal share among all the subscribers in the rich and extensive collection of statuary, paintings and other works of art in the catalogue for annual distribution in January. Those subscribers who may prefer it, may receive, instead of the magazines, a copy of the large and superb steel engraving entitled "Saturday Night." The size is twenty by nineteen inches; it is engraved in the highest style of art by Lemon, of London, and required three years to perfect it. The engraving can be sent to any part of the country by mail, being carefully packed on rollers.

The subscription money thus obtained, after the necessary expenses have been defrayed, is appropriated to the purchase of paintings, bronzes, sculpture, etc., by the best artists at home and abroad, to be distributed gratuitously among the members, each subscriber being entitled to one lot in the annual distribution for every three dollars he has subscribed.

We have thus given a hasty outline of the objects of the association, for the benefit of the readers of our magazine, designed to be national in its character, regarding, as we do, this "Cosmopolitan" enterprise as entitled at least to a national reputation.

At the head of our article we have placed a copy of the splendid bust of Apollo, taken from that in the Vatican at Rome. This magnificent work of art is not inappropriately selected as one of the pieces for distribution the current year. Apollo is the patron of the fine arts, and the divinest expression of manly grace and beauty, and cannot well be excluded from any library. The present copy to be distributed is executed from a single block of Carara marble, by Marci, an Italian artist.

The Greeks, those exquisite masters of art and searchers into the symbolisms of nature, never left half of any human aspect unrepresented in the divine, hence we find Apollo, the patron of poetry, music and song, breathing his benign presence into many hearts, but mated only with the chaste, sisterly Diana. Hence the poet must be a frequenter of the woods; he must affect the sylvan glade and sheltered waterfall, where Diana and her nymphs follow the chase, with their white limbs gleaming amid the flickering leaves. Brothers and sisters poets must be; and all who follow the ennobling arts, whether expressed in glowing numbers, in the soft melody of song, the speaking canvas or eloquent marble. The true artist must be chaste as Diana, glowing as Apollo. Our present

DIANA.

illustration is from the same artist, Marci, exquisitely chiselled in the original, now one of the works to be distributed by the Association in January next.

SPRING.

Here we come to our own side of the water. In this bust we have a specimen of American art by an American artist. The marble only is European. We see no reason why evan this should not have been obtained at home. Vermont and Maine both furnish statuary marble in great perfection, and we hope ere long to see our artists sedulous to develop the resources of our own country. We are justly proud of our artists abroad, and well aware that for the higher student of art Italy is the only field as yet. She offers facilities for study, immunities from care, and an atmosphere of art such as no other country can supply, and we must superadd to this, opportunities for a sort of dreamy vagabondism, in which the artist must indulge, at intervals, or this work-day world would soon kill out the germs of idealism. Powers, Greenough, Akers, Cranch, to say nothing of several women who are prosecuting their studies abroad, are not only representing us well in the province of art, but by their high-toned characters recommending the results of our nationality.

The bust of Spring is from the chisel of E. D. Palmer, of Albany. It is said to be very nearly a portrait of a girl of fifteen residing in that city. It is an exqisite production of art, though as an ideal work perhaps the lower jaw is something too heavy. The character of the face is American, and a fair type of what American beauty in the feminine is likely to become. It has force, intellect and sweetness, rather than softness and tenderness of character. We like this none the less. It is time that artists were able to appreciate art in its growth and development. The beauty which was once the only ideal, that of sensuousness, and a refined self-consciousness, must yield to a higher idealism, of a nobler womanhood, in which self-reliance shall go hand in hand with a beautiful spiritualism and a grandeur of sentiment. We need a Michael Angelo, and such an one must ere long spring from institutions like ours, where the noblest models of the race are likely to be developed under the progress of a liberal supply of all physical necessities, superadded to that mental aliment which our free institutions present to the growing mind. When such shall arise, our Sibyls will not be

mere flimsy, plump girls, with upturned eyes, but inspired creations, whose beauty is that of the alabaster vase lighted from within. Mr. Palmer has made an excellent essay in this exquisite creation. Let us have American art, not a tame reflex of the old ideas of the classical school.

It would be vain for us to attempt to enumerate the choice works which constitute the distributing list for the coming year. The Actuary, Mr. Derby, has not overlooked our American artists while making selections from those abroad. Our object has been only to allude to a few, not paintings, but statues, as being of greater interest in a work like the UNITED STATES MAGAZINE, because we can more readily present engravings of them.

One of the most winning will be found in the beautiful marble statue entitled the "Young Truant," a copy from the original of Crantre. The little rascal has robbed a bird of its nest, despite of the old poem:

"I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me the plunder forbear—
She will say 'tis a barbarous deed.

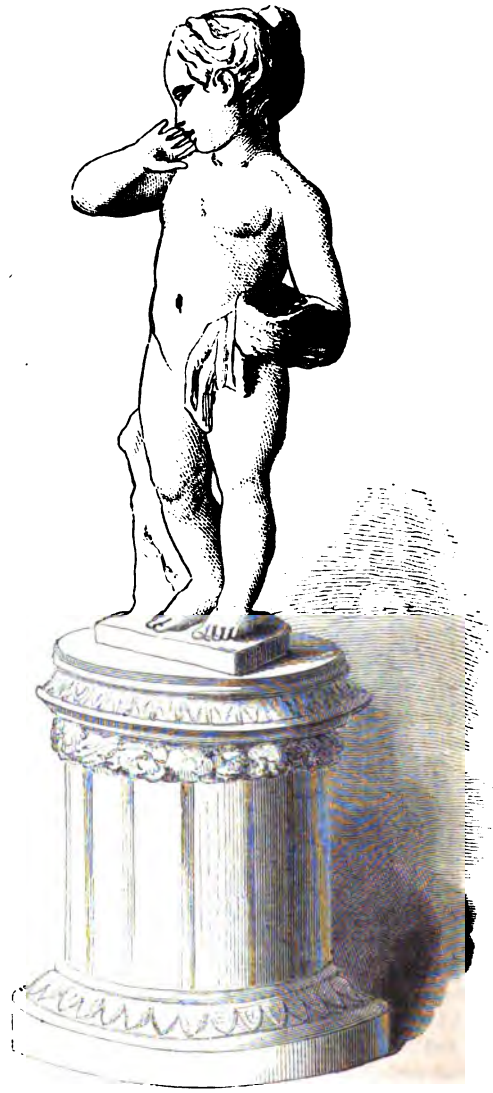
He ne'er could be true, she averred,
Who would rob a poor bird of its young,
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue."

The fine tone of thought and regret in the face and attitude will, however, do much to atone for the fault. It is a beautiful work for a pedestal amid a family group, and we shall more than half envy the fortunate possessor. Nothing is more genializing than the presence of high art in a household. A thousand petty animosities, a thousand petty asperities fade away and are softened down by the pleading suggestions of a fine work of art. We remember how "Dick Derby," husband to perhaps the most beautiful woman in America, whom we saw in our childhood, though a vain man, and a weak, foolish one at the best, assumed at once dignity of appearance, and commanded attention and respect the moment he talked upon the subject of the fine arts, upon which he was well cultured, and well able to speak with authority. Art transformed the prater into a man of sense and taste.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Love disguised is a comical representation of the mischievous god, dressed in coat and breeches, with a "shocking bad hat," who sits demurely playing a shepherd's pipe to some pastoral Amaryllis. Indeed nothing can be more innocent and reliable looking than the little lad so seated, who may well be trusted by any maiden who is disposed to say:

"Love must, in short,
Keep fond and true,
Through good report,
And evil too.
Else here I swear,
Young love may go,
For aught I care,
To Jericho."



THE LITTLE TRUANT.

LOVE DISGUISED.

It is indeed the god of love intent to make his post a comfortable one and respectable, not the one for deep passionateness, where

"All hopes, all passions, all desires,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers to love,
And feed his sacred flame."

There is no doubt that while art refines, it also has an influence upon the moral character of the observer. It would be curious to trace these effects, as it is curious to watch the affinities of art. We have seen a lovely little child whose religious enthusiasm acquired new impulse in consequence of having received from a friend a cast of "Little Samuel," after Sir Joshua Reynolds. It established a sentiment of brotherhood at once with the praying child of art, and he would kneel night and morning by its side.

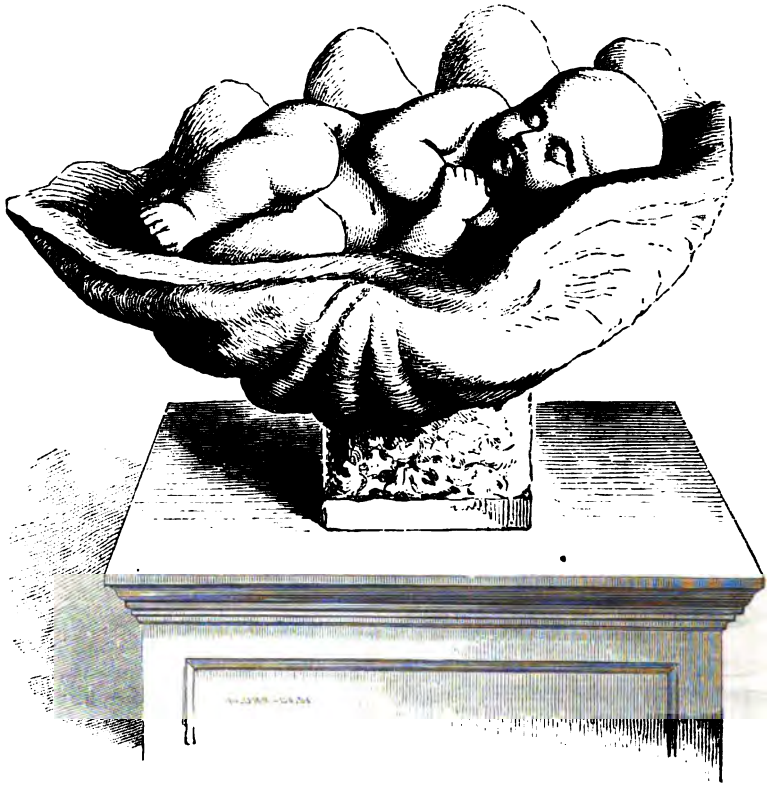
We have been often struck in our visits to various penitentiaries to observe the rudiments of art among the miserable convicts. Many of them have no mean capacity in this way, and they exercise it as often as time and material can supply opportunity. Their cells are ornamented with rude pictures and drawings, and in each we could trace the mental and moral proclivities of the man. One had drawn ships and shipwrecks, and men struggling in the agonies of peril and despair. Was this symbolic of his own fate? Did he thus depict his own terrible consciousness?

Another had more than once depicted a woman with folded hands, uplifted eyes, and a distracted air. What experience was this in his own life which thus forced itself into expression? Why did the unhappy man find relief in delineating this picture of suffering? Did the contemplation of it incite him to renewed penitence? We have often thought that it might be well to place works of art where these poor outcasts of society might have the benefit of their humanizing and atoning influence. At any rate, the prison chapel should always hold one or more works of art representing the passion of the Saviour, the good Samaritan, or such scripture subject as would best elevate and inspire what is highest in our humanity.

No one, however hardened in crime, can long resist the benign expression of divine love. A superior work of art placed before the culprit would do more to work a reform than any sermon. Indeed, art is the great preacher. It speaks more powerfully than words. It appeals to the senses, and through them to the heart and conscience. We remember how tenderly Allston's picture of Christ blessing little children appeals to the heart of the visitor at the Orphan Asylum, Charleston, South Carolina, and we are sure a picture of the Saviour stretching out his hands as if to say with a God-given love: "Come unto me, ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," would do an angel work upon the soul of the miserable culprit.

But we are going beyond the limits of our subject and must forbear.

From the marble busts representing the massive heads of Webster, Clay and Calhoun, which are known to every American eye, we turn aside to note one more work in marble, as full of dainty truth as it is alive with



CUPID ON THE SEA.

beauty; and with this mention we must close our view of the Cosmopolitan Art Association. Cupid on the Sea has been executed expressly for this Association, from the original of Parelli. The mischievous god sleeps in an open bivalve, one of those denominated by conchologists a *Venus*, with his pretty limbs gathered gracefully together and looking harmless as helpless infancy. It is a beautiful conception, and beautifully executed.

TOKENS.—TO ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

BY MARY FORREST.

In the still hours of twilight,
In the pure amber skylight,
When the flowers fall asleep
And the stars seem to weep;
When the temple of dreams its gateway uncloses,
And fairies lift open the petals of roses
And leap into pearly phaeton shells;
And tiny steeds dance
And impatiently prance
To the chiming of infinitissimal bells;
There cometh a gladness—
Half sadness,
Half madness—
That ever of unattained blessedness tells.

The bird in his eyrie—the sweet silver fall
Of fountains and moonbeams—soft shadows and all
Earth's archetype beauty, our loved ones recall;
For they come on the heart like a spell and a balm,
Like low, tender voices in love's hallowed psalm;
They are mystical tokens of good out of sight,
Pure opaline rays from the fountain of light;
They are dear angel-whispers, that thrill us, and leave us,
They are liftings and floatings of wings that bereave us,
And so they bring the beloved again;
Bring ever the eyes that are deepest and clearest
To look into ours with the love that is dearest—
Bring lips that are holy to soothe us and bless us—
Bring beautiful hands to fold o'er and caress us—
Bring graces supernal and sibylline gleams,
And all that we've cherished in music and dreams—
A joy that is exquisite pain.

This wonderful beauty of earth is given,
That our spirits from evil may nightly be riven;
That our souls, in the pureness of starry eyes shriven,
May see always the pathway they light up to Heaven.
Our much loving friends
The Holy One sends—
Our own ever more;
They are delicate germs of affinities rare,
That will open and shoot into forms more fair,
In the stronger light and the purer air
Of gardens immortal,
Whose shining portal
Is just before.

HORACE GREELEY,
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

HORACE GREELEY was born in the town of Amherst, New Hampshire, on the 3d of February, 1811. His parents were both Protestant Irish. Of the peculiar circumstances and rare meteorological phenomena attending his birth, and the extraordinary precosity manifested in the manner of taking his food, rolling his eyes, and falling asleep, we shall say nothing; but leave the reader to infer that the portents of the occasion were befitting the advent of one of the most remarkable men of our country. Nor shall we stop to listen to the companions of his early childhood to trace out emenations of precocious intellect as precursors of subsequent renown. Suffice it to say Horace Greeley was born "quite young," partook of such food as children usually subsist upon, and grew up an extremely uncouth country boy. His physical organization was never comely nor his personal carriage graceful; but he early gave indications of a vigorous and manly intellect, and a moral being preëminent in the beauty and symmetry of its proportions. That the subsequent character and achievements of the man are molded and created by the concatenation of incidents which make up his early childhood is both the dictate of philosophy and the lesson of experience. But we must be content to pass by in comparative silence those early developments, and come at once to that more mature and vigorous existence which exhibits him in the social and civil relations as bearing a part in carrying forward the moral and material enterprises of the age.

At the early period of three years Horace received sufficient tutilage at the hands of his mother and grandmother to enable him to read with facility the books usually put into the hands of children. From that time to the age of seven he attended country schools about two quarters of each year. His subsequent schooling was limited to twelve weeks in the Winter season, when his services were least valuable at home. In this mode his tuition continued to the age of fifteen, at which time his school days closed, and he entered upon a five years'

apprenticeship to learn the art and mystery of printing, in the office of the Northern Spectator, in the wilds of West Poultney, Vermont. His father having removed with his family into the neighboring town of West Haven when Horace was only ten years of age, the reader will readily appreciate his facilities for securing an elementary education. The only seminaries he ever entered, as a pupil, were the rude, uncomfortable district schoolhouses of Vermont and New Hampshire, as they existed forty years ago; his only teachers the sons and daughters of neighboring farmers, whose scholarship was but little in advance of their pupil's, and who taught a few months in the year at small wages as a relaxation from farm-labor or to secure the means for their own education. The text books and stationery were scant, and the routine of instruction was confined mainly to reading, writing and arithmetic, though a few acquired the rudiments of geography and grammar.

Such were the only scholastic aids enjoyed by our hero, who now stands before the world an acknowledged proficient in the various knowledge and learning of the nineteenth century, and from whose lips and pen the learned savans of the nation, colleges of science and legal lore, are accustomed to receive words of wisdom and instruction. In tracing his biography no one can fail to perceive that the prominent element of success has been an inordinate thrist for knowledge, prompting to unremitting and laborious efforts in the gratification of this inherent principle of his nature. While a desire for honorable distinction among his fellows has not been wanting, the great motive power of his nature is manifestly the exquisite relish of knowledge as a mental aliment, and the stimulant which has made his acquisitions practically useful to mankind is an innate luxury in witnessing the happiness of every living thing.

His opportunities for religious training were, perhaps, more deficient than those for intellectual culture; but his sentiments received an early bias, and at the age of fourteen his convictions were fully established in the Universalist creed, and remain unshaken to the present time. It is evident, from his mode of reasoning on the subject, that he first formed his own conception of the attributes of a merciful Deity and his relation to his creatures, and deduced as a necessary consequence that all must experience his paternal care—thus leaving the great line of demarcation between the penitent and the wicked, as set forth by Christ and his apostles, to be reconciled to his preconceived notions of the necessary tendencies of the Divine attributes. He is now a member of the church under the pastoral charge of the eloquent speaker and distinguished philanthropist, Dr. E. H. Chapin.

His energies were not crippled nor his progress stayed by the deficiencies of instruction, the want of books or the exigencies of the time. He pressed into service all the scattered volumes in the surrounding country; and, after the labors of the day, devoured their contents, extended on the hearthstone, by the flickering light of a pine knot. Knowledge seemed the object of his existence; and the mountains, the forests and the cultivated fields were alike the subjects of his study, and contributed to the fullness of his intellectual banquet. So entire and passionate devotion to the acquisition of knowledge in one so young would be remarkable in any circumstances; but when the situation of the boy is considered—living in a remote and very rural district—few books accessible—few literary persons residing near—the school contributing scarcely anything to his mental nourishment—no other boy in the neighborhood manifesting any particular interest in learning—the people about him all engaged in a rude and hard struggle to extract the means of subsistence from a rough and rocky soil—such an intense, absorbing and persistent love of knowledge could not fail to attract observation, and Horace became the admiration of the surrounding country.

During his apprenticeship he maintained the same assiduous attention to business, and devoted his leisure hours with the same zeal to the pursuit of knowledge that had marked his previous course. His connection with the printing office gave him a greater supply of books: his occupation was a constant discipline of his literary capacities, and the reputation he had hitherto acquired was largely confirmed and extended. He frequently found occasion to exercise his ability as a member of a debating society with which he had connected himself, and in writing paragraphs for the Spectator. In his twentieth year he finished his apprenticeship, an uncontaminated young man, with the means of independence at his finger ends; ashamed of no honest employment, of no decent habitation, of no cleanly garb. If his knowledge was incomplete—if there were wide domains of science of which he had little more than heard—yet what he did know he knew well. He had learned it not as a task, but because he wanted to know it; it partook of the vitality

of his own mind; it was his own, and he could use it. His possessions at this time were a knowledge of the art of printing, an extensive and very miscellaneous library in his memory, a wardrobe he could stuff in his pocket, and twenty dollars in cash. Thus furnished, he set forth with integrity of purpose and self-reliant faith to encounter the battle of life.

The first move was to visit his parents, who had removed with their family some years previous to North-western Pennsylvania; for whom he has ever cherished the most exemplary filial regard. During his coverture he had piously contributed the most of a small stipend of $40 per annum to their comfort, and in after years, as his resources improved, he assisted them to the means of becoming comfortable and thriving farmers upon their own soil. His filial kindness and fraternal regard to his parents and family, though not the most brilliant, are entitled to a prominent place among the truly great and noble acts of his life.

He accomplished the journey home on foot and by the Erie Canal in twelve days, at an expense of $7, where he remained several weeks nursing a lame leg, with which he had suffered several months, from an accidental injury; and amused himself by working on the farm and fishing in the neighboring streams. Having partially recovered from his infirmity, he successively obtained employment upon newspapers in the neighboring villages of Jamestown, Lodi and Erie. But, after working a short time in each, and finding himself obliged to receive his pay mostly in promises, a currency quite inconvenient in the dilapidated state of his finances, he swung his budget and started boldly for New York, with the fixed determination of trying his fortune in the great metropolis. Upon reaching the canal, our friend took passage on a line boat, and landed at Whitehall, in the city of New York, about sunrise, on the 18th of August, 1831. His interesting and comely personal appearance, as he left the boat and shambled up Broad street, is thus described by an eye witness. His attire was homespun, with abreviated pants, stockingless ancles, heavy brogans on his feet, while a cotton handkerchief containing his entire wardrobe, dangled from a stick over his shoulders. These rough habiliments, which probably would not have sold for fifty cents, and ten dollars in cash, constituted his entire property. Thus did our friend Horace enter this metropolis twenty-five years ago, presenting a far more sorry figure than Benjamin Franklin upon his first appearance in Philadelphia, when his future wife saw him pass her father's house eating a large roll and carrying two others under his arms.

New York is a city of adventurers. Few of our eminent citizens were born here. In a list of one hundred of the most prominent in wealth and position, it is probable that seventy-five of the names would be those of men who began their career here, in circumstances that gave no promise of future eminence. But among them all, it is questionable whether there can be found one who had so little to help and so much to hinder him as Horace Greeley.

Having secured temporary lodgings in one of those cheap Irish houses whose chief reliance is upon the sale of liquids, our hero set forth in quest of work; inquiring diligently, from office to office, among the printers, whether a hand was wanted. After many rude refusals and insolent rebuffs, he heard, late on Saturday evening, that a Mr. West, of Chatham street, needed compositors, and repaired thither at half past five on Monday morning and seated himself upon the steps to wait with restless anxiety the arrival of the workmen. The scene which followed we quote from "Parton's Life of Greeley:"

"Thousands passed by, but no one stopped till nearly seven o'clock, when one of Mr. West's journeymen arrived, and finding the door still locked, he sat down on the steps by the side of Horace Greeley. They fell into conversation, and Horace stated his circumstances, something of his history, and his need of employment. Luckily this journeyman was a Vermonter, and a kind-hearted, intelligent man. He looked upon Horace as a countryman, and was struck with the singular candor and artlessness with which he told his tale. 'I saw,' says he, 'that he was an honest, good young man, and being a Vermonter myself, I determined to help him if I could.'

"He did help him. The doors were opened, the men began to arrive; Horace and his newly-found friend ascended to the office, and soon after seven the work of the day began. It is hardly necessary to say that the appearance of Horace, as he sat in the office waiting for the coming of the foreman, excited unbounded astonishment, and brought upon his friend a variety of satirical observations. Nothing daunted, however, on the arrival of the foreman he stated the case, and endeavored to interest him enough in Horace to give him a trial. It happened that the work for which a man was wanted in the office was the composition of a Polyglot Testament; a kind of work which is extremely difficult and tedious. Several men had tried their hand at it; and, in a few days or a few hours, given it up. The foreman looked at Horace, and Horace looked at the foreman. Horace saw a handsome man (now known to the sporting public as Colonel Porter, editor of the Spirit of the Times.) The foreman beheld a youth who could have gone on the stage, that minute, as Ezekiel Homespun without the alteration of a thread or a hair, and brought down the house by his 'getting up' alone. He no more believed that Ezekiel could set up a page of Polyglot Testament than that he could construct a chronometer. However, partly to oblige

Horace's friend, partly because he was unwilling to wound the feelings of the applicant by sending him abruptly away, he consented to let him try. 'Fix up a case for him,' said he, 'and we'll see if he *can* do anything.' In a few minutes Horace was at work.

"The gentleman to whose intercession Horace Greeley owed his first employment in New York is now known to all the dentists in the Union as the leading member of a firm which manufactures annually twelve hundred thousand artificial teeth. He has made a fortune, the reader will be glad to learn, and lives in a mansion up town.

"After Horace had been at work an hour or two, Mr. West, the 'boss,' came into the office. What his feelings were when he saw his new man, may be inferred from a little conversation upon the subject which took place between him and the foreman.

"'Did you hire that —— fool?' asked West with no small irritation.

"'Yes; we must have hands, and he's the best I could get,' said the foreman, justifying his conduct, though he was really ashamed of it.

"'Well,' said the master, 'for God's sake pay him off to-night, and let him go about his business.'

"Horace worked through the day with his usual intensity, and in perfect silence. At night he presented to the foreman, as the custom then was, the 'proof' of his day's work. What astonishment was depicted in the good-looking countenance of that gentleman when he discovered that the proof before him was greater in quantity, and more correct than that of any other day's work which had yet been done on the Polyglot! There was no thought of sending the new journeyman about his business now. He was an established man at once. Thenceforward, for several months, Horace worked regularly and hard on the Testament, earning about six dollars a week.

"He had got into good company. There were about twenty men and boys in the office, altogether, of whom two have since been members of Congress, three influential editors, and several others have attained distinguished success in more private vocations. Most of them are still alive; they remember vividly the coming among them of Horace Greeley, and are fond of describing his ways and works. The following paragraph the reader is requested to regard as the condensed statement of their several recollections.

"Horace worked with most remarkable devotion and intensity. His task was difficult, and he was paid by the 'piece.' In order, therefore, to earn tolerable wages, it was necessary for him to work harder and longer than any of his companions, and he did so. Often he was at his case before six in the morning; often he had not left it at nine in the evening; always, he was the first to begin and the last to leave. In the Summer, no man beside himself worked before breakfast, or after tea. While the young men and older apprentices were roaming the streets, seeking their pleasure, he, by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle, was eking out a slender day's wages by setting up an extra column of the Polyglot Testament.

"For a day or two, the men of the office eyed him askance, and winked at one another severely. The boys were more demonstrative, and one of the most mischievous among them named him 'the Ghost,' in allusion to his long white hair, and the singular fairness of his complexion. Soon, however, the men who worked near him began to suspect that his mind was better furnished than his person. Horace always had a way of talking profusely while at work, and that, too, without working with less assiduity. Conversations soon arose about masonry, temperance, politics, religion; and the new journeyman rapidly argued his way to respectful consideration. His talk was ardent, animated, and *positive*. He was perfectly confident of his opinions, and maintained them with an assurance that in a youth of less understanding and less geniality would have been thought arrogance. His enthusiasm at this time was Henry Clay; his great subject, masonry. In a short time, to quote the language of one of his fellow-workmen, 'he was the lion of the shop.' Yet for all that, the men who admired him most would have their joke, and during all the time that Horace remained in the office, it was the standing amusement to make nonsensical remarks in order to draw from him one of his shrewd, half-comic, Scotch-Irish retorts. 'And we always *got* it,' says one."

After eighteen months of diligent work as a journeyman, Horace, upon solicitation, connected himself with a Mr. Francis Story, and they entered into business as job printers at No. 54 Liberty street. By patient industry and promptness in the execution of orders, the young firm of Greeley & Story rapidly secured friends and business, and they had already began to accumulate capital, when, after only seven months of partnership, on the 9th of July, 1833, Mr. Story was drowned by the upsetting of his boat on an excursion down the bay. There had existed between these young partners a warm friendship, and as Horace looked into the coffin for the last time upon the marble features that had never turned to his with an unkind expression, he exclaimed, "poor Story! shall I ever meet with one who will bear with me as he did?" The bereaved family he treated with great generosity, and received into the vacant place a brother-in-law of the deceased, Mr. Jonas Winchester, a gentleman now well known to the press and the people of this country.

In the beginning of the year 1834, the firm having received Mr. E. Libbett as a partner, projected and commenced the publication of the New Yorker, a weekly family paper of acknowledged merit, which secured an extensive subscription, but as a business operation proved unprofitable, and after a struggle of seven years was merged in a more enduring enterprise. Mr. Greeley's editorial capacities and business integrity were, however, well tested in these efforts, and established on a basis to insure the coöperation of whatever capital or talent might be requisite in the prosecution of subsequent purposes.

On the 5th of July, 1836, he was married in Warrenton, North Carolina, to Miss Mary Y. Cheney. The lady was by profession a teacher, born and educated in New York; and, in the emphatic language of one of her friends, "crazy for knowledge." The acquaintance had been formed in New York, and continued, by

correspondence, after Miss Cheney, in the pursuit of her vocation, had removed South. The union proved a happy one, and six children have been the crowning joy of their domestic felicity. In their home circle they have been called to pass through severe affliction. One after another of their interesting children have passed away by death, till two only remain to them.

On account of the meager income from the New Yorker, Greeley at this time wrote much for other periodicals. The leading articles of the Daily Whig were for a long time the fruit of his pen, and in 1838 he consented to take the editorial charge of the Jeffersonian, a weekly paper got up and sustained one year, at Albany, as a campaign paper, for special political purposes, by the Whig State Committee.

During the memorable Presidential campaign of 1840 Horace Greeley & Co. issued the Log Cabin, to be published six months for fifty cents. Of the first number edition after edition were called for until 48,000 were sold, and the rush continued until the list reached almost 90,000. The closing number of the series announced its reissue as a family paper, which was continued with moderate success until after the death of President Harrison, when, in April, 1841, both it and the New Yorker were merged in the Tribune. This is the crowning enterprise of his life. At the commencement of this herculean undertaking it was well known that its projector was as destitute of means of his own as on the day he first entered New York. But he was known to be a man of incorruptible integrity; one who would pay his debts at any and every sacrifice; one incapable of contracting an obligation which he was not confident of being able to discharge. In other words, he held the enchanter's wand, which unlocks the miser's chest and opens the floodgates of genius.

The Tribune commenced with about 600 subscribers; 5,000 copies were printed, and "We found some difficulty in giving them away," says Mr. Greeley in a subsequent statement. The expenses of the first week were five hundred and twenty-five dollars, and the receipts ninety-two dollars. A sorry prospect for a publisher whose only capital was his genius and his honor. But the Tribune was a live paper. "Fight" was the word with it from the start; "fight" has been the word every since; "fight" is the word to-day. If it had been let alone it would not have died—its genius and power were a sufficient guaranty against such a catastrophe; but its progress on the first days of its existence was greatly accelerated by jealous efforts to crush it on the part of a rival publication. The Tribune at once assumed a commanding position among the literature of the country, and nothing was wanting but an efficient business partner to insure a brilliant success. Such an one presented himself in the person of Thomas McElrath, and under his direction the Tribune office has become one of the best conducted newspaper establishments in the world.

From the day on which these two gentlemen, so admirably calculated to coöperate in just such an enterprise, associated themselves in conducting the publication, the Tribune became one of the institutions of the country; and has progressed, with accumulating energies, in enlarging the boundaries of its discussions until there is nothing in the whole circle of human knowledge too trivial or too mighty, too simple or too erudite, to find a place in its columns. Its prosperity has kept pace with its increasing interest, until its aggregate subscription lists—daily, weekly and semi-weekly—exceed 225,000.

Although we have just arrived at the point when our hero has achieved a position which places him before the world in the symmetry and magnitude of his beautiful and gigantic proportions; where he wields a pen whose magic touch stirs the vibrations of the popular element to the extremities of the republic, and whose influence is circumscribed only by the globe; yet it seems scarcely necessary to continue the narrative further, for the Tribune and Horace Greeley are so identified that he who knows the one needs no introduction to the other. The uncalculating fearlessness with which he utters his opinions on passing events, the boldness with which he advocates the cause of the oppressed whenever humanity requires a champion, the generous liberality with which he distributes aid wherever suffering humanity needs relief, are the distinguishing traits of his individuality.

THE WAR-HORSE WITHOUT RIDER.

"Saddled and bridled and booted rode he,
A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee;
But hame cam' the saddle, a' bluidy to see,
And hame cam' the steed, but hame never cam' he!

Down cam' his gray father, sobbin' sae sair;
Down cam' his auld mither, tearing her hair;
Down cam' his sweet wife, wi' bonnie bairns three,
Ane at her bosom, and twa at her knee.

There stood the fleet steed, a' foamin' and hot;
There shrieked his sweet wife and sank on the spot;
There stood his gray father, weeping sae free;
So hame cam' his steed, but hame never cam' he!"

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.

MR. BENNETT, the subject of this sketch, has secured a wide and conspicuous notoriety. Whatever diversity of opinion may exist in regard to his moral rectitude and the hidden springs which prompt him to action, his name is largely interwoven in the annals of our city, State, and nation. As the conductor of a public journal, his influence is surpassed by few in the Republic. In all the departments of business, of politics, and public amusement, the active coöperation of the Herald is sought as a strong guaranty of success, while his opposition to any enterprise is sure to rally sufficient elements of resistance to test the power of the unlucky wight who may encounter his displeasure.

Standing thus before the world as a critic and a cultivator of the public taste, a teacher of morals, of science, of commerce and politics, his character and acts, with all the circumstances attending their cultivation and development, are legitimate subjects of popular curiosity. and may well find a place in our cabinet of distinguished citizens.

The character of Mr. Bennett has been, perhaps, the subject of a greater variety of opinion and called forth a wider diversity of criticism. from bitter invective to indiscriminate eulogy, than that of any other public man now acting a part on the stage of life. Standing as a universal censor and prompter on the wide and thronged stage of human affairs, and executing the duties of his office, if not always justly, at least fearlessly, he is brought in constant conflict with the sentiments, the interests and the passions of men able to resist aggression and chastise an assailant.

James Gordon Bennett was born at New Mill, Keith, in Banffshire, Scotland, in the year 1800. His family were Catholic, and at the age of fifteen he left his elementary school at Keith and entered a Catholic seminary at Aberdeen, where he remained two or three years, and was educated for the church. After leaving school he gave much of his time to miscellaneous reading and traveling over different parts of

his native land, visiting the spots rendered sacred by the genius of her historians, her orators and her poets. In the meantime he had perused some American books, and among them the autobiography of Franklin, which had inspired an ardent desire to visit the new world, and identify himself with her rising fortunes. He had, however, formed no definite purpose, until meeting a friend one day on the street, who informed him that he was about to sail for Halifax; the impulsive nature of our hero was aroused, he resolved to embark with his friend, and they set sail together on the 6th of April, 1819. On his arrival, having no other means of support, he resorted to teaching, first in Halifax, and then in Maine. But his experience in teaching was unsatisfactory, and as soon as his finances would permit, he made his way to Boston. Here he was destined to struggle hard against fate before finding employment. At length, however, he secured an under clerkship, and afterward became proof reader in a publishing house. In 1822 he proceeded to New York, and there supported himself by collecting city items and preparing matter for the newspapers, till chance brought him acquainted with one of the proprietors of the Charleston Courier, with whom he proceeded to that Southern metropolis, and toiled in the editorial capacity during most of the year 1823. His position, however, was unsatisfactory, and he returned to New York and advertised himself to open a commercial school in Ann street. This project meeting but little encouragement, we next find him attempting a course of lectures on political economy in the vestry of the old Dutch Church at the corner of William and Ann streets. At that time lectures were unusual, except delivered by clergymen, who seemed to have a monopoly of that kind of oral literature, since grown so fashionable and universal; and the enterprise of Mr. Bennett failed of success. Our hero, not the least daunted by these untoward results, turned again to the public press as the most promising field of labor, and secured an arrangement as reporter for the National Advocate, published by Mr. Snowden, and sustained as the organ of the Democratic party. Soon after this he made an effort to become proprietor of a paper, and purchased of Mr. John Tryon the New York Courier, the first Sunday paper ever attempted in America. The purchase was made on time, and finding it unprofitable, on account of public prejudice, he reconveyed it to its original projector, and its publication ceased. How rapid the change of public sentiment, which now sustains a half dozen Sunday journals in New York alone!

Mr. Bennett made rapid improvement and secured extraordinary facilities as a reporter. The citizens were frequently astounded and delighted by the richness and fullness of his reports of matters, supposed by the parties interested to be entirely secluded from the public eye. The bank parlor, the green-room, the private boudoir, and even the sacred recesses of the domestic fireside, seemed open to his scrutiny, and to afford subjects for his inquisitorial pen. His mock sympathy, his cutting irony, and his sneering sarcasm drove many a lame duck to seek reprisals through the public press, which seldom failed to furnish him occasion to exult over their final discomfiture. During the general commercial revulsion that pervaded the country in 1826, and culminated in the explosion and exposure of several extensive stock-jobbing companies, indictments for swindling were found against Jacob Barker, Henry Eckford, and a large number of other leading operators in Wall street. This led to preliminary arrangements for a duel between Eckford and Hugh Maxwell, the Prosecuting Attorney, and caused the bankruptcy of thousands. During these exciting events Bennett was in the prime of his reportorial power, and wielded a lance in Wall street that made the bulls and bears of that famous menagerie roar and scrape the sod with rage. He became so truly formidable that the journalists of New York made him the common target on which to expend their envenomed shafts.

Early in 1827, the National Advocate having changed its political affinities in consequence of a change of proprietors, Mr. Bennett connected himself with the Enquirer and proceeded to the Federal Capital to act as its resident correspondent. Here a new field was before him; he entered largely into political discussions, and exerted considerable influence in shaping the policy and selecting the candidates of the Democratic party. He continued in this capacity, visiting occasionally various parts of the country, until 1829, when the Courier, hitherto a rival paper, was united with the Enquirer, and Bennett soon after became an associate editor. In 1832 this journal changed its political course, and Mr. Bennett's connection with it ceased. In October of this year he commenced the publication of a cheap Democratic daily paper, on his own account, but for some cause which he did not choose to explain, discontinued it after thirty days; and purchased an interest in the Pennsylvanian, a Democratic

journal, published at Philadelphia. After conducting this one year he disposed of his interest at considerable loss, and again returned to New York.

The true secret of our hero's failure, as a political journalist, is doubtless to be found in his independence of character. The slumbering opinion cherished by many Democratic politicians, with respect to his reliability as a party journalist, was divulged by the circumstances in Philadelphia. They feared the man. They rejoiced in his sacrifice. They did not regret that the blow fell out of New York, where it had been proposed to strike it, even before he abandoned the Courier and Enquirer. His sin was that he would not write servilely at the dictation of those whose ambition it was to guide and control the party.

Mr. Bennett's next movement was to give form and crystalization to his genius, and the wisdom of his manifold experience, in the New York Herald. The first issue was a small sheet, and sold for one cent. The office was the basement of No. 20 Wall street, and almost the entire business was conducted by himself.

No successful enterprise was ever originated under more discouraging circumstances. Its projector was poor and had incurred the zealous opposition of the conductors of the press, and the leaders of the political parties, whose combined attacks excluded him from both social and business positions. But he had well studied his resources and the resistance to be overcome, and brought his light artillery into action in such a shape as to overwhelm his enemies with derision, and pursued them in their retreat with shafts dipped in the rankling venom of mortified pride and offended dignity. In its first stages he avoided all grave discussions, and limited his efforts to the sphere of a gossiping and reporting sheet, content to contribute to the excitements of the day, and thus secure the public attention as an indispensable prerequisite to operations on a more elevated platform. In the prosecution of his purpose he spared neither friend or foe, so that he could raise the whirlwind of popular excitement and exhibit his sarcastic visage borne upward by the fury of the storm. The public press, business exchange, the political rostrum, and even the religious pulpit, aided him with their denunciations. These were not the only instrumentalities which served to assist him in the acquisition of that fame it was his interest and his purpose to secure. The *argumentum ad hommem* had been brought to bear more than once in the shape of canes and cowhides, applied to his person in the thoroughfares of the city, as a chastisement for personal aggression and to direct against him the force of popular odium. Those little episodes in his public career, and the use he made of them, contributed largely to elevate him to that conspicuous position he now occupies before the world.

Such was the origin of the Herald, and such the preliminary training of the man, the emenations of whose pen are to thousands the indispensable accompaniment of their morning meal, and whose genius is exerting an enduring influence in shaping the destinies of our race. From the early struggles of poverty and obscurity he has achieved a high position in the ranks of wealth and among the votaries of knowledge. With the establishment of the Herald this sketch may well close; for our readers are familiar with that journal, and suffice it to say that "James Gordon Bennett is the Herald and the Herald is James Gordon Bennett."

JOSEY'S BABY.

The following stanzas tells us, very prettily and explicitly, who is the mother of Josey's baby; but who, pray, is the mother of the stanzas? We find the pretty waif afloat without any mark of its parentage:

"Sister Josey 's got a baby,
(She is but a child herself.)
And the baby is a bright eyed,
Laughing, crying little elf.

Well I mind the April morning—
I was scarcely five years old—
Addie came with smile of gladness,
And a wondrous tale she told:

How a tiny, pretty creature,
To our mother's arms was given,
How a white-winged angel brought it
From its happy home in Heaven.

Mother called our baby Josey,
And she was our pet and pride;
No one thought of scolding Josey
When she pouted, frowned or cried.

Only think how years crowd round us,
Bringing trouble, bringing change—
Now that baby's got a baby!—
Bless me! aint it very strange?

Such a precious, winning darling,
Eyes of softest, darkest gray,
Cheeks where blessed cunning dimples
Play bopeep the livelong day.

You should hear him laughing gaily,
Cooing like a little dove,
If you were the crossest fellow,
Josey's baby you would love.

THE COMMODORE'S SON;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF THE MACFANES.

A Story of Boston and of the Texas Revolution of 1836.

CHAPTER I.

DONALD MACFANE AND HIS WIFE.

TWENTY years ago, at the North End of Boston, in a narrow street, having narrow sidewalks, and granite curbstones as jagged and almost as dangerous as the teeth and tushes of a wild boar, there stood, almost in the shadow of the church where Cotton Mather once preached, a shabby two-story wooden building of no special color, which might have been erected about the time when the author of the "Magnolia" and his train of witches enjoyed a short but glorious reign in that part of the city. The second story of this house jutted out far enough into the street to form a considerable awning over the front door of the shop beneath; and, indeed, the whole building leaned forward and sideways, as if just ready for a start to the north-eastward.

The floor of the dingy shop was sunken some distance below the level of the sidewalk, and even below the grade of the street, so that a customer had to enter by descending a couple of rickety, creaking wooden steps, through the cracks of which, in a wet season, the water splashed up almost into the face of a heedless stepper. The visitor then must pass through an ancient double door, painted nearly a rat color, the upper half of which was glazed with diminutive lights, which were interspersed with an occasional "bull's eye," by way, I suppose, of ornament. Over the door was a small swinging sign, which a rapid traveler would scarcely notice, representing, in black and white, a Scotch thistle and blooming heather, and signifying also, in small Roman capitals, that the shop was occupied by "Donald Macfane, grocer." Emblematic signs were more common in Boston twenty years ago than now, and more numerous forty or fifty years ago than then. At the beginning of this century and previously such signs were *the fashion* in Boston, as they are still in England, and in all the large towns of Canada. But the fashion of signs, like that of all things, passeth away, and you must now ask Drake, the antiquarian, if you would know where stood the Green Dragon, the Bull and Bear, the Golden Keys, or any other ancient and famous shop or tavern. Through a low but wide window on each side of the store door you might observe a box of tallow candles, another of garden seeds, and another of maccaroni, besides a general assortment of brushes and brooms. The floor inside was well scoured and sanded, and the shelves and counters gave evidence of a thrift, neatness and care-taking hardly in unison with the dingy appearance of the building, so dark and dismal, and so overshadowed by the loftier buildings opposite and on each side, that it seemed ashamed of itself, and trying to move off and get out of the reach and notice of its coarse but pretentious neighbors.

It is in this shop, late in the Autumn of 1835, and a minute or two after 12 o'clock, M., that our narrative opens. A little white-haired girl of some ten or eleven years, neatly but plainly attired, softly entered the door, and, in a whisper, asked the good dame behind the counter to give her a cent's worth of candy, a good big cent's worth, such as she got last Tuesday. The lady now tending shop *alone*, as it seemed, was a comely woman of some fifty years, with a kind, benevolent face; which, however, bore unmistakable marks of secret anguish which, though patiently and hopefully endured, was still branding her soul more and more deeply with its scorching iron. She wore on her head a mob cap of muslin, which ill concealed her flowing hair, which was so deeply silvered by time and grief that it was only slightly flecked by a darker color. Her dress was of black bombazine, made in the fashion of that day, with small bishop sleeves, and on her neck she wore a tidy white muslin half-handkerchief. Her whole appearance indicated that she habitually endeavored to blend neatness with her poverty, as gracefully as possible.

"And so ye're come again, my bonny little Jenny Summer," said she, speaking with the remains of a Caledonian accent, "and ye make it Summer indeed to me, when ye let me see your sweet face. Indeed, ye don't know the good it does me. And how is Mistress Duffy, your mother? I shall come and see the gude woman soon. Here is the candy, (giving her about six times the money's worth.) When ye come, tak care always to come just a wee bit after noon; and (pointing her finger upward) speak softly when ye speak, for the auld man is odd, very odd in his ways, though he is a dear, loving soul. Put it in your pocket now, my child, and go, for I hear him coming."

The little girl, thus urged, hurried out, and the slip-shod, shuffling steps of a person descending a flight of stairs were distinctly audible. A sandy-haired man of about the same age as his wife, or perhaps a few years older, was Donald Macfane, the grocer. His face was haggard and cadaverous, and his tall

figure, fleshless as a skeleton. His features were all uncommonly sharp, and had a pinched and doleful expression. His forehead was high and narrow, and rapidly retreating above the keen, gray eyes that glistened like a wild cat's from out his shaggy yellow eyebrows and whiskers. It is doubtless true that the internal characteristics of men are indicated by their features; yet though the countenance of Donald was by no means prepossessing to a superficial observer, you could not pronounce him a *bad* man. You would not be put in bodily fear of person or purse by his presence, nor instinctively clap your hand on your watch after he had passed you in the street, to make sure that he had not, by some hocus pocus, abstracted it from your pocket, as he brushed the hem of your garment. You might indeed observe a latent gleam of insanity in his bold, gray eye, and in the nervous and convulsive movements of his whole body. Some passion was evidently consuming him, and he was wasting away, body and spirit, without any apparent physical disease or low weakness.

As he made his appearance to-day, he was dressed in an old calico gown, covered with ink and other stains of various signs and colors, and ragged at the elbows and edges; an old checked shirt covered the upper part of his wasted body, and his thin nether limbs. which seemed more like umbrellas than legs, were encased in a pair of leather breeches. He wore neither waistcoat nor suspenders, and a pair of gray woolen stockings and cloth slippers completed his garniture.

"And how many customers did ye have since I've been eating my dinner, Bessie?" asked he, with an accent which, like that of his wife, betokened a Scotch parentage, if not a birth in the land of cakes and ale.

"Only two, Donald. Old Joe for two cents' worth of pipes, and our little Jennie for a pennyworth o' candy.'

"And which candy did ye give the child?"

"O, the peppermint—it's pure broken stuff, and I want it out of the way to clean the glass jar."

"Poor stuff! nay, woman, it's the best, and I do believe ye gave her a whole handfull by the look of the jar. You must mind, too, candy is not good for children, and if ye give them all they want, they'll likely grow up prodigal spendthrifts. My father and mother were poor and strict with me when I was little, and I got little or none of the stuff, while the Commodore was petted and surfeited, and now you see he is a spendthrift and a drunkard. We'll be equal to him yet some day, my girl; ha, ha! How many cents' worth did ye give her, did ye say?"

"She wanted only one, Donald."

Well, be careful, be careful, ye ken all depends on it; save the pennies and the pounds will tak care of themselves. Let's see—four thousand two hundred—shares in State Bank, two thousand one hundred and fifty—house in Tileston street, eighteen hundred, rents for one fifty—hum—hum. Save the pieces of broken candy a few years longer, and ye shall have yer reward in the end—ye shall, my dear, so help me."

"I know, Donald, I know, and did ye find enoo to eat up stairs?"

"O yes! the pains of hunger are nothing to the pains of the mind. I can get more good meals from that ham bone yet."

"Lord's sake, Donald! Ye shall not—ye're but a living skeleton now. It was only yesterday a couple of caulker's boys went by here, and they looked at ye and winked at each other, and called ye *Calvin Edson*; comparing ye to that disembodied spirit that's been a showing his bones for money lately up in Court street. I fear ye'll be in your grave afore the sum you talk of is made. Here, take a ship-biscuit, do, Donald."

"Nay, nay, woman, I've had plenty; enough is as good as a feast. Be ye as abstemious and easily satisfied as I, and we will soon be happy, and hold up our heads as high as the Commodore, d—n him. God forgive me for swearing!"

"Yes, God forgive ye indeed! Shall we forget the catechism which we learned in childhood, and repeated every Sunday, and all the Ten Commandments, with the requirements and forbidenments, and all God's goodness to us, just for the sake of the world's penny, or just to have Commodore Macfane come and visit us and call us brother and sister."

"Nay, Bessie, I dinna forget; I remember too well—too well I remember the catechism and the Commodore both—wish I din't—but ye forget too often that a penny saved is a penny earned, and isn't that in the Proverbs of Solomon?"

"Proverbs of Solomon, indeed! Ah, ye think more of the newspapers and the almanac now than yer Bible, Donald, but I know that a penny given in kindness to a needy child, or even to a cruel, hard-hearted brother, if he were in distress, will be worth more than a mountain of pennies saved or earned, in that judgment to which we are both a hurrying fast, Donald."

"Well, well, I can't dispute with ye about that now. Here comes the dominee. Good day to ye, Parson." "Good day to ye, Dr. Silk," added Mrs. Macfane, reverently. "Will it please yer reverence to walk up stairs into the little sitting room?"

"No, thank you, I have merely called to get your husband's name to a subscription in aid of the benevolent society of our parish."

"I have told ye frequently, Sir," said Donald, "that I have naught to give. If I am ever worth fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, come to me and you'll get something for any good object; 'till then ye may as well be silent as be asking."

"But," rejoined the minister, with that want of tact and discrimination and knowledge of human nature which is too common among closet clergymen, "but remember the love of money is the root of all evil, which, while some thirsted after—."

"I tell yer reverence," interrupted Donald, "I love money no better that yerself; and if I did, have ye not *your* passion as I have mine? If I thirst for money, don't *ye* thirst for the applause of the men and the smiles of the women? Ah, ye need not deny that. Every man has his ruling passion, and the only way to avoid being reminded of it is to take care not to remind other folks of their follies."

"Well, well," rejoined the doctor, "that is not to the point; we are in want of one hundred dollars more, and as you had not been applied to—."

"I tell ye I don't belong to your kirk, and I've no respect for your kirk, though my woman goes to it for want of a better. We're Scotch, and ye have not a Scottish kirk in your whole city or State—no Presbyterians at all that I know of. Ye are all Brownists in Boston; ye have no sessions, or presbyteries; ye use ungodly hymns, instead o' the Psalms of David, and all yer singing is done by three or four hirelings, and ye get up what ye call *revivals*, and ye—."

The minister, at length, seeing the case hopeless, opened the door and vanished.

"Ah, Donald, ye should not offend the good man; you may want him yet, to perform the funeral ceremonies over your wife, or I may want him to put you in the ground," said Mrs. Macfane, weeping.

"And if I do want him, or if you want him for the burying of this poor body, let us have no more of this heathenish ceremonies of praying and singing songs; let them go with us from the house to the grave in solemn silence, as they used to do in old Scotland when we were children there. But in this country nothing is done in silence, but everything with noise and confusion. But look! there comes Smith's wife — do you the trading with her, for, though she is kind and has done us favors, I can't endure her clattering tongue."

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Macfane," said a large, good-natured, ruddy-faced woman, as she entered the shop with a japaned canister under her arm. "I've just run over for another pound of that dollar and a quarter tea. He says its the best he ever drank. He hardly ever drinks tea, likes coffee so much better. And how are *you*, Mr. Mac? Glad to see you looking so fine and fleshy—'pears to me you've gained half a pound since I was in here last, ha! ha! ha! Would n't you like to exchange your bones for some of my fat? Dear me, how warm I am, walking!"

"How are the folks at home?" inquired Mrs. Macfane, as soon as opportunity offered.

"Well, pretty well; but Kate, the darling, had a touch of rheumatiz or a bad cold in the small of the back yesterday, and don't you think, I cured her with a bandage of rum and vinegar? Yes, old Mrs. Fogg told me about it, but Robert, he would have the old joke, and said I ought to give it to her *in*ternally and *e*ternally as well as *ex*ternally. Ha! ha! ha!"

While this conversation, or rather soliloquy, was going on, Mrs. Macfane was silently weighing and doing up the pound of tea, while Mr. Macfane was either ciphering or selling three cents worth of crackers and cheese to a sleepy-eyed gentleman with a red nose and a very seedy and unseasonable straw hat, and very well ventilated duck trowsers; but as soon as a laugh interrupted the pouring stream of Mrs. Smith's conversation, Mrs. Macfane remarked:

"Ye talked of letting her go to a dressmaker's—Kate, I mean."

"I talked! Bless your soul, *I* never talked about it. *She* wants to go, she says, and be doing something to earn her living, but I won't let her go, nor he either, for that matter. She earns a living twice a day at home. She is worth more to us than two or three helps, and Robert says he is glad he hasn't chick nor child of his own, for he loves Kate so much he means to leave her all his property. You know we took her from the Alms House when she was a sucking baby; did I tell you before? Its a queer story. Well, Robert and I had been married four years and no children, and naturally we began to despair of ever having any, when Robert, one day, reading the Advertiser—he's

took the Advertiser now ever since we were married, and that's twenty-two years—Robert says he to me, says he, there was a fine little girl, not more than a week old, put on the door steps of old Baldwin in Salem street, and he, the stingy old skunk, with plenty of money, and not a child in the world, sent the little foundling to the Alms House, although he had good reason for believing the child was of respectable parentage, for, you see, there was a nice little basket and baby things, and a ten dollar bill, and a writing that told how the child was legitimate and her name was Kate, and whoever protected her would some time be rewarded by its real parents. Well, I don't think the money or the promises had the effect on Robert's mind, but he kind o' always wanted something to pet and play with when he got home tired from his work, and Robert says he, 'sposing we go over to the Alms House and see this baby, and if we like it we'll take it for ours, for I'm prospering in my trade—he's a master-mason, you know—and I should like to do some good in the world, if I can—he's a dreadful feller for doing good, Robert is. Very well, says I, Robert, we'll go and see if its a nice, clean, healthy child, for I don't want the care of no sickly brats, says I, and if its nice, and clean, and healthy, and good looking, you know, why then, says I, I'll take and nurse it, says I, though it will be an awful sight of trouble, says I. Well, so we went, and I saw it was the sweetest little thing, with sky-blue eyes, and soft, shiny hair, about the color of gamboge, and light complected, and when I read the note, and found it was in a good hand and good spelling and all, we concluded we'd take the little thing for ours. So the officers gave it to us, basket, money and all. Robert told 'em he didn't want no money, but the Alms House folks said he must take it, for it wasn't theirs, but belonged to the little baby; and besides, says they to Robert, Robert, says they, if you take the bill and keep it, it may be proof by and by as to its real parents, and Robert, when he took the bill and saw some letters, M. F., on the back, he thought that might stand for the father's name. But, bless me, how I am a runnin' on, and *you* look pale and tuckered almost to death a hearing me. Well, I must go home—oh! but I forgot to tell you something particular about Kate. She's of marriageable age, you know, and very pretty, you know, and of course the beaux—ha! ha! well, some other time—some other time."

And so the oration being finished, the large woman took her canister of tea and waddled out of the shop, having much ado to squeeze her fat sides and large heart through the half-opened door.

CHAPTER II.

THE MASON AND HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

In one of the narrow cross streets leading from Hanover to Ann street, at the door of a small but well-built brick house, a young man dressed in genteel black stood on the steps, with the bell knob in one hand and a light whalebone walking-stick in the other. He was tall and strongly built, of a commanding person and a ruddy Saxon complexion, and had the appearance of one who, though not entirely unacquainted with the drawing-room and good society, had passed his later years in the open air.

It was just at twilight in the evening of the same day in which the incident recorded in the first chapter occurred. The young gentleman paused for a moment, as if to give himself resolution, and then vigorously rang the bell. The same bell was rung, on an average, at least fifty times a day by as many different people, and its noise generally occasioned very little excitement among the inmates of the house. On this occasion, however, there was one who instantly recognized, either by memory, instinct, or some mysterious spiritual magnetism, the hand of the ringer. She immediately dropped her sewing, and after a parting glance in the mirror, and putting on only one more comb and two finger-rings, ran down stairs to answer in person the summons.

"I knew it must be you, Douglass," said she, with some little embarrassment, "but I am glad to see you, very glad. Come in."

"I have only come to ask you to take a walk with me. If you will go, I'll step in till you are ready."

"I can't let her go to-night, Mr. Macfane," cried a loud but not unpleasant voice over the baluster; "but come in and shut the door, and don't let all the neighbors be hearing and all the travelers be stopping to grin and wink, and say, 'I see how its a going.' There is nothing more ridiculous than for people that's been through the performance theirselves to see others a billing and a cooing. There's Sleek's wife and daughters across the way that have already gone and reported that they saw you and Kate a hugging one another at the front door. Kate, I'm astonished that you've no more prudence; next thing they'll be telling worse tales, a good deal. Goodness knows, I could tell worse about them if I was to tell all

that I've seen a going on in *their* chambers. Now, take a seat and set down here on the sofa. Mr. Smith will be here in a minute, and will tell you all about it. You see, my dear Sir, you must pardon me for calling you *my dear Sir*, but *I* took a liking to you just as soon as I laid eyes on you, and so did Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith says he to me one *night* after we'd gone to bed and left you and Kate here, Smith says he to me, Dorothy, don't you think there is a likeness as well as a liking between this young feller and Kate? He's fond of Kate, my husband is, and, says he, don't you like him because he likes Kate? Some folks, you know, do like folks for liking folks that they like. Well, says I, how much alike they *do* look! All but the complexion, says I, for Kate's complexion is very fair, with some freckles—I intended to have bought you another bottle of freckle medicine, my dear—but *he* is ruddy complected; but the eyes—well, I declare, says I, they are as like as two glass marbles, and there ain't more than a shade of difference in the color of their hair, and then my girl is tall and queenly, and you are tall and stout, and we both said we'd give the world ——. Well, thank goodness, here comes Robert to take this plaguy business off my hands. I always did hate to hurt the feelings of anybody, and particularly a young couple's feelings, for I know what they are. Now, Robert, here's the old Commodore's son come again, and wants Kate to go out a walking with him, and I'll just leave you alone and see to getting your supper, and besides—now," she whispered in her husband's ear as she was bustling and puffing out of the room, "don't be too hard on the young feller."

"I am sorry, Mr. Macfane," said Robert Smith, a fine, generous, hearty looking middle-aged man, who had just entered in his working dress, "to be obliged to refuse a request which seems so perfectly innocent, but for the sake of all of us, I think it best we should have no more of this. I gave you my reasons the other day, and I am sorry you give me the pain of reminding you of the folly of perseverance in this matter."

"It was precisely," said Douglass Macfane, "that I might have an opportunity of showing you that your reasons were really of no force, that I ventured to call and see you again. You told me it was because my father, the Commodore, having heard of my engagement to Kate, had stormed and sworn, in his usual manner, that he'd disinherit me if I married her, or indeed married anybody without his consent. Sir, though he is my father, as I suppose, he is a tyrant by nature and habit. He carries his quarter-deck airs in the house and in the street, though he has long ago left off his uniform. If you knew the manner in which he constantly taunts and insults me, and indeed any one else with whom he comes in contact, you would not think him worthy of regard in this matter. As to his property, I don't value it. Let him give it all to my brother James, or to the pack of toadies that eat his dinners and drink his brandy. I am a man, and nearly free by law, and I can earn my living, and would rather live on my own money than on his."

"That's a brave enough spirit, my lad, but you are only twenty, and don't know the world yet. I dare say it seems easy enough to you to raise and feed a family on flowers and rainbows. You have no trade or profession; better determine what you are going to do for a living before you talk of marrying anybody."

"But, Sir, I am willing to do anything—willing to work for you and learn your trade; indeed I would like to do it. My father, as I told you, drove me to sea to get me under discipline, as he said; as if the discipline of his cowhide, and fist, and boots, daily applied, were not as good as any I could get at sea. I have been second mate of a ship and could be again, but the sea is distasteful to me, partly, I suppose, because I was *forced* into it, without any regard to my inclination, and therefore felt like a galley slave all the time—but more because I have been attached to Kate ever since we were children at school, and I prefer some business where I shall not be so far from her."

"Well, well, Douglass, I am not quite so ignorant of your father's amiable traits as you may suppose, and I was going to tell you that he has written me that if I encourage this match he will use every means to make us *all* feel the weight of his vengeance."

"And what did you reply?"

"I kept cool, my boy, as I advise you to do, and answered not the fool according to his folly. It is not that letter that influences me in this business. I know pretty well the power that wealth and high position give in this city. I have, in past times, experienced 'the insolence of office and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes,' but I am too far along now to be ruined in business by any man's hostility. But I tell you it is something more serious than anything I have mentioned, something I hope I shall not be obliged to mention, which has prevented and will prevent my giving my consent to your marriage with Kate."

"Do mention it, Mr. Smith, at once."

"Yes, father," added Kate, "let us know the worst; I am sure I am prepared for it—prepared for anything rather than for longer suspense."

"Ah! children! children indeed you are—you will take hold of the red-hot poker, even if it is the death of you. But so it is with all men, I suppose, fools that we are. We ask questions and demand answers of God, of fate, of the Devil himself, even when we know that in ignorance alone is bliss."

There was a dead silence for a minute or two, produced by the solemnity with which Robert uttered the last words. At length Robert continued:

"Kate ought to have told you, Douglass, that there lingers an uncertainty about her birth."

"I have, father; he has known it ever since I was a little girl; and since we have become very intimate, we have talked it over, O! so many, many times, and guessed and wondered, and thought, and guessed and talked again. Before he ever told me he loved me I told him you took me from the Alms House. I knew he was too high-minded and too proud to care about such a trifle as the birth-place of me or anybody, or my parentage either, so that I am worthy in my own person and character."

"The world don't look on such things as trifles, my child, and though I am not morbidly ambitious of the world's approbation, I have what I think a reasonable desire for its favor. Douglass, I have lost nothing, not even my principles, by using all honorable endeavors to find favor with the world. I tell you this, because you are yet a young man and may learn something. It is courtesy, and not gruffness, or apparent disregard of others, that wins its way. Your father—but we wont talk any more about him. But what I was going to say is, that as soon as it becomes known that a son of Commodore Macfane is to marry a daughter of the Alms House, and the adopted daughter of Robert Smith—why then, Robert Smith has to bear all the blame—and it will be Robert Smith, the Alderman, has been too much flattered; Robert Smith, the member from Boston, has grown aspiring, and has been using his arts to get his plebeian family engrafted on to the aristocracy of Boston."

"And is this," exclaimed the earnest and pertinacious Douglass, "is this what you spoke of as the something more serious?"

Robert Smith mused a moment in silence, as if hoping that something might occur to change the subject of conversation, but the minds of both his auditors were too intent on one great business to allow of any diversion.

"Please tell us, dear father, is that indeed a *very* serious matter?" asked Kate.

"No, children, no," said Robert, beginning to lose his patience; "we have not got to that yet, though we are driving toward it fast, and I suppose you will make me tell you all, though it should fill both your cups with a sorrow that you cannot drink without strangling."

Here Mrs. Smith entered, wiping, with a checked apron, her face, which, from near proximity to the cooking stove, was red and broad and glorious as a British ensign.

"Come Robert, tea is ready. Douglass is in no particular hurry, I dare say, and will stay here till you have done—besides I want to have a little talk with him myself. Kate, light the lamp; don't sit here in the dark any longer. Come, Robert."

And out again she bustled, leaving the ground clear for a few minutes at least to the lovers, who had been longing for a private interview.

"And now tell me honestly, my Kate, if what you have heard has influenced you against me?"

"*Against* you! Ah! Douglass, what do the poets say, what do our novelists, those best historians of the human heart, tell us of the effect of obstacles and opposition where the heart is really engaged? And don't you yet know me well enough not to ask such a question? Ah! me! I fear you do not trust me as I do you; it is *my* nature to trust those whom I love, just as it is the nature of roses to bloom in June."

"You must forgive me, Kate, for entertaining a momentary jealousy and doubt; it was a weakness, but I could not help it. Never mind, 'tis gone, and Heaven helping me, all earth and hell shall not prevent our union. I am even tempted to say with the pirate, in the song you sing so sweetly:

'This night or never, thou shalt be my bride.'"

'Truly, Mr. Pirate, that would be marrying in haste to repent at leisure. No, Douglass, with all my romance, I don't intend to marry till I know what you are going to do with me. I have read about 'love in a cottage,' and all that, and it is very beautiful. I ask nothing better, but then I should like to examine the cottage and make a few arrangements first. Have you got the cottage?"

"Well, I—no—I confess I hav'nt."

"Well, have you any plans? What do you

mean to do? For if you mean to take me without any arrangement for my support, you would be in the unfortunate situation of the gentleman that bought an elephant at auction, and then did not know where to bestow his goods. Please to tell me what you think of doing for a living."

"Well, if you must know the truth, though I am willing to work at *any* thing, I think of working at *poetry* in particular—that is, as a main business."

"You! poetry! Are you crazy, Douglass?"

"Never was more sensible in my life. I did 'nt wish to tell your father about it when he inquired, but I have already a pocket full of sonnets, lyrics, &c., addressed to you, and—."

"O!"

"Yes, and I am going to read them to you."

"O! don't!"

"You know Scott got fifteen hundred pounds for one poem, and Byron more than that for another—and—."

"O!"

"I'll read you a few of them, they are in the real 'Ercles vein."

"O! Douglass, don't, don't let me hear a word."

"Why not?"

"Why, because if you are serious, you 've lost your senses. O! Douglass, go to laying brick like my father, or to making brick like the Egyptians, without straw; but don't, don't write poetry. Every fool does that, but no wise man; and as to yourself you have good sense, but no more poetry than a tallow candle. Let broken-hearted swains write poetry, but you, no, no, Douglass; if you go to writing poetry, I tell you I must —."

"Well, well, don't be alarmed. I'm only jesting, and I'd give up the hope, the ambition, the vision and the faculty divine itself (if I had it) for your sake."

"Yes, do, Douglass, that's a good, sensible fellow; and now tell me, really and truly, what you are going to do for a living."

"Indeed, I don't know what despair may drive me to do. I thought if I failed in poetry, that I—he, he—that I might enlist in the marines or the regular army. Ha! ha!"

And here he made one of those awkward efforts at laughing which men are wont to do when they are uncertain whether to be merry or sober.

"Verily," said Kate, "your ambition has taken a large slide from poetry to the marines. It will sound well, too, when it is told that a son of Commodore Macfane has enlisted in the marines, or in the regular army, where there is no chance of rising above the grade of a corporal, or a *what d'ye call 'em*—sergeant."

"Well, well, Kate, don't be severe; may be it is no worse to be a corporal than to be in the Alms House. But you need not be angry; I was not alluding to your misfortune, but thinking of myself. I assure you I would rather be in the Alms House than in some other places. *That* belongs to the county, and I feel as if I had a natural right there. But I cannot go beg of the fools who, out of the Alms House, make their bread, and taunt others with cowardice or inefficiency who have not the luck that they have. But I have something better in view. I have ambition to distinguish myself. I have a yearning to prove to the world I am no cipher. I have a plan which, perhaps, it will not do to tell even you till it is more fully matured. I have been dreaming all my life, but I don't mean that my dreams shall evaporate in empty hopes and wishes. It is time for me to awake and do."

"I rejoice to hear you say it, Douglass, for my father often says it is a pity that a young man of your talents and real energy should be idling his time at home. He is a working man himself, and I believe really he has no solid objection to our union, except that he fears you cannot support me."

"But tell me truly, Kate," said Douglass, "can't you give me a hint about this mysterious *something* that is so terrible to your father?"

"Positively, I know nothing. I never heard him intimate more than he has told you, except that he has lately said he hoped *soon* to discover my real parentage. We know that my parents must still be alive, for father continues to receive small sums of money through the post office, directed to me in a woman's hand-writing. Sometimes I think he hopes he has found the right clue, but he says nothing."

Here the steps of the married couple were heard again approaching the parlor, and Kate, remembering on a sudden the neglected injunction about the light, sprang to the mantlepiece and lit the lamp.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Smith, "girls will be girls, and boys will be boys, I dare say; they used to be when I was one of 'em. La! you need not blush, Katy, its all right. Of course I know what you 've been doing. You never had time to think about the light, did you, dear? And you had no particular use for it, either; you hav 'nt been reading the Bible, I guess, and you hav 'nt hardly spoken a word

since we went out. But there is going to be some talking done, now I've got here."

A loud and general laugh of assent followed the last announcement, in which the good-hearted dame joined with her usual cordiality.

"Hold still awhile now, Dorothy," said Robert Smith, "and give the floor to me and Douglass. I must settle this business at once. But first, I have a question to ask of you, Kate. I ask it in presence of Douglass, that we may all have a perfect mutual understanding, and be under no temptation to deceive each other. Hitherto, you have always been a good, obedient child, conscientious and strictly honorable. I can trust you then to answer my question as frankly as I ask it. In case I, for good reasons which I don't choose to tell you, forbid this match, are your affections so much engrossed in Douglass that you will insist on the gratification of your own will and passions, or will you yield to my wishes? Now give me a prompt and honest answer."

Kate's bright eyes filled with tears, and her paling cheek and heaving bosom spoke her emotions plainer than any words. She covered her face with her hands, dropped her head on her breast, but uttered no word in reply.

"Ludiful sakes!" began Mrs. Smith, "the child isn't a going to do any—."

"Dorothy," interrupted Mr. Smith. "I command silence for half an hour; indeed you'll oblige me by going up stairs and shutting the door. I promise to give you a faithful account of all that is said."

O! no, no, Robert; I can't go away, indeed I can't. Isn't she my child as much as your's? But I wont say a word, not a word. I'll sit right down on this stool, in this corner, till you 've done."

"Well, Katy, my dear, what answer?"

Kate arose and threw her arms around her father's neck, and sat on his knee, where many years ago she had passed many happy hours, and said:

"O! father, I am so glad to have you call me *dear* again; that stern manner was very new and so painful to me, and those startling words and questions sounded so strangely."

"My child, if I seemed stern forgive me; it is, as you say, new business, and very hard for me as for you. But the ice is broken, the present is a good opportunity, and I must insist on a reply to my question."

"Then, father, I will answer you fully, and with all the honesty which you admit me to be possessed of. That I love you and mother, you know; that I love Douglass, stands confessed. Ask not which most or best I love, or purest, for indeed I know not. My heart is like the ocean, which indeed has different names, but is only one substance, and I will not make any distinction in my affections, or call my love for Douglass anything different from my love for you. If you can give, and will give what seem to me good reasons for not loving Douglass, I can withdraw my love, and I will follow your wishes, but unless you choose to give me reasons which commend themselves to my reason, I do think that in *this* matter I should be allowed to follow my own *judgment*, and not merely my *will* and *passions*."

"Kate, I have lately received a letter from some unknown person in a different hand-writing from what we have usually received, enjoining on me to keep you with me unmarried for some few years yet, saying also that he believed the time was fast approaching when he would acknowledge you, and be able to provide ample means for your support, enjoining also entire secrecy on my part in regard to this communication, which you see, however, I have seen fit to disregard."

"Another device of my persecutor," exclaimed Douglass. "O! that I should still be obliged to call him *father;* and he arose and stalked across the room with his fists and teeth clenched, and his whole frame trembling as with an ague. "Will you do me the favor," at length he said, turning to Robert Smith, "will you please to be so kind as to permit me to *see* that letter?"

"No objection in the world," said Robert, "since I have told you its contents. Indeed, I should like your opinion about the hand-writing. I am not satisfied whether it is a man or woman that writes;" and he pulled out from his coat an immense pocket-book, and produced the letter.

"It is not my father's hand," said Douglass, examining it carefully, "nor do I know whose writing it is."

"Are you," asked Robert Smith, "acquainted with the hand-writing of your father's housekeeper?"

"Madame Savon's? No, I am not," said Douglass, "she has no correspondents, and I am not aware that she ever writes, though I suppose, of course, she knows how."

"Well," said Robert, "suppose we ask the opinion of the ladies, whether it is a man's or a woman's."

"I think it is a woman's," said Kate, "the marks are so light, and it does not look like the

running-hand of one who is accustomed to write a great deal and rapidly."

"And I guess it is a man's," said Mrs. Smith, "though I never saw such a hand before; the marks are too long for most women, though *I* make a mark like a large shovel handle. I never could learn to write a light, easy-going hand. But I—."

"Now suffer me to give my opinion," said Robert Smith. "It appears to me that this letter is what Douglass calls it, *a trick*, and that if not written by the Commodore, it is done by his instigation. But supposing there were a very good reason for such a trick—what then?"

"Pray, what can possibly be a justification of such villainous conduct, Mr. Smith?" asked Douglass.

"Supposing," replied Robert Smith, "that Commodore Macfane knew that Kate was *his own child*, and that you were about to be guilty of an incestuous marriage with a half-sister, or a sister of full blood; what then, boy, what then?"

Douglass, who, till then, was walking the floor with rapid strides, or striking his heel thoughtlessly and violently into Mrs. Smith's best carpet, now stood still, as if frozen to the floor, while his eyes were fixed upon Robert Smith with a vacant but painful glare. Kate sank back on the sofa, pale and trembling but speechless, while the good Dorothy, whose pent feelings had, too long for her comfort, been smothered in unhealthy silence, now burst forth explosively:

"Its no such a thing—it can't be; you hav 'nt no reason for believing it. Who was her mother, I'd like to know?"

"Woman," said Robert, "from what I know of the Commodore's moral character, and from the common report about Madam Savon, I have reason, solemnly, in the name of God and virtue, to forbid the bans until I can have proof positive that my suspicion, I may say my *belief*, is erroneous. There is other circumstantial evidence going to prove the same thing, particularly the letters M. F. on the back of the ten-dollar bill. True, it *may* all be groundless. I have thought it all over, and there is one chance in a hundred. But in the meantime, Douglass, you may visit here if you choose, having reason to believe you are visiting your own sister; but talk no more about matrimony, I beseech you. Just look at them, wife, now, as they walk arm in arm through the portal! Were ever brother and sister more alike? See their hair, their eyes, their features, their very gait and figure, and tell me, have I not reason corroborative here? I will acknowledge you gladly, Douglass, as the brother of my child, but say no more about love and marriage, my boy, no more—no more!"

Douglass turned away, seized his hat and walking stick, and rushed out of the front door, his face as pale as sculpture, and not a single syllable of parting salutation trembling on his lips.

CHAPTER III.

THE AMIABLE COMMODORE AND HIS UNDUTIFUL SON.

Commodore Macfane was almost as unlike his brother, Donald Macfane, who made his appearance in chapter I, as Saul, the son of Kish, was unlike to David. The Commodore stood six feet three in his slippers, and in girth he measured about the same—his abdomen being distended like an inflated balloon. He wore a great shock of reddish hair, a reddish forehead just below, dull gray eyes (encircled with red) beneath the forehead, a very mammoth of a nose, which resembled, in color and figure, an ill-shaped tomato, a mouth immense and cavernous, which, when he spoke, roared as if seven thunders had uttered their voices; a mighty chin, which jutted out horizontally from his face, and then suddenly turned upward, even as Cape Cod jetteth out from the mainland, and then turneth up and partly back again.

The Commodore, being head and shoulders above everybody when he walked the street, was visible for a long distance; and his strut was so pompous and peculiar, and his gaze upon everybody so supercilious, as if he felt himself in every respect far above the world, even as the Creator might feel superior to his own creatures, that every passer-by turned back again in the street, and even sometimes followed him, to take another last fond look at his wondrous person, and a quiet inward chuckle at his wondrous strut. He was the younger son of a Scotchman, who had immigrated to America in the latter part of the last century—a widower with two sons, little boys of 12 and 10 years. The father did a small retail business in West India goods in what is now called Salem street until he died, when he left his children orphans, with a fair education, good constitution, and but little property. The boy William (whom we now call Commodore) was from his infancy unruly, contortious, uneasy and adventurous. He was pointed at by all the anxious mothers of North End as a bad boy, who would come to no good, and from the evil influence of whose society and conversa-

tion they exhorted their boys and girls (who, of course, were all white crows and perfect patterns of purity) to keep far away. No mischief was done in that part of the town but it was said at once, "William Macfane did it." If anybody's newly-painted front door was daubed with mortar or any cheaper compound, everybody knew that William Macfane was the culprit, even though nothing could be proved. If any fight came off, or was threatened between the North Enders and South Enders, or West Enders, or Charlestown "Pigs," (as the clean little gentlemen across the river are wont to be called, even to this day, by the proud but dirty little imps on the Boston side,) William Macfane was either the getter-up of the row, or was sure to be selected as one of the chief captains. Did any strange boy's face make its appearance in the street, whether he came from the South End, the country or elsewhere, he was challenged by this little bull-dog, who demanded to know his business, and also if he *wanted to fight*. If there was any combativeness in a boy's character in those days, it was pretty sure to be cultivated by a residence at North End, and if he had none he led a dog's life of it indeed. This condition of juvenile society continued for many years after, and is still charged by the old people to the terribly long account of William Macfane. Did Christ Church bells ever, at unseasonable hours, disturb the neighborhood with very discordant and disagreeable chimes, the old sexton with the long cue knew very well *who* had dodged through the unlocked door to the upper regions, feeling his way up the dark steps and ladders, and over and under the cobweb-festooned timbers, and rattling floors, till he got hold of the little bed-cord ropes and began playing "Days of Absence," *flatting*, if possible, more notes than ever the authorized and orthodox ringer himself was wont to do. But worse than all this, if any open grave or tomb in Copp's Hill burying-ground showed marks of disturbance by sacriligious hands the mischief was pretty sure to be traced to that dare-devil, William Macfane. We conjecture that the principal reason why the North End boys and girls of the present generation have been barred out of that fine playground, by a heavy iron fence, is that the evil example of William Macfane infected for many years the children of that neighborhood so that, in more senses than one, the Scripture has proved true, that "one sinner destroyeth much good."

Though William was the most courageous lad of the North End, and was known, too, as the best swimmer from Charlestown Bridge to Gray's Wharf in Summer, and the best skater on the Mill Pond, the Frog Pond and Back Bay in Winter, he was always too violent in temper and domineering in manner to be popular among his comrades. In fact, he had no comrades, except those who were attached to him through fear. Having no mother to care for him, or to win him to virtue by gentleness, and love, and tears, he passed much of his time out of doors, upon the vacant, boulder-covered lands on the western slope of Copp's Hill between the burial-ground and the water—lands now covered with gas-houses, warehouses and dwellings; or down on the wharves, among the ships, and mud-scows, and pile-drivers, or in the yards of caulkers and ship builders. Here he became possessed of a strong desire to go to sea, and just as soon as his father was called to leave his shop for the death-bed, and to slip his cables (as we hope) for happier shores, William bade farewell to books and school and schoolmaster, and slipped his cable for Canton. His energy and daring speedily attracted the notice of the officers of his ship, and his promotion was uncommonly rapid. It often happens that the wildest and most unruly boys on shore become the most prompt and obedient on board ship—probably from the fact that the regular ship's duty, like the *doctor* of a steam-boiler, furnishes sufficient vent for any extra amount of vital force, and prevents any temptation to irregular outbreaks. On the breaking out of the war of 1812 William was Captain Macfane, of the good ship India. The war at once nearly put a quietus on all peaceful commerce, but the Captain was not a man to be idle at any time, particularly when a fine opportunity offered for adventure, plunder and glory. The ship India soon mounted ten guns and two swivels, and, with a large crew, stood out of Boston Harbor on a privateering voyage. In six weeks she returned with six vessels in tow, valuable prizes, taken off the coasts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Hearing that there was a deficiency of officers in the United States Navy, he made application for a lieutenancy, which application, being backed by testimonials from some of the best-known merchants of Boston, was speedily followed by a commission, accompanied by orders to report himself immediately at the Navy Yard at Brooklyn. He proceeded to sea, served in several naval battles, chases and skirmishes, with distinguished bravery and skill, and shortly after the treaty of peace was promoted to a post-captaincy. He married, during the war, a young

lady of considerable beauty, of good family and fortune, who bore him three children, the last of whom died in early infancy, and the mother soon after followed. He continued in the naval service for a few years after the war, when, in consequence of his increasing tyranny of disposition and manner, and his increasing potations of brandy, his small popularity was reduced to zero, and he was advised by certain powerful gentlemen at headquarters to resign, and thus save the trouble and unhappiness of a court-martial. The Commodore was not unwilling to retire from what had become to him very disagreeable society; for he believed that he could select society in Boston that would be more agreeable. His wealth and reputation, of course, gave him high rank, and he was, for some time, a welcome guest among the first families of Massachusetts. Of late years, however he had been living more and more within himself—his chief companions being inferior officers of the army and navy, who had been dismissed for intemperance or inefficiency, or who had resigned on account of disaffection. With these men he passed his days and a large portion of his nights, eating, drinking, playing whist and billiards. They were mostly poor, he was independent, and he lorded it over these, his vassals, like an old feudal baron. But most of all. he tyrannized over his two sons, whom he compelled to serve him and his boon companions in menial capacities, giving them indeed the privilege of going to school for the usual six hours, but little leisure for those sports which alone make children bright, happy and endurable. Neither of these children could remember, with any distinctness, a mother. In place of a mother, they had had a coarse, vulgar German woman, nominally their father's housekeeper, to see that their clothes were mended and their ears soundly boxed whenever they stood in her way.

It was nine o'clock in the evening when Douglass reached his father's house, which was situated in the aristocratic region of Boston, not far from the Common. It was one of the Commodore's standing orders that every inmate of the house should, on his return from out of doors, report himself in ship-shape style at the *Library*, as he was wont facetiously to call it, though the half empty book-cases seemed to open their mouths with laughter at the word, nd the few straggling books seemed to be shoving and hurrying each other off the shelves. The Commodore was seated in a high-backed velvet easy-chair, resting one gouty limb on a velvet divan and another on a velvet stool. Two satellites—sons of Mars evidently, for their faces were as red as that planet—sat near him. They were all smoking fragrant Havanas, a box of which stood near by, while three half filled glasses of something wonderfully similar in color to their faces, stood on a small center-table. The younger brother of Douglass, named James, sat meekly studying in a corner of the room in profound and timid silence.

"Where have you been so late at night?" roared the Commodore, as Douglass, bowing, entered the room.

"'Tis not late, father," replied Douglass, in a low voice, "it is only nine—the bells are just ringing."

"Don't insult me in my own house, you scoundrel," replied the amiable father, his toothless jaws clenched with anger, and his heavy, drooping nose and long, aspiring chin almost touching each other, while his glassy eyes reflected the gas-light from under his red, ragged eyebrows. "Its ten o'clock, every minute of it, you rascal, and you know it; and if it were not for my gouty leg, I'd give you a caning, you dog. You've been nothing but a disgrace to your distinguished family, out street-walking o' nights ever since you've been a moral agent. I know you, you rake; and now you come here and insult your poor, infirm and almost bed-ridden old father, by contradicting him to his face." And here maudlin tears of pity for himself and his unavenged wrongs rolled down the cheeks of the miserable, old sailor.

"It is only nine, father," again repeated Douglass, respectfully but firmly.

"Look at the watch, you dog—a repeater that has'nt missed a minute these ten years. If I can see anything, it is ten o'clock and past. Spriggs, take this fellow down for me; give him thirty-nine with my bamboo, directly!"

Douglass answered nothing, but tears stood in his eyes as he silently listened to this proposed outrage from his brutal father.

Spriggs, who had not been with the Commodore this evening for more than half an hour, was not yet very drunk, but only tipsy-sober, and after a glance at the stout form of Douglass, as he stood with his small cane in his hand near the door, respectfully declined the invitation of the Commodore, and ventured to suggest that the Commodore or his watch might possibly be wrong, as his own watch stood at but five minutes past nine.

"I don't invite you here," roared the Commodore, "to eat my oysters and smoke my

cigars for the purpose of listening to any of your valuable criticisms on me or my watch, Sir, or for the sake of having you join to relax my family discipline. If I was able to reach the dog, I would 'nt ask your aid. Douglass, come here; come up here, Sir."

Douglass stood still where he was.

"I'll—hic—tend to his case, Commodore," grunted Captain Fox, who was too far gone to rise from his chair, except by holding on to the back.

"That's right, Fox, do this little job for me," said the Commodore, "and I'll do as much for you."

Fox having, with some effort, at length attained nearly to the perpendicular, fastened, for a second, his revolving orbs upon the still, marble face of Douglass, and, though very drunk, was struck by the tiger-like glance of his eyes, and began to make a tipsy calculation of profit and loss.

"Look here, Commodore," said he, "such a job as that is worth something. I'd rather undertake to batter Gibraltar with the guns of a sloop-of-war. But, by Jupiter, I'll do it—hic—now I've started, if you'll—."

"Well, what?"

"Loan me twenty-five dollars till next week to pay my enemy, the tailor, that has had the impudence to threaten me with—hic—a month's lodgings in Leverett street for debt."

"Very well,'" said the Commodore; "go on with the business, and be quick about it."

"You'd better not," whispered Douglass, between his teeth, as he reversed the cane in his hand, and held it firmly by the middle, ready for immediate and practical use. The tipsy captain, however, whether drunk or sober, was very brave, and was also pitiably needy. He staggered to the corner, behind a mahogany book-case, where stood the silver-headed bamboo cane, (a present to the Commodore from Canton merchants,) and grasped and flourished it scientifically in the air, as if to test its reliability at close quarters.

Douglass stood at his chosen post, breathing short, but looking bold and determined as a lion.

"Father," said he at length, as he watched the preparations of the drunken captain, "you know that I have always obeyed all your reasonable commands, and consulted your reasonable wishes, though you have constantly thwarted me, disappointed me in all my hopes, disarranged all my plans, trampled mercilessly on all my rights, outraged all my feelings, and now I solemnly warn you that if you persist in ordering this drunken coward and fool to attack me, I will not only punish him, but, Sir, you shall never hear from me again. I leave your house to-night for the last time."

"Ha! ha! ha!" boisterously cachinated the Commodore, "you talk as if I must esteem it a great privilege to hear from you, and to have the pleasure of your agreeable company. O! you ass, you scullion, you poor, dirty—."

Here Fox made a pitch forward, by way of a first demonstration, at the head of Douglass, and, striking out horizontally, with full sweep of arm, and as much vigor as he could summon, the blow, though it missed Douglass, came with terrible momentum across the blushing nose and face of the Commodore, who was anxiously watching the proceedings. Now the Commodore's disposition was very much like that of an enraged bull in the Spanish arena. His anger was wont to pitch immediately and exclusively on the object which last excited it. Feeling the pain, and also the trickling of blood down his face, he, by an extraordinary effort, rose upon one foot, and with his huge shoulder-of-mutton fist, planted a blow directly in the left temple of the unfortunate captain, which caused him to lay his full length upon the floor, but which also partially sobered him. He rose up, and believing it was Douglass who had floored him, began appealing to him in deprecatory tones,

"Now, Douglass, my lad, I'm not going to hurt you, you know I'm not, you needn't strike back so hard; I always liked you; you are a brave boy I know, and I only want to *tickle* you a little, just to please the old dev—(hic) Commodore, you know—not on my own account at all, but for your own dear father's sake; and boys, you know, when at home, must submit to discipline. Discipline's all right in the family, as well as aboard a frigate. I've had to submit to it all my life, and if you'll take a dozen or so quietly, (tipping the wink and whispering in the ear of Douglass,) why, as your father says, I'll do as much for you when you ask me."

Douglass was so impolite as to reply only by a copious shower of saliva shot directly into the face and eyes of the worthy captain, which partly blinded, and thoroughly enraged him. It was an indignity to which even he, who had passed many years of his later life among vulgar blacklegs and unprincipled blackguards, had never before been called on to submit. He rushed madly upon Douglass, and succeeded in grasping his cane with one hand, and dealing him a heavy blow in the face with the other—

but the young man, recovering instantly, seized Fox around the waist with both arms and dashed him so violently against the corner of the center-table, that the fall not only took all the breath out of his body, but overturned the table and smashed the brandy decanter and glasses into pieces of very diminutive dimensions.

Douglass then, picking up his hat from the floor, rushed out of the room, saying: "Good-by, James, God bless you," before the astonished Spriggs, or the enraged Commodore, or the groaning Fox could call for assistance, or do anything to prevent his departure.

Douglass did not realize, till fairly out of doors, the seriousness of the step he had taken, and of the conduct he had just pursued in rebelling against the tyranny of his father. He now felt that he had cut himself off forever from the house of his father, with all its profusion and luxury. He feared, too, that public opinion, which generally favors despotism in the household, however strongly in politics the principle of human right and liberty may be held, would here at once decide against him, and cast a blot on his reputation, without doing him the justice to pause for an instant to inquire into the *circumstances* of his resistance to parental authority—as if there were not often injustice as deep and damning, perpetrated in the family, by fiends clothed as parents in a little brief authority, as ever was perpetrated by Kansas ruffians, or by dastard Tories, Loyalists and Britons upon the public rights of citizens. He felt that he had cut himself off from all hope of ever inheriting any portion of his father's handsome property; and, more bitter than all else, he felt that he had deprived himself forever of all intercourse with his brother James—a younger brother, between whom and himself, though there existed not a perfect sympathy, yet there was a warm affection for this reason, if no other, that there was none of their kin besides whom they could love and commune with. And the yearning heart of man will, in the hour of its weakness, lean on that which is *nearest*, if it be but a broken reed. Yet the resolve of Douglass was formed and fixed as the everlasting hills. The insults, the degradation and worse than negro-slavery to which he had been compelled to submit, he was determined no longer to endure; and now, whatever was to be his lot in life, the die was cast, and he was to be henceforth a homeless, fatherless and friendless wanderer.

He was plunging northwardly along Tremont street, as fast as he could walk through the crowds that thronged the streets, just returning home from various public meetings and exhibitions, and had reached the somber-pillared porch of the Stone Chapel, not then, as now, inclosed by an iron fence, when he heard upon the sidewalk the resounding steps of some one running behind him, whom he believed to be in pursuit. He therefore stepped aside into the shade of one of the massive pillars of the sacred edifice. He conjectured that the Commodore had ordered Spriggs or some one else to pursue and bring him back. He knew that he could very easily outstrip any pursuer that could be started from the present company in the house of his father, but he was in no mood to fly from any one, or from all together. He felt with Guzman in the old play—

"Nay, an it be old Hell itself, I'll front it."

He was willing, nay, desirous, if God pleased, then and there to lay down his life, which was to him but a tediousness and a bitter curse; but at this moment he felt even more desirous to try his strength fairly and fully against the slaves of his father, and to revenge the insult they had attempted to put upon him at home. His cane had unfortunately been wrested from him in the previous scuffle, and he had no opportunity to regain it, but he had still the weapons of nature, and with them he felt abundantly able to defend himself. The runner came up rapidly. By the gleam of the gas-light on the corner he soon discovered that his pursuer was a young man scarce past the age of boyhood. In a moment more he recognized James, and the brothers were clasped in each other's arms.

"I got out of the back-door, and through the back-yard." said James; "and I must get back again the same way, by the favor of Sally, the chamber-maid; but first you must tell me Douglass, where you are bound."

"God only knows where, James; but I fear I shall never see you again."

"But then, you'll *write* me often, Douglass."

"No, brother. The Commodore insists on the first reading of all letters from the office, and would recognize my hand, and open and read the letters before you saw them. I don't intend he shall ever see another letter of mine. But if you'll promise me faithfully and upon honor not to tell *any* one at home what you may hear about me, I'll tell you how you may hear sometimes, I think. Well, then, you've seen Kate Smith, and she, if any one, will be able to inform you of my goings and doings."

"Thank you, Douglass; here, take my purse;

there is only $10—but I wish it was ten times as much."

"Truly, my dear James—this is a Godsend, for I have no money, and now no clothes but what I stand in. I don't feel that I am robbing you by taking this, Jimmy, for you are the Commodore's only pet, and can get all you want. Well, good by, dear Jimmy."

"Here, stop, Douglass; if ever you get into any trouble you know, and want money, just let me know it somehow; and here, stop a minute—kiss me, brother, before we part."

"Well," said Douglass, "that is something I never did yet, but here then, and there, and there," and the brothers embraced and parted, never having known till now the depth of their affection for each other.

Many and bitter were the thoughts of Douglass that rushed along his brain and heart as he pressed through the streets, not knowing whither he was tending. His cup of sorrow seemed to him filled to the brim. To receive such astounding intelligence as he had that evening received from Robert Smith was enough to craze a weaker brain than his, and to bow down the head of a strong man like a bulrush. But besides this, to be driven by ignominious violence from his father's door, and to feel that it was now forever closed against him—this maddening thought came upon him with such force as he stood on the end of Long Wharf, that he was strongly tempted then and there to put an end to his own existence.

"The sooner," said he, "I go out of this world, the sooner I go out of misery. I see nothing before me to live for. My heart's best and purest affections are killed, smothered under my misfortunes. No one, it seems to me, loves me truly, and God himself has deserted me in my hour of trouble. No visions of hope beckon me on. This life to me is but a maze of darkness; therefore, in these pure, green waters, let me quench out a life that is useless to others and painful to myself. God forgive me, if I am about to do wrong, and have mercy on me, even as I have had mercy on those who have wronged, and tortured, and insulted, and hated me without a cause!"

He took off his coat and hat, and laid them upon the wharf. He took off his cravat, and was tying it round his neck again with a large paving stone inclosed in its ample folds, when, on a sudden, even as the voice of God always speaks, when it speaks at all to the human conscience and spirit, the religious instruction received in the Sabbath-school, and the idea of the immortality and accountability of the soul to God recurred to his mind, together with a more distinct image of his now sainted mother than he had ever before experienced. He paused and trembled at the rash words he had uttered, and the rasher purpose he had been forming. He sat down upon the large curb timber at the edge of the wharf, with his face toward the vast, infinite sea, on whose free bosom he had floated before, and whose mighty heavings, in time of tempest, he had battled.

"Here am I now," again he began, "a homeless, friendless, penniless outcast, yet my conscience forbids me to die. The very clothes I wear are not mine. Everything is my father's, save these hands and this body that God wrought, and this eternal spirit that God gave me. With these I am to live and not to die—I am to gain my daily bread. But what to do? How can I better get deliverance from this city so hateful to me now, the seat and origin of all my sorrows, than to embark on board one of these vessels that will bear me furthest from my griefs? Let me be again a sailor and plow again the bounding billows, and seek a happier shore than my own country offers me. O, that Heaven would send some kind angel to advise and comfort me!"

"I'm the very angel you want, my hearty, and I come from them very latitudes you was talking about."

Douglass turned and saw by the dim star light an individual dressed in white flowing trousers of the usual sailor pattern, a light-colored Russian shirt, a broad tarpaulin hat and small dancing pumps.

"Talking about Heaven," continued the sailor, "there is no better one that I know on than old shipmate Grimes, up here in Ann street—good liquor, good tobacco and just the right kind of company. It is Heaven while your money lasts, but a bloody hell when your pewter gives out, to be sure. But that's neither here nor there, just now. You see that schooner layin' to an anchor, just beyont the Down East bark with the painted ports—there, just about half a pint to leeward of Aldebaron. Well, that's the *Seven Sallies*, just bound out for the new and glorious country of Texas, where the boys are fighting for American rights against the yellow-bellied *Mexicanos*. Them Mexicans is the meanest doffs you ever saw. Carrajo! I've seen 'em at Tampico and Vera Cruz and round t'other side of the Horn and along shore. There aint a white man among 'em—they are a mongrel of white, Indian and nigger, and they've individually got all the vices of the three races, and not a single virtue

of either. Well, shipmate, the Seven Sallies weighs anchor at flood tide to-morrow. We've got about a hundred passengers, and we want two good men more afore the mast. I'm first officer of that craft, and should like to ship a man about your inches."

Douglass discovered at once that his new friend had indeed just come from the bar of a "boarding house." but his cordiality and glibness of tongue were rather agreeable just now to him in his melancholy.

"How did you know I was a sailor?" inquired Douglass.

"Not by your long togs, my lad, of course, but by your talk. I saw you staving down the wharf like a squall-cloud chock full of wind. and a puffing like a nothe-easter, so I just squared the yards, and run down in your wake, and I heard the last part of your talk to yourself, and kind of pity you, 'cause I'm subject to the blues myself. Come, will you ship? Here's our boat; tumble in and I'll scull you right over—fifteen dollars advance and fifteen wages."

"Did you say these passengers were going to join the Texan army?"

"Well, perhaps I did, and perhaps I did'nt—we don't say much about that for fear of what Mrs. Grundy might say, you know. You'd better ask the passengers."

"Do you know the names of any of them?"

"Not many as yet. But there's young Trask, of Gloucester, as bold and honest a lad as ever shovelled sand on Cape Ann. I knew him well, from the highth of a small dog, for I'm a Cape Anner myself. Well then, there is a fine lot of Boston boys—one of 'em is named Williams, another Jones, and another Sheafe."

"Sheafe? What Sheafe?"

"Faith, I don't know; I never saw him before. He is a man about your age, not quite so tall or stout, but wide awake as a dolphin. He has been on board several times, and is in a great hurry to get off."

"Avast there, mate," said Douglass cheerily; "if it is Donald Sheafe, I think I'll come aboard of you either as passenger or to work my passage out. I'll go right up town and find out about it, and you shall hear from me early to-morrow morning."

"Well, good luck to you, and you'll come and see us off even if you don't go yourself, wont you?"

"I will, mate, I will."

And off strode Douglass up the wharf furiously, as if hoping that violence of external motion would prove a counter-irritant to allay the turmoil of his inward feelings. Donald Sheafe was an old schoolmate and friend. They had been classmates at the noblest democratic institution of Boston, the *Latin School*—a school which has been the nursery of as many distinguished men in all professions, as even old Harvard itself. It stood then on the spot now occupied by the Horticultural Building in School street, and being much more central than now, brought boys from all parts of the city to sit at the feet of kind master Gould, to learn goodness and benevolence, and even Latin itself indirectly, from the pleasant words and smiles which he was wont to diffuse all over his immense school-room, like new and brilliant coins from the Horn of Plenty, or like the fresh blossoms of Spring when the perfumed trees are shaken by the healthful breezes.

Donald lived with his father, who worked at his trade of blacksmith, on what was then called the *New Land*, in the north-western portion of the city. He had in his school-days formed a friendship for Douglass, which no difference of worldly condition had prevented, and which their long subsequent partings had not diminished. After leaving the Latin School, he had studied surveying, and was beginning, though as yet only about twenty years of age, to practice the profession. On the breaking out of the troubles between Texas and Mexico he, with a spirit of enterprise quite as common among Boston boys as any other Americans, had determined to embark his fortunes in the cause of liberty in that new and beautiful territory. The cause of the actual settlers and their rebellion against Mexican despotism, when we examine it now as divested of party prejudices, seems as holy a cause and as justifiable a rebellion as that of our fathers in 1775. But Donald entered into no long argument at that time about the justice of the cause. Sober old gentlemen who have lost the fire of youth, and profound moralists who never had any, would have condemned him as a *fillibuster*, and handed over the impetuous adventurer to the tender mercies of the garrote and gibbet, without reflecting that he was guilty of no intentional offense against the laws of morals, or of nations. Politics, in the abstract, do not keep boys of twenty awake o' nights. Nothing connected with politics keeps them out of bed, except torchlight processions and salutes of one hundred guns. Hairsplitting debates about "rights and duties under the Constitution and Laws," are considerably in advance of the taste of those who form the bone and sinew of the boldest enterprises.

Donald, though a young man of more than

ordinary intelligence, understood no more about the Texan embroilment than the simple fact that a handful of his own countrymen were breasting the whole power of Mexico, determined to battle for their liberties, whether assisted or not, and that they were likely to be overrun and completely annihilated unless speedily succored. He appreciated fully, however, the promise of six hundred and forty acres of land to every settler; that offer came home to his "business and bosom." He believed that those beautiful and infinite prairies afforded, in prospect, a "*large opening*" for his talents, in the exercise of his chosen vocation. The theodolite, compass, &c., in his possession, and the fact that he knew how to use them, were reasons inducing him to enter his name as a passenger on board the "Seven Sallies," that could not be overcome by any arguments of his father and mother, or by any amount of newspaper discourses on political morality in general.

Toward the home of Donald Sheafe, near Haymarket square, Douglass proceeded by the shortest course from Long Wharf. It was ten o'clock when he had finished his conversation with the mate of the *Seven Sallies*, and the tired blacksmith and his family were all asleep, except Donald, who was packing his trunks for the voyage. Douglass recognized his figure shadowed on the curtains of his chamber, and called out his name.

"Halloo! Who's there?" said Donald, raising the window.

"It is Douglass Macfane. Tell me, are you bound for Texas to-morrow?"

"Of course I am, old comrad!"

"Come down then, into the street, and walk awhile. I have something to say to you."

"I'll be down in one minute and a half, Douglass. How glad I am to see you again, even in the dark! It always reminds me of Gould and Leverett and Dillaway, and *Tityre tu patulæ* and *Quousque tandem*, and the pleasant days when we learned swimming and Latin together—the one at the Back Bay and the other in Leverett's back room."

"Ay," replied Douglass, "but it was rather under the shadow of the *birch* than the *beech* that we learned Latin and swimming."

"But they can't say of either of us, '*neque literas, neque natare didicit.*'"

"Which way shall we go, Douglass? On the Common, or down among the dead-men, on old Copp's Hill?"

"Anywhere but on the Common, Donald. I almost feel as if I never wish to see that place again."

"Why, that is a decidedly heretical speech for a Boston boy. There is no spot on this oblate spheroid so dear to *me* as that. There I flew my first kite, there I sailed my first boat. There we used to coast in Winter, and roll on the grass in the long Summer days. O! those glorious 'lection days, Douglass, when we used to buy egg-pop, and sponge cake, and a six-cent lobster, on the very consecrated ground itself. We shall never see their like again. I'm afraid the city fathers are going to make the ground more ornamental to the city than useful to the citizens. I often wish the homely old post-and-rail fence back again, and the cows pasturing there, as they used to do when we were little boys, and when we used to gather the big yellow dandelions in bloom, and think them the fairest flowers that grew in the garden of Nature, because they were the only ones we had ever seen."

"Yes," added Douglass, "except the buttercups, by which we used to discover which of the boys loved butter the most."

"And the funny way we had of telling whether the folks at home wanted us; that is, by blowing the gossamer tops off the dandelions when they had gone to seed. But they've made so many hard graveled paths, that even those poor little natives of the soil seem to be taking the hint and retiring to parts unknown, for fear the police will be ordering them to 'keep off the grass,' and not injure the city's valuable crop of hay. But where are we going? Here we are in Court street."

"Its of no consequence to me," replied Douglass. "The streets are pretty free now, and we can walk easily anywhere. Speaking about the Common, I sympathize with you in part, though you know my boyhood was not a childhood, as yours was, and very few and short were the hours of real play *I* ever enjoyed on the Common or elsewhere."

"Well, I believe, Douglass, you *have* had rather a hard time at home, if all is true that is told, though I don't remember to have heard you say much about family troubles. As for me, though my friends have always been poor, I have led a life as happy as a lark, and a great deal happier than a king. But come; you have something in particular to say to me, I know; I've noticed your low spirits, and heard you pump up several deep sighs. You used to be merry and funny once in a while, at least. Not the tender passion, I hope, eh? Got into any scrape, eh?"

Douglass, thus questioned, proceeded to give a detailed account, while they were wandering

at random through the almost deserted streets, of the incident at Robert Smith's, and also of the state of affairs at his father's house, to all which Donald listened with all the eagerness of his enthusiastic nature, but without interrupting the narrative, except by short occasional exclamations of surprise or indignation.

After which, Douglass asked Donald the particulars of his designs, plans and hopes in going to Texas, and inquired if there was room on board the vessel for any more adventurers.

"Plenty," said Donald; "come along. The best way to mend a broken heart is to go where you will give and get broken heads."

[To be continued.]

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON . . . . . No. V.

THE PATENT OFFICE.—PART II.

At a period of time running back to nearly two thousand years before Christ, there existed a knowledge and adaptation of mechanical principles and a manipulating skill, which, submerged and lost in the waves of ignorance and barbarism which deluged the world of mind and action, rose struggling to the surface during the revival of civilization in Greece and Rome, only to sink still deeper, and again to come forth from the darkness of the middle ages. With few exceptions, we now know, not only all they knew of physical science, but have gone far, very far beyond their utmost reach. The history of China, Japan, Egypt, and part of Asia Minor presents evidence unquestioned of these facts. Look at that Titanic, we might say Alpine, monument, the Pyramid of Cheops; can our most skillful masons make a cement that could bear the action of the weather in the burning region of Africa for four thousand years? Examine, hundreds of feet from the base, those massive blocks of stone; by what process were they prepared, and where is now the machine or the skill which can elevate them to and place them in their position? How were their copper tools hardened? yet this art was known to the early inhabitants of this country, for on the bleak—and till a few years since to us almost unknown—shores of Lake Superior some chissels were found fourteen feet below a surface on which trees were standing, pronounced by competent authority to have attained the age of four and five hundred years. These tools were so hard that the best steel would not touch them.

The temples in Greece and Italy, with their finely wrought capitals and enriched friezes, elevated to their position without a scratch, while large blocks of marble, a tun in weight, are so nicely jointed without cement that the eye cannot detect the place of contact. Time seems unable to destroy the masonry, though man in his petty wars has done much to injure these monuments of a skill which our boasted superiority cannot rival.

Many of the principles of mechanics were as well understood theoretically eighteen hundred years ago as during the present century, but their application to useful machines and labor-saving engines was, from various causes, very much less than during the last century. It is believed, on credible evidence, that the expansive force of steam was known to the ancient Romans, for toys exhibiting this fact are described over two thousand years since, yet no practical use was ever made of this knowledge, if indeed any was ever attempted. They understood, too, the general properties of atmospheric air, and knew its importance to combustion, as evinced in some of the cooking apparatus which we know they possessed; still, even at their most magnificent feasts, where fortunes were expended on the viands and the wines, and silver and gold, under the artists' hands, assumed the most novel and miraculous forms of beauty, they had no lamps equal, in the capacity of furnishing light, with the commonest of the Argand. A gold or silver, or china covered cup, made, as the specimens found in Herculaneum and Pompeii exhibit, in fanciful and beautiful shapes, was filled with oil and a cloth wick was introduced through a small aperture, and when lighted it must have given forth as much smoke as it emitted flame. In the manufacture of the weapons of war we have never surpassed them, and a peculiar steel used in sword blades, in the qualities of elasticity and hardness, we are still unable to produce. In all mechanical appliances for tilling the soil and gathering the fruits of labor the ancients were entirely deficient, using plows, carts and implements—even amid the prevalence of high art and civilization, but a step removed from the inventions of barbarism itself.

Much of the condition of the people of Greece and Rome was the result of the various schools of Philosophy, which, constantly striving to discover an easy way to secure human felicity, and raising altars "to the unknown God," seem never to have pursued the right path to lead them to the desired goal. Theirs was, after all, but a philosophy of words, for they held it unphilosophical and unworthy of their high intellectual position to apply the truth they were constantly seeking to any purpose which would benefit man in his physical neces-

sities and wants. The soul, as they termed it, was alone the object worthy of the exercise of thought; but Bacon, in his great philosophical essays, evinced the folly and utter uselessness of all the ancient dogmas. He taught that it was alike the high duty and privilege of philosophy to aid the development of human ingenuity and to alleviate the physical disabilities of mankind, and that the prancing steeds of Apollo should be cast loose from his flaming chariot and harnessed to the car of Vulcan. and the prevalence of a utilitarian pursuit of truth should prevail over mere speculative theories, however plausible or ingenious they might be. Philosophical investigation was and has been since applied to physical science, and the investigation of the laws of nature as found in all the various branches of creation.

The ancients, too, were of necessity a warlike people; battles were the only means by which new territory could be acquired, and war enabled the State to maintain, by pillage and rapine, its armies and its power. The husbandman and the artisan were trodden on and despised, while the cut-throat and robber, for such were the soldiery, were lauded and pampered by their masters. The genius for physical science and mechanical invention was crushed, while, fortunately for us and the modern world, the genius of the fine arts—painting, sculpture and architecture—had full scope, and its works survive, imperishable monuments of its high origin and skill. If we in our day benefit mankind by a harvester, they gave to the world of fancy the rarest of pictures; if we by the means of machinery can cover the person of the day laborer in fabrics which kings and emperors could not procure, they could design and build the Pantheon and Acropolis. We replace the rude and uncomfortable sandal with the stocking and shoe, but they surrounded themselves with statuary that has never been surpassed. We search Nature—delve in her laboratories, analyze her soils and gases, and explore her arcania and hidden mysteries, that our fellow man may be benefitted and his physical and mental happiness enhanced; they sought in Nature new views of beauty, that they might be reproduced and new forms added; they reared the splendid temple whose rich harmony and majestic proportions we cannot equal, but we build the factory and the schoolhouse. We discover and invent, they created; they gave rich subjects to the eye and the imagination, but their ordinary wants were but indifferently supplied, especially when compared with modern *conveniences*.

The iron age succeeded, and the terrible incursions of the Northern barbarians of Europe drove fine arts, literature, and all there was of mechanical skill to the cloistered and stoled priest, and but for their care and preservation of the sacred treasure all would have been forever lost to mankind. Then came superstition and religious intolerance, when skill in physical science brought its possessor to the stake. But the Reformation rent in sunder the dark vail of superstition, and light pierced the darkness; the discovery of new worlds induced commerce and trade, and then labor began to take its proper rank and ingenuity and skill to meet their just reward.

Commerce was appreciated as the great source of national wealth and power, and nations became great as they could supply other nations with the necessaries and luxuries of life. But commerce is the legitimate daughter of mechanical ingenuity and agriculture. The earth must produce, and the mill, the loom, the anvil must convert the cotton, wheat and iron into cloths, flour and implements of trade and art and machinery. Ships cannot sail without canvas, cordage, the anchor and compass, nor yet without cargoes, to pay the expense of building and sailing them, and to induce the hope of profit and gain to send them forth. "The arts," says a report made by a committee to the House of Representatives, nearly half a century since, "are favorable to civil liberty; they give rise to internal improvements, and that nation is most certain of continuance whose people are bound together by a common interest, and whose intercourse is frequent, and when access to each portion of the country is easy and in the power of all."

An effort to collect models and encourage inventions was doubtless made by Peter the Great, of Russia; but this was on a comparatively small scale, and intended to benefit the prince rather than the people. Over two centuries since, Henry IV, of France, conceived the great idea of a conservatory of models of whatever was curious or useful in machinery. France thus became the leader among the nations, and, with the exception of Henry's immediate successors, her monarchs, and even the revolutionary leaders, have given an unwavering attention to the course of mechanical science. Napoleon I was one of the great foster-fathers of invention, and so well did he, with his capacious mind, appreciate the great benefits of mechanical skill, that he sought out every mode by which the ingenuity of the French people could be brought forth. He offered

MODEL-ROOM IN UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE.

the enormous reward of $183,000 for a machine which should prepare and spin flax in as perfect a manner as was done with cotton. England has for a long poriod encouraged the skill and ingenuity of her inventors, and well she may do so; while we all admire and venerate the works and names of her Shakespeares and Miltons and Scotts, we must admit that Arkwright and Watt have done more than they all for the substantial welfare and glory of the English people. The spinning-mule of Arkwright, discovered nearly a century since, enabled England to establish her cotton manufactories, and compete in the market of the world in the sale of her goods. But even beyond this, great as it was, is the invention by Watt of the leviathan of factories, shops and forges—the invention and application of the steam engine. What cannot this terrible machine perform? With the application made of its power by Fulton, nearly as important as its invention, it becomes the Hercules of modern mythology. Steadily, surely, with the concentrated power of the whole eight

hundred millions of human beings who dwell upon the earth, it works on; it delves and digs amid the mines of iron, coal, copper, tin; it prepares the metals for manufacturing; it weaves and spins; it turns the lathe, boring out large masses of iron, forming weapons with which to batter down cities; it propels machinery the most delicate and complex, or the most powerful and simple.

It is the great fulcrum which Archimedes desired to enable him to raise the world with his lever. On it goes, day and night, night and day—work, work, work; its lungs never fail; its blood does not stagnate; fed with water and fire, it knows no exhaustion, stops at no obstacles. It defies the winds, as it meets them on the ocean, in the huge ships it propels, and dares the contest on every sea, and lake, and river. If England glories in the names of Arkwright and Watt, shall we not proudly point to Evans, Whitney, Fulton and Morse?

The ingenuity, industry and skill of American inventors has done very much toward the wealth, business, and manufacturing and commercial greatness of this nation. Before the invention of the cotton-gin by Whitney, in 1793, which, as some of our readers may not know, separates the seed from the cotton, the process was done by hand, the seeds being picked out one by one; by this process an industrious laborer could clean in *ten* hours one pound of cotton; the gin, attended by a boy, can, depending on the number of saws, clean from one to two thousand pounds in the same time. Owing to litigation and various other causes, Mr. Whitney, who was a native of Connecticut, received comparatively a very small remuneration for his great invention, from which he merited a fortune. Let us consider the effect this machine has had upon the cotton-raising of the South. Till 1789 cotton was imported from Surinam and other countries, at about which period it was found that the soil and climate of Georgia and South Carolina were alike congenial to the cotton-plant, and its cultivation was commenced. In 1791, the seed being picked out by hand, the exportation of cotton had reached 19,200 pounds, and the whole crop was estimated at about 40,000 pounds. In 1810, about fifteen years after Whitney's gin got into general use, the exportation had reached 93,261,462 pounds, leaving about 20,000,000 pounds for home consumption. In 1855 the product was 3,500,000 bales, or fourteen hundred millions of pounds—a much larger portion of which is manufactured in the United States than was the case twenty years since. Can any one calculate the benefit accruing to this country and the civilized world by this simple piece of mechanical ingenuity.

The two great ante-revolutionary inventors were Oliver Evans and Amos Whittemore, though Mr. Evans's friends insist that Mr. Whittemore was indebted to Mr. Evans for the plan and model of his card machines, or at least that Evans had previously produced a similar machine, to which we shall again allude. But before going on with the detail, we propose to make some extracts from a very curious book, which will convey information in relation to Mr. Evans in a more pleasing form than we can do in dull prose. The work of which we write is very rare, and we are indebted for its perusal to the intelligent and gentlemanly Librarian of the Patent Office, Mr. William W. Turner. The work, like some small people or a German prince, rejoices in a multiplicity of names and titles, a part only of which can we find room for; it runneth after this wise:

PATENT RIGHT OPPRESSIONS EXPOSED;
OR,
KNAVERY DETECTED,
In an address to unite all good People to obtain a repeal of
THE PATENT LAWS.
By PATRICK N. J. ELISHA, Esquire, Poet Laureate.

Philadelphia:
1812.

This poem is, in some passages, both in style and matter, and especially in the rhymes, quite Hudibrastic; but it is not, as its title indicates, in opposition to the Patent Laws, but rather a satire upon those old fogies, the stand-still people, who opposed all improvements as nothing but mere innovations, more especially the millers. This class opposed most strenuously all Mr. Evans's improvements, one of which carried the flour from the bolting-machine to the upper story, and then, by means of steel teeth, cooled it ready for packing. But, as is frequently the case, the opponents were too strong, and the patents were thrown aside for many years. As a poem the publication will scarcely be classed with the works of Juvenal, Pope or Gifford; still it has considerable merit, albeit not always poetical merit.

We learn from the text that nearly three-quarters of a century since some inventions which are generally considered of modern origin were invented by Mr. Evans, and attempts made to obtain patents. Mr. Whittemore, of Connecticut, has had the credit of having invented the machine for making and bending card teeth, and affixing them on leather. The

business of manufacturing cards was long and successfully carried on by the son of Mr. Whittemore, and this gentleman had the credit and profit. Mr. Elisha, not only in the poem, but in a note, claims the invention for Mr. Evans; and the claim is, partially at least, admitted on other authority.

Speaking of this machine, the laureate says:

"The *first* of which a view we take,
Is a machine designed to make
The wire teeth that cards are put on
To clean and curry wool and cotton,
Which had the evil spirit in it,
To make three thousand in a minute."

Then follows his second machine, which was to set the teeth, so made, on leather at a rate of 200 per minute. Then is the following; the italics are ours:

"Third, he projected a steam wagon
That would itself, on *rail-ways* drag on,
A plan shown to him by the Devil
With whom he is on terms most civil.
* * * * *
For plain it is, for nothing worse is,
He means the end of useful horses,
'Cause should these wagons get in use once,
Horses would be a perfect nuisance.

In 1773 Mr. Evans claimed to have discovered the principles upon which boats and wagons might be driven by steam. He made an application to the Legislature of Pennsylvania for a grant of the monopoly, or a patent, as it is now termed, for twenty-five years. He was aided by some gentlemen of intelligence and influence; the application was referred to a select committee, who reported against him, with the addenda that they considered him insane. We wish that sage committee could revisit the earth for a few days, and take a trip over the Hudson River road or down the Mississippi; they might change their minds.

Mr. Evans then made application to the Legislature of Maryland. Here he met with more success, and obtained a patent for 14 years, but this availed him little; he had no means to carry his experiment out on the waters of the Patapsco, and he could not succeed in enlisting men of wealth in the enterprise, and his patent expired without a practical effort being made to test the claims of the inventor, or in any manner remunerating him for his expended genius and time. The poem classes this as Mr. Evans's fourth invention, and says of it:

"To row itself, by aid of steam,
With motion quick, against the stream,
That in still water shall have power
To run full ten miles in an hour."

The invention remained in statu quo, though shortly afterward Fulton commenced his experiments, and, having the powerful aid of friends and capital, he put the theory in practice. Mr. Elisha thus immortalizes the inventor and his friend:

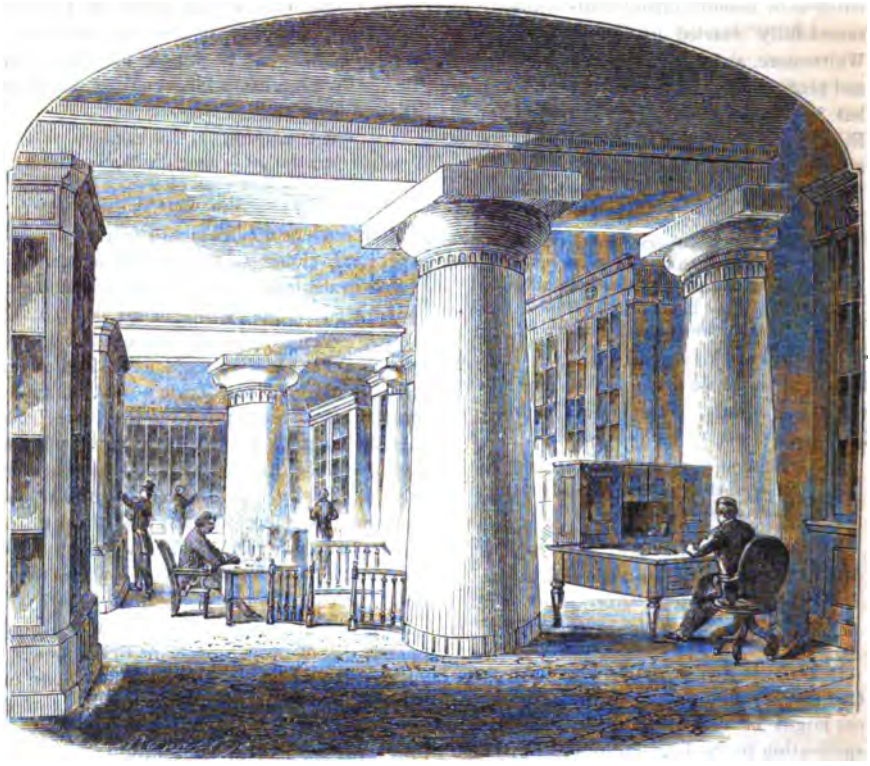
"Until two rascals in New York
Together got to brew ill work,
Torpedo Fulton and his crony
Called Livingston, who furnished money."

Our readers doubtless are conversant with the rival claims of the friends of Mr. John Fitch to the invention of steamboats, and must have seen an engraving of his boat, *literally* rowed with oars, but all may not know that a strong claim has been made for a French gentleman, who, it is said, made a small steamboat which successfully plied on the Seine. This article is not the place, even were we sufficiently informed on the subject, to discuss the question of priority. In connection with this matter there is a curious fact, that about the period of Fulton's success, the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia adopted a report, prepared and made by B. H. Letrobe, the distinguished architect, demonstrating the impossibility of propelling boats by the power of steam against tides, wind, &c. The report can be found in the published proceedings of the society. This is, perhaps, not more singular than the opinion of Dr. Lardner, expressed a few years since, in which he demonstrated, to his own satisfaction, that steamers never could cross the Atlantic carrying freight and passengers.

Such facts, and others of almost daily occurrence, fully prove that physical philosophy is by no means fully understood, and even the best scholars in its schools are unable to say what new application of principles already known may be made, or what new ones may be discovered; still, every day, like Letrobe and Lardner, some philosopher, with a sort of Delphian delivery, announces of some machine, "It can't do, Sir; it is against natural laws, Sir."

HISTORY OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

April 10, 1790, Congress passed an act entitled "An Act to Promote the Progress of Useful Arts;" by this law, the first passed by the Federal Government, applications for patents were to be made to commissioners, who were the Secretary of State, Secretary of War, and Attorney General, any two of whom were authorized to grant letters patent, in the name of the people, tested by the President. The papers, specifications and models were to be deposited in the office of the Secretary of State, but no



LIBRARY OF UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE.

provision was made for a superintendent or other head of the bureau. This act was repealed in 1793 and a new law enacted, which conferred solely upon the Secretary of State the power to grant patents. The Secretary, in 1802, appointed Dr. William Thornton, the same gentleman who planned the Capitol, head of the bureau, and he was termed *Superintendent*. by courtesy, of course, for no such office existed by statute. Dr. Thornton remained in the position, with a clerk to assist him, till 1827, when he deceased. The business of the office during this long period of time was loosely conducted; few records were kept, the doctor acting as examiner and judge. He or the Secretary held that under the statute all applicants must receive a patent, whether the claimed invention was meritorious or not; but it appears from the evidence in Dr. Craig's case that Thornton occasionally denied the applicability of his own rule. On the decease of Dr. Thornton, but not till 1828, Thomas P. Jones was appointed to the Superintendency, and he was succeeded in 1830 by Dr. J. D. Craig, who remained in office till 1836. During Dr. C.'s administration the bureau was frequently the subject of severe animadversion and complaint, and an examination of the charges was made before M. A. O. Dayton, special commissioner. The evidence was strong, but the Secretary did not remove him. The clerical force was increased at this period to three clerks and a machinist.

July 4, 1836, a law was passed entirely remoddling the office. The law provided for a Commissioner, Chief Clerk, an Examining and three other clerks, one of whom must be a competent draughtsman and a machinist. There are other important provisions in relation to the manner of application for and examination of claims for patents still in force, but not necessary to repeat here. The Commissioner of Patents, unlike the heads of other bureaus, reports annually directly to Congress, not to the Secretary. From time to time, the clerical force has been increased, until now there are twelve Examiners, salary $2,500 each; twelve Assistant Examiners, a Superintendent of the Agricultural Division, salary $2.000; a Librarian, thirty-four clerks, machinist, &c., &c.; still, so great is the business that this force is wholly inadequate to the requirements of the office.

Henry L. Ellsworth was the first Commissioner, and he at once devoted himself with industry and marked ability to the organization of the bureau. He also established the agricultural division, now become so useful and important. Mr. Ellsworth remained in office seven years, and was succeeded by Mr. Edmund Burke, who devoted much labor upon the office, especially the agricultural portion. Mr. Thomas Ewbank succeeded Mr. Burke in 1849; he is a practical machinist, and had written a work of some repute on Hydraulics. His reports evince considerable ability. His successor was Mr. Silas L. Hodges, who remained but a short time in office. Col. Charles Mason was the next Commissioner, and we may say, without disparagement to his predecessors, brought to the office vast acquirements and ability. He graduated first in his class at West Point, and, after distinguished services in the Engineer Corps, he left the army and studied law; after admission to the bar he soon acquired a high reputation, and when offered the position of Commissioner he was filling the position of Chief-Justice of Iowa.

The section of the Constitution under which the Federal Government claim to exercise the power of granting patents reads as follows: "To promote the progress of science and the useful arts, by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and inventions."

As a question of State right or sovereignty, we are not aware that any State has yielded the right to grant patents, but as such grants would be but slight protection to the inventor the matter lies dormant. However, New York did grant a patent or franchise to Livingston. Fulton and other associates to navigate the waters of that State, but the Superior Court of the United States, on an appeal from the Court of Errors of New York, set aside the franchise long before the period had expired, as any one interested may learn, *in extenso*, by a reference to Johnson's (N. Y.) Reports.

The first patent was issued July 31, 1790. From 1790 to 1800 the average number annually was 26; the next decade the average had increased to 91; the next, 200 was the annual average, and in 1830 it was as high as 535. But it must be remembered that the rule was, with only occasional exceptions, to grant patents to every applicant. A change of this principle, and a more rigid examination, led to a reduction pro-rata of the patents granted; for we find that in 1855 there were 4,435 applications and the number of patents granted was 2,024, less than one-half.

In 1812 an act amendatory of the previous acts was passed by Congress, on the recommendation of a committee of the House of Representatives, whose report, dated June 12, 1812, is a long and able document.

It recommends, on the suggestion of Mr. Monroe, Secretary of State, the formation of a *Home Department*, which wise suggestion was not carried into force till 1850, when the Interior Department was created. The report says, speaking of a model-room:

"It may be well to ask, what is the design of a depot of the models for which patents are granted? Idle curiosity alone cannot have induced the wisest Governments to take them under their special charges."

Again:

"They anticipate a period when this depot will constitute the basis of a *School of Arts* from whence shall emanate every class of useful citizens. In this school all children may be taught some useful trade, to the end that none may be idle, but the poor may work, and the rich, if they become poor, may not want."

What plan, if any, the committee had in view for the formation of a great national manual labor school, we are unable to state, for nothing appears in the record, but it was probably to be modeled after the Polytechnic School of Paris, or some other European institution.

Is not the suggestion of the committee eminently worthy of the earnest consideration of our law-makers now? Why cannot we have a national school where, by practice and theory, young men may be trained for mechanical and agricultural pursuits? An institution where mineralogy, geology, botany, agricultural and scientific chemistry, metalurgy and kindred arts and sciences should be taught? We now pay hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to educate young men thoroughly for the army and navy, at West Point and Annapolis, and Congress certainly has the same constitutional right to encourage, by appropriations, the arts of peace and civilization that they have those of war. Who can calculate the value to our country, in a few years, of having annually five hundred or more young men sent abroad over the country, thoroughly educated as agriculturists and mechanics.

On the recommendation of the committee, the Patent Office was located in what was then called Blodgett Hotel, and continued there, conjointly with the General and City Post-Office, till the destruction of the building by fire, in 1836. The building stood on the same site now occupied by the General Post-Office building.

Early in the morning of the 15th of December, 1836, fire was seen in the rooms occupied by the City Post-Office. Amos Kendall, the Postmaster General, living near, was able to save, with some assistance, records and documents from the Post-Office, but so rapid were the flames that nothing comparatively was saved from the Patent Office. Committees of Congress examined into the origin of the fire; but, beyond the fact that it was from carelessness in depositing ashes in the basement, no satisfactory result was arrived at. Mr. Ruggles, chairman of the committee of the Senate, in his able report, alluding to the destruction of the models, drawings and records, says:

"They not only embraced the whole history of American invention for nearly half a century, but were the muniments of property of vast amount. * * * * * *

"The Patent Office contained also the largest and most interesting collection of models in the world. It was an object of just pride to every American to be able to appreciate its value as an item in the estimate of national character, or the advantages and benefits derivable from high improvements in the useful arts—a pride which must now stand rebuked by the improvidence which exposed so many memorials and evidences of the superiority of American genius to the destruction which has overtaken them."

At this period the new building, which was described in our October number, was commenced.

The number of models destroyed was 7,000; some 1,500 of these were renewed by the inventors at the expense of the Government. This was twenty years ago, and now the model-hall, where are kept models on which patents have been issued, contains, in round numbers, 25,000, and the rejected models number nearly 30,000. This hall, too, we have described.

The amount of cash received from 1790 to 1810 was $49,110; during the year 1855 the sum had increased for the year to $216,459—more than four times the whole sum received for the first twenty years. The sum charged for the patent to a citizen is $30, which must be paid when the application is made; to foreigners the sum charged varies, being in accordance with the sums charged by the various Governments. A subject of the British Crown is charged $500; but as that amount is no longer the fee at the English office, our Government should reduce it; however, in England no difference is made between natives and foreigners, and both there and in France the first payment is small, the rest being payable in in-

stallments; the heaviest in England is the third year, the final in the seventh year, when it is presumed the inventor has made something from his invention.

There has never been in the Patent-Office a model of Fulton's successful steamer, but before the fire a volume of drawings was deposited, elegantly executed by himself, containing all the drawings of the machinery, showing its application of the principles and its operation; it also contained three beautiful views of his steamer, the Clermont, making her steady way against the tidal difficulties of the noble Hudson. One view was amid the Highlands, and that remarkable landscape was drawn with an artist's hand, but the fire swept away this valuable memento, which no money can replace. The folio also contained Fulton's experiments on the resistance of fluids.

Few records of patents or claims and specifications were kept by Dr. Thornton or Dr. Craig, and there is, of course, no reason to doubt that many patents have been granted which had been taken out before, yet there being no record, of course there was no way of detecting the fraud.

The first patent of which there is a record was issued on the 20th of April, 1796, to Thomas Bidwell, for "an improvement in forming yellow color." It is signed by Washington, Jefferson and Charles Lee. The next is dated February, 1803, issued to Christian Jacob Hutter, for "a method of making brandy out of all kinds of grain or fruit, equal in flavor, taste and color to the best imported French brandy." One thing is quite evident—that either the Superintendent was a poor judge of the flavor and taste of good French brandy, or Mynheer Hutter's patent was kept a most profound secret. The next patent was to Dr. Thornton for a new improved still. At this early period the Maine statutes could not have been dreamed of, for we find the next record to be again to Dr. Thornton, the head of the office, for an "improvement in the mode of impregnating spirits of all kinds; making and improving wines and impregnating liquids with gases, including the preservation of milk for a long time, with the modes of purifying the said liquors or liquids, and cooling the same when required, or *vice versa;* with the modes of delivering them, and the apparatus requisite for their production." We think it would puzzle any one to know what was patented. What does *vice versa* apply to? the preservation of milk or *vice versa*, we presume, is to preserve it for a short time or to spoil it, as either would be *vice versa*. "Cooling the same when required or *vice versa*" is still more ambiguous. But we end a note of the early patents with another of the doctor's, which, as usual, applies to liquor, but what he proposes to accomplish is equally or more mysterious than the last:

"For an improvement in ameliorating spirits and wine, and making them with or without the carbonic acid gas; also in the several uses to which carbonic acid gas may be put, with or without forcing pumps or compression formed of piston or cylinders or bellows, or *otherwise*."

This we consider more remarkably lucid than the previous one; *otherwise* must be a noun, being the name of a machine capable of compression, with or without force.

Ameliorating spirits is now a very simple process, and is usually performed by a slight admixture of water, hot or cold, depending on the season, "with or without carbonic acid gas," unless what is called pop is impregnated with the gas. A slight search in the records of the office will show very many equally absurd applications, and even patents. The variety of subjects for which patents are sought is almost incredible; we have selected a few, comparatively, of things patented, with the number of patents granted to each, and we cannot but think that our readers will fully agree with us that it is a curious list.

First on the list, in quantity, are the threshing machines, very many of which have proven valuable, a few extremely so, but the greater part have merely served as models to some later patentee, who *improved* the machine; they are nearly perfected; 378 have been patented. Water-wheels come second, 327 patents having been issued. Third in the account are washing-machines, there having been the almost incredible number of 309 patented; yet with this vast number of aids to supply us with clean clothes, it is conceded that nature's machines, hands and arms, with the will to use them, are entitled to the medal at any world's fair. Mills come next, numbering 286. Next pumps; we are a great people on hydraulics, and foreign tourists charge one part of the country as being *powerful* on pumping, and so we must be, for we have patented 259. Being great butter eaters, churns that will make butter quickly and with little labor have exercised the skill of many a Yankee boy, especially when called in from play to spend an hour or two in elevating and depressing a piston rod, with the piston dashing through the cream that *will not* become butter. How much the churner's miserable condition has been ameliorated we know

not, but 248 patent churns should furnish some relief. Whisky, as a generic name, comes next, 193 distilling inventions having been patented. Bedsteads number 155; and cultivators, very many of which are in daily use, doing excellent service, 135. Our love of sweets has induced ingenuity to patent 90 beehives; but as an offset to this, 109 pianos are protected by law. Sewing-machines, a comparatively recent institution, have already reached 66; and to supply the place of the hands that used to knit, hands nowadays being occupied in playing the 109 patent pianos, there are 32 knitting-machines. Twenty-seven canals—we cannot imagine what improvement can deserve a patent in canals—26 cannon, nine coffins and four balloons will complete our brief list of some leading and curious patents.

The agricultural bureau is daily becoming of much importance, and renders valuable service to the producing interest of the country. Seeds of rare and useful plants are received through our consuls and naval officers from all parts of the world, and then freely distributed to the proper latitude and longitude of our own extensive domain. The same course is pursued with domestic seeds and plants; a response is requested as to the success of the recipient in the cultivation of the seeds, &c., and these letters are reported to the Commissioner. This report we cannot approve of, and believe, in its present form, much of its usefulness is lost. The vast number of letters should be classified, and the results only given; say, for instance, first, the genera and species of the seed, &c.; then the latitude and longitude in which planted, the topographical character of the place, whether mountainous or level, near the ocean or river, salt or fresh water, the nature of the soil, the time of planting, mode of culture and result. This would be some labor, but the result would be of very great service. Under the present mode, numerous letters, many of them badly written, must be read to find a very few necessary facts.

The reports of the business of the Patent Office have until quite recently been meager and unsatisfactory. Ten years since a pamphlet was all that was given, which was a *resume* only of the general business. In 1849 two volumes, one on mechanics, the other agriculture, were issued; in 1852 two volumes, and for the first time wood cuts of certain patented articles were issued; in 1854 the specifications and drawings were given, the latter small but yet a vast improvement. Much more would have been done the last two years, under Judge Mason, but for want of proper appropriations. It seems strange that Congress is willing to dip into the treasury for a hundred thousand dollars, at any time, to publish the report of some army or navy officer's explorations, usually of little general interest, though valuable to geography, botany, &c., and will not let the Patent Office take from the funds received from applicants sufficient to give fully the specifications and drawings on a liberal scale of each patent granted, more especially when the benefit is coextensive with the Union. Contrast our reports in these respects with the English and French works, and, with all our boasted liberality and enterprise, and our extended care of the dear people, we must hang our heads in shame.

A short time since the United States Patent Office sent to the English Patent Office our *magnificently* illustrated volumes, and in reply there was received from the English office, through the liberality of the Home Government, on the request of the accomplished Assistant Commissioner, Professor Woodcraft, 200 volumes. Of these, ninety-three were large folio size, with fine engravings of the drawings of inventions, each volume handsomely mounted in cloth, and ninety-three volumes of specifications, and four volumes of index, and this only covers the transactions for two and a half years of the English office. These volumes now ornament the library and are of most essential service to the Examiners and applicants. The French Government have for sometime sent us their reports, &c., and though the plates are not quite as large as the English, they are most beautifully engraved, and perhaps better arranged. The number of volumes is, we believe, several hundred.

The library of the Patent Office is selected with great judgment, and contains about 8,000 bound volumes; the greater number are upon scientific subjects, and are in German, French and Latin, as well as English. It is extremely well arranged, and kept in most excellent order. The Librarian, Mr. W. W. Turner, is a gentleman of intelligence, and has so arranged the books that a reference can be had to any work in a few moments. We give a sketch of the rooms occupied by the library, which of course only shows a small portion, but it is very accurate.

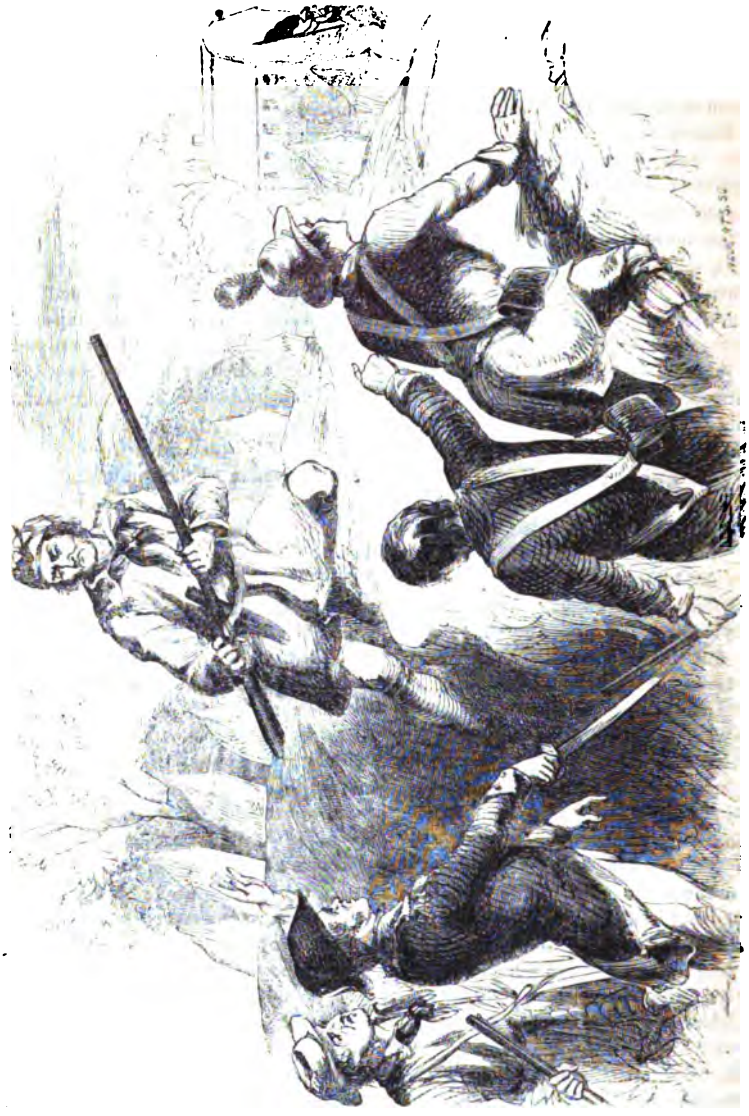
The Model-Room and the National Institute Museum are visited by at least 100,000 persons annually; the majority are, of course, mere curiosity-seekers, but very many are there for the purpose of examining models, &c., and to

them every facility is given by the heads of the office. We confess we feel a national pride in this office, and shall feel gratified if, in calling the attention of our readers to it, we have awakened in them an interest in this truly utilitarian institution.

MURPHY SAVING THE FORT.

In the Fall of the year 1780, the settlements along the valley of the Scoharie Kill were attacked by a combined force of British troops, Hessian hirelings and Tories, and a body of Indians, under their celebrated war-chief, Joseph Brant, the whole under the command of Sir John Johnson. For the protection of these settlements, three forts had been erected by the inhabitants of the valley, in which were stationed small garrisons. The enemy marched into the valley early in the morning, and, passing the upper fort unobserved, it was not until they had completely invested the middle fort that their presence was known. A sentinel observed a fire kindling in a building near the fort, and, informing his commanding officer of the fact, a small party, under Lieut. Spencer, was sent out to discover the cause. These met the advance of the British troops, and after exchanging shots returned to the fort without loss. The whole force in this garrison consisted of about two hundred men—regulars and militia—under command of Major Woolsey, who, by the way, was a most arrant coward. Campbell, in his Annals of Tryon County, says that when the fort was invested, "he concealed himself among the women and children, and when driven out by the ridicule of his associates, he crawled around the intrenchments on his hands and knees, amid the jeers and bravos of the militia, who felt their courage revive as their laughter was excited by the cowardice of their Major." Soon after the return of the party under Spencer, three alarm guns were heard in the direction of the upper fort. The enemy, finding his presence discovered, commenced at once the work of destruction, and the torch was applied indiscriminately to every house and barn in the vicinity. Soon after his main body came up, a column of troops, with two small mortars and a piece called a grasshopper—from its being mounted upon legs instead of wheels—was sent to occupy a hight which commanded the fort, and the little garrison was completely surrounded. A flag was dispatched in the hands of an officer to demand the surrender of the troops; and when he came in sight, the Major in command ordered all firing to cease. Among the militia-men who composed the garrison, however, was the celebrated Murphy, of Morgan's Rifle Corps, now fighting on his own account. He well knew what his fate would be if taken prisoner, and declared his determination to fire upon the flag as it approached. He was ordered by the officers of the regular troops to forbear; but being supported by the militia-men, who cheered him on, he persisted—and when the officer had approached within rifle range, he fired; but, whether intentionally or not, missed him. The officer immediately retired, and Sir John ordered his artillery to open upon the fort. A continual fusilade was kept up by the mortars, the grasshopper, and the rifles of the Indians—but with little effect. A great number of shells were fired during the course of the forenoon, but only two lodged within the fort. One of these penetrated the roof of the house within the palisades, and, descending to the first story, burst in a feather bed, without serious injury. The other lodged on the roof, and communicated fire thereto; but it was speedily extinguished by a pail of water in the hands of Philip Graft, the sentinel who had first discovered the approach of the enemy. The garrison had but a limited supply of powder, and was, therefore unable to reply with any effect; but occasional sorties were made by Lieut. Spencer and his little band of forty men, whenever the enemy approached too near the walls. A large barn, surrounded by several stacks of wheat, standing within a few hundred yards of the fort, was several times set on fire—but as often extinguished by this heroic party, who sallied out and drove the incendiaries off, with the loss of only one man.

In the course of the forenoon, another flag was sent by Sir John to demand the surrender of the fort. Observing its approach, Murphy crept up on the ramparts, and prepared to salute it with a ball from his rifle. Major Woolsey ordered him down, and, drawing his sword, threatened to run him through unless he obeyed. Murphy replied that he had no confidence in him, and believed he would surrender the fort without striking a blow, and he was not going to risk his life upon the enemy's sense of honor. The militia again sided with him, and again he fired, without effect. The continental officers remonstrated with him upon this violation of all the rules of warfare, but he replied that he knew the enemy better than they; that the foe they were contending against acknowledged no rule but that of might, and the surrender of the garrison would be the signal for immediate massacre. In con-



MAJOR WOOLSEY ORDERING MURPHY DOWN FROM THE RAMPARTS.

firmation of this, he pointed to the smoke arising from the houses of unoffending citizens, and called attention to the shrieks of women and children who were being murdered in cold blood by the Indians. "Besides," he contended, "if we show that we are determined neither to give or accept terms, they will most likely be afraid to attack us, and draw off."

The battle was again renewed, and Sir John, drawing up his regular troops in the rear of a frame building left standing near the fort, prepared for an assault. Before giving the order, however, he once more sent an officer with a flag—and again the intrepid and fearless Murphy prepared to fire upon it when it came within reach of his shot. Major Woolsey interposed the third time, and ordered him down from his position; and, upon his refusal to descend, ordered the soldiers to arrest him. The irregulars, however, gathered around Murphy, commending his resolution, and threatened any and all who should molest him. Woolsey thereupon ordered a white flag to be shown from the fort; but the rifleman declared his intention to shoot the first man who attempted to do so, and none were fool-hardy enough to risk their lives by doing it. Captain Reghtmeyer, of the militia, took his place by Mur-

phy's side, and ordered him to fire. This excited the ire of Woolsey, and he drew his sword upon the Captain, and threatened to cut him down unless he obeyed his command; but the latter clubbed his gun, and threatened to dash out the Major's brains if he advanced another step—and there the matter ended. The flag officer, as soon as he came within range, and saw Murphy bring his rifle to his shoulder, turned, and hastened back to his commander, who hastily called a council of officers, by whom it was decided not to risk an assault; "for," said they, "the garrison would not fire three times upon a flag unless they were prepared to resist to the death, and it would cost too many lives to capture the fort, which would not repay the cost if captured." The troops were thereupon withdrawn, and the attempt was abandoned. Thus was the fort and the lives of those within it saved by the energy of one brave and determined man.

As a happy contrast to the cowardice of the commanding officer, it may be stated that the females within the fort armed themselves, and determined to aid in defending it, in case of assault; and one interesting young woman, perceiving evidence of fear in the face of a soldier who had been ordered to bring water from a well without the works, seized the bucket from his hands, and went herself, and, although she had to pass within range of the enemy's fire, yet she went back and forth several times on this dangerous errand without the least sign of fear.

SOCIAL COMMUNITIES.

BROOK FARM — NORTH AMERICAN PHALANX — SHAKER VILLAGES — NEW HARMONY — FOURIERISM — THE FAMILY INSTITUTION.

It has been our privilege to visit, from time to time, several of the communities which have sprung up in various parts of the country, ostensibly to mitigate the evils and oppressions of society as it now exists, as well as to establish better relations between man and man, and more harmonious relations between the sexes. The need of improvement, and the acknowledged discords and perversions permeating the whole structure of society as it now exists, are points which no one will take upon himself to deny. Every one cries out at the manifold abuses of the world, and now and then a poet becomes the voice of a vast multitude who have felt the iron enter their souls. Sometimes a few earnest and believing persons come to the conviction that a remedy may be found for all these evils; and, despite of public odium, ridicule and opposition, they bring their thought to action, and resolve to test the practicability of their theories.

Whatever failures may ensue, whatever abuses even may spring incidentally from these essays, we must, if we are true men and women, reverence the motive and the attempt. These persons are terribly in earnest in what they do; they may not be equally wise; they may even be unlettered and unobservant, but, so far as they personally are concerned, in their crudest state they hold in themselves the germ of that which constitutes the hero and the martyr. We may condemn them; we may despise them even for their wrong-headedness, but we are bound to respect that one quality in the bottom of their hearts which has been the secret of their actions—namely, an earnest humanity, a genuineness of character, which is one element of true genius as well as the foundation for all that is heroic in the race.

From the earliest times of the Christian Church men and women have looked sorrowfully back to the primeval Eden, and have made many and frequent attempts to realize it. Hence communities have existed ever since the believers, impelled by a sense of brotherhood, sold their possessions and had all things in common. This ideal life of harmony is the dream of the poet and the philanthropist. The fine intuitions of Plato depicted it in his Republic, and Sir Thomas More found it in his Utopia; Shelley and Tenneyson have seen it as through a glass darkly, and the Brownings and Kingsley work, as poets always work, in the vanguard of freedom to enthuse the public mind with those noble, hopeful and progressive ideas, which are eventually to bring about the golden age of the world—that which prophets and righteous men have foretold, and seers have beheld in Apocalyptic vision. The realization may be slow, but it is nearing the period.

In our country, where men are left free to follow their own intuitions—where communities of persons may do as they will, provided the public good is not outraged—these institutions for carrying out a new order of things have been "thick as leaves in Valambrosa." The one, probably, which will be longest remembered, and which has made the deepest impression upon the popular mind, was that of Brook Farm, Mass.

It was established by George Ripley, a gentleman and a scholar, who had become convinced of the principles of Christian Socialism, and whose ardent mind saw in these the principles of

redemption to man from the manifold ills which flesh is heir to. He hoped that high culture, the division of labor so as to render it attractive instead of burdensome, and the relief which association might afford to the discords and discomforts of the family relation, (not ignoring marriage,) might give rise to a more harmonious development of human life. Himself essentially hopeful and far-seeing, and imbued with all the best ideas which have lived, either in the past history of the world, or which have arisen in the better progress of modern civilization, he saw in an association of cultivated persons—of persons who were willing to sacrifice something in the present for the sake of the future, who were capable of living a principle as well as theorizing upon it—the promise of a new and beautiful Eden.

For this purpose extensive lands were purchased in Massachusetts; buildings were erected, and soon the magnetism of the founder had surrounded him with some of the most enthusiastic and remarkable minds of this or any other country. Hundreds who did not join the association themselves were honored guests of the inmates, and to this day they speak of Brook Farm as an ideal dream of life—as the realization of the best hopes of the race. It may be there was something over much of the speculative in mind, and the theoretically impracticable in character, among the worthies of Brook Farm; forming, in this respect, from the idealism of the founder and the romance as well as culture of the disciples, a very striking contrast to the North American Phalanx, which ran into the opposite extreme. Be that as it may, all agree that the tone of mind and morals at Brook Farm were of a high order.

It was essentially a school, from which has emanated some of the finest minds of the country, and minds of so severe a persistency, and such a capacity for hard work as is almost incredible. George Ripley, the head and leader of the institution, seems to have had the power to impress his own characteristics upon all his followers, who are now engaged as editors on more than one of our popular journals.

At Brook Farm men worked manfully at the plow or in the work-shop a certain number of hours in each day, that they might study Greek and Latin, German or French the remainder. Music and Poetry were fostered, the graces of art, and the amenities of social life duly inculcated.

Men and women, admitted to equal rights and privileges, were to realize the utmost harmony of which the race is susceptible.

A destructive fire broke up the community and sent the disciples far and wide to disseminate the principles of harmony in a broader field, and so this new Paradise was closed by the flaming sword of the modern Cherubim—a fire and no insurance. It is well known that Hawthorne's Romance of Blithedale was designed to afford a portraiture of the life at Brook Farm, which, however, can by no means be relied upon as a true picture.

The North American Phalanx preserved a lingering and precarious existence of about a dozen years, and then died. This establishment represented, but very imperfectly, the gorgeous theories of Fourier, who supposed he had discovered the very secret of social harmony and human development in the doctrine of attraction. Men, women and children were to move in harmonious spheres, held thereto by elective affinities. Work was to be done in the spirit of play, and learning acquired by an absolute need of the mind to do that or suffer pain, and the whole realm of art was to grow upon the world as by a spontaneous revelation. No one can doubt that the views of the great reformer have especially modified the opinions of the age; no one can doubt that our great hotels, our associations of various kinds for carrying on industsial relations, have grown in a measure from hints suggested by the Fourier movement; but whether society will ever resolve itself into the channel thus marked out is a question at issue, and whether, if it did, the bondage of the system would not be found as burdensome as the bondage of society at large is a subject to be considered.

We thought the North American Phalanx a place of interest more than comfort. A few fine minds evidently had the whole burdens upon their shoulders, while the majorities also looked disheartened. The children seemed rude and unattractive, and the necessity of toil had evidently obstructed culture.

> "Where penury is felt the thought is chained,
> And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few."

The Phalanx was but an experiment, and failed of success for lack of funds, although it is well known that when the institution broke up it paid every cent on a dollar of its liabilities. It was never rich enough to carry out fully the views of Fourier. We observed an air of simplicity and purity about the people, showing conclusively that the doctrines were not corrupt in tendency.

At present the site is used as a hotel, the grounds affording very great advantages to those who are fond of rural aspects and primi-

tive associations. The board is cheap, and the scenery very attractive. In front of the buildings is a beautiful pond, through which flows a living stream of water; extensive orchards of peach and apple trees attest to the taste and industry of at least a portion of its members. We are told that Mr. Edward Kellogg, an enthusiast for horticulture, had this department especially under his charge, and these splendid trees, with their excellent fruit, will long render his name an endeared one to the people of the vicinity.

The grounds of the Phalanx were indeed exceedingly picturesque, with gentle undulations, hill and valley, and a magnificent sweep of woodland, through which may be seen the rural walks and romantic bowers of the former Phalanxteriers. "*Sic transit.*" It is probable the great mistake in the foundation of the society consisted in choosing a site so far inland, away from ocean or river communication, to say nothing of its distance from any railroad.

There are, if we mistake not, fifteen Shaker communities in the country. These institutions may be called industrial schools. Unlike Brook Farm, where culture was the primary object—culture in its highest and largest designation, moral, intellectual and physical—the Shaker ignores all the graces and amenities of life. He adheres to the uncouth dress of the last century, which is not by any means an unbecoming one to the men; but, being narrow in the skirt, high in the shoulder and short in the waist, is quite the reverse to the women, who go about looking like specters upon high stilts. The simple yea and nay of the Shaker is not without its impressiveness, but the Shaker is not intellectually progressive. He rejects nearly all aid from books; and in this way he is very much behind the times, and has far less influence than that to which he is entitled as the representative of some moral force and great industrial capacity.

We were talking with one of the elders, and expressed our astonishment that they did not avail themselves of the aid of books, and thus assume a power in the country.

"Nay, nay," said the good elder, "we think most books a lumber to the brain," which was such a pithy mode of designating much of our literature that we had not a word more to say.

A Shaker village is always pleasantly situated near some clear sylvan lake, with a sweep of alluvial soil, finely interspersed with luxuriant fields, orchards and highly cultivated gardens. All is neatness and good order. The utmost thrift is perceptible in everything. Every back looks straight, every eye alert, and every garment to the utmost tidy. The houses are perfect models of cleanliness, and the little narrow paths which lead through the green grass from one domicil to another are but threads, as if a snake had moved along and denuded the vegetation; every Shaker evidently having stepped in the footsteps of his predecessor, in this respect bearing a perfect analogy to such paths in an Indian village.

The women have equal privileges, it is said, with the men, but we suspect this equality is somewhat arrogantly set aside by the fathers when occasion serves. The ecclesiastic power, which includes the political also, is in the hands of four persons, two of each sex, who lead in the discussions pertaining to the spiritual or financial condition of the community, as occasion or capacity may suggest. The women preach equally with the men.

"Then you regard the sexes as equal," we said.

"Yea, yea. Woman was given to man to help him to worship."

Here was an unexpected definition of equality. We simply replied: "It was seen that he needed help;" whereat the Elder winked solemnly, and one of the younger sisters gave a sort of titter, which was as instantly suppressed as an indecorum.

The sisters are very simple and child-like in appearance, having little of the hard look and none of the deep furrows of the other sex. Indeed, in the community we last visited, we thought the condition of the male portion rather a hard one. There were thirty-two women of all ages, all fair of skin and smooth of face, with very sweet, gentle manners. To these were added eight men, toilsome, brown, and greatly wrinkled in aspect. These few men, however, with the whole out-of-door work upon their shoulders, were expected to rise betimes of a Monday morning, and carry the washing of the community through the first "suds"—after having made the fires, &c. Then, and not till then, the sisters took the work in hand. We could not but think these eight men would be better off somewhere else, and these thirty-two women would do well to eject them from their branch of Shakerdom, and assume the reins of government themselves. Indeed, from indications, we half suspect some thoughts of the kind were floating in their brains.

It is well known that the Shaker rejects marriage altogether, although it is said one woman who was greatly attached to her husband, having joined the institution with him, set all their laws at defiance in this respect, and they were

obliged to tolerate this married pair in spite of the scandal to the community.

We saw several children who had been adopted into the sect, who were as fat as the good table of the Shaker would be likely to make them. One graceless boy of six years was lying flat in the grass, like any other child, to the utter disgrace of Shakerdom. Cats, too, were not wanting, and kittens romping about with heads and tails in the air, as only Shaker kittens, outraged by the straightness about them, would be tempted to romp. We observed Sister Sophia and Sister Hannah had each a kitten in her lap. Sister Electa had married out some years before, and in her little cottage, twenty miles away, would have scorned the idea of tending a kitten.

The sisters reminded us of nuns in their eagerness to hear of the outside world.

"Sit here in the door-way where it is cool," said Sister Sabra, "and talk to us—tell us stories;" and her sweet, placid face brightened with anticipation. Sister Nancy brought us a rocking chair, and when we were all seated, we talked there in the cool of the day, where all was "green to the very threshold;" the light softened by vines and the waving branches of trees, and the ear refreshed by the song of bird and chirp of insect. Verily it was a lovely occasion, all was so simple, so pure, and these serene Shaker faces were comely in the foreground. There was no discord; no overwrought sinews, no wickedness nor vice; if much was lacking, there was much also of solid content and every-day comfort. And so we talked much and long, with patient, appreciative and indulgent listeners. When we rose to leave there was not wanting sweet, kindly thanks and generous assurances—"I shall never forget you as long as I live, said Sister Sabra, and she gave Bell Tracy and me a warm hug and a kiss, quite startling for its un-Shaker demonstrativeness.

The Shaker is very hospitable. We were shown into the reception-room, the furnishing of which consisted of two rows, placed opposite, of high straight-backed chairs, in which were seated their guests who might arrive from sister institutions. The community at Lebanon is certainly the leading one of the Shaker world. It is probably the most thrifty of all, and, under the care of the renowned Elder Evans, has made no little stir in New York and elsewhere. Elder Evans is a propagandist, and goes long distances wherever he can get a hearing, presenting his peculiar opinions in the broadest and most unmistakable Saxon.

As to the worship of Shakerism, we believe that the more intelligent portion of them regard the dancing part of their worship as an excrescence of which they would gladly rid themselves. Their singing is shrill and high more than musical.

Their numbers do not greatly increase. A Shaker must live his whole life among them if he has received his training there, for the strict, homely, secluded life he there leads is no preparation for the rough and tumble of the outside world. The Shakers confess this much of themselves, and regret that many who have seceded from them have fallen into deplorable practices.

On the whole, we do not see that Shakerism will ever much effect human society. Its defects are so deeply grained that it can have little hold upon human sympathies. It lacks largeness and enlightenment. It dwarfs the mind and restricts the person, and the proselyte must feel that the bondage of shakerism is quite as intolerable as that of society, which has its modes of escape in spite of its manifold abuses, oppressions and discords.

We have heard severe strictures made upon the Shakers, but we believe them to be in the main as conscientious as they are evidently industrious and thrifty. Whatever has the Shaker mark upon it, whether it be broom, applesauce, linen thread, herb or garden seed, is apt to be excellent in kind.

Several other communities exist in the country, but as the features of these are in many respects reprehensible, and as they already carry in them the seeds of their own decay, and have made little impress upon society, they do not come within the scope of this article. In most of these communities the short skirt and trowsers is adopted by the women—a dress of peculiar advantage for all purposes of work.

Besides the associative establishments of Brook Farm and the North American Phalanx, several others were inaugurated at the North and West, and sustained with great earnestness and self-denying zeal, but are nearly all dead or in a declining state. These recognized the spiritual religious element, and a final triumph of the soul over the evils and discords of inharmonious relations and oppressive legislation, through the gradual developement of the internal elements of the love of order or harmony, by which God would be made more and more manifest in the world.

The Community of New Harmony, established by Robert Owen, and advocated strongly by

Fanny Wright and others, was based upon a division of labor and a general equality, but denying the spiritual element. In other words, it was purely an atheistic aspect of society. We have remarked that persons belonging to this class are deficient in the higher qualities of pure reason; they deny insight or intuition, and are more or less devoid of imagination and the higher sentiments. Fanny Wright was a woman of remarkable force, and a clear, fluent speaker; but her ideas never went beyond those of the politician or demagogue, nor was her rhetoric superior to that of the stump orator. Lacking the finer shades of thought and expression, she never raised her hearers out of themselves into a region of better light and experience. She flattered the vices of the mob, who, when their curiosity had been gratified, deserted her. No society ever has or ever will exist harmoniously where the spiritual element is ignored. The growth of all human progress is indebted to this acknowledgment of a source of all law, beauty and harmony beyond ourselves, to which we all, under various names, approximate. Chaos must and will ensue upon all systems attempted upon any God-denying stand-point.

It is noticeable that all these communities, numerous as they have been, accord equality of social position and political rights to woman. These societies have been dispersed, but their dying pulsations throb throughout the body politic. Their disciples are to be found upon every side of us, indefatigable workers, and hard, untiring thinkers, occupying important positions, and giving force to acknowledged or unacknowledged opinions.

And now, having made a hasty survey of these institutions, we propose to say a word upon the family institution—the oldest and most primitive developement of human association. All government was originally patriarchal. Monarchies and despotisms have been the growth of many patriarchalites or classes seeking protection under one common head. The new form left the primary family relations intact.

The Oriental, like the modern Mormon, believed in a plurality of wives; but, unlike the Mormon, the Oriental only took a second wife when the increase of his wealth justified the expense. A new wife was a new luxury, for which he must be able to pay roundly. A woman might be secluded in the recesses of the tent or harem, she might be ignorant, she might be enslaved if you will, but it was the bondage of the senses only. She was most likely to be luxurious and lazy.

It was left for the Mormon to multiply his wives in place of servants, to degrade marriage to the lowest sensuality, while at the same time it took from it all sentiment and all taste; to degrade woman as wife to the condition of the lowest household chattel; to leave her without freedom, culture, or dignity; to make her the slave of her beastly lord and master, an abject slave to his passions, and reduce her also to the servile bondage of labor—for the Mormon, admitting of no such relation as master and servant, mistress and maid, reduces the wife in all cases, after the loss of her attractions, most assuredly, to the condition of a slave.

No Christian community has been based upon that aspect of the family which admits of polygamy. One wife and one husband is the only relation recognized by any Christian land. Hence the family in its true sense, consisting of father, mother, and their children, relatives and dependants, is the only one recognized in the world called Christian.

We believe the household, the family, to be the great nursery of the virtues. We believe the affection existing between parent and child, or rather that of the parent for the child, which is the stronger of the two, to point significantly to a system in which these affections may be most healthfully and most harmoniously exercised. This can best be done by the honorable relation of one husband and one wife in the truest, best sense of marriage, leaving out entirely those false, degrading and miserable relations in which two persons are legally conjoined, but who otherwise would hardly be willing to sit at the same board with one another—persons who are in all respects unfitted for association with each other, who are morally, mentally and physically divorced, and yet bound by legal enactments.

These relations, monstrous as they are, are held reputable in the world, because the law has sanctioned them, and those who look partially at the structure of society recommend divorce as the means of relief. A divorce can never restore these sufferers to a full harmonious life. There is something involved in the inner sentiment of marriage that asserts itself profoundly upon the character and mental states of two persons who may ever thus have stood related to each other. They may sever the external relation, but, like the wrist which has long worn a shackle, the deep scar will remain. We believe all divorce laws inflict greater evils upon society, and even upon individuals, than any they were designed to relieve. We say nothing in cases where no children have been

the product of marriage, for these have but a single tribunal to which to appeal; society is not much more affected by their condition as married persons than if they were separate; but if children exist as the result of marriage, society ought to demand of these two persons to keep their grievances, which they have brought upon themselves, away from the public eye—demand that they train their children worthily for the public good. It should refuse utterly to interfere between the parties. It should leave the family to its own internal government, unless some outrage affecting the public at large grow out of its internal arrangements. When men and women marry let it be at their own peril, with no hope of relief from the law.

We attach quite too much importance to the passions, and talk as if the great good to be achieved in reform were their indulgence; as if this were the end of our being, whereas the passions are but *instruments* of power, which vitalize the energies and help us to that which is totally unlike and beyond them. When men or women, no matter how great may be the original endowments of intellect, abuse their freedom, and become profane in look and life, our instincts recoil from them as from what has been desecrated.

The great aim of society should be, not to cast aside the family, not to ignore the household, as most of the associations to which we have referred do, but to so elevate the common taste and principle that the household should be in itself more sacred, and more harmonious; in other words, guard the institution of marriage from abuse. As marriage now exists, it is not reverenced—it is not regarded as a beautiful and sacred relation, in which two persons every way adapted to each other find therein the best expression of life, but as a necessary evil, which is bad in itself, but which public opinion has rendered the only respectable relation between the sexes.

The sentiment of the family lies infinitely deeper than this. There is an instinct in the mind itself which indorses its beauty and propriety. The whole order of creation tends to that which is orderly and to that which is beautiful, and we feel that the family is the natural representative of all the chaste affections; we feel that parent and child seek instinctively the expression of the family as the sacred deposit of all that is best between them; that marriage is the vase holding the elixir of life. All sentiments in their highest aspect seek to shape themselves—and love is envased, as it were, by marriage, and thus does the family naturally appropriate to itself words that are sacred in their import.

The worship of the Penates signified its holiness. We tell of the sacred hearth-stone, which was the Hestia of the ancient Greeks. We speak of the family altar to this day, implying it to be religious in its character.

A true reform will begin not by ignoring the family, but by elevating it. By educating woman to a better sense of what is due to herself, and through her to the world. Here is where all reform must begin.

Children, the product of half the marriages as now recognized, are such as should tinge the cheeks of parents with shame—diseased, miserable children, who fill premature graves, or live to scourge society with their diseases, vices and crimes. Wretched idiots who must claim the protection of the State by means of the humane, because their consciously guilty parents immure them in bye places, ashamed that friends and neighbors should see these manifest proofs of the violation of known laws. And yet these people will speak of such things as "afflicting Providences," as misfortunes, &c., when they are but the out-speaking of God's great words, "thou shalt not" conjoin that which I have forbidden.

The subject of idiocy is becoming one of frightful import in our day, and one well demanding the attention of our philanthropists and legislators. Let us build asylums for these miserable Parias, but let us look also to the means of prevention. Our statistics show a frightful increase in numbers, and a thorough investigation should be made into the causes of these defected manifestations of life. We once saw a family which contained four of these unfortunates. The parents were own cousins, both of a dark, grayish complexion, with very black, coarse hair, and both of melancholy temperament. They did not drink to excess, but both husband and wife took a genteel *toddy* occasionally at bedtime or oftener. These idiotic children were lighter in complexion than either of the parents.

In another family were two, but the mother lived entirely secluded, the father perished at sea. We have heard of a family in which were five *mules;* another in which were supernumerary fingers or toes. All these cases were produced in honorable wedlock. Now if the State has the right to legalize the relation, it has the right also to protect itself from the consequences of abuse. It has the righ to forbid the marriage of minors; it has the right to pro-

hibit the union of those too nearly allied by blood; and it has the right to prevent those of insane and idiotic manifestations from multiplying and continuing their ghastly progeny. If the State will not interfere in these things, and we confess we dislike our excessive legislation, let us help to enlighten public opinion upon the laws of health and life; and let it brand an ill-assorted marriage with odium. An ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure.

At the foundation of all the abuse of marriage lies the pecuniary dependence of woman. She looks to marriage for a support, for a position, and thus is her own misery and degradation, and that of the race continued. The few women who are, by wealth or genius, exempt from this necessity are but as the gilding of a cornice compared with the whole of a vast edifice. When society shall be so organized that both sexes may, by virtuous industry, secure a competence, women will not be found so degraded as to assume the bond of marriage as an equivalent for bread and raiment. If two persons marry it will not be done from any otuside motive of either interest or ambition, for each will see that none of these things enter into the sentiment of a marriage.

Men and women will come to the marriage altar from no adulterated motive, but from those pure affections and legitimate desires of which marriage is the expression, and thus will the family become the seat of all the virtues, and children will go forth to enrich and beautify the world in all that is best in our humanity, and society be relieved of its discords.

BOSWELL AND JOHNSON—A CRITIQUE.

BY JOHN NEAL.

Boswell had sense enough to perceive that the biographers of his day were ambitious of reputation as fine *writers*, rather than as faithful delineators of character; he could perceive that the chief attribute of biography is simplicity; that she has nothing to do with the stateliness of history, the drapery of eloquence, or the embellishments of fancy. He saw that the author was more anxious to exhibit *himself* than his *subject*.

Boswell knew that the man who would represent another as he is must forget *himself* entirely; must be intimate and familiar without boasting of it; must follow his great man to the fireside, and preserve the very attitudes with which he indulges himself when lolling over the chess-board with some old schoolfellow. Boswell saw the common error, but in avoiding it, he fell into the contrary extreme; his freedom is often the most disgusting of all familiarity; instead of a manly specimen of his careless conversation, Boswell has busied himself in recording every foolish thing that Johnson happened to say when he was present, with all the tiresome minuteness of a hospital nurse.

The muse of Boswell was not the *biography* that walked hand in hand with a man in health and frankness, but the toothless, babbling gossip that haunts the sick chamber and the water-closet.

Boswell knew that the charm of biography is a certain capricious levity that follows all the rambling of conversation; that the biographer should be utterly forgotten; that the reader should feel acquainted with the man of whom he reads, without remembering a single word that he has read; but in the execution of these just conceptions, Boswell is continually jogging your elbow and begging you to forget him; he is incessantly crowding upon your notice. In making you intimately acquainted with his hero, Boswell is not satisfied with telling you when Samuel Johnson is *not like other men* upon any occasion, but he overwhelms you with his proofs that he *is* like other men, on occasions when every man, hero or not hero, *must* act like his neighbor. Boswell is not only the biographer of Johnson in his closet, but he is the biographer of the human species in their most secret retirement.

Boswell has placed the statue of Johnson upon a lofty pedestal, it is true, but it is formed of pebbles; and every one proclaims the indefatigable dexterity, patience and *littleness* of the architect. Boswell's faculties had acquired such a wonderful delicacy, by a long intercourse with Johnson, that he could plainly perceive the soundest argument in what others called wrangling, and the keenest wit where others could perceive only a continued lamentable effort. He could hear the voice of the thunder where others heard only the growling and muttering of overgrown brutality. He forgot a national insult for the honor of catechising the great man, and drinking his health and tickling his back when he was alone.

Johnson was a cataract, and Boswell the vapor that measured its turbulence. Johnson was a sculptor, who, like Angelo, when he was fashioning the daintiest form of beauty, would handle his chisel and mallet as if he were hewing a pyramid, and Boswell was an indefatigable toad-eater, who has preserved most authentic and unquestionable drawings of the *chips*. Johnson gave to Boswell a telescope that

might have enabled him to discover *systems;* but *Bozzy* looked through the wrong end, and his discoveries are proportioned to his observation. Johnson was a *General*, and Boswell has published the drummer's bulletin of a *flying* campaign. Johnson was sublime in intellect, obstinacy, vigor, and ill manners; he stood, like Peter the Great, upon a rock that represented the ruggedness of his labor. But Boswell has drawn him with an ugly old lady in his lap ("his dear Tetty,") and inscribed beneath that he was superstitious and quarrelsome. Instead of a rock and statue, we have a certified copy of all his fingers and thumbs, and fac-similies of all the holes in his nightcap and breeches. Johnson was the lion, Boswell the jackall, whose attachment is rewarded by skeletons and offal. Boswell is the clown who amuses the spectator by tumbling over chairs and breaking his own shins, while the chief performer is away. Boswell is the table of errata that follows the great work of a great mind—the fly that assisted the chariot-wheel in kicking up a dust. In short, Boswell hung upon Johnson like that animal which is familiar only with loathsomeness.

THE SAD AUTUMN TIME OF THE HEART.

BY XENETTE.

There is mist on the brow of the mountain,
  There is gloom in the depths of the vale,
A shadow hangs dark o'er the fountain,
  Sighs burden the sorrowing gale.
It is lone in the forest deserted,
  Where the brown leaf falls withered and sere,
It is lone since the birds have departed,
  In the sad Autumn time of the year.

Yet 'tis not that the forest is hoary;
  'Tis not that the warbler is flown;
'Tis not that the light and the glory
  Of Summer no longer are known;
'Tis not that the Autumn wind sweepeth
  All moaning and desolate by,
While the sorrowing flower-spirit weepeth
  Alone where the violets die—

That I sigh as the deep winds are sighing
  Through the boughs of the bare forest trees—
That I weep where the wild flowers are dying,
  Ah, Memory! it is not for these—
For Spring, with its sunshine and gladness,
  New bloom to the fields will impart;
But, O! can it banish the sadness
  Of the chill Autumn time of the heart?

The flowers that Fancy once cherished
  In her gardens of beauty are dead;
Youth's bowers of greenness have perished,
  And hope, the sweet song-bird, is fled.
From my spirit, all stricken and dreary,
  The light and the gladness depart;
Ah! lone in its solitude weary
  Is the chill Autumn time of the heart!

LIFE OF COLONEL FREMONT. . . . No. IV.

ARRESTED AND COURT-MARTIALED.

The *finale* of the conquest of California, after such a series of brilliant exploits, unprecedented successes and meritorious exertions to win an empire for his country, and to attach its people to our institutions, can never be read by our posterity without humiliating sensations. After the final pacification, by the treaty of Couenga, an ungenerous claim was put in by General Kearny to annul and disregard all that had been done by Stockton and Fremont. A series of humiliations were imposed upon Fremont. He was deprived of the command of his own battalion, raised by himself as a volunteer, and of which he was commander first by the free choice of the soldiers, and then by the appointment of Commodore Stockton. He was openly degraded from his government, although he was eminently wise in his administration, and highly popular among both the old Californians and the American settlers. The California Star of Feb. 13, 1846, says: "Governor Fremont is very popular in the south with all classes of citizens, and it is confidently asserted that as long as he continues Governor there will not be another outbreak in that part of the Territory."

He was refused permission to resume his scientific explorations, from which the conquest of California had diverted him. He was refused permission to join his regiment under General Taylor in Mexico. He was refused leave of absence to return home, although the orders of the Secretary of War expressly contemplated such leave. He was peremptorily ordered, June 14, 1847, to march under General Kearny across the continent, with his geographical party reduced to nineteen men, and was required to follow on behind the Mormon battalion, and encamp always in their rear. On arriving at Fort Leavenworth, Aug. 22, he was put under arrest and ordered to Washington for trial. The trial was ordered by President Polk; all the arts of professional ingenuity were employed in arranging the charges, which were framed with such adroitness that the Court-martial of officers, bred to form and routine, felt constrained by rule and precedent to find him guilty and sentence him to be cashiered, although their conscientious convictions were all in his favor. A majority of the Court, including its President, certified to the President of the United States that "the circumstances under which Lieutenant-Colonel Fremont was placed—between two officers of superior rank, each claiming to command in chief

in California—were in their nature calculated to embarrass the mind and excite the doubts of officers of greater experience than the accused;" and they, for this reason and "in consideration of the important professional services" rendered by him, recommend him to the lenity of the President, and the other three members of the Court join in the recommendation. Had the Court felt at liberty to look at the justice of the case, or had Mr. Polk possessed the independence which ought to characterize a chief magistrate, all the censure would have fallen upon the prosecutors, and Fremont would have received the same verdict from his military superiors which has been awarded by the general voice of the country. But the President was already laboring under that exhaustion of vital energy which terminated his life in a year afterward. He had been involved in difficulty with two of the highest officers of the army, Generals Scott and Taylor, both cases resulting in mortification to himself, giving the Presidency to Taylor and a Lieutenant-Colonel's commission to Scott. The army was naturally in the ascendant, both at Washington and among the people, as the result of its brilliant success in the Mexican War. Fremont was an officer *in* the army, but not *of the officers*, because he had not been educated at West Point. He was, therefore, made the sacrifice. Says the author of the Life of Commodore Stockton, published in 1852:

"The President and Secretary of War both justified the appointment of Colonel Fremont by Commodore Stockton as Civil Governor of California; yet, nevertheless, he was permitted to be brought to trial on charges of disobedience preferred by General Kearny. He was found guilty on several charges and specifications, by a Court evidently disposed to favor General Kearny. The finding of the Court was approved in part by the President, but the sentence was remitted.

"Indignant with the injustice and inconsistency manifested by the Government, Colonel Fremont promptly resigned his commission in the army.

"Toward the close of the Mexican War the army was powerful and popular at Washington. The *esprit du corps* of military gentlemen was piqued and offended with Fremont's deference to a naval commander, and his sacrifice was demanded. The President and Secretary of War had not the moral courage and firmness which the occasion required, and Colonel Fremont was driven from the army."

A careful and candid perusal of Colonel Fremont's elaborate defense, delivered before the Court-martial, fully confirms this representation. One is filled with amazement at the proofs of prejudice, vindictiveness and prevarication on the part of General Kearny, the accuser and principal witness, and is ready to assent to the admirable and eloquent appeal with which the defense was concluded:

"I consider these difficulties in California to be a comedy (very near being a tragedy) of three errors: first, in the faulty orders sent out from this place; next, in the unjustifiable pretensions of General Kearny; thirdly, in the conduct of the Government in sustaining these pretensions. And the last of these errors I consider the greatest of the three.

"Certainly the difficulties in California ought to be inquired into; but how? Not by prosecuting the subordinate, but the principals; not by prosecuting him who prevented, but him who would have made civil war. If it was a crime in me to accept the Governorship from Commodore Stockton, it was a crime in him to have bestowed it; and in either event, crime or not, the Government which knew of his intention to appoint me, and did not forbid it, has lost the right of prosecuting either of us.

"My acts in California have all been with high motives, and a desire for the public service. My scientific labors did something to open California to the knowledge of my countrymen; its geography had been a sealed book. My military operations were conquests without bloodshed; my civil administration was for the public good. I offer California, during my administration, for comparison with the most tranquil portion of the United States; I offer it in contrast to the condition of New Mexico during the same time. I prevented civil war against Gov. Stockton, by refusing to join General Kearny against him; I arrested civil war against myself, by consenting to be deposed—offering at the same time to resign my post as Lieutenant-Colonel in the army.

"I have been brought as a prisoner and a criminal from that country. I could return to it, after this trial is over, without rank or guards, and without molestation from the people, except to be importuned for the money which the Government owes them.

"I am now ready to receive the sentence of the Court."

On the 15th of March, 1848, his resignation was accepted, and his connection with the army terminated. He was then in the 39th year of his age; his plans for life required to be cast anew, and the world was all before him again. But though his rank as a soldier was lost, his character as a man and a citizen was unimpaired. The citizens of St. Louis, even while he was passing through the place under arrest, August 30, 1847, invited him to a public dinner as a token of their esteem and admiration, but he gratefully declined the honor. The Charleston Mercury of September 21, referring to his mournful visit to South Carolina on occasion of the death of his mother, tendered him "the sympathy of our entire community;" adding this ample declaration of his worth:

"The marked and brilliant career of Colonel Fremont has arrested general attention and admiration, and has been watched with lively interest by his fellow-citizens of South Carolina. Charleston, particularly, is proud of him, and the reputation which he has, at so early an age, achieved for himself, she claims as something in which she, too, has a share. But for the melancholy circumstance attending his visit, our city would have manifested, by a suitable demonstration, their respect for him, and their continued confidence in his honor and integrity. It will require something more than mere accusation to

sully them in the minds of the people of Charleston. Some months since a sword was voted to him by our citizens, the individual subscriptions to which were limited to one dollar. It now awaits his acceptance at a suitable opportunity. We are happy to hear that the ladies of Charleston propose, by a similar subscription, to furnish an appropriate belt to accompany the sword—an evidence that they too can appreciate the gallantry and heroism which have so signally marked his career, and have thrown an air of romance over the usually dry details of scientific pursuits."

The sword and belt were duly presented, and are now among the most cherished souvenirs in the possession of Colonel Fremont. By their side is "the great golden medal for progress in the sciences," which was presented by the King of Prussia, as a tribute to his scientific labors, through the hands of the illustrious Baron Alexander Von Humboldt, together with the Founder's Medal, presented by the Royal Geographical Society of London, through the hands of our late Minister, the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, for his distinguished services in promoting geographical science. Mr. Lawrence, in his speech to the Society on receiving the medal, said:

"The testimonial could not have been given to a more deserving individual. Colonel Fremont possesses, in an eminent degree, the elements of a just success. He has ability, perseverance, cultivation and industry, and above all, he is endowed with high moral attributes, which have won for him the esteem of those more immediately connected with him, and the confidence of his fellow-citizens in the country at large, who will see with pleasure this day's evidence of your correct appreciation of his services to science."

But all these distinctions and honors, so far from disposing him to sit down in idleness, only roused him to new efforts for discovery and exploration, with a view to the welfare of his country and the consolidation of its unity. He, therefore, at once resolved to undertake a new trip across the plains the following Winter, for the specific purpose of ascertaining and hunting out the most direct route for a public road between the Atlantic and Pacific sections of our national territory. He chose the Winter season, in order to verify by actual observation the depth of the snows among the mountains, and to ascertain the difficulties and determine the practicability of maintaining communications across the continent throughout the year. His original resolution of exploring the pathway for emigration to the Pacific, and laying open a channel of emigration and of constant intercourse to the western coast of the Republic, had acquired new force, as the enterprise itself had acquired a hundred fold importance by the acquisition of California, in which he himself had borne so large a share that his name would be forever identified with it; and the ungrateful conduct of the Executive, yielding to the malign jealousy of army officers, had only intensified the determination of executing his great purpose, to which those deeds of military conquest and civil administration had been merely an episode.

THE FOURTH EXPEDITION.

Colonel Fremont, no longer under the patronage of the Goverment, but depending now upon his resources and the liberal aid of some zealous friends, set out upon his fourth expedition on the 19th of October, 1848, with a select party of thirty-three of his old and tried companions. Mrs. Fremont accompanied him beyond the borders of Missouri, and spent five or six weeks with him at his camp, just within what is now the Territory of Kansas, on the very theater of the events which, taking place seven years afterward, have made so great a change in his and her position before the people of the United States. Following up the valley of the Kansas River, he pronounced that the best approach to the Rocky Mountains. He resolved to search for a pass through the mountains at the head of the Rio del Norte, and had obtained a guide who assured him that he was well acquainted with such a route. But by a mistake of the guide, the whole company were led to ascend a terrible mountain covered with deep snow, where they were overwhelmed by an awful snow-storm, in the midst of cold so intense that their mules all perished in a night. The men turned back to the valley they had left, but their mules and most of their provisions were left in the mountains, and they were at least ten days' travel from the nearest settlement in New Mexico. Thither Fremont dispatched four men for relief, allowing twenty days for their return, he and the party being busied in the recovery of their baggage. At the end of sixteen days, however, certain misgivings led Fremont to set off with three companions, and in six days he overtook the former company, wild and starving, and having fed for days upon the dead body of one of their companions. Taking up the survivors, he started on and soon fell upon a recent trail of Indians, which he followed regardless of the danger of their hostility. Colonel Benton describes an incident:

"Pursuing the trail down the Del Norte, then frozen solid over, and near the place where Pike had encamped in the Winter of 1807-'8, they saw an Indian behind his party, stopped to get water from an air-hole. He was cautiously approached, circumvented and taken. Fremont told his name. The young man (for he was quite young) started, and asked him if he was the Fremont that exchanged presents with the chief of the Utahs, at

Vegas les Santa Clara, three years before. He was answered yes. 'Then,' said the young man, 'we are friends. That chief was my father, and I remember you.' The incident is romantic, but it did not stop here. Though on a war inroad upon the frontiers of New Mexico, the young chief became his guide, let him have four horses, conducted him to the neighborhood of the settlements, and then took his leave to resume his scheme of depredations upon the frontier."

Having reached Taos, where he was welcomed at the house of his old friend Carson, he immediately dispatched animals and supplies to his suffering comrades. Their sufferings had been terrible indeed; nine strong men had perished in the snow, and the survivors were crippled with the frost; the baggage was mostly lost, the whole outfit was gone, the party was broken up. Any other man would have turned back in despair; but to Fremont difficulty is but another name for energy, and disappointment but an opportunity for renewed effort. It was on the 6th of February that the remains of his party were brought to Taos. On the 24th he wrote to Colonel Benton from Sonora, on the Rio del Norte, latitude 34°, having raised another outfit, with a new party of men. Abandoning the mountain route, his road lay through the country of the hostile Navahoes and Apaches, where an incident occurred which illustrates his remarkable tact in dealing with men. It is told by Colonel Benton:

"The fourth night on the dangerous ground the horses picketted without the camp gave signs of alarm. They were brought within the square of fires, and the men put on the alert. Day-break came without visible danger. The camp moved off. A man lagged a little behind, contrary to injunctions. The crack of some rifles sent him running up. It was then clear that they were discovered, and a party hovering around them. Two Indians were seen ahead. They might be a decoy or a watch, to keep the party in view until the neighboring warriors would come in. Evasion was no longer possible. Fighting was out of the question, for the whole hostile country was ahead, and narrow defiles to be passed in the mountains. All depended upon the address of their commander. Relying upon his ascendancy over the savage mind, Fremont took his interpreter and went to the two Indians. Godey said he should not go along, and followed. Approaching them, a deep ravine was seen between. The Indians beckoned him to go round by the head of the ravine, evidently to place that obstacle between him and his men. Symptoms of fear or distrust would mar his scheme, so he went boldly round, accosted them confidentially and told his name. They had never heard it. He told them they ought to be ashamed not to know their best friend, inquiring for their tribe, which he wished to see, and took the whole as an affair of confidence and friendship. He saw they were staggered He then invited them to go to his camp, where the men had halted, and take breakfast with him. They said that might be dangerous, that they had shot at one of his men that morning, and might have killed him and now be punished for it. He ridiculed the idea of their hurting his men, charmed them into the camp, where they ate and smoked, and told their secret, and became messengers to lead their tribe in one direction while Fremont and his men escaped by another. The whole expedition went through without loss and without molestation."

The letter which Colonel Fremont wrote from Taos to his wife gives a familiar description of the scenes through which he had passed:

"Mr. Haler came in last night, having the night before reached Red River settlement, with some three or four others. Including Mr. King and Proue, we have lost eleven of our party. Occurrences after I left them are briefly these, so far as they are within Haler's knowledge. I say briefly, my dear Jessie, because now I am unwilling to force myself to dwell upon particulars. I wish for a time to shut out these things from my mind, to leave this country, and all thoughts and all things connected with recent events, which have been so signally disastrous as absolutely to astonish me with a persistence of misfortune, which no precaution has been adequate on my part to avert.

"You will remember that I had left the camp with occupation sufficient to employ them for three or four days, after which they were to follow me down the river. Within that time I had expected the relief from King, if it was to come at all.

"They remained where I had left them for seven days, and then started down the river. Manuel—you will remember Manuel, the Cosumne Indian—gave way to a feeling of despair after they had traveled about two miles, begged Haler to shoot him, and then turned and made his way back to the camp—intending to die there, as he doubtless soon did. They followed our trail down the river; twenty-two men they were in all. About ten miles below the camp Wise gave out, threw away his gun and blanket, and a few hundred yards further fell over into the snow and died. Two Indian boys, young men, countrymen of Manuel, were behind. They rolled Wise up in his blanket, and buried him in the snow by the river bank. No more died that day; none the next. Carver raved during the night, his imagination wholly occupied with images of many things which he fancied himself eating. In the morning he wandered off from the party, and probably soon died. They did not see him again. Sorel on this day gave out, and laid down to die. They built him a fire, and Morin, who was in a dying condition and snow-blind, remained. These two did not probably last till the next morning. That evening, I think, Hubbard killed a deer. They traveled on, getting here and there a grouse, but probably nothing else, the snow having frightened off the game. Things were desperate, and brought Haler to the determination of breaking up the party, in order to prevent them from living upon each other. He told them 'that he had done all he could for them; that they had no other hope remaining than the expected relief, and that their best plan was to scatter and make the best of their way in small parties down the river; that, for his part, if he was to be eaten, he would, at all events, be found traveling when he did die. They accordingly separated. With Mr. Haler continued five others and the two Indian boys. Rohrer now became very despondent; Haler encouraged him by recalling to mind his family, and urged him to hold out a little longer. On this day he fell behind, but promised to overtake them at evening Haler, Scott, Hubbard and Martin agreed that if any one of them should give out, the others were not to wait for him to die, but build a fire for him and push on. At night Kern's mess encamped a few hundred yards from Haler's, with the intention, according to Taplin, to

remain where they were until the relief should come, and in the meantime to live upon those who had died, and upon the weaker ones as they should die. With the three Kerns were Cathcart, Andrews, McKie, Stepperfeldt, and Taplin.

"Ferguson and Beadle had remained together behind. In the evening Rohrer came up and remained with Kern's mess. Mr. Haler learned afterward from that mess that Rohrer and Andrews wandered off the next day and died. They say they saw their bodies. In the morning Haler's party continued on. After a few hours Hubbard gave out. They built him a fire, gathered him some wood, and left him, without, as Haler says, turning their heads to look at him as they went off. About two miles further Scott—you remember Scott, who used to shoot birds for you at the frontier—gave out. They did the same for him as for Hubbard, and continued on. In the afternoon the Indian boys went ahead, and before nightfall met Godey with the relief. Haler heard and knew the guns which he fired for him at night, and starting early in the morning, soon met him. I hear that they all cried together like children. Haler turned back with Godey, and went with him to where they had left Scott. He was still alive, and was saved. Hubbard was dead—still warm. From Kern's mess they learned the death of Andrews and Rohrer; and, a little above, met Ferguson, who told them that Beadle had died the night before.

"Godey continued on with a few New Mexicans and pack mules to bring down the baggage from the camp. Haler, with Martin and Bacon, on foot, and bringing Scott on horseback, have first arrived at the Red River settlement. Provisions and horses for them to ride were left with the others, who preferred to rest on the river until Godey came back. At the latest, they should all have reached Red River settlement last night, and ought all to be here this evening. When Godey arrives I shall know from him all the circumstances sufficiently in detail to enable me to understand clearly everything. But it will not be necessary to tell you anything further. It has been sufficient pain for you to read what I have already written."

MARIPOSA.

On reaching California he was not only astonished by the excitement on account of the discovery of gold, but found himself the owner of an estate that appeared to realize, in pecuniary value, the most fabulous dreams of the Arabian Nights. During the struggles of the conquest, he was so much delighted with the country that he planned to make it his home at some time, and with this view and with the advice and aid of his friend, Mr. Larkin, long the American Consul at Monterey, he purchased an estate called the Mariposas, containing about seventy square miles of land, lying a little more than two hundred miles south of San Francisco. He had never seen the place, and knew nothing of its value but by rumor. The purchase was effected by Mr. Larkin in February, 1847, and while Fremont was absent with his battalion at the south. The property was granted to Alvarado by Governor Micheltorrena in 1844, before the conquest, and was sold by Alvarado to Fremont after the conquest, for three thousand dollars. His title was most pertinaciously contested by Attorney-General Cushing on behalf of the United States, and carried before the Supreme Court at Washington, which gave a final decree in his favor after a protracted contest, and he has now received the patent of the United States as his title. It abounds in gold, both in placers and in quartz rocks. The loose gold has attracted large numbers of miners, who have never been disturbed in their occupancy or oppressed by unjust exactions. About thirty-five million dollars worth of gold has already been taken from this tract. Two principal gold-bearing ledges run through the tract, and their value is thus represented in a late California newspaper, the Mariposa Democrat, a supporter of Mr. Buchanan for the Presidency:

"Some idea may be formed of the extent and richness of the mine, when it is considered that there is a sufficient amount of rock now lying on the surface of the ground to supply twenty mills for five years, supposing each and every one of the mills to crush at the rate of one hundred tuns per day; and when the fact is added to this that the rock, according to the returns made from the crushing of three or four hundred tuns of the same, will average sixty dollars per tun, it can scarcely fail to impress the reader with some idea of its vast mineral wealth."

A tun of this rock, "taken promiscuously," was carried to San Francisco to be crushed and the metal extracted, yielding a gross return of two hundred and forty-five dollars. The Colonel visited the estate in 1849, and on commencing to dig gold he was soon surrounded by two to three thousand diggers acting under the California law, "first come, first served."

But he was soon withdrawn from the pursuits of private enterprise. President Taylor, immediately on his inauguration, signified his opinion with regard to Colonel Fremont, his public services and personal merits, by appointing him Commissioner to run the boundary line with Mexico, under the recent treaty. It was an emphatic reversal, by the honest old chief, of the unjust sentence of the Court-martial which had driven him from the army only a year before. It was the more gratifying from the fact that he had always been identified with the political party which opposed the General's election to the Presidency. He therefore determined to accept the office, but before the arrangements were completed for entering upon its duties, the necessities of California and the neglect of the late Administration to establish a Government in the Territory, (a neglect caused entirely by the injustice of the slave interest,) compelled the people to organize a State Constitution, and, under the regular Gov-

ernment, to ask admission to the Union. Fremont felt the deepest interest in this movement, and, although not a member of the Convention, exerted all his influence, and with decisive effect, to secure the exclusion of slavery from the Golden State with which both his fame and his future fortunes were so closely identified. He was consequently chosen the first Senator of the new State, and proceeded immediately to Washington to urge upon Congress the ready admission of the new State. His wife had only recently joined him, having crossed the Isthmus of Panama with one of the earliest companies of emigrants by that route, and being the first woman by whom that toilsome, long and arduous journey had been performed.

A SENATOR OF THE UNITED STATES.

Fremont was thirty-seven years of age when he was elected the first United States Senator from the State of California. It is foreign from our present object to detail the long controversy in Congress during the session of 1850, which kept California waiting at the door of the Union until the 9th of September, when he took the oath of office and his seat. Only three weeks of the session remained, but the young Senator made the most of his time by at once introducing about twenty bills, all carefully prepared, to complete the political organization of California, and extend to it all the benefits of our Federal Government—post-office, land system, preëmption, custom-house, public buildings, roads, education, peace with Indians, regulation of titles, adjustment of claims, working of mines, &c. His efforts were mostly successful. On the subject of Indians, mines and land titles, he evinced a thoroughness of information and a breadth of statesmanship that commanded great attention and respect. His masterly policy with regard to the mines, he thus expressed in his speech:

"The principles of this bill, as I have already stated them, are to exclude all idea of making a national revenue out of those mines, to prevent the possibility of monopolies by moneyed capitalists, and to give to natural capital—that is to say, labor and industry—a fair chance to work, and the secure enjoyment of what they find. To carry out these principles to their just results, all the details of the bill are carefully directed."

His votes on questions not connected with California were generally in concert with the Democratic Senators, to whose policy he was attached. On a futile motion of Governor Seward to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, he voted No, with Governor Baldwin, John Davis, Hamlin, Truman Smith and Winthrop. He also voted with them and the other free State Senators on all other amendments connected with the District. His vote helped to carry the clause in the navy bill to abolish the degrading practice of flogging in the navy. His general bearing and character as a Senator are thus described by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop in a late speech at Faneuil Hall, Boston. It is the more worthy of attention, as Mr. Winthrop is a zealous opposer of the election of Fremont to the Presidency, and also from the fact that he is almost the only political opponent who has had the magnanimity to avow, amid the excitements of the canvass, the same sentiments of personal respect which all honorable men were proud to avow before Fremont was a candidate. Mr. Winthrop said:

"For Mr. Fremont I entertain nothing but respect and esteem. Our seats were next to each other during his brief term in the Senate of the United States, and I was a witness to his intelligent and faithful service. Our homes in Washington were within a biscuit's throw of each other for a much longer period, and I can bear the most cordial testimony to the attractions and accomplishments of more than one of those beneath his roof. His scientific attainments and explorations have reflected the highest credit on his country as well as on himself."

He returned to California at the close of the session, and was prevented, by severe sickness, from taking his seat at the short session, when his term of service expired. In the meantime the administration of affairs in the State had fallen into new hands, the same which have lately brought it to anarchy, and Fremont's known hostility to slavery prevented his reelection. He therefore turned his attention successfully to his own affairs, the survey of his estate, and the business of a cattle-drover, in which latter business he executed an important contract of furnishing supplies of cattle for the pacification of the Indians, by order of Mr. G. W. Barbour, United States Commissioner.

THE EXPENSES OF THE CONQUEST.

No little perplexity has arisen out of the expedient which obvious public necessity impelled Fremont to employ for the subsistence of the forces by which the conquest of California was so gloriously achieved. The subject has been repeatedly before Congress. Fremont has exerted himself to the utmost to secure full justice toward the claimants, and the exact fulfillment of the contracts which he made in those exigencies, when almost as much depended on the securing of friendship among the people as upon the actual supplies they might furnish. The unavoidable delays incident to the prosecution of claims before Congress have been a source of great injustice in many cases, and the holders of claims have been obliged to sell

their interests to brokers, some of whom have resorted to sharp practice for their money. One of them was attended with some curious results.

In the Spring of 1852 some business connected with the Mariposa property took Colonel Fremont to Europe, where he spent nearly a year, chiefly at London and Paris, and where his fame as a savan and a discoverer secured him the most flattering attentions from many of the most eminent men of science and letters. One day, as he was getting into a carriage to go to the house of the American Embassador, he was arrested by a bailiff, and taken immediately to prison on a suit by the holders of some of the bills which he had drawn on the Government of the United States for supplies furnished to his forces in California. Of course the necessary bail was easily obtained the next day, and he only lay one night in the debtor's jail on account of the debts of the United States for California. But in preparing for the trial of the suit, it became necessary for the defense to obtain the testimony of the Hon. James Buchanan, who was Secretary of State of the United States during the whole of Mr. Polk's Administration, and therefore perfectly conversant with all the views of our Government on the whole affair of the acquisition of California, from the first confidential instructions to Fremont before he started, to the conclusion of the war and the subsequent arrangmements for the Territory. The testimony was taken in 1852 by a commission of American jurists, under authority of the seal of Sir James Parke, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. The bills in suit were drawn upon the Secretary of State. We give the most essential of Mr. Buchanan's answers to the questions of the Court:

* * * * * *

"Colonel Fremont, the defendant, was in California at the commencement of hostilities between the United States and the Republic of Mexico; he there raised and commanded a battalion of California volunteers, consisting of about 450 men; his services were very valuable—he bore a conspicuous part in the conquest of California, and, in my opinion, is better entitled to be called the 'Conqueror of California' than any other man; he continued in the actual command of this battalion throughout the month of March, 1847, but there were other troops in California—other troops of the United States—under the command of General Kearny, who was afterward the Military Commandant and Governor of California, as I have already stated in my answer to the eigth interrogatory; I cannot undertake to decide the dispute to which I have already referred, between Colonel Fremont and General Kearny, but as long as the California battalion existed they were under the separate and independent command of Colonel Fremont, while General Kearny commanded the other troops of the United States.

"I neither know nor believe that the defendant himself individually, or for his own private use or benefit, ever received any consideration for said bills, or any of them, and do not believe there was any consideration whatever for drawing or accepting of the same bills, or any or either of them, other than to procure supplies for the forces under his command in California.

* * * * * * *

"I should have accepted and paid these bills, from my general knowledge of things in California, had Congress appropriated any money and placed it at my disposal which could be applied to their payment, though it would have been more correct to have drawn these bills on the Secretary of War. I should have accepted and paid these bills and had them charged in account against Colonel Fremont, to be settled for at the general settlement of his accounts as Commander of the California battalion, had any such appropriation been made."

Mr. Buchanan now stands in the relation of the rival of Mr. Fremont for the Presidency, which gives additional value to his impartial testimony, given in other circumstances and under oath, with peculiar solemnity. His answers fully establish Fremont's integrity in his transactions, his right to draw the drafts on the Government, the reason why those drafts were not paid. the want of a specific appropriation, which was not made because no man could have anticipated the success of Fremont's movement; also, the estimate then entertained by the Government of the paramount value of Fremont's services in the acquisition of the Territory—"In my opinion is better entitled to be called the Conqueror of California than any other man."

Another important point is Mr. Buchanan's inability, in 1852, to decide as to the merits of the controversy between Colonel Fremont and General Kearny, which is a practical admission that the judgment of the Court-martial in 1849 was not deemed conclusive against Colonel Fremont, nor approved by the Administration and the Secretary of State, and when taken in connection with President Polk's restoration of his sword, and Taylor's appointment of him as Mexican Boundary Commissioner, shows that they believed him blameless in the whole matter.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

It is doubtful whether there is one of our public men who took an earlier or bolder stand in favor of this great enterprise. In his letter to Mr. Snyder, written in California, Dec. 11, 1850, and before his election as Senator. he declares himself fully and strongly "in favor of a central national railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean;" and proceeds to point out and delineate the proper route for such a road, as indicated by his own explorations, and to recommend "its immediate loca-

tion and speediest possible construction." He said:

"Its stupendous magnitude—the immense benefit which it will confer upon our whole country—the changes which it will operate throughout the Pacific Ocean and Eastern Asia—commingling together the European, American and Asiatic races—spreading indefinitely religious, social and political improvement—characterize it as the greatest enterprise of the age, and a great question proposed for the solution of the American people. There never has been presented an enterprise so calculated to draw together in its support all classes of society; and the perpetual and always increasing benefits which it will confer upon the human race in addition to the weighty national considerations, military, political and commercial, which more immediately concern us, call upon us for immediate and efficient action. Ardently in favor of the work, it follows of course that I am entirely satisfied of its practicability and believe fully in its ultimate and speedy construction. Many years of labor and exploration of the interior of our continent, and along a great part of the way the road will necessarily pass, have conclusively satisfied me not only of its entire practicability, but of extraordinary advantages offered for its construction."

He also addressed a long letter on the subject to a convention held in Philadelphia soon after his arrival at Washington, in 1850. At the close of the session of Congress in March, 1852, by the good management of Senator Chase, of Ohio, a large appropriation was made for the survey of three routes to the Pacific; and Colonel Fremont resolved to return from Europe and organize another expedition across the continent, for the purpose of completing his exploration in the mountains about the head-waters of the Rio Grande, which he confidently believed would prove the most feasible central route for the proposed road. He started from Westport, Oct. 22, 1853, and went straight to the point from which he had been so disastrously led astray by his guide in 1849; and on his return to Washington in the following Summer, he made a highly favorable statement in a letter to the National Intelligencer. He has barometrical observations and photographic views of the country, with other ample memoranda, both scientific and practical, of the country, and has since been occupied in reducing his journals to a proper form for publication, for which purpose he took up a temporary residence in this city a year and a half ago. Some of the incidents of the journey across the mountains have been detailed in a brief journal kept by Mr. Carvalho, the artist of the expedition, and published in Bigelow's Life of Fremont. In descending the Rocky Mountains on the west side, the party became involved in deep snows, where they wandered for nearly fifty days, enduring great privations, having consumed their provisions, until they were obliged to kill their horses for food, and to use this with great parsimony. But owing to the presence of their chief, his rigid discipline and impartial distribution of their scanty store, only one of the company gave out, and he died on the 7th of February, almost in sight of the Mormon settlement at Parawna. In crossing the Wahsatch Mountains on foot, Carvalho describes Colonel Fremont as at their head, "tramping a pathway for his men to follow; he, as well as the rest of the party, toward the last, entirely barefoot," but nothing could break his resolution, which carried them through in safety. Colonel Babbitt, the Secretary of Utah, who was on his way to Washington with dispatches and the United States mail, met the party on the 8th and urged him to abandon his survey, his party were so enfeebled, but he was resolved not to return without completing his survey. Babbitt reported in San Francisco that they would never get through; but about the first of May they came in alive, with all the results of the survey secured. He then gives the general impressions of his journey:

"It is clearly established that the Winter condition of the country constitutes no impediment, and from what has been said the entire practicability of the line will be as clearly inferred. A fuller account hereafter will comprehend detailed descriptions of the country, with their absolute and relative elevations, and show the grounds upon which the conclusions were based. They are contributed at this time as an element to aid the public in forming an opinion on the subject of the projected railway, and in gratification of my great desire to do something for its advancement. It seems a treason against mankind and the spirit of progress which marks the age to refuse to put this one completing link to our national prosperity and the civilization of the world. Europe still lies between Asia and America; build this railroad and things will have revolved about—America will lie between Asia and Europe; the golden vein which runs through the history of the world will follow the iron track to San Francisco, and the Asiatic trade will finally fall into its last and permanent road."

We cannot withhold an incident or two from Mr. Carvalho's journal:

THE SACRIFICE OF THE HORSES.

"At last we are drawn to the necessity of killing our brave horses for food. To-day the first sacrifice was made. It was with us all a solemn event; rendered far more solemn, however, by the impressive scene which followed. Colonel Fremont came out to us, and after referring to the dreadful necessities to which his men had been reduced on a previous expedition, of eating each other, he begged us to swear that in no extremity of hunger would any of his men lift his hand against or attempt to prey upon a comrade; sooner let him die with them than live upon them. They all promptly took the oath, and threatened to shoot the first one that hinted or proposed such a thing.

"It was a most impressive scene to witness twenty-two men, on a snowy mountain, with bare heads, and hands and eyes upraised to Heaven, uttering the solemn vow,

'So help me God!'—and the valley echoed, 'So help me God!' I never until that moment realized the awful situation in which I was placed. I remembered the words of the Psalmist, and felt perfectly assured of my final safety. They *wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way*; they found *no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty their soul fainteth within them, and they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.*"

ENCOUNTER WITH UTAH INDIANS.

"On these occasions Colonel Fremont never showed himself, which caused the Indians to have considerable more respect for the Great Captain, as they usually called him; nor did he ever communicate directly with them, which gave him time to deliberate, and lent a mysterious importance to his messages.

"Very much alarmed, I entered Colonel Fremont's lodge, and told him their errand and their threats. He at once expressed his determination not to submit to such imposition, and at the same time laughed at their threats. I could not comprehend his calmness. I deemed our position most alarming, surrounded as we were by armed savages, and I evidently betrayed my alarm in my countenance. Colonel Fremont, without apparently noticing my nervous state, remarked that he knew the Indian character perfectly, and he did not hesitate to state that there was not sufficient powder to load a single rifle in the possession of the whole tribe of Utahs. 'If,' continued he, 'they had had any ammunition, they would have surrounded and massacred us, and stolen what they now demand and are parleying for.' I at once saw that it was a most sensible deduction, and gathered fresh courage, the general aspect of the enemy was at once changed; and I listened to his directions in a very different frame of mind than when I entered. He tore a leaf from his journal, and handing it to me, said: 'Here, take this, and place it against a tree, at a distance near enough to hit it every time. Discharge your Colt's navy six-shooters; fire at intervals of ten to fifteen seconds, and call the attention of the Indians to the fact that it is not necessary for white men to load their arms.' I did so. After the first shot they pointed to their own rifles, as much as to say they could do the same (if they had happened to have the powder). I, without lowering my arm, fired a second shot; this startled them. I discharged it a third time; their curiosity and amazement was increased; the fourth time I placed the pistol in the hands of the chief, and told him to discharge it, which he did, hitting the paper and making another impression of the bullet. The fifth and sixth times two other Indians exploded it; having discharged the sixth, it was time to replace it in my belt. I had another one ready loaded, which I dexterously substituted, and scared them into the acknowledgment that they were all at our mercy, for we could kill them as fast as we liked if we were so disposed. After this exhibition, they forgot their first demand, but proposed to exchange some of their horses for blankets. We effected a trade for three or four apparently sound, strong animals—which, in a few days, proved utterly worthless, having gone so lame that we had to kill them for food. The Indians asked to remain in camp, as it was then near dark, and they had ridden thirty miles. Colonel Fremont assented, but on this occasion eleven men were on guard at one time, all armed. The Indians, who no doubt waited in our camp to run our horses off during the night, were much disappointed in not having an opportunity. They quietly departed next morning, while our whole camp listened to the energetic exclamation of Colonel Fremont, that the 'Price of safety is eternal vigilance.'"

Of the present position of Colonel Fremont as a candidate for the Presidency at the election just about to take place, we have no occasion to speak:

[From Bigelow's Life of Colonel Fremont.]

Colonel Fremont is now but forty-three years of age. Though in the prime of life, he is already eminent. Before he was thirty he had enrolled his name among the most eminent explorers and geographers, and had given it to the rivers and the mountains and the productions of the soil, which he was the first to explore. Before he was thirty-five he had emancipated an empire from Mexican tyranny, and was unanimously elected its Governor by those whom he had delivered. When but thirty-seven he was elected to the highest legislative dignity in the American Republic; and within the last year his earlier distinctions have been thrown into comparative obscurity by his selection as the national champion of freedom and civilization in the approaching Presidential election. His nomination at Philadelphia on the 19th of June, gave symmetry and completeness to a career which is more commended by its results to the American people than that of any man, at his years, whom the country has produced.

Colonel Fremont is about five feet nine inches high, slight and sinewy in his structure, but gracefully proportioned and eminently prepossessing in his personal appearance. His eyes are blue and very large, his nose aquiline, his forehead, over which his brown curling hair is parted at the center, is high and capacious. He never shaves, but wears his beard neatly trimmed.

His head as well as person are strikingly symmetrical, and indicate the compact strength and symmetry of character which he has displayed through life. The hight of his head above the ears also reveals the elevation of his sentiments and the general benevolence and purity of his nature.

COURT SCENE IN THE BACK-WOODS.

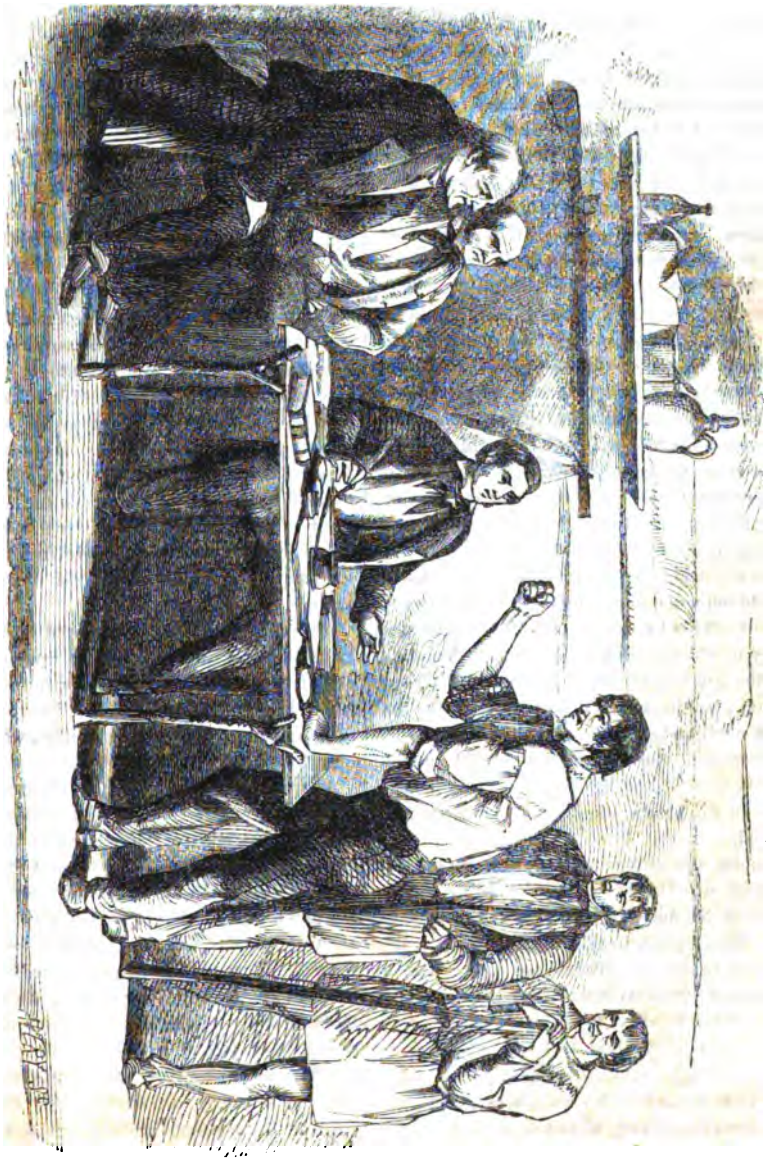
The following sketch of the proceedings at the opening of the first Court in Greene County, Ohio, is interesting, as exhibiting the striking contrast between the humble beginnings of the early settlers of that State, and the "go-aheadiveness" of the present generation.

As late as 1850 there stood, about five miles west of Xenia, on the Dayton road, or near it, a log cabin, which it is hardly worth while to describe, as it was similar to all log cabins in its exterior appearance; indeed, there was nothing about it worthy of note, except that it was the first Court-house of Greene County. Here, in 1803, on the 10th of May, met William Maxwell, Benj. Whiteman and James Barret, Associate Judges, and John Paul, clerk, to organize the Court, lay out the county into townships, and transact some other necessary business connected with the interest of their constituents. At that time the cabin was owned by Peter Borders. It was built by General Benjamin Whiteman, one of the Judges, and was located near the cabin of one Owen Davis—a brave Indian fighter, and a fine specimen of his class,

who had erected a mill and settled down to the utilitarian occupation of grinding corn for the good people of Greene County and its environs.

The next meeting of the Court was held on the 2d of August, for the trial of causes, with Francis Dunlary for Presiding Judge, and Daniel Simons, Prosecuting Attorney. Of course there was quite a collection of the neighboring *gentry*, who, although they had no especial business to call them there, had nevertheless come to "tend Court." There was the hunter, in his buckskin shirt and leggings, leaning on his rifle, which had done him good service in many an emergency; the farmer, in his homespun suit, who had come to meet his neighbors, and learn the news; the Yankee, with his barrel of corn-stalk whisky mounted on an ox-sled, out of which he retailed the liquid poison at "fore-pen-sappency a glass;" besides numerous idlers, of no particular business or desire, except to kill time and see the fun; for "Court," in those days, was a scene of as much animation and boisterous mirth as the "militia training" of a somewhat later date in the New England States.

The accommodations were rather limited and



OTEN DAYS GAMING OUT DOWN BOSTONS.

uncouth. The cabin consisted of one room, and that was only about twelve by fourteen feet, and in that space were crowded four Judges, the clerk, prosecuting attorney, twelve jurors, and as many spectators as could conveniently find standing room. The seats for the Judges were three-legged stools; the desk was of puncheons, supported on four crotched sticks driven into the ground, and the balance of the furniture was in keeping.

The roll of Judges was called, the grand jurors were called and sworn, the clerk, acting as crier, had pronounced the talismanic "Oyez! oyez! oyez! all persons having business with this Court, sitting in and for the body of Greene County," &c., three times, the Jury were duly charged to take cognizance of all matters antagonistic to the peace of Greene County, and had "retired out of Court" to the Grand Jury room, which was a little squat-shaped pole hut about a rod from the main building, where accommodations were provided for them. So far so good. But here an unexpected and unfortunate dilemma stopped the wheels, and the purveyors of justice could go no further, for there was no business to do. They were not permitted to remain in this quandary long, however, for their constituents immediately took the matter in hand, and decided that it would not do for the Court to adjourn for want of business. It would be a disgrace upon the county not to be thought of for a moment, and they proceeded to carve out work for the Grand Jury and their honors, the Judges, by entering into divers fights, at fisticuffs, off-hand. No doubt the whisky barrel had its influence in setting these social contests on foot. This by way of parenthesis, however, for we would not think for a moment of impugning the sobriety of the inhabitants of Greene County; but be that as it may, certain it is that black eyes, and other accompaniments of such amusements, were rather plentiful during "Court time;" and the Jury found no lack of work to do before the time for adjournment arrived.

Among the combatants on this interesting occasion was Owen Davis, who, being a near neighbor of, and intimately acquainted with, their Honors, felt bound to give them a fair start in business. Owen, moreover, was at home, and felt great interest for the honor and credit of the locality, to maintain which he determined to be the first to carve out business for the Court. He consequently essayed a quarrel with some of his neighbors, but finding his prowess not likely to be put to the test upon those who, knowing, feared it, he tried a Warren County man, who had attended Court to see the fun, and in this effort he was more successful; for this individual was not proof against Owen's epithets, and being somewhat a stranger, felt obligated to sustain his character. Owen stigmatized him as a "speculator in pork," or, in other words, a hog-stealer. This was too much to stand, and a challenge was the result. In a few minutes a ring was cleared, and at it they went in true knock-down and drag-out style. "A fight! a fight!" was echoed from mouth to mouth, and all gathered about the combatants to see fair play. Even the Grand Jury was not proof against the excitement, and left their Jury-room to witness the sport. Finally, after some rough work, Owen was declared victor, and, shaking himself like a dog on leaving the water, and repairing to the Court-room, he took out his buckskin purse, which he threw upon the table, and, addressing Whiteman, one of the Judges, said: "There, Ben, I've whipped that d—d hog thief!—what's the damage—what's to pay?" And doubling up his fist and shaking it at him, he continued: "Yes, Ben, and if you was to steal a hog, d—n you, I'd whip you too!" He doubtless thought it best to pay up as he went along, and know how expensive it was; for as his stock of money was limited, fighting might prove to be too great a luxury to indulge in. His case was referred to the Grand Jury, who had returned to their quarters, and who made out a presentment of Owen's case, which was immediately tried, and he was fined eight dollars. He paid the fine like a man, and thought it was cheap enough.

Nine other cases were presented by the Jury, all for fighting after the Court was organized, and in every case the parties, pleading guilty, were fined, "according to law," various sums, ranging from three to eight dollars, which they likewise paid.

The Court, after disposing of these cases, engaged in granting licenses, and among the first granted was one to Peter Borders, to keep a tavern at his house, on the payment of four dollars, together with all legal fees. So that our log cabin has the honor of being the first inn, as well as the first Court-house, of Greene County. Perhaps the Court was a little interested in granting this license. Like old Jack Falstaff, they might like to "take their own ease at their inn."

After arranging this important business to their own entire satisfaction, the Court adjourned, having been in session three days.

MUSIC.

BY MARY FORREST.

THE blind boy asks—

"What is it? and where does it dwell?

The densely curtained windows of his soul admit no light; yet he is told that there are tranquil stars in the blue above him—God's goldenly written poem to the universe—and that the sun and moon give form and color and expression to the objects by which he is surrounded; so, when he hears music, he fancies that outside of himself those tender and mournful notes have a form and significance revealed by the light. But we are all blind listeners. No one can grasp the delicious phantom of sound. Light cannot find what is formless and void. We all cry—

"What is it? and where does it dwell?"

And only liquid echoes come mockingly back to us.

We involuntarily shut our eyes while we listen to music. They are not only incapable of detecting its mysterious outlines, but the seeing sense crosses and confuses the hearing sense. We darken our eyes to quicken our ears. If we do not see the mechanical attendants and trappings of melody, the enchanting spirit passes the portal of the soul unchallenged, hushing its tumult, or stirring its still waters at will.

Who has not felt the power of music, and vainly sought out the distinct elements of its holy and strange fascination?

Very earnestly must Saul, the demon-haunted king, have questioned, "What is it?" when the mellow harp of the shepherd boy wooed him so gently from his gloom to find the black spirit gone out and an angel sitting in its place.

The favorite Greek legend of Orpheus enchanting the wild beasts and the trees and rocks of Olympus, with the golden lyre of Apollo, is a beautiful illustration of the intense power of harmonious sounds as felt and acknowledged since

"Music, heavenly maid, was young."

All the poets have sung to this divinity; crime-stained and hardened men have wept under its influence, and the hearts of dear innocent children have been stirred by it to a painful rapture that left them half in terror. I remember that once, during a visit at the house of a friend, a pale, spiritual boy prayed his mother, with the good-night kiss, not to sing any more songs when he had gone to his bed, for the sounds made his heart ache, and he could not sleep. Beautiful boy! He did not know that it was the voice of unembodied beauty—the whisper of an angel—the sign of a great unutterable, that made his sensitive soul quiver. The frail finite could not bear the thrillings of the infinite. Something in kind must have been felt by Jean Paul Richter when he said of music—"Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which, in all my endless life, I have found not, and shall not find."

There is every variety of music, and every heart leaps at its own particular quality and style of harmony. I own to a spell in the sorrowful refrain of the whip-poor-will, and the thin, regretful cry of the cricket; in the rustling of leaves when Autumn is trailing her gorgeous robes through the woods. I love a simple, soul-sung ballad, and there is a holy grandeur in the pealing organ and anthem; but I am never so surrounded and pavilioned with the subtle enchantment of music as when listening to a fine opera. Though I understand no word that is uttered, there is a language in each pure, flexible solo, and wild, undulating chorus, that appeals to my inmost soul. No other music so hovers over and broods down upon—so lifts and depresses me.

Music is an all-pervading element—an indispensable quality in the

"Pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

There is a strange inspiriting power in martial music.

"The neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,"

have led many a brave boy—many a noble heart, in the full, rich robe of manhood, to the cannon's mouth and a pitiless doom. And this is glory.

Among legions of street organs, there is occasionally one that grinds out a sweet and balmy strain, that reaches the heart; but, for the most part, they are fairly represented and immortalized in Holmes' inimitable poem:

"You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of sentiment,
And dock the tail of rhyme,
To crack the voice of melody,
And break the legs of time."

There is a mellow pathos in the tones of the flute that thrills along our purest memories and stirs the fountain of tears. Alcibiades proved himself wanting in a fine susceptibility of harmony when he pronounced flute-playing a mean art, and caused it to be banished from among the profuse accomplishments of his time, because it monopolized the mouth and breath and precluded the possibility of simultaneous

speaking. It was not only an insult to the lyric muse, Euterpe, whose attribute is a flute, but a direct insult to the great absorbing spirit of melody, whose office-work it is to charm us into a rapt silence.

There is music in the voice of a true nobility. A refined and regal soul must needs utter itself in music. The great thought and its choice setting must be evolved in sounds harmonious, or the beautiful unity and completeness is destroyed.

> "The cadences of voices, that are tuned
> By majesty and purity of thought,"

are closely linked to the finer modulations of angelic utterance.

Love is a universal harmonizer. There is ever a deep stealing sweetness in the voice of one we love. The roughest intonation catches a kind of persuasive euphony when it is made the vehicle of tenderness. We speak the name of the beloved in softest contralto, as we would talk low to the gods.

> "Oh! sooner shall the rose of May
> Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
> And to some meaner minstrel's lay
> Open her bosom's glowing vail,
> Than love shall ever doubt a tone,
> A breath of the beloved one!"

> "Love's tongue, as sweet and musical
> As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair."

Nature's harp has its million strings, and Nature's voice its unnumbered cadences. The pattering rain is Nature's soft lullaby. The elfish whistle of Boreas is a weird soprano, and the rolling thunder a magnificent bass in the grand choral song of the universe. The soul of music within us thrills ever to the soul of music without. This undefinable something lies coiled in the deeper mystery of being, and will be revealed only in its solution.

New York, September, 1856.

A BALLAD OF BEDLAM.

The following sip from London "Punch" is much better to *take* than the general *run* of Laura Matilda's small beer:

> O, lady, wake! the azure moon
> Is rippling in the verdant skies,
> The owl is warbling his soft tune,
> Awaiting but thy snowy eyes
> The joys of future years are past,
> To-morrow's hopes have fled away;
> Still let us love, and e'en at last,
> We shall be happy yesterday.
>
> The early beam of rosy night
> Drives off the ebon morn afar,
> While through the murmur of the light
> The huntsman winds his mad guitar.
> Then, lady, wake! my brigantine
> Pants, neighs, and prances to be free;
> Till the creation I am thine,
> To some rich desert fly with me.

Editor's Studio.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

Hume rejected all testimony, however complete, that attempted to establish the truth of anything counter to human experience, and he makes this experience to consist entirely of facts relating to our external existence. The more delicate and subtile experiences of the internal life were ranked among the chimeras of a disordered imagination.

We know the sun has risen every day for thousands and thousands of years, and therefore we safely predict it will rise in the same way for ages to come. This kind of reasoning is the so-much vaunted argument of human experience. It presupposes an eternal fixedness—an everlasting repetition of the same thing in the same way—whereas even our system of sun and planets is moving onward in the vast plain of the universe, leaving suns and stars behind us, that we may enter the vistas of new worlds and brighter constellations. With this new physical experience must come to the mind and soul of man a corresponding enlargement of the spiritual experience, so that what was truth a thousand years ago may be only relatively so in our day. This iron argument, so utterly material, cuts off all progress. Men should never advance—should never admit anything as true which had not the sanction of all the past ages. It is the iron band upon the human brow, pressing in upon the brain, and holding it to a limited growth, excluding light and development, and keeping man to a bondage of ideas, more goading than the bondage of the body.

Under this hard materialism there is no enlargement of thought, and no aspiration of soul. Man is no better than a machine moving forever in the same plane. He is subject to a round of ever recurring change, but always within a given limit. He is a creature such as the poets have been wont to conceive as gnomes of the mine or spirits of the air, Ariels or Calibans, but not onward, far-seeing, heaven-reaching intelligences.

The argument of Hume is more specious than convincing. Our state is not fixed to an ever-recurring round of undeviating experiences. The external world is meliorated yearly by the conditions of human spiritual beings. From our past experience of printing, or of lightning, no one would ever have predicted the telegraph. Our experiences are every day as seemingly miraculous as any re-

corded in the sacred books. To the man who lived fifty years ago the locomotive or the telegraph would have been a miracle could it have been suddenly revealed to him. When we are deeper in the arcana of life and nature what is called a miracle may be found to be but a simple and beautiful development of hidden forces.

The whole law of our being is onward, onward. We all stretch forth hands to the Infinite—we lean away to the eternal—we long with an ever unslacked thirst for those hidden fountains of everlasting truth, of which the few who have partaken have never died, but live on in human hearts, remembered with an undying love.

The great command to worship God, without sign or form—the unseen, eternal spirit, and no created idol, is based upon this very ground of an abstract idea, which the mind of man is able to conceive, and intimates also the growth of that mind. Did not the mind of man grow in the progress of the ages, the dumb idol of the Heathen would be as significant now as it was to the mind of the Brittain or the Gaul three thousand years ago, and is to this day to the mind of the South Sea Pagan. But men outgrow this material symbolism, and therefore were from the first forbidden to worship anything but the abstract, unseen spirit, over all and in all. Man was to worship the Infinite, for to worship less than this was to limit the soul.

The child wonders and pines to know what is beyond the girdle of hills which skirt his horizon—it is the germ of the unlimited soul within him, the instinctive human longing for that which is beyond his present experience, the spark of the Infinite within him struggling for space.

The age demands that we look beyond the material to a more internal experience for the basis of many truths absolutely essential to the well being of the race. All arguments based upon a denial of this must eventually fall into contempt. The unseen world is as real, as tangible, and as all-pervading as the one which we see by the external sense, and we can no more cast aside the one than the other.

OUR POLITICAL PORTRAITS.

For months past, during the exciting political campaign now so near its close, we have been giving our readers portraits and biographies of many of our most prominent political men, including those of all the candidates of the principal parties for President and Vice-President. As a fitting close to this campaign series, we present in the present number of our Magazine the portraits and brief biographies of two prominent New York editors—Horace Greeley, of the Tribune, and James Gordon Bennett, of the Herald. Independent of the wide field which these two editors and their journals fill in public observation, there seems to be a fitness in thus placing them in juxtaposition at the present time, from the fact that now, after many years of most bitter warfare against each other, they have been marshalling their forces under the same banner in this great battle of the Presidency, fighting gallantly in the same ranks, and wielding their trenchant blades against a common foe. This union of their forces, however, we should remark, seems to be confined to national politics, for in the canvass for the State and city elections they support different candidates. And whether their personal relations have been in any considerable degree changed we have no means of knowing. It is said they have recently breakfasted together at a leading hotel in the city, but whether by accident or design we are not informed. The occasion furnished a subject for illustration to one of the city pictorials, (Frank Leslie's,) from which we copy the subjoined remarks:

No two men connected with journalism in this country have occupied a larger share of public attention than the editors of the Herald and Tribune. They are both of the same genus, the one a wily New Englander of Scottish origin, and the other an out-and-out cannie Scotchman; upon foundations so similar, you can build all that is eminently practical, all that is positively ideal, all that is good and all that is bad. No two men, in the course of their editorial career, have been more consistent, and yet no two have varied more from their original intention, and this will be admitted if we examine the present tone 'and manners' of both papers, and refer to their peculiarities in times past. Heretofore the great leading idea of these journalists has been *to differ*. One has been Anti-Slavery, the other Pro-Slavery; one was Whig, the other Democratic; one was for Protection, the other for Free-Trade; one defending the Puritans, the other affecting a love for the Cavalier; one was encouraging all sorts of social reforms, the other satisfied with things as they are, one going for temperance, the other against all sumptuary laws; in short, it is proverbial that let one paper take a bold stand in favor of any man or principle, the other paper was bound to ridicule the man and denounce the principle, and so it has continued, with little exception, up almost to the present time. A new interest is just now thrown around these gigantic combatants, from the fact that they have for the moment come in conjunction and work side by side.

"But while these editors affiliate in political sentiments, another wonderful phenomenon has taken place: Bennett and Greeley have gone through the ceremony of a personal introduction, and the town is electrified with the fact. For years they have been neighbors, fellow-citizens—for years they have been educating the people to

dislike them both, for years not a personal fault possessed by either but has been dragged into daylight and held up for commiseration and scorn. At last they meet, nod a formal recognition and go moodily into the discussion of breakfast. The event transpired upon the morning of the last day of September, 1856. The sun was behind clouds, the heavens were filled with murky drapery, which occasionally wept tears upon our mother earth; the place of meeting was the Everett House—the grand tableau, at the moment of the most interest, has been most happily sketched by our artist. We have no record of the conversation which ensued, but we have reason to believe, however, that neither was in a communicative mood, and although for the moment brought together by the force of circumstances, still their meeting must have been irksome, for there can be no real affiliation between 'diabolism,' and 'vegetables vivified.' For the time being these two eccentric stars, after traveling for years in mutually distant regions of space, have come together, but it is a conjunction such as comets make when they cross the orbits of other planets, a touch and go as it were, to mark a new flight of divergence, a new existence of years of separation If any sharp-sighted seer had been bold enough a few months ago to announce that any attraction could gravitate these men together, even for an hour, he would have been morally stoned in our streets, and been emphatically without honor and without profit. Together they have come, however, and as an intellectual battle which can be viewed from a safe distance, it affords food for the mind to witness how differently they make their assaults upon the common foe, and, even while engaged in the same battle, how each stop in the contest to annoy one another with offensive missiles, and turn their gleaming weapons threateningly in mutual destruction. It is the French and English armies in the Crimea of politics; while the enemy is in sight the alliance may have efficiency, but once conquered, or no longer offensive, old traditions, old hates, old ambitions will again be in the ascendancy, and the hopeless yet mutual struggle for supremacy will again begin.

THE CHILD.

"Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given, and he shall be called Wonderful, Councilor, Prince of Peace." Such should be the song of exultation and joy when the new world opens upon one of these waifs of Paradise; when an ark, freighted with eternal destinies, is launched upon the shores of this beautiful earth, and intrusted to human guidance.

Wonderful is the child; wonderful in its mechanism—a microcosm of the universe, dormant in its rosy slumbers. As if the white-winged angels had borne it tenderly from the inner spheres through the ivory gates of life, and laid it asleep upon a human heart. And now it will be watched with untiring love, and its little wail be more potent than the blast of a trumpet—its first smile will be more cherished than all the "wit that has ever set the table in a roar." Every house has its little child, yet the revelation is always new, always primeval, always Eden-like. Indeed, every married pair should be Eden-dwellers, lying asleep in fresh, beautiful bowers, canopied by the wings of angels and archangels—soothed by lulling waters and sweet birds, with a clear, heavenly note falling now and then upon the ear, and we know it comes adown the celestial hights.

The great, dusty, evil city is no place for the holiness of love—no receptacle for the tabernacle of the most high, which every household should present. There is no room there for the heavenly incense—no space for the sweet laugh of the child, or the tender graces of maid, wife, or woman, and manhood is shorn of his beams, and walks forth with a hard materialism upon him, bereft of all the semblance of a God.

Councilor of wondrous wisdom is the child to the truth-loving parent, willing to sit at the feet of this living oracle, taught of God, and who has not as yet forgotten the celestial arcana; and whose eyes gleam with a supernal brightness—whose lips murmur in unknown tongues;

"Whose exterior semblance doth belie
The soul's immensity;
This best philosopher, who yet doth keep
This heritage—this eye curing the blind—
That, deaf and silent, readest the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind.
Mighty prophet! seer blest,
On whom these mighty truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find—
In darkness lost—the darkness of the grave—
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by.
Thou, little child! yet glorious in the night
Of Heaven-born freedom on thy being's hight,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have its earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life."

These words of the poet are not extravagant to him who receiveth reverently a little child; whose arms first enfold the only creature "unspotted from the world," and who has talked with the angels, and who has thus received the nearest revelation of God to man. Blessed, indeed, is that child whose

"Mother brought him forth
Under the apple tree,"

which, in a mystic sense, corresponds to the best affections of love and friendship. Very harmonious will such child be—a Prince of Peace.

The first thing that arrests our attention in the aspect of the child is its tone of authority, its air of command. It looks around like a king. It points here and there for contributions. Nothing is beyond its reach; even the

moon is not too high. It tries everything with foot and hand, and tooth and nail. It will know what it all means. It will not be put off, and kicks and screams lustily for that which is denied it. The earth is subordinate to him—he feels and knows his own mastery. He clings to the finger with a grip prophetic of his hold upon life and destiny.

The child is never a born slave. He may be made one—a poor idiotic chattel, a miserable time-server, a petty coward, a servile parasite—made one or all of these by his own imbecility, or the cupidity of another, but the new-born child, fresh from the creative touch of a free-loving God, is a very king, whether he sprawl in the grass by the way-side, or crawl out under the low portal of the slave cabin, or be nurtured amid the enervating luxuries of a fashionable hot-bed; everywhere the young child is regal. We may blame, coerce, abuse and oppress the child till he grows servile as the meanest man or woman among us, but it is our own perversion, it is our work, not the work of God that has made him so.

The whole aspect of the child is royal, brave. Its movements betray surprise, curiosity, alertness, but no fear till we have made him cowardly. He is full of faith, believes all things, trusts all things, till the experience of the treachery and falsehood of those about him takes from him this ambrosia of the heavenly bowers, and he, in place of the divine manna, eats the dead-sea fruitage of our lying lips and deceitful hearts.

The child is an early and defiant questioner. It is a rebel to custom from the first. It cares nothing for the proprieties; Nature asserts herself without let or hindrance in the child; she is broad and significant, and says: "My way is thus and thus, but I have planted deep in the heart of the child beautiful germs, which will spring up and bear lovely fruitage unless you, by your sordidness and corruption, and indolence and selfishness, mar and hinder the growth of these seeds which I plant in all hearts."

The first cries of the child are those of the wild animal calling for its instinctive rights. It has no tears now, any more than the young lion has tears. Tears, the terrible testimony to wrong, come only when the sovereign nature of the child has been outraged. Tears are the language of impediment.

When it begins to taste the bitterness of unsatisfied desire, and feel the coercion of a will stronger than its own, or the crush of cruel vindictive force, then tears are distilled at the benign labyrinths of nature to save the child from the madness of fever. It is met at the very threshold of life with impediment, which it strives with giant force to overcome, and kicks and screams, and redness of the face are as yet all the weapons at command for this lord of the material.

When the young master is declared intolerable, the mother cries and coaxes, frets and slaps, and the father, with a desperate malice, beats the child into submission, till, ere long, he is that poor, mean, subservient little scoundrel whom dull people praise as the good boy, and hold up as a model for good children. When a child has reached this pitch of degradation he is utterly lost. The human child, alive with impulse, ready for all that is bright and stirring, and health-giving, has given place to a poor, artificial snob, who, ten to one, will betray his friend, cheat his father, and abuse his wife, when he is old enough to do all these things in a worldly, decorous, safe way.

The child has the whole world to learn, and the hardest lesson to him is the learning that his own will is not as good as that of another. He sees no reason why he should not do his will, as well as those about him. A wholesome subordination is a hard lesson to all of us. It is a lesson over-learned by most of persons. Men and women are as little willing to walk royally as if they were what we are called in pulpits—only in metaphor, we trust—"poor, miserable worms of the dust."

The child resists your authority over him to the last. He knows of no law but that of love. He has been from the first taught of God, and God is love. He springs to your knee with smiles and kisses, for his whole soul responds to your look of tenderness, and he turns regally aside when you call him with a harsh tone of voice. You may kill out these fine instincts if you will, but the day of retribution will come to cover your face with shame, and fill your heart with remorse. You may beat him like a slave, you may confine him in cellars and garrets, and closets, as thousands of well-meaning but unwise persons do, and in return you may break down the fine forces of the child, or, if he be one of the more powerful representatives of our humanity, he will go forth from you hardened in heart and brutalized in aspect.

The strong passions of the child are so many elements of power, which may send him forth a sturdy champion for all that is noblest and best, a clear-sighted Hampden, a democratic Cromwell, or an inspired Milton. These forces, rightly directed, are the levers to remove moun-

tains of error and prejudice, and evil and oppression in the world.

HANDVERTS.

The charters which the ancient Dutch and Flemish Burghers extracted from their unwilling sovereigns as security for their rights, were called "Handverts," because the King made them fast with his own hand. In this way they were bonds or contracts, to be observed in good faith, like any contract signed between private individuals. To break these Handverts, or to annul, ignore or suppress them, was a violation of faith, unworthy of a king as it would be unworthy of a private merchant. The people have found it more difficult to hold potentates to their pledges than each other. A betrayal of trust from the time of Judas to Charles I of England, and down to the atrocious repeal of the Missouri Compromise, by which the North has been betrayed, has always been regarded as a crime of deeper turpitude than all others; but to the people themselves must be awarded the merit of having taught this wholesome lesson to rulers. All power must come from the people, moral as well as political. When the moral sense of the people is so enlightened that they lay down and assert a code of political good faith, the revolution is complete, and the people truly may be said to govern.

PROGRESS.

Once the servant of God went out by the wayside and preached the gospel needed by blind, suffering humanity under the blue vault of Heaven, and men came to him with open hearts and attentive ears as to a divine oracle. The early Christians did not wait for splendid temples to be built before they could expound the Heavenly oracles; but by the mountain side, under the solemn stars, in the deep recesses of wood or valley, or in the gloomy caverns, called together those who would come and learn of the truth.

John Wesley went out to the disheartened operative and the sooty miner, and to a multitude of twenty thousand lifted up his voice like a trumpet in the ears of the people. These men spoke with an earnestness and unction which drew men to hear; a great power went forth of these men, and the world was made better through them.

No need to advertise for hearers; there were no empty churches if the man of God, turning aside from the great temple of Nature, chose to speak in temple made with hands.

How is it now? How is it with the church when every Saturday sees our papers with a long string of advertisements stating that the the Rev. Mr. —— and the Rev. Dr. So and So will preach here and there, as the case may be, in the same way that a star actor or actress is advertised, or a new prima donna, or tenor? Where is the magnetism of the great mind and full heart, and the overflowing soul in God's service, when all the clap-trap of the papers and all the prestige of theological honors must be put in requisition in order to call men together for the knowledge and worship of God?

Do not these things tell, plain as any words can tell, that

"There is something rotten in Denmark?"

A PEEP AT THE PICTURE.

On our way to our studio one morning we observed the sidewalk impeded by a large number of persons, who seemed attracted by a frame containing some work of art, which the people were eagerly viewing, coming and going, and peering over the shoulders of each other. We saw upon the face of each as they went on their way an expression not only of interest, but of deep sadness. "What can have moved these people thus," we inwardly asked; for they were all artisans, of both sexes, and mostly foreigners.

Observing a stout Irish woman leave the group with her apron at one eye, and her broad cheerful face expressive of a new and unwonted grief, we asked what it all meant.

"Indade, and ye shall see," she said, elbowing the crowd right and left, so that we could have the privilege of a peep. "Ye see what it is; it's Washington, it is, the brave boy, prayin' his prayers in the snow."

Yes, it was the rudest of rude engravings, colored in the highest possible coloring, representing Washington at Valley Forge. There was the great man upon his knees in the deep snow, with the bare branches of the trees hanging densely above, while to the right was a rude tent and camp fire, around which the half-naked and bare-foot soldiers were assembled. It was a wild, graphic picture—broad cast and strong, such as the people in their roughest aspect could understand; and there it stood upon a barrel, and these children of toil went and came to do homage to the great idea which it was meant to represent, namely, a kingly man above selfishness and any meanness of ambition, and a people struggling with a death gripe for their rights. It is thus that the poor Celt and the heavy German, and the thousands of un-

tutored children of other climes, learn the rudiments of our history, and imbibe a reverence for our institutions. The rude picture of Washington at Valley Forge, placed upon a barrel by the wayside, conveyed a lesson better than any sermon to the class it addressed.

A GLANCE ALL ROUND.

AFFAIRS in Europe are not well settled, notwithstanding all the great powers signed a treaty of peace at Paris on the 30th of March, and agreed to "bury the hatchet." The form of government for the Danubian Provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia is a knotty question yet to be settled, and for which the Congress of Embassadors is again to be convened. Russia still occupies the Isle of Serpents at the mouth of the Danube, against the strong remonstrance of the British Government. More than this, the Russian bear has lately uttered a growl that has startled all Europe. The young Emperor seems inclined to prove to the world that he has "a backbone." He announces himself as the champion for "the divine right of kings," big and little. No matter how small the kingdom, or how despotic, cruel, or inhuman the ruler, his motto is,

"A king's a king for a' that,"

and nobody shall be allowed to meddle with him, do what he may.

The despotism, cruelties and crimes of the King of Naples have excited the indignation and horror of the world. Public sentiment in England, especially, demanded some demonstration to check such inhuman despotism, and it has been announced that a formidable British fleet would shortly appear in a menacing attitude in the Bay of Naples. Whereupon the French Emperor, jealous of any separate movement of England, announced that he also should send a fleet of equal force to the Bay of Naples, indicating that no pie should be cut in the Italian States unless he had a finger in it. But here the Russian bear growls, and says: Let the King of Naples alone—don't you see he's a King? "In the exercise of his incontestable rights of sovereignty, he governs his subjects as he thinks proper." The attitude assumed by the Emperor of Russia is explained in a circular addressed by Prince Gortschakoff to the diplomatic agents of Russia at the foreign courts. This circular is a matter of such grave importance that we think it worth while to place the most significant portions of it on record, as follows:

"As to the Kingdom of Naples, if the question is not to find a remedy, it appears to us that it is time to seek a means of prevention. The King of Naples is the object of a pressure, not because his Majesty may have transgressed any one of the engagements imposed on him by treaties with foreign courts, but because, in the exercise of his incontestable rights of sovereignty, he governs his subjects as he thinks proper.

"We can understand that in consequence of a friendly predisposition, one Government might offer to another advice inspired by kind interest, and that this advice might even assume the character of exhortation, but we think that that is the extreme limit, at which it ought to stop. Less than ever is it now permitted in Europe to forget that sovereigns are equals among themselves; and that it is not extent of territory, but the sanctity of the rights of each, which regulates the relations which exist between them. To wish to obtain from the King of Naples concessions as to the internal *regime* of his States by threatening demonstrations, is to wish to govern in his place, and to proclaim the right of the strong over the weak.

"It is needless for us to point out to you the opinion expressed by our august master on such pretensions. His Majesty entertains a hope that they will not be put in practice; and he is the more strongly imbued with this hope, as it is also the doctrine which the states, where the principles of political liberty are the more fully developed, have always advanced. It is, in fact, their profession of faith. You will be careful, whenever the two questions above alluded to are started at the place of your residence, to allow of no doubt being entertained as to the opinion of our august master on the subject. This frankness naturally proceeds from the system which the Emperor has adopted from the moment he ascended the throne, and this system is not unknown to you.

"The Emperor wishes to live in good harmony with all Governments, and his Majesty thinks that the best means of attaining that object is not to conceal his ideas on any questions connected with public European right. The *faisceau* of those who, for long years, have supported with us the principles to which Europe owes more than a quarter of a century of peace, no longer exists in its ancient integrity. The will of our august master is foreign to this result. Circumstances have restored to us our full liberty of action. The Emperor has decided to devote by preference all his solicitude to the welfare of his subjects, and to concentrate on the development of the internal resources of the country an activity which will not be diverted by things abroad, unless when the positive interests of Russia shall absolutely demand it.

"Russia is reproached with isolating herself, and keeping silent in presence of facts which do not accord with law or equity, and it is said that Russia sulks. Russia does not sulk—she meditates. As to the silence of which we are accused, we may call to mind that a short time ago an artificial agitation was organized against us, because our voice was heard whenever we thought it necessary to support right. This action, tutelary for many Governments and from which Russia herself derives no benefit, has been laid hold of to accuse us of tending to, I know not what, universal domination. We can shelter our silence under the impression of this *souvenir*. We do not, however, think that such is the attitude which belongs to a power to which Providence has assigned the position which Russia occupies in Europe.

"This dispatch proves to you that our august master does not confine himself to this character when he thinks it his duty to make known his opinion. It will be the same whenever the voice of Russia may be useful to the cause of right, or when it will not be for the dignity of the Emperor to let the world remain in ignorance of his

views and opinions. As to the employment of our material forces, the Emperor reserves to himself his free judgment. The policy of our august master is a national one; it is not egotistical; and if his Majesty makes the interest of his people paramount, he does not admit that the advancement of those interests can excuse the vibration of the rights of others. You are authorized, &c.

"GORTSCHAKOFF."

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.—Two members of the Vigilance Committee at San Francisco during the late troubles assisted in forcibly taking some arms from a vessel, which were being transported to the city for the use of the Governor in an attempt to put down or crush out the Vigilance Committee. These two men were afterward arrested and indicted for piracy. The last arrival brings us an account of their trial. The jury, after being out five minutes, brought in a verdict of acquittal. It appears that the Vigilance Committee is strongly supported in their late proceedings by the public sentiment in California. Some of the villains driven out of San Francisco by the Committee are still in New York, "cutting up" various acts of rascality and crime. It is a disgrace to our police that these rowdies still go "unwhipt of justice."

MEXICO is still in trouble with her foreign relations. Not long since a Spanish fleet visited her coast to enforce certain claims, and now an English fleet is there for a similar purpose. The British Chargé d'Affaires in Mexico has closed the Legation and withdrawn. But the Mexican President is about to send Colonel Almonte to England to endeavor to effect a settlement of disputes; but there is reason to believe that Almonte's mission will not alter, in any respect, the decision already arrived at by the British Cabinet, unless, indeed, he be furnished with instructions to concede the indemnity demanded by Barron, Forbes & Co. Although the claims of this firm are stated to be the immediate motive for the threatened demonstration against Vera Cruz, there is but little doubt, from what transpired at the recent meeting of the Mexican bondholders in London, that it is intended to have a wider scope. It is probable that, having resolved upon taking this decided step in the one case, Great Britain will not withdraw her squadron from the Mexican coast until all the outstanding claims of her subjects against the republic are put in a fair train of settlement.

If England attempts to do nothing more with Mexico than to collect honest debts due to her people, Brother Jonathan will keep his hands in his pockets and look on. But should she undertake to do more and go further, she will be reminded that we have a Monroe doctrine.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN is now at boiling point. The aspect of the case has not changed much since our last issue. We are writing this paragraph on the 16th of October. Yesterday morning we were told that the elections in Pennsylvania on the previous day had gone strongly Democratic, and that the State was sure for Buchanan. The Democrats here were in high glee, and burnt a good deal of powder. But this morning the boot is on 'tother leg and the smile in the other corner of the mouth. It is said that Western Pennsylvania has turned the tables, and the State is sure for Fremont. If Pennsylvania *has* gone for Fremont now, she will be likely to give a stronger vote for him on the 4th of November, and render his election by the people somewhat probable. Ohio, which also voted on the 14th October, is said to have given not less than thirty thousand majority for the Republican ticket. Fremont electoral tickets are formed in four of the Slave States—Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky. But a few days will tell the whole story, and we are disposed to let it be told at the polls.

ART, SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

IMPROVED SPINNING MACHINERY.—An English inventor has brought forward a new mode of constructing and working the flyers of certain descriptions of spinning machinery, so as to put two twists into the roving or yarn at every turn of the flyer instead of one, as is usually the case, and at the same time causing the yarn to wind upon a bobbin, which is placed vertically and horizontally, and made to rotate within the flyer as the latter travels round it. The flyer employed in carrying out this invention consists of an oblong frame, at the top and bottom of which are attached cross-bars, furnished with eyes, through which the yarn passes from the delivering rollers above to the bobbin within the flyer. The additional twist is given to the yarn by causing it to pass from the upper part of the flyer several times round one of the legs and arms of the flyer to the lower part of the same, and thence up through an eye beneath the bobbin on to and around the latter, which is caused to rotate, at a proper surface speed, by means of a roller which rotates in contact therewith, and is actuated by suitable gearing within the flyer.

COINING GOLD.—The necessary power for working the coining machinery at the Philadelphia Mint is obtained from a large steam engine of the form usually known as the steeple engine; it is a double vertical high-pressure engine, with cranks at right angles, the power being carried off by a caoutchouc belt, two feet wide, from a drum of eight feet in diameter—the estimated power being equal to ninety horses. The rolling mills, four in number, are driven by belts, at the rate of six revolutions per minute—the distances between the rollers being adjusted by double wedges, moved by a train of wheels which are connected with a dial-plate and hands, divided and numbered into hours and minutes, so as to indicate the proper thickness of the strips of metal without the use of gauges. Gold strips are heated in an iron heater by steam, and

waxed with a cloth dipped in melted wax; and the silver strips are coated with tallow by means of a brush.

Oscillating Engine.—The oscillating engine, as improved by Pattison, does not, as in ordinary oscillators, admit steam at the trunnions, but takes it in through an arched pipe surmounting and secured to the cylinder. As the cylinder oscillates on its trunnions it simultaneously brings the induction and exhaust ports into communication with the steam ports in the wings or flanges of the saddle which fits over the arched steam pipe. By thus receiving the steam friction is saved, the motion is left freer, and there is a diminution of wear and tare. The engine is alike adaptable and equally efficient for locomotive, standing or marine purposes.

Patent Horse-Shoes.—The newly invented horse-shoe entirely does away with the practice of driving nails into the horse's hoof. It has not a nail nor a nail-hole in it. Otherwise it is made in the common form, and is held on to the foot by an iron cap something in the shape of a low cut vamp of a man's leather shoe, or the leather peak on the front of a boy's cloth cap. This iron cap on the hoof is about two inches wide at the toe, but narrower on each side toward the heel. It is so thin as to be a little flexible, and is fastened to the foot by a screw passing through the two ends behind by the heel. The lower edge of this cap fits into a groove cut in the outer edge of the shoe, which holds them together, and the screw fastens them both to the hoof. This cap does not come to much wear, and will, it is said, outlast many shoes of the usual kind.

The Zodiacal Light.—The veteran Humboldt has written to the Astronomical Society on certain appearances connected with the zodiacal light, drawing attention to new facts connected with that phenomenon, from which it appears that this remarkable light is not confined to the west, as was supposed, but has been seen by himself and others in the east at the same time. The latest observer, the Rev. Mr. Jones, Chaplain of the U. S. frigate Mississippi during her recent cruise in the China and Japan Seas, reports that he saw the extraordinary spectacle of the zodiacal light simultaneously at both east and west horizons for several nights in succession. The conclusion drawn from the sum of his observations will be a startling one to many, viz: that the earth is surrounded by a nebulous ring lying within the orbit of the moon. He made more than three hundred sets of observations; and found that if by the revolution of the earth he receded from the eliptic, the zodiacal light moved a little in the same direction, and *vice versa*. Mr. Jones confutes the idea of its being a solar ring, on the ground that the lateral changes from hour to hour in the boundaries of the zodiacal light, especially toward the horizon, could not have taken place in a ring so distant as a solar ring would have been at the point where reached by the horizon.

Thermography.—This beautiful art involves the taking of impressions from wood in perfect imitation. The wood is exposed for a few minutes to the cold evaporation of hydrochloric or sulphuric acid, and this acid is then well wiped off from the surface. Afterward it is laid upon a piece of calico or paper, or common wood, and by a stroke of the press an impression is taken, which is quite invisible; but by exposing this impression immediately after to the action of a strong heat a most perfect and beautiful representation of the printing wood instantaneously appears. In the same way, with the same plate of wood, without any other acid preparation, a number of impressions, about twenty or more, may be taken. All these impressions show a general wood-like tint, most natural for light colored woods, such as oak, walnut, maple, &c.; but for other woods that have a peculiar color, such as mahogany, rosewood, &c., the impression must be taken, if a true imitation be required, on a stuff dyed of the light color of the wood.

Gold-Bearing Rocks.—In a paper on this subject, read before the British Association of Science, by Mr. Hopkins, that gentleman stated that the less the primary series of rocks are covered with compact sedimentary rocks, the more favorable they are to develop and liberate their metallic contents. It is the superficial disintegration and final decomposition of the edges of the meridional bands of granite, gneiss, porphyry, schists and quartz that produce the great auriferous deposits of South and North America, Australia, Africa, India and Siberia. These superficial disintegrating actions of the auriferous crystalline rocks are incessantly going on.

Peculiarities of Cast and Wrought Iron.—These two kinds of material are very different in their physical as well as in their mechanical properties. Cast iron is a hard, rigid, crystalline, unmalleable substance, which presents a great resistance to a force of compression, but a comparatively small resistance to that of extension; and, from its low degree of ductility, it undergoes but little elongation when acted upon by a tensile force. On the contrary, wrought iron is a flexible, malleable, ductile substance, which presents a great resistance to a force of extension, but a somewhat less resistance to that of compression—undergoing, from its high ductility, a considerable elongation when acted upon by a tensile force. When the two metals are released from the action of the tensile force, the set of the one metal differs widely from the set of the other. The flexibility of wrought iron is from eight to ten times greater than that of cast iron. Under the same increase of temperature the expansion of wrought iron is considerably greater than that of cast iron. While wrought iron yields to a stroke, cast iron is readily broken by a severe collision, or by any violent vibratory action.

Railway Sanding Apparatus.—The improved railway sanding apparatus, now in use in England, consists of a sand-holder fixed in front, to the engine framing, directly above the rail, and having a conical bottom, upon which the sand rests. Within the holder is a valve, suspended by a cord running along the side of the engine, and which, by a simple arrangement, is placed under the complete control of the engineer. The end of the sand-holder terminates in an India-rubber tube, which prevents the scattering of the sand by the wind, and also any fracture when meeting with any obstacle.

Modern Acoustic Principles.—In order to perfect the acoustic principles or qualities of the new Capitol extension at Washington, the architect proposes to place the ceiling at such a hight as to be within the limit of perceptibility, and thus strengthen the voice; to destroy reverberation between the ceiling and the floor, by a thick carpet on the latter; to prevent echoes from the walls, by drapery—from the chairs and desks, by cushioning them; to keep out extraneous sounds, by making the room an interior apartment lighted only from above; to secure a tranquil atmosphere, uniform in its density and refraction of sound, by excluding all currents of hot or cold air; to secure a constant supply of pure air at the temperature desired for the room, by introducing the air, by mechanical means, through all parts of the ceiling, and taking it out through all parts of the floor; and to prevent all in-

terference with ventilation by the lights at night, by placing them outside the room, above the skylights. These may be considered the perfection of modern acoustic principles in the construction of public halls.

IMPROVED HEATING APPARATUS.—A Parisian has devised some novel and ingenious arrangements for obtaining heat. The general principle is such an arrangement of fluted or plain tubes, with tufts of wire running through them, to be heated in any convenient way, as, while hot, can have water continually to flow over or through them. The heated surface being extensive in proportion to the water to be heated, keeps the latter in a constant state of ebullition, and by passing in that state through other pipes, so as to recirculate over the heated surface, great economy of fuel is the result.

GUTTA-PERCHA TUBES.—Some practical experiments which have recently been made show an almost incredible strength in gutta-percha tubing, and its value above other materials for water-pipes, etc., where power to resist great pressure is required. Thus a pipe half an inch inside diameter stood three hundred and seventy pounds to the square inch, and burst at three hundred and ninety; a five-eights inch pipe stood till five hundred and eighty pounds of pressure to the square inch was applied; but a quarter inch pipe, made for soda fountains, stood entirely uninjured the great pressure of one thousand to the square inch. In this connection, it may be remarked that Dr. Riddel, of Madras, has recently found, in making experiments on the madder plant of India, that its milky juice, when dried, becomes tough and hard like gutta-percha and precisely analogous to it. It is charred by sulphuric acid, converted into a yellow resinous substance by nitric acid, and but little, or not at all, acted on by muriatic or acetic acid or alcohol. Spirits of turpentine dissolve it into a viscid glue, which, when taken between the thumb and finger, pressed together, and then separated, shows numberless minute threads—all which results correspond with those of gutta-percha.

TO LAURA.

[After the manner of Herrick.]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAGGIE BELL."

NAY! seek not to reprove me,
Nor from thy heart remove me;
The only blame that thou canst name,
Is that I too much love thee.

My heart 's so linked about thee
That nought from it can rout thee.
And like the blight of Winter's night
This world would be without thee.

All fair forms which come near me
To me the more endear thee;
What can eclipse thy pearly lips,
Or who like thee can cheer me?

I know that all adore thee,
If only to deplore thee,
And that each breast you rob of rest
Unheeded comes before thee.

Then, fairest, do not chide me,
When sitting thus beside thee,
If I should pray, thou, dearest, may
My chosen spirit's bride be.

Editor's Olio.

PRETTY WOMAN IN THE CARS:

WITH SUNDRY OTHER DAGUERREOTYPES, TAKEN DURING A RIDE IN THE BOWERY AND THIRD AVENUE LINE.

IT is just eleven o'clock; men who work by the day have all gone to their places, each with a tin kettle containing the lunch, and so the stages and the cars are but little crowded. Men and women sit just as they please—there is no need of nipping in at the knees, or holding in at the elbows. A stout burly man, No. 1, sits diagonally, that he may the better spit out of the window. Mr. —— is an editor, No. 2, with his pockets crammed with letters and documents; he is a radical, and does not mind dress, so his trowsers have a small slit over the boot, and his boots are terribly twisted. But he is a character, and does not think it all worth a thought; so he opens a newspaper with a rush, gives a general glance all round at the passengers, and, satisfied that he is seen, reads his paper with a savage interest.

Young gentleman, No. 3, has the shiniest possible pair of boots, and a cravat that might have maddened Brummel the Beau, and sent his "fat friend" home in a fit of despair. There is nobody in the cars worth a look, and he seats himself down to curl his mustache upon each side, a bright diamond ring flashing now in the eyes of the editor, and now in those of

Stout woman, No. 4, who has a weany child in her arms—a lank, flabby-looking boy of three years, whose long, thin legs seem to have wilted down, for they hang over her lap like a vine over a trellis on a hot Summer day after a drouth. Stout woman grows red in the face, because, in the process of manipulation, young gentleman's elbow touches her side. But that thin, weak boy—was it hers? Could a stout woman like that do no better in the domestic line? We grew nervous, and began to consider the child a waif, a changeling, when weakly boy turned to his doating parent with a request:

"Ma, won't you wipe my nose, naow, say?" Poor thing! The nose was hardly worth the trouble, so pale was it, and so brief. Suddenly, small, scrofulous boy gave a kick of unprecedented energy, considering size and color, full into the shins of

No. 5, a smart youth of ten years, with a very tight jacket and very tight trowsers, and back of such a hollow and straightness, that you feared he would double up the wrong way in a fit, or something of the kind. No. 5 started, his

curly hair took a tighter curl, and his alert little body twisted itself round like a sharp cutting machine that goes with a bite, and he fixed a pair of withering eyes upon weakly boy, which caused him to turn himself wiltingly upon the maternal bosom. Whereat

No. 6 laughed inwardly, and chuckled outwardly, she being privileged so to do, because of her amplitude of occupation on the seat, including her basket, containing the starched collars and appendages of several persons of the masculine gender. The laugh caused No. 2 to growl over his paper, and No. 3 to look daggers, supposing it meant for him and his mustache.

No. 7, a man with a terrible squint, brought his eye to bear as best he could upon No. 6, without being able to tell what it all meant, while No. 4 placed a hand like a Northern warming-pan over the shoulder of weakly boy, threatening to quite burn him up but for his scrofula—persons afflicted therewith having a damp, soppy atmosphere quite enough to extinguish flames of any kind.

No. 9 is a negro, with the most exact and cleanest of possible garments, face bright and open, a slight odor of bergamot from hair oil, a manner polite and cheery. He has a sealed ring on the fourth finger, where the wedding ring is placed upon a bride's hand, and a bright gold chain crossing a smart, maroon velvet waistcoat. He looks steadily out of the door, where the driver stands with his two feet wide apart, geeing, whoaing to the horses, for he is conscious that

No. 10 has fixed a dreadful pair of goggle-looking eyes upon him, with the intent to have him ejected from the car, for "what right has a negro to ride with white folks?" is the internal questioning of No. 10; and so he purses in his coarse, crooked lips as much as he can, and eyes the negro sternly. In the meantime his tobacco has found a channel down each side of his chin, squeezed out by the terrible and unwonted compression of a pair of square jaws, covered with a beard unkempt for the last month. No. 10 has nearly split a hole in the knee of a pair of very thread-bare trowsers in his indignation at No. 9, and his boots have actually cracked open each side from the same reason, probably. Swelling with inward wrath and indignation, his whole person emits a compound odor of lager beer, whisky and garlick, by no means grateful to the senses.

In comes "Bob, the newsboy." "Tribune, 'Erald, Times," he cries with a ringing voice, and an eye that sees both sides of the car at the same time, shooting between the projecting feet like a meteor among the stars; a moment here, and he is gone, without a "let up" of the horses. As eclipse comes over newsboy No. 11 enters, with an extra broad hoop, and nose so high in the air that you wonder she does not lift herself from her feet. No. 2 growls again, and spreads out his big paper; and No. 1 takes up all the room he can. Conductor is obliged to go in and make room for lady and hoop, who sits down and nearly covers up weakly boy upon one side, and smart boy No. 5 in the circumference of the hoop. There is a general stir and mix up. Mother of weak boy brings him out to the light, perfectly blue in the face, and No. 5 cracks his back, and snaps his eyes, and rushes to the corner seat, where he puts one knee upon the seat and one elbow out of the window, and looks out severely upon the horses. In the meantime

No. 12 comes in with a bouquet in her hand, and very short dress, and tips of embroidery peeping out here and there. She is about the size of No. 5, and makes directly, by a sort of electrical affinity, across to the corner where he sits threatening all out of doors. No 12 is a long time getting fixed, and she is not quite right till No. 5 has taken in his elbow, put down his foot, and taken off his cap just a moment to run a pair of gloves through that closely curled scalp of his.

All at once the conductor is seen to rush, with a smile, across the car. A moment before the gruff driver had gone through a spasm, meant for a bow. The horses stop—there is a dead pause. People begin to look out of the window, impatient of the delay. Smart boy and little girl with bouquet do not mind it, they are exchanging young glances. Editor growls and crushes the paper with a jerk. Lady with hoop takes occasion to give it a better spread. Weakly boy lifts up a small dead-looking hand, and wails "Ma" audibly; well he may, for what right had she to give existence to so much disease and misery? Man with the excited boots takes his eye from negro, and tries to see what it all means.

Here it is—a pretty woman. Was there ever anything like it? The conductor—it is his privilege—has her by the arm and hands her in with a triumph, as if he would say:

"Look here, now; here is about the nicest little piece of a woman to be seated that you ever saw. It isn't every car that can show the like." And

Pretty woman comes on, smiling with such a fineness and finish as is wonderful to see. She

has a vail, of course—pretty women always do—so thin that you think it a cob-web, and wonder the little nose, turned up the least bit in the world, (that is always the nose for a pretty woman,) you wonder it does not come right through; and then such white gleaming teeth, not quite even, (see Fielding's Amelia)—the mouth was more piquant for that very reason—with lips (she had a way of biting them now and then) just as red as the bit of coral she had about her neck. Then the bonnet, such a bit as it was, all gossamer and roses, and the bright curls would peep here and there in the midst of them, and one would just fall over the left eye, and it must be thrown aside with a toss that only a pretty woman can give, and which sets all the ribbons and gauzes in a flutter.

What a smile pretty woman has, and how it has put the whole car in commotion. Conductor will not let her be seated unpleasantly, and so, in the eagerness to give her the best, pretty woman's dress is a little twisted, and shows such a snug fit of a gaiter, without any stiff heels, and such a graceful curve of figure as only pretty women can have. She actually spreads out a pair of cunning little gloves in a sort of pretty despair that she will never be seated, and blushes and smiles just as if she was made to stand right in the middle of cars, to let people see how sweet and taking a pretty woman is, and how she takes the moodiness out of people wherever she comes; and, as Spenser has it,

"Makes sunshine in a shady place."

Smart boy and little girl were too busy to note all this, for the latter had already given smart boy a bud from her bouquet, and he felt himself amply compensated for the kick he had received from weak boy in the arms of "ma," who gathered up the wilted little legs, and glared at pretty woman as if she were an ogre. Lady with the hoop also put her nose so high that she came near losing the focus of vision designed to wither up pretty woman; and as for her hoop, it dilated itself wonderfully.

Pretty woman tittered a little—it was quite charming—and balanced herself cunningly upon one gaiter; for the driver, who had been looking in, bethought himself of his duty, and set the horses in motion. Burly man No. 1 has gathered himself up, and tries to look genteel. Editor smiles, with a sort of milk-and-water smile, and tucks the paper behind him, and jerks up suddenly into the neighborhood of No. 1, in the faint hope of making room for pretty woman.

No. 6 smiled all over with a rich, honest smile, as if every fiber in her body had been refreshed at sight of pretty woman; and she tucked her laundry basket up into her lap as if she would jam it right through her body rather than incommode pretty woman.

Man with the squint jerked himself, and cocked his head right and left to get sight of pretty woman, who diddered just a trifle, nice and fine in itself, but inconvenient to a man with his peculiar style of eye.

No. 10 places a hand over the weak spot in his trowsers, and curls up his toes under the boots. "The sword has outworn the scabbard," and he places his heels back and throws the breast forward, as we see military men do, and heroes at the theater, and he stared at pretty woman with all his might.

No. 9 and No. 3 had both sprung to their feet on the first appearance of pretty woman. Either of them would, judging by appearances, have thrown themselves right across the track rather than pretty woman should be in the least put to discomfort. Young gentleman resumed his seat, seeing No. 9 had left his; he turned himself a little toward pretty woman as she took a seat, and, behind a white perfumed handkerchief, gave his mustache a quick imperceptible twirl, but it *was* a twirl to kill; his foot touched pretty woman's gaiter, by pure accident of course. Pretty woman did not mind it, perhaps did not perceive it, but somehow both points of gaiters were just visible under the frills of her skirt.

It took pretty woman a moment to get fixed, to call in the ribbons, adjust the dress, and have the nice broideries fall as they should over the straw-colored gloves. She knew everybody was looking right at her, but she was used to it, and she glanced around with a smile that was the prettiest part of the pretty woman. At length she observed No. 9 standing modestly in the doorway, while there was a plenty of room beside her. Pretty woman's face changed—she blushed. Pretty woman looked ten-fold prettier; she tucked up her flounces a little to one side; she pointed a gloved finger, and No. 9 took a seat beside her; and so the pretty woman sat between No. 3 and No. 9. And the car went on up the town, lumbering, and jerking, and the bell ringing at the corners; and everybody inside had been made brighter and happier because of pretty woman.

CONFESSIONS OF A TELEGRAPH POST. No. III.

[The engraving intended to accompany the present chapter of "confessions" of our talkative telegraph post not being in readiness, we are obliged either to make the post hold its tongue for a month, or let it have

its say without an illustration. We have concluded to adopt the latter alternative, for we find that when a telegraph post gets in the habit of talking, it can no more hold its tongue than a woman; and situated as our post is, at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, where there is so much to be seen and so much to excite a natural propensity to gossip, we would not run the hazard of stopping its mouth for a whole month, lest it might *split*.]

EVERY pleasant afternoon I am regaled with lively music from a band of musicians stationed upon the balcony of the American Museum, and am at times much amused in watching the busy throng, as in hurrying by they gaze upon the transparencies and paintings placed in front of the building. I also watch the crowd that throng around the door as the visitors leave the building after the performances are closed, and sigh as I think and see what a large proportion of them are women leading abandoned lives, and constantly seeking some new excitement to drown thought and the recollections of the past. Now I see them promenading the sidewalk, arrayed in costly robes, and, with a stereotyped smile, casting their seductive glances upon each passer-by. At other times they drive by in gilded carriages, with footmen in gorgeous livery, thus hurrying on until death comes to put a stop to such mockery of life.

The following message, sent over the wires this morning among the items of news to the papers of a neighboring city, was only too well understood by me:

"SUPPOSED SUICIDE.—The body of a female about twenty-five years of age, and of prepossessing appearance, was picked up this morning in the North River, at the foot of Fulton street. The body could not have been long in the water, as the dress was scarcely deranged, and the features undisturbed. A sprig of fresh leaves, apparently plucked but a few hours, were found concealed in the bosom of the dress, and a plain gold ring upon the finger of one hand, with the simple inscription 'George' upon the inside. Any one able to give any information with regard to deceased, will communicate with the Chief of Police."

Mournfully did the tolling bell of old St. Paul's break upon the busy hum of life revelling at its hight. The passers-by cast each a furtive glance into the open gates of the church-yard, and, without a sigh, hurried onward, for what to them was the tolling of the bell? They had too much to think of in life to give a thought to death, and this was but the signal that another life had closed, and they had hardly begun theirs. Soon carriages came driving up to the door, and each burly footman descended slowly from his seat, and, opening the carriage door, waited with silent dignity till "my lady" slowly emerged, flowing with silks and satins, followed by the dainty step of her daughter, whose bright eye and pale cheek, though surpassingly beautiful, betokened the destroyer's hand, and that ere long the same mournful bell would echo for her the notes it was now pealing forth. These had scarcely passed the portal of the church when I espied a lone figure standing mournfully within the gate, shunning, as far as possible, all observation, and her head bowed down as in grief. Her dress ill-accorded with the jeweled robes that preceded her, and as she wrapped the simple warm shawl more closely about her, she unconsciously displayed a hand of exquisite mold and delicacy, upon one finger of which was a plain gold ring, that mysterious little talisman that has carried both joy and sorrow into many a heart. As I gazed upon her I could not but wonder who she could be, that, dressed in plain calico robes, cut not in the city style, but rather of rustic mold, should come thus among the rich and proud to mingle her tears with theirs over the departed. No one in that great throng heeded her presence; indeed they could not if they would, for, sinking noiselessly into a pew near the door, she buried her head in her hands. Not a murmur or sigh escaped her lips, only the long, heavy swelling of her bosom betokened the conflict within. As the last prayer was uttered and the solemn strains from the organ called the mourners to take a last fond look upon the face of the departed, she slowly arose, and, leaving the church with downcast look, wended her way among the graves until she came to one newly dug near the railing fronting on Fulton street, and nearly opposite me. Gazing for a moment from beneath the thick vail down into the deep, cold ground, she silently dropped a small white rosebud into its depths, and then turned to depart with that same slow and mournful step. I was troubled to think who this strange young being could be, who seemed so deeply to mourn over the departed, and yet shun all sympathy from those who came to perform the same sad duty. But my doubts were soon relieved, painfully so; for when the solemn night came, and the church clock had just struck the hour of eleven, and the streets were comparatively deserted, I saw the same lone figure stealing silently by the railing and turn down Fulton street until she came abreast of the newly-made grave. As she turned to look back to see that none followed, the full moon shone bright upon her upturned face, and I shuddered as I recognized the features of one of those unfortunate beings that are to be seen daily riding and promenading Broadway, dressed in the most expensive robes, and with faces wearing a smile that seems almost ghostly in its

unmeaningness. I had often remarked her above all the rest, for she was very beautiful and seemed rather to keep herself aloof from those of her kind, and was even more extravagant than any of them in her dress; and *now* what a contrast! She looked in dress like the village maidens that used to play around me in days gone by, in the old woods. Her dress was plain and simple, yet neat. It was evidently *old*, though kept with care, *perhaps* as a relic of happier, purer days—as a talisman to carry her back to childhood's hours, when she was as pure in thought or deed as the birds that caroled their joyous song above her head. I saw a tear as it tremblingly glistened in the moonlight, and then fell from the long lashes and coursed slowly down her pale cheek. Kindly feelings were overflowing the breast of this "lost angel," yearning once more for the innocency of childhood, and in agony her lips parted, and she spoke in heart-broken sentences:

"O! George, I have come for the last time, (and she stretched her arms between the iron bars and clasped the newly erected grave-stone,) and to forgive you all, yes *all;* and the past is now to me but as a long troubled dream. I see you now only as in the happy days of girlhood, when, placing this token of love upon my finger, you swore to love and protect me. I see again the old homestead, and am once more seated by the hearth-stone waiting your coming. The same moon is shedding its light upon me now that lit our pathway then, and I am living again upon your smile. O! George, George, look down upon me but once more, and tell me you hear me say I forgive and forget *all*—the days and nights of long suffering—the days of guilt and shame; my heart warms to you as of old, and I implore you to look down upon me for one moment, for I cannot, do not, think you dead. Ah! yes, dearest, now I feel again your arm about me, and hear your voice calling my name. I come, yes I come, and we will once more be united."

Grasping a sprig of leaves from beside the newly made mound, she placed them in her bosom, and then hurriedly wended her way toward the river. I saw her, as with quickened step she descended the pier, and with clasped hands bent her head one moment as if in prayer. As the clock struck the hour of twelve, the spray dashed upon the pier, and in a moment her form was buried in the deep waters of the Hudson.

[To be continued.]

SATURDAY NIGHT.

We have in our studio a copy of this truly superb engraving, which is to be furnished to the subscribers of the Cosmopolitan Art Association for the year 1856.

The work is eighteen by twenty inches, and probably no engraving of the size has ever appeared in this country so carefully and elaborately finished, not only in its more prominent features, but in the minutest details of the work. The rafters of the cottage, the kettle upon the hob, the boy cast in shadow by the table, with his trowsers rolled up, and holding a young dog in his arms, are all as finely toned as the group around the evening table.

In calling this picture "Saturday Night" the artist has run the risk of being supposed to have illustrated the familiar poem of Burns, entitled the "Cotter's Saturday Night," so exquisitely alive with the best and most genial emotions of our nature:

> "The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace,
> The big ha' Bible, once his father's pride;"

But this is an English rather than a Scotch scene; it is Episcopalian, and not Presbyterian. It is the neighboring curate, not the sire.

> "His bonnet rev'rently laid aside,
> His 'lyart haffets' wearing thin an' bare:"

And to our mind what is thus gained in gentility is lost in the picturesque—but in the pale of art prescribed to himself by the artist, the achievement is complete. The grouping is of itself a study; the attitudes are entirely lifelike and pleasing. The curve of the wrist in the folded hands of the standing figure is as real and faithful to nature as a living arm. The face of the curate is a study. His good English blood and comfortable office *will out* in the shape of a rotund figure, and a face difficult to be schooled into the odor of sanctity. Yet the artist has triumphed over the difficulties, and not only delineated such a face, but has happily delineated the expression of sanctity doing its best for expression. The face of the curate's wife is sweet and pure, and that of the young girl at her side is gently subdued to the occasion. The whole is a study, and forms an admirable picture for the walls of a family sitting-room.

TITLES.

If you are writing to a man of unmistakable distinction it is perfectly well-bred, and implies a delicate compliment, to address him without any title whatever. If he has magnitude of genius, he is very far superior to anything like Esquire or D. D. There can be but one Daniel

Webster, but one Ralph Waldo Emerson, or John Neal, or Theodore Parker, one William Cullen Bryant. Any prefix to the names of such is simply foolish or impertinent. No one would say Mr. William Shakespeare, or John Milton, Esq., or Monsieur Lamartine. If you address a small literateur, treat him tenderly and respectfully as a youngling, and call him Esquire by all means, or Professor. If you address a snob of any grade or profession, apply as many honors to him as you can; it is his only chance of distinction.

If you are writing to a woman through the post-office, do not put either Mrs. or Miss upon the superscription, but write her name out in full, as Jane Hamilton Jones, as the case may be. The christian name decides the sex, and it is no concern of the public to know whether she is married or single; indeed, it has no right to know anything about it.

If you are writing to a woman of distinction in her own right, not a distinction reflected from the genius or official position of her husband, do not make the mistake of addressing her by her husband's cognomen. That is, do not address Angelina Clementina Nubbins, the celebrated poet, as Mrs. William Henry Nubbins, thereby giving Mr. William Henry Nubbins a fictitious importance, when the right of distinction is exclusively the wife's.

Many women are very weakly and foolishly fond of arrogating, in the same way, the honors which of right belong only to their husband. Thus we have Mrs. Dr. Mulligan, and the Hon. Mrs. John Smith, &c. This argues a ridiculous vanity on the part of both husband and wife, and is not in good taste; but if the weaknesses of people run in such a channel, and your friend is desirous of figuring as a D. D. and an Hon. by proxy, do not offend her by addressing her, as the mother or wife of one truly great would prefer, simply as Mary Washington, or Elizabeth Fry.

BEARDS.

SHAKESPEARE saith:

"He that hath a beard is more than a youth,
And he that hath none is less than a man;"

Which indicateth the estimation in which the great poet held this proof and privilege of manhood. Again he maketh one to say:

"Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair,
Send you a beard."

So long as the beard is the sign of dignity in the sex it is well to wear it, for any man with a beard is compelled, as it were, to carry himself in seemly wise. A furious minded man plucketh himself by the beard, which becometh in that way an external conscience, a prompter as it were, to decorum.

The vain man curleth his beard with his fingers, the conceited man stroketh it with his hand gently. The choleric man hath it short and crisp—the sensual man thick and coarse—the man of sentiment hath it soft and flowing—the timid man spare. The boy is beautiful with the "down upon his chin." The white, flowing beard of a Nestor is magnificent. We never think of the princely Abraham, except as with a long white beard and turban.

The fine old cavaliers of Elizabeth's time were brave and courteous, because of the beard; the Roman inquisitor is cruel because he is shorn. Truly there is philosophy in a beard.

DIAMONDS AND RUBIES.

WIDOWHOOD.

Mark how the widowed turtle, having lost
The faithful partner of her royal heart,
Stretches her feeble wings from coast to coast—
Hunts every path—thinks every shade doth part
Her absent love and her; at length, unsped,
She re-betakes her to her lonely bed,
And there bewails her everlasting widow-head.

[Quarles.

INSPIRED WOMANHOOD.

This is such a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of whom she but bid follow. [Shakespeare.

PROGRESS.

I see that which Augustine saw not, and those that come after me will see that which I see not. [Luther.

More evil truths are discovered by the corruption of the heart than by the penetration of the mind. [Talleyrand.

BAD MEN.

'Tis you that say it, not I. You do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.

[Sophocles.

The road which leads us to what we desire is indeed smooth, and of easy descent; and the desires of most men are vicious, because they have never known or tried the enjoyments of virtue. [Plutarch.

TO THE ARTISAN.

The seed ye sow another reaps;
The wealth ye find another keeps;
The robes ye weave another wears;
The arms ye forge another bears.

Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth—let no imposter heap;
Weave robes—let not the idle wear;
Forge arms—in your defense to bear.

[Shelley.

Nothing is more narrowing to the mind—nothing so engenders triviality, tale-bearing, trickery, mischief and lying—as being eternally shut up in the same apartment together, with no employment save keeping up an inces-

sant chatter. When every one is busied there is no talking, unless where there is something to be said.

[Rousseau.

While Mrs. Siddons was giving her readings of Shakespeare to a brilliant and admiring drawing-room, one of the servants in the hall below was saying: "What, I find the old lady is making as much noise as ever!" So little is there in common between the different classes of society, and so impossible is it to reconcile the diversities of custom and knowledge which separate them.

[Hazlitt.

OLD GRIMES.

THE name of this venerable, "good old man" has been a household word with the American people for the last thirty years. The ballad which embalms his memory has become a New England *classic*. We have, therefore, commissioned our artist to take the portrait of the "fine old gentleman" as he sat in his arm-chair, together with the portrait of his *remains*, left upon his chair after the good old man had departed.

This ballad, which has the genuine vein of humor, was written by Albert G. Green, of Rhode Island, a graduate of Brown University, and was a production of his college days. He is the author, also, of several other poems of decided merit and of a more serious character.

OLD Grimes is dead—that good old man—
We ne'er shall see him more;
He wore a single-breasted coat
That buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a cue.

Whene'er was heard the voice of pai
His breast with pity burned;
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Thus, ever prompt at pity's call,
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark, and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

But poor old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He had a double-breasted vest,
The stripes ran up and down.

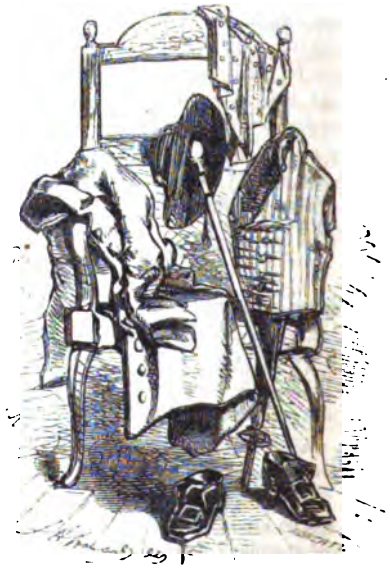
He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffle on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore not rights and lefts for shoes
But changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He never brought to view;
Nor made a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

Thus, undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And every body said he was
A fine old gentleman.

FATHER GRIMES.



REMAINS OF FATHER GRIMES.

OLIO SEASONINGS.

YOUNG America in the feminine is certainly becoming very demonstrative. Recently a boy and girl, brother and sister, were at play together upon a piazza; the latter had caught a fire-fly, or "lightning bug," as the children call them, which she held in her hand. Presently a quarrel arose, which called the mother to the scene of action. Little miss had torn the hat of young master, and given him a blow upon the cheek.

"Why, you naughty girl, what made you do so?" cried the mother.

"Because he touched my bug and *took the lightning out of it*," was the scientific reply.

Another young lady of seven years was engaged in a sharp altercation with a group of girls of the same age, when a mild spoken boy of eight ventured to remonstrate. He was met by a sharp box upon the ear by the miss of seven, with the pithy speech,

"I'll teach you next time not to *dip into my quarrels*."

ANECDOTES OF SIDNEY SMITH.—He said that —— was so fond of contradiction that he would throw up the window in the middle of the night and contradict the watchman who was calling the hour.

When his physician advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach," Smith asked—"Upon whose?"

"Lady Cook," said Smith, "was once so moved by a charity sermon, that she begged me to lend her a guinea for her contribution. I did so. She never repaid me, and spent it on herself."

A SHARPER, who had pawned his hat, going out of church in the midst of a crowd, snatched a man's hat from under his arm. The poor fellow, feeling his hat gone, cried, "They have stolen my hat!" The sharper, immediately putting the hat on his head, and covering it with both his hands, exclaimed, "Have they? I defy them to take *mine*!"

A FRENCHMAN asked quarter of a Highlander at Waterloo. "I can't spare your life," said the mountaineer—"but ask me any other favor, and I'll grant it with pleasure."

ADDISON'S COUPLET TO A BLOCKHEAD.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

THE FOOL AND THE POET.

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool,
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet. [Addison.

That brevity is the soul of wit is thus argued by Butler, the author of Hudibras:

As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
Of painting, to foreshorten any part
Than draw it out; so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

SOME one having lavishly lauded Longfellow's aphorism, "Suffer and be strong," a matter-of-fact man observed that it was merely a variation of the old English adage, "Grin and bear it."

CAN DO THEIR OWN KISSING.—The following incident is related by a paper published in Elmira, New York:

"Not a thousand miles from this village lives a very exacting landholder. He makes his tenants 'come to time' on the day the rent becomes due, and will only relax his stern decrees when a handsome woman is in question. Not long since he called for his rent of a very worthy mechanic, who, by the way, rejoices in the possession of a pretty little wife. The husband was not at home when Shylock called, and he was enchanted with the pretty little wife of the tenant. She could not liquidate the amount due; but the landlord, becoming really enamored, told her he would give her a receipt in full for just one kiss.

"'Sir,' said she, 'myself and husband are very poor; perhaps we cannot pay our rent; but I tell you, Sir, we're not so poor but that we can do our own kissing.'"

A SMART BOY.—When Lieutenant-Governor Patterson was Speaker of the Legislature, some dozen boys presented themselves for the place of messenger, as is usual at the opening of the House. He inquired their names, and into their condition, in order that he might make the proper selection. He came, in the course of his examination to a small boy about ten years old, a bright looking lad.

"Well, Sir," said he, "what is your name?"

"John Hancock, Sir," replied the boy.

"What!" said the Speaker, "you are not the one that signed the Declaration of Independence, are you!"

"No, Sir," replied the lad, stretching himself to his utmost proportions, "but I would if I had been there."

"You can be one of the messengers," said the Speaker.

"HERE, you little rascal, walk up here and give an account of yourself—where have you been?" "After the girls, father." "Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?" "No, Sir, but mother did." "My son, you had better go to bed."

"PRAY, Sir," said a judge, angrily, to a blunt old Quaker, from whom no direct answer could be obtained, "do you know what we sit here for?" "Yes, verily, I do," said the Quaker; "three of you for four dollars each a day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousand a year."

SAID a lady in fashionable dress, "Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?"

Boy. "Pr'haps you can. A load of hay went through this morning."

"SONNY, dear," said a fond mother, you have a dirty face."

"Can't help it mam, dad's a Black Republican."

LET ME BE A FANTASY.

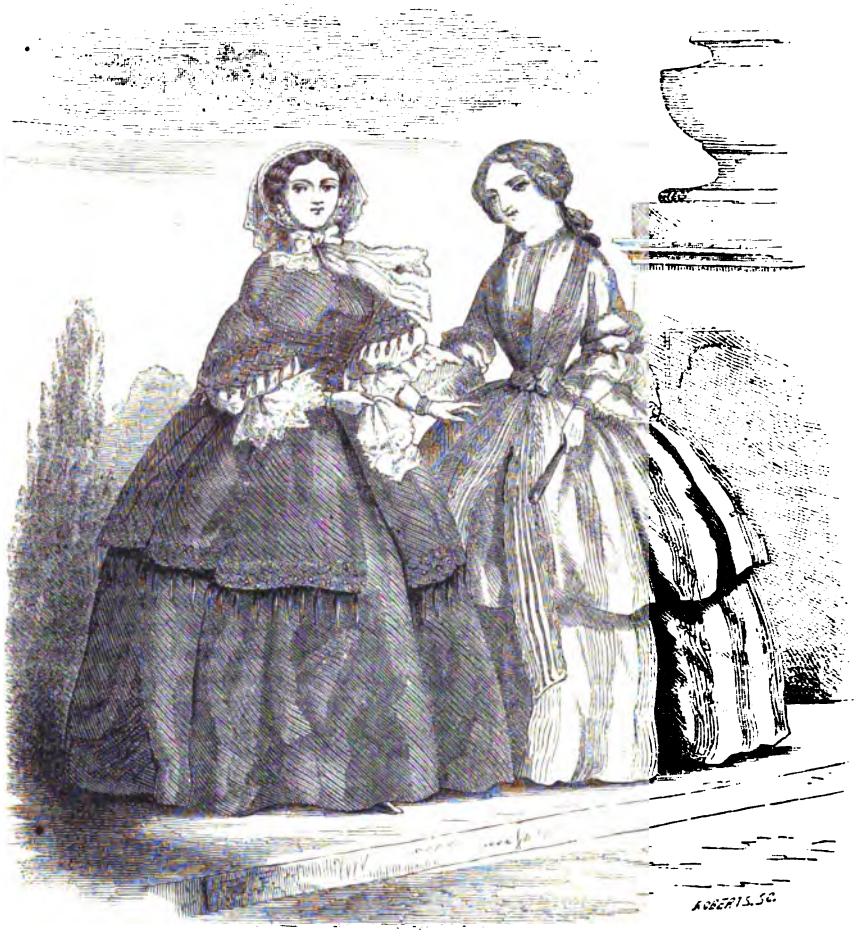
BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

LIKE the faint breathing of a distant lute,
Heard in the hush of evening, still and low,
For which we lingering listen, though 'tis mute,
I would be unto Thee, and nothing moe—
O! nothing moe.

Or like the wind-harp, trembling to its pain
With music joy, half covetous of woe,
Ere it shall sing itself to sleep again,
So I would pass to Thee and be no moe—
A breath, no moe.

Like luster of a stone which wakens thought
Pure as the cold, far-gleaming mountain snow,
Like water to its crystal beauty wrought,
Like all sweet fancy dreams, but nothing moe—
A shade, no moe.

Like gleams of better worlds, and better truth,
Which our lone hours of aspiration know,
I would renew to Thee the dreams of youth,
Touch Thy good-angel wings; O! nothing moe—
O! never moe.



FASHION PLATES:

ENGRAVED FOR THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE.

WALKING TOILET.—A crape bonnet trimmed with blonde and having a short vail *Imperatrice*, that is to say, straight at the edge and of a round shape behind. Inside the front there is a band of blonde quilled, and also a bouquet of pomegranate flowers. Blonde lappets. Strings of No. 22 ribbon. Silk dress and jacket, ornamented with buttons and silk trimming with tassels, matching the stuff. The jacket body is high and fits tight; the upper part is cut straight way of the stuff, and the lappets are all of a piece with it, there being no seam at the waist. The fullness of the lappets is obtained by the sloping of the cut. There is a seam down the middle of the back, and the seam in front supplies the place of plaits. The sleeve is composed of two bell-shape flounces. Beginning at the shoulder, there is a row of buttons sewed on the seam down the front quite to the bottom of the lappets. Two buttons are placed at the waist behind. Along the bottom of the jacket is sewed a passementerie trimming, the head of which consists of small rings from which proceed cords that form a network by passing through little balls. Small tassels of twisted silk hang down all round. The same trimming, but smaller, is put round the edge of each flounce of the sleeves. The skirt is plain. Lace collar. A puffed tulle under-sleeve with a row of lace.

TOILET FOR HOME.—Natural hair with the addition of a black velvet ornament behind. The hair, parted down the middle, is made to form wide puffed bandeaux, each of which ends in a coarse and very loose plat turned back and rounding on the neck. Dress with a double skirt, made of white organdi with broad colored stripes. Body high (straight way of the stuff.) gathered at the waist. Sleeve straight way of the stuff, nearly plain at top and forming three plaits lengthwise, then two puffs gathered and terminated by a flounce, (the puffs and flounce being of the same piece.) Under the flounce are placed some tulle ruches for the purpose of supporting it and filling up the vacancy. Tunic skirt having four widths and a hem five inches deep. Long skirt having four widths and a half and a hem six inches deep. Sash of No. 80 ribbon, striped with the same colors as the dress on a white ground. A tulle ruche round the neck. Under-dress of white silk very low in the body.

HOPEFUL YOUTH.—"You want a flogging, that's what you do!" said a parent to his unruly son.

"I know it, dad, but I'll try to get along without it."

United States Magazine.

Vol. III.].....DECEMBER, 1856.....[No. 6.

ORNITHOLOGY OF THE UNITED STATES, AND BRITISH AND RUSSIAN AMERICA.

BY JOHN CASSIN,
Of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia.

No. IV.

THE AMERICAN KITES—SUB-FAMILY MILVINÆ.

This group contains some of the most gracefully formed and most handsome of rapacious birds. Nearly all the species of Kites are not only thus distinguished, but present colors of plumage frequently agreeable, and not usually met with in the family of birds of prey. These birds are, however, for much the greater part, quite deficient in the strength and courage of nearly all the other sub-families of this class, and capture only the smaller and more defenseless animals. The habitual food of many of the species is almost exclusively reptiles and insects.

In examining the handsome birds of this group, and necessarily admiring their handsome forms, we have but an unpleasant contrast in the consideration of their avocations and the apparent object of such complete organizations. In such contemplations there is little written philosophy that can help us, and perhaps least of any the old and yet popular doctrine of final causes. The secrets of Nature are, as a result of modern science, quite too nearly demonstrated to be unfathomable to warrant a leap into the darkness of hasty inference from any partial gleaming of facts; and it becometh all men, and especially philosophers, to look carefully before, according to the ancient proverb.

The homeliest Owl and the ungainly Heron prey on reptiles and insects; so does the beautiful Swallow-tailed Hawk of our present group. The object of the organization of the latter is apparently precisely the same as the former. Why should one be clothed in beautiful plumage and the other not? No utilitarian nor strict constructionist of the doctrine of final causes can solve this query. But modern metaphysical science, in the strong light of the physical sciences, has done many a thing memorable in the history of philosophy, and among them has come near showing that imagination is the highest faculty of the human mind. The Swallow-tail, with his beautiful plumage, soars upward and pleases man's imagination, and, as it were, elevates him with itself. Possibly on this hint our query may be solved; but Nature remains at present unfathomed, notwithstanding.

1. Genus Nauclerus. (Vigors.)

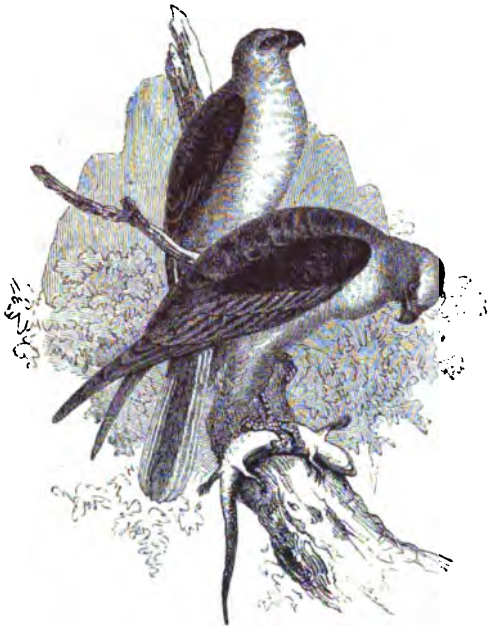
Bill short, rather weak; wings and tail long, the former pointed, the latter deeply forked; legs short; claws weak. Contains not more than three species, two of which are American and one African.

Nauclerus Furcatus. (Linnæus.)

This beautiful species is the handsomest of the North American birds of the family of Falcons. Though its colors are two only, the glossy bluish-black of its upper parts, contrasting with the unsullied whiteness of its head and other plumage, produces an effect exceedingly agreeable; and, by the way, quite confirming the Brummelian axiom that black and white are the only colors for the dress of a gentleman.

Thus far, then, the Swallow-tail is the gentleman Hawk—possibly the gentleman of rather a roughish family, and of but small pretensions in that line. We shall see presently what are his visible means of subsistence.

The Swallow-tailed Hawk is almost exclusively a southern species, rarely venturing so far north on the Atlantic as Virginia or Pennsylvania. In Texas and Louisiana it is of frequent occurrence, and thence into Carolina, and further north on the Mississippi River; it may be regarded as a bird of Summer, and like all other migratory birds, not adhering very strictly to any defined line in its northern range of locality. Professor Kirkland states that some years since this bird was to be found in considerable numbers in some parts of the State of Ohio,



THE SWALLOW-TAILED HAWK—THE FORK-TAILED HAWK.

but that latterly it has disappeared. Dr. Hoy has observed it in Wisconsin. In Pennsylvania our friend, Mr. A. F. Darley, once saw this bird in the meadows near the junction of the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers, a few miles below the city of Philadelphia. This is the only instance of its occurrence so far north on the coast of the Atlantic that has ever come to our knowledge.

Notwithstanding the prepossessing appearance of our present bird, his avocations are by no means of a dignified character. Not even a bold nor adroit freebooter, like some of his relatives, he aspires to nothing higher than the capture of reptiles and insects. These are his food, in the pursuit of which he performs somewhat of a practical antithesis, rather ridiculous than otherwise. Stretching his broad wings and expanding his handsome tail to its utmost, he glides over the fields with a gracefulness and easiness of motion scarcely surpassed. With many fine passes and beautiful evolutions he reaches a climax, and pounces downward—upon a grasshopper! Thus are we schoolboys to our mother Nature, who thrusts lessons ever upon us, and seems to insist that they have a meaning, though not always to be readily understood.

Snakes, frogs and grasshoppers are the principal subsistence of this fine species, but he has no objection even to caterpillars, or other of the immature stages or of the inferior classes of insects. He feeds mostly on the wing, and, flying with a snake in his talons, devours it deliberately without alighting. Almost constantly on the wing, this bird shows an analogy in its class to the Swallows, not inaptly further strengthened by its peculiar and Swallow-like tail. It is stated, too, that it drinks by gliding over the surface of the water, in the manner of the birds just mentioned.

This Hawk rears its young in the Southern States, building in high trees, and usually selecting a marshy or other locality near a stream of water. It constructs a nest of sticks, lined with grasses and feathers.

At the approach of Autumn this bird migrates southward into Mexico and Central America. We have never seen it in collections from the Western States. In South America there is a species nearly allied to, if not identical with, our present bird.

DESCRIPTION.—Nauclerus Furcatus. (Linnæus.)

Falco Furcatus. Linn. Syst. Nat., I, p. 129 (1766).

Catesby's Carolina, pl. 4. Buffon's Pl. Enl., 72. Wilson's Am. Orn., VI, pl. 51. Audubon's Birds of America, pl. 72; Oct. ed., I, pl. 18.

Wings and tail long, the latter deeply forked. Head and neck, inferior wing coverts, secondary quills at their bases, and entire under parts white. Back, wings and tail black, with a metallic luster, purple on the back and lesser wing coverts; green and blue on other parts. Tarsi and feet greenish blue; bill horn color. Total length, female, 23 to 25 inches; wing, 16 to 17½ inches; tail, 14 inches. Male rather smaller.

Habitation—Southern States on the Atlantic, and centrally northward to Wisconsin; Texas, Mexico, Jamaica. Accidental in Western Europe. Specimen in Mus. Acad., Philadelphia.

2. GENUS ELANUS. (Savigny.)

Bill short, hooked, rather weak; wings long; tail moderate; tarsi short. This group contains four species only, much resembling each other, one of which is American, one African, two Australian.

ELANUS LENCURUS. (Vieillot.)

This is a southern and western species. It is abundant in California and Texas, and is found sparingly in Florida and on the Atlantic

THE WHITE-TAILED HAWK.

as far north as South Carolina only. Southwardly it is found in Mexico, all the countries of Central America and of Northern South America, and in Peru and Chili. From the last named country it is brought in nearly all collections.

Like the preceding species, the White-tailed Hawk is a beautiful bird, and possesses also very graceful flight. In the mature bird the tail is white, which, with the other light colored parts of the plumage, always present a neatness and unsullied purity of color not frequently met with in rapacious birds. A large space on the shoulder of each wing is deep glossy black, and is the only exception to the delicate pale tints of the other parts of the plumage.

This bird is mainly an insect and reptile eater, but by no means exclusively or so much so as the Swallow-tailed Hawk, for he avails himself of every opportunity to vary his diet with a small bird or quadruped. In quest of food this bird courses along near the surface of the ground, though at other times he occasionally soars to a considerable hight. He frequents, for the greater part, meadows and marshes, being attracted apparently by the larger number of insects and reptiles, and perhaps also of mice, to be found in such localities. Small birds, also, are pounced upon, in the capture of which he shows considerable adroitness. Reptiles and insects are, however, his chief dependence.

In a very interesting collection of birds made by the United States Expedition to Japan there are fine specimens of the White-tailed Hawk, which were obtained at Benicia, California, in the month of December, 1854. We mention this fact the more particularly as it shows that this handsome bird is not so exclusively a southern species as has usually been supposed, and it may be constantly resident in the western countries of this republic. It is abundant in California, and is mentioned by Dr. Heermann in an account of the birds of that country, published in the Journal of the Philadelphia Academy, as to be met with throughout the country in the Summer, and congregating in considerable numbers about the salt marshes in the Autumn.

This bird rears its young in the Southern and Western States mentioned above, building its nest in a tree, generally in the immediate neighborhood of a stream of water.

DESCRIPTION AND TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS.—Elanus Lencurus. (Vieillot.)

Milous Lencurus. Vieillot's Norw. Dict., XX, p. 563 (1818).

Falco Dispar. Temminck's Pl. Col., I (about 1824).

Falco Dispar. Temm. Aud. Orn. Biog., IV, p. 367.

Bonaparte's Am. Orn., II, pl. 11, fig. 1; Temminck's Pl. Col., 319. Audubon's Birds of America, pl. 352; Octavo ed., I, pl. 16. Gay's Nat. Hist. Chili Orn., pl. 2.

Head above, entire under parts and tail white, the middle feathers of the latter usually tinged above with ashy, and the head posteriorly tinged with the same color, gradually shading into a fine light cinereous, which is the color of the upper parts of the body quills and greater wing coverts. Lesser wing coverts glossy black, which forms a large oblong patch; inferior wing coverts white, with a smaller black patch. Bill dark; tarsi and feet yellow. Total length, female, about 16 inches; wing, 12; tail, 7½ inches. Male smaller.

Habitation—Southern and Western States, Mexico, Chili. Specimens in Museum Academy, Philadelphia, and National Museum, Washington.

3. GENUS ICTINIA. (Vieillot.)

Bill rather short, tip emarginated; wings long, pointed; tail rather short; tarsi short.

Two specimens form this group, one of which is North and the other South American.

ICTINIA MISSISSIPIENSIS. (Wilson.)

THE MISSISSIPPI KITE.

This is another southern species, and even appears to be restricted to a more limited range within the United States than either of the preceding. It is frequently met with in Texas and Louisiana, thence extending its range northward into Tennessee and the Carolinas, but rarely, it is believed, beyond. Probably, however, this bird may inhabit more northern districts in the great valley of the Mississippi River—a point not yet determined.

Reptiles and insects are almost exclusively the food of this bird, in the pursuit of which a large portion of its life is spent on the wing, sailing and coursing over meadows and other suitable localities. It hovers, too, about trees frequented by the larger kinds of insects, and captures them by cautiously picking them off somewhat after the fashion of a Swallow in stooping to drink. It is, in fact, more of an insect eater than either of the preceding.

This bird possesses very graceful and vigorous flight. It captures insects in the air, as well as when on trees, darting after them with great swiftness, and devours them also while flying. It is not so shy and cautious in its habits as is usually the case in birds of this family, and allows itself to be approached more readily, but shows no disposition to frequent the vicinity of habitations. The borders of woods, especially where there are dead or decaying trees, and in the vicinity of ponds or marshes, are its favorite places of resort. It constructs a nest on a high tree, forming it of sticks and moss; and, raising one brood of young in the season, moves southward at the approach of Winter.

We have never known this bird to be found on the Pacific, though it is quite possible that it inhabits Southern California and Mexico.

DESCRIPTION AND TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS.—Ictinia Mississippiensis. (Wilson.)

Falco Mississippiensis. Wilson's Am. Orn., III, p. 80 (1811).

Falco Ophiophagus. Vieillot's Nouv. Dict., XI, p. 103 (1817).

"Ictinia Plumbea." Audubon's Orn. Biog., II, p. 108.

Vieillot's Gal., I, pl. 17. Wilson's Am. Orn., III, pl. 25, fig. 1. Audubon's Birds of America, pl. 117; Oct. ed., I, pl. 17.

Head, exposed ends of secondary quills and entire under parts light cinereous, palest and nearly white on the tips of the secondaries; back wing coverts and rump dark lead color; primary quills and tail brownish black, the latter with a tinge of bluish; bill dark; tarsi and feet lighter. Total length, female, about 15 inches; wing, 11½ inches; tail, 6½ inches. Male smaller.

Habitation—Southern States, Texas. Specimen in Mus. Acad., Philadelphia.

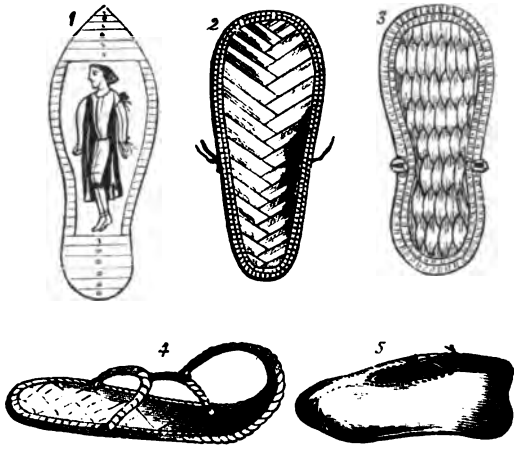
This bird is quite different from *Ictinia Plumbea*, which is a South American species, never yet noticed in the United States.

HISTORY OF BOOTS AND SHOES.

OUR title may seem to indicate an article upon a very insignificant subject, but we hope to show, notwithstanding, that it is a very interesting and very curious one. The fashions of shoes have been as various in all climates and ages as those of any other portion of the dress, and a good shoe, one which shall fit well the foot and look well when worn, must be made upon scientific principles, which unfortunately are not in the possession of a great majority of shoemakers, any more than the necessary knowledge of anatomy for fitting dresses properly is possessed by mantua makers. But those who trust entirely to the instincts of nature, in every kind of dress, seem to be more sure of acting in accordance with the requirements of health, grace and beauty.

The flowing robes of the Indian left his limbs

free, and the moccasin did not trammel his foot. So the *sandal* of the wandering Arab permits the perfect development and motion of every muscle, without which his journeyings over the mountains and through the deserts would be impossible. A Christian boot would be to him like the manacles which fetter the criminal.



Sandals are the first coverings for the feet of which we have any knowledge, and they are probably alluded to in the Bible, where the translation is *shoe*. *Naal*, the Hebrew word, admits of either signification. They were capable of being highly ornamented, and the Jewess, as well as the daughters of Egypt and Ethiopia, were not less anxious to please, by displaying a beautiful foot, than those who "trip lightly on the fantastic toe" at the present day. The bride in Solomon's Songs is met with the exclamation, "How beautiful are thy feet with sandals, Oh, prince's daughter!" And Holofernes, in enumerating the attractions of Judith, while admiring the richness of her dress and many ornaments, said, "It was her sandals ravished his eyes."

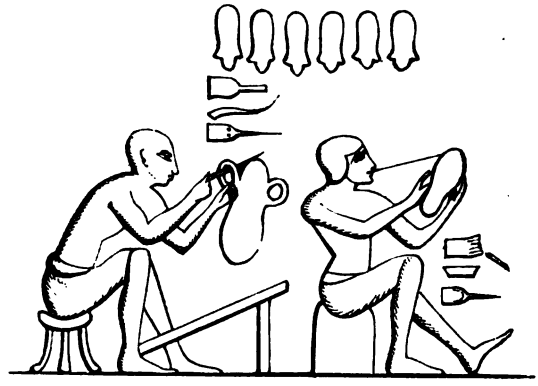
The sandals worn by women and the higher classes were made pointed and turned up at the end. Others had a sharp, flat point, and others were nearly round. The material was often palm leaves interlaced with papyrus, stalks, and sometimes leather lined with cloth, with figures painted upon the sole. Variety could be obtained by different colors and the delicacy and beauty of the lacing or thongs.

A picture has come down to us of the shoe or *sandal maker* at his work, in the reign of Thothsues III, who ascended the throne of Egypt, 1495 years before Christ, and during whose reign the Exodus of the Israelites occurred. The first workman is piercing the thong with his awl, and the second tightening another with his teeth. Over their heads are the fruits of their labors, displayed after the fashion of modern shops, to attract customers.

The shoe has been used in all ages in important typical significations. In Western Asia slippers left at the door denote that the master or mistress is engaged, and no one ventures to intrude into an apartment having this sign at the door—not even a husband, though it be his wife's! If a dispute between women is interrupted before both parties are satisfied, the shoe is thrust beneath the basket of her who is not appeased, which indicates that she will renew the combat. Among the Bedouins a husband says of his divorced wife, "She was my slipper; I have cast her off." Among us it is a common saying, "I would not be in his shoes;" and of a woman who marries soon the husband of a deceased wife, "She was all ready to step into her shoes;" and an old shoe is thrown after one for luck.

From the bas-reliefs copied from the monuments of Babylon we see the forms of the boots and shoes worn by the kings and nobles of Persia in the days of Xerxes and Darius. These seem to be half-boots, and to exhibit the transition state between sandals and shoes.

One is struck with the truth of the saying of Solomon, "There is nothing new under the sun," as the excavations of Pompeii and Her-



culaneum proceed, and savans multiply the interpretations of figures and writings upon the rocks and monuments of the East. Here is a figure copied from a most ancient specimen of Etruscan sculpture, and yet the boots might well belong to a period many hundred years later.

The history of shoes among the Greeks and Romans is still more interesting, as they carried the art to greater perfection, and indulged more in ornament. Their shoes were the badges of rank, and marked the grades of society. The *solea*, *crepida*, *pew* and *soccus* belonged to the lower classes—the laborers and rustics. The *caligula* was worn by soldiers, and the *cothurnus* by tragedians, hunters and horsemen, as well as the nobles of the country. Those who manufactured the different kinds were called Baxearii and Solearii.

The cothurnus was a boot reaching sometimes to the knee, and was laced down the front, and the skin of which they were made was dyed purple and other gay colors. Annexed are specimens of various kinds—figure 1 being a representation of the cothurnus.

Figure 2 is a shoe worn by the rustics, and is formed of a skin turned over the foot and secured by thongs crossing each other over the instep. Similar ones were worn by the Highlanders, and may be seen at the present day on the feet of the peasants upon Pontine marshes. Figure 3 is a shoe with the toes bare; it is made of soft leather and tied with a string, and secured with thongs passing between the toes.

Figure 4 is a solea worn by the soldiers, and figure 5 such a one as they wore when obliged to march upon rough roads—they were shod with spikes; at other times the soles were covered with large clumsy nails, as in figure 6, and must have been very thick to allow of the nails being driven in without interfering with the foot, as we see in figure 7.

The boots and sandals of the emperors were richly ornamented, as in figure 8, and Heliogolalus is said to have worn upon his shoes gems of great value, and to have them set with cameos.

None but such as had served the office of Edile were allowed to wear shoes of a red color, and this was a favorite color among the Hebrews.

The specimens of the first shoes worn by our Saxon ancestors resemble those of the Romans and nations of the East in form, differing only in material and adaptation to the wants of a colder climate. The following representations bear the date of 721, and are the only ones of an earlier date than the ninth century.

The first is little more than a sandal, being slashed and buttoned upon the tops. The material was rough skin, but oftentimes the soles

were of wood. Those of Bernard, King of Italy, grandson of Charlemagne, were found undecayed in his tomb, and were of red leather, laced with thongs, fitting closely, with soles of wood.

The various freaks of fashion in the forms of shoes have not been less ridiculous than those of other parts of the dress. A little after the Roman invasion they were made with a long point of two or three inches, turned up in front, which was afterward twisted, by a facetious courtier, into the form of a ram's horn. This, like the enormous head-dresses and hooped petticoats, was the theme of animadversion by pulpit and press, and was finally "preached down." Then fashion, as usual, went to the other extreme, and made round points, almost square, some of them being twelve inches across the toes.

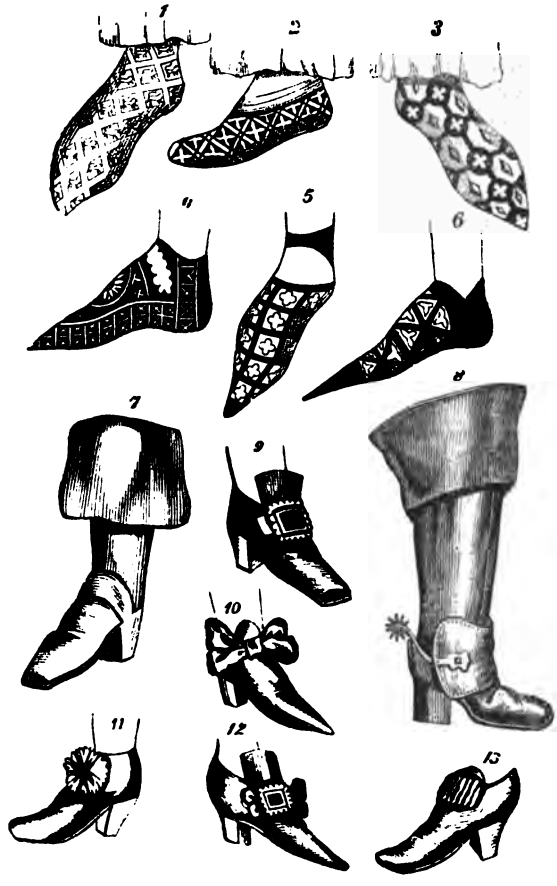
When the tomb of Henry VI, of Sicily, who died in 1197, was opened in the Cathedral of Palermo, on his feet were found shoes whose upper part was cloth of gold, embroidered with pearls, the sole being of cork, covered with the same cloth of gold. They reached to the ankle, and were fastened with little buttons. His Queen, Constance, who died in 1198, had also upon her feet shoes of cloth of gold, fastened with leather straps, and upon the upper part of them were two openings, wrought with embroidery, which showed that they had once been adorned with jewels. The boots and shoes of this period were often ornamented with gold, and elegantly embroidered.

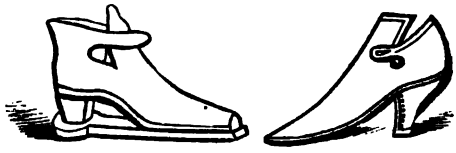
The shoes of Henry II are green, with bands of gold. Those of Richard are striped with gold, and the effigy of Henry III, in Westminster Abbey, is chiefly remarkable for the splendor of the boots he wears, being crossed all over with gold bands, forming a series of diamond-shaped spaces, each of which is filled with the figure of a lion, the royal arms of England, as is seen in figure 1 of the following plate.

Figure 7 is a boot of fine buff leather, which hung above the tomb of a warrior in Shottesburke Church, Berkshire, according to the custom of burying a knight with his martial equipments over his grave, consisting of shield, sword, gloves, spurs and boots.

Figure 8 is the famous jack-boot of the time of William III and Charles XII of Sweden, of whose portraits they invariably form a part. One can scarcely imagine "their flying before the enemy" in such cumbrous affairs, though they might answer very well for "marching to victory." Figures 10, 11 and 12 are Chinese and Turkish ladies' shoes, exhibiting the peculiar shape of their feet, small and deformed.

It was the fashion at one time for ladies to wear *clogs*, which were single pieces of stout leather, fastened beneath the heel and instep.





In the time of George III, "all who pretended to any gentility" wore red heels, and on gala days and showy occasions a buff shoe was worn. The Duchess of York, who lived in this reign, was remarkable for the smallness of her foot, her shoe measuring five feet three inches in length, and one and three-quarter inches across the sole. It was made of green silk, ornamented with gold stars, having a heel of scarlet, and bound with scarlet. A fanciful slipper indeed, resembling the annexed engraving, with the exception of the heel, which was perfectly straight.

Among barbarous nations to cover the feet and the body, even in the most convenient and effectual way, is the first thought, and we therefore find undressed skins used for both purposes, and fitted with the least possible expense and trouble.

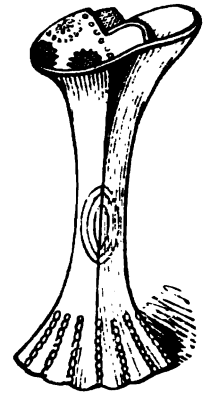
China is proverbial for the diminutive feet of the ladies, and the proportionately clumsy appearance of the feet of the men. Those of the former are compressed to three or four inches in length, rendering them almost entirely useless, but in their eyes as beautiful as in ours a delicate hand or waist. "Little golden lilies" is a poetical address common to these malformations no longer resembling feet. Their shoes are usually made of silk, and embroidered in the most beautiful manner.

The following are specimens of shoes worn in Egypt, which resemble in the upturned toe those of the Chinese.

Chopines were an invention for increasing the stature, and have, at different times, been worn in almost every country in Europe, but principally in Italy. They were made of a thick sole of wood, to which were affixed four round props, raising the wearer a foot from the ground, and, as those who wore them thought adding much to their dignity.

The sabot is a wooden shoe, worn by the peasantry of Normandy; and the *brogue*, worn by the same class in Ireland, is of untanned leather, without lining, and being much longer than the foot, the space is filled with hay or straw. They are very durable, and of great antiquity.

Of course the fashions of the Old World were imported into the New, and those who came from England made boots and shoes after they crossed the water as they did before, whether it were in England, France or Ireland. But poverty did not permit them to indulge their tastes, and with the wide ocean between them and warehouses, it was not impossible to be very extravagant. One writer says, concerning the shoes worn in New England in 1689: "They were coarse, clumped, and adorned with enormous buckles. If any boots made their appearance, prodigious was the thumping as they passed up the aisles of the church, for a pair of boots was expected, at that time, to last a man his life. The legs were short, but very wide at the top, formed, one might suppose, with special reference to rainy weather, collecting the water as it fell, and holding an ample bath for the feet and ankles."



"In general, men, old and young, had a decent coat, vest, and small clothes, and some kind of fur hat. Old men had a great coat and a pair of boots! The boots generally lasted for life. For common use they had a long jacket, reaching about half way to the thigh; flannel shirts, woolen stockings and thick leather shoes; and a silk handkerchief for holy days, which would last ten years."

"Before the Revolution, no hired man or woman wore any shoes as fine as calfskin; this was the exclusive property of the gentry. The servants wore coarse neat's leather. The shoes of ladies were either of thick or thin leather, broadcloth, or worsted stuffs, and all with heels an inch and a half high, with toes turned up in a point."

Washington, at his levees while President, from 1789 to 1797, dressed in black velvet, his hair powdered and gathered behind in a silk bag, yellow gloves on his

hands, holding a cocked hat, with a cockade in it, and the edges adorned with a black feather. He wore knee and shoe-buckles, and a long sword with a polished steel hilt.

Jefferson, in 1797, wore a black coat and light under-clothes.

Hamilton, in 1795, wore, at a dinner party, a blue coat with bright buttons and long skirts, a white waistcoat, black silk small clothes, white silk stockings, and shoes, of course.

The Hessian boot was introduced into England in the reign of George III, and soon after into the United States, and was generally worn with small clothes.

The Suwarrow boot was the next fashion, named for Suwarroff, a Russian general, who died in 1800, and, after continuing in fashion fifteen years, gave place to the Wellington boot, which was the prevalent fashion after the battle of Waterloo.

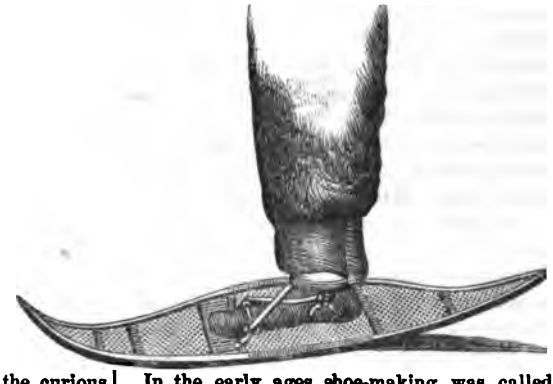
High-heeled shoes were the fashion for ladies during the revolution and for a long time after, and gave rise to the proverb, which is very common when a lady puts on airs, "she is on her high heels."

With the beginning of the nineteenth century came the Jefferson boot, which was laced up in front, and this was succeeded by the *laced boot*, which was laced at the side. But Mr. Hall, "patent elastic bootmaker to her Majesty the Queen, the Queen Dowager, and Queen of the Belgians," author, also, of the curious "Book of the Feet," invented the "Elastic Boot," called, in this country, "Congress Boot," which supersedes all others in ease and beauty.

> "That these rude men may utterly
> Marvel, since they sit so plain,
> How they come off and on again."

He says he is indebted to Lady Blessington, and Lady Charlotte Bacon, and Mrs. S. C. Hall, for many suggestions for their improvement, and one lady writes to him, "These boots are the comfort of my life; if you were only to give them a grand sounding name—if you like, call them *lazy boots*, and turn it into Greek—all the world will buy them and you will make your fortune." He says he has made scarcely any other boots for many years, though he has not made a fortune, "yet they are almost the only kind worn by her Majesty, and no one who reads the Court Circular, or is acquainted with her Majesty's habits of walking and exercise in the open air, can doubt the superior claims of the elastic over every other kind of boots. It has been well remarked that the road to health is a foot-path."

Among the great variety of shoes, and a gentleman who has taken great pains to collect them numbers between four and five hundred, the snow-shoe must not be forgotten. It was found among the Indians, but adopted by all travelers and hunters in the Winter, who were obliged to either go through or over snow drifts several feet in depth. They are still in use in Canada and the Northern States.



In the early ages shoe-making was called "the gentle craft," and considered one of the most honorable of the mechanical trades. Why it has seemingly so degenerated one can hardly tell, though the author of the "Book of Feet" endeavors to ascribe it to the influence of the cheap trade, shoes being in those days indispensable and expensive, the manufacturing of them fell into unskillful hands, who were *cobblers*, making at a cheap rate what could be worn, but what, nevertheless, scarcely deserved the name of shoes. But surely an art which numbers among its votaries such men as Sherman, Drew, Gifford, Lee and Sheffey, need not be in itself ignoble. All its operations being performed so quietly, it is very conducive to meditation, and the men of the awl, who have afterward followed other pursuits, have been eminent for depth and clearness of thought.

The name of Roger Sherman is familiar as household words, and his life one with which every child is made acquainted next to Washington—there being, perhaps, not one more hon-

ored in America. Until twenty-two he earned his own livelihood, and at nineteen was obliged also to provide for the support of a widowed mother and several brothers and sisters. His love of knowledge prompted him to devote all his leisure time to study, and the acquirements which were the foundation of his future greatness were made while performing the great duties of his trade. A book placed open before him furnished him with suggestions and themes for thought, which he could dwell upon while at work. He afterward studied law, and rose rapidly to fill, with honors, the highest offices in the gift of the State.

Sheffey, Lee and Worcester were also eminent Americans who commenced life as shoemakers.

Gideon Lee was a native of Amherst, Massachusetts, and during his boyhood, from poverty, scarcely enjoyed the advantages of a common school education. But the first hundred dollars he earned at his trade were devoted to procuring the means of acquiring knowledge. When his money was spent he returned to his bench, and thus alternating between the labor which he was obliged to perform for money, and the labor of study which he loved, passed several years. He at length removed to the city of New York, where he was agent of an extensive establisment called the "Hampshire Leather Manufactory," and by means of which he laid the foundation of a trade in a branch of domestic industry, which speedily rivaled any in the other Atlantic cities. This business he continued thirty years. He was successively member of the State Assembly and Mayor of the city. To his efforts in the cause of public education the youth of the State are much indebted for the facilities of acquiring knowledge, which he learned to value as we learn to realize truly all blessings, by being deprived of them.

Noah Worcester was the son of a farmer in Hollis, N. H., and was devoted by his friends to the profession of war. This was revolting to his sensibility and humanity, and resolving to be a student, he became at the same time an *amateur shoemaker*, that his hands and mind might be employed at the same time, it being necessary to support himself while pursuing his studies. Being next promoted to the office of the ministry, he was obliged still to make shoes, in order to "eke out" his small salary, which was only two hundred dollars a year, among a people who could not afford to *make this good.*

To his experience in war, and his meditations at his peaceful trade, the world is indebted for the institution of peace societies, and the attention of the world was awakened to the subject by a tract which he wrote, entitled a "Solemn Review of the Custom of War," which was translated into many languages and circulated through all lands. He conducted the periodical of the Peace Society, and said, for years the subject of war was never absent from his mind an hour at a time when awake. He remained always in indigent circumstances, through his benevolence and devotion to pursuits which yielded not money, but a clear conscience and good to man.

In England, with the bench and the last are associated quite a galaxy of great lights in the world of science, poetry and belles-lettres—among the most ancient of which are Samuel Drew, the Bloomfields, George Fox and William Gifford.

Samuel Drew was a native of Ceustell, in the County of Cornwall, England, and served his first apprenticeship in a mill, where his wages were a penny and a half per day. He was afterward bound to a shoemaker for nine years, but having an unkind master he did not *serve his full time*, but finished with a man who was saddler, shoemaker and bookbinder, and it was by attending to the customers who brought old books to be made new, that he learned his ignorance and was inspired with a thirst for knowledge.

When he commenced business for himself it was with a capital of five pounds, which he borrowed, and beside his awl and his last were laid his books and a dictionary, for he had scarcely learned to read, and knew the import of only the simplest words. His religious creed was that of the Wesleyan Methodists, and his religious zeal led him to turn his attention to theological studies. The first essay that acquired for him a reputation, was a refutation of "Paine's Age of Reason," and was followed by several which are well known in the religious world. During the last years of his life he was editor of the "Imperial Magazine," London, and has been honored with the appellation of "*the Locke of the nineteenth century.*" He died in 1833, at the age of sixty-eight.

The father of the Bloomfields was a tailor, in the village of Honington, Suffolk County, England, and three months instruction in reading and writing was all they were favored with as a foundation for future greatness in the world of letters. Robert was the youngest of six children, and at eleven years of age was placed with his eldest brother, in London, to learn the shoemaker's trade. When he had become a

great man his brother wrote of him: "In the garret where five of us worked, I received little Robert. As we were all single men, lodgers at a shilling a week, our beds were coarse, and all things far from being clean and snug. Robert was our man to fetch all things to hand. At noon he fetched our dinner from the cook's shop, and any of our fellow-workmen that wanted anything brought in would send him, and assist him in his work and teach him as a recompense for his trouble.

"Every day when the boy from the public house came for the pewter pots, and to hear what porter was wanted, he always brought the yesterday's newspaper. The reading of the paper we had been used to take by turns; but after Robert came he mostly read for us, because his time was of least value. He frequently met with words that he was unacquainted with; of this he often complained. I bought a small dictionary for him. By the help of this he, in a little time, could read and comprehend the long and beautiful speeches of Burke, Fox and North."

When a child he had lived a little while with a farmer, and to recruit his health returned there for six months before finishing his trade. It was then that he learned the poetry of farming, and in his garret, after returning to London, he wrote "The Farmer's Boy," composing it while at work in the room with several others, and not writing a word till it was finished. "then," as he said, "he had nothing to do but write it down." It experienced the fate of many "first productions of unknown authors," and was rejected by all the principal London publishers; but was soon appreciated after being printed, twenty-six thousand copies being sold in three years, besides having been translated into French, Latin and Italian. Rural life inspired his muse most frequently, and "Wild Flowers" and "Good Tidings from the Farm," will charm as long as wild flowers bloom and the pleasures of rural life are the sweetest to human hearts.

His brother Nathan was also a shoemaker and a poet, though not so well known as Robert. He did not write so much that found an echoing response in the hearts of the million, though his Elegiac Address to a Village Green has secured him a name that will never die.

The youth of George Fox was divided between shoe-making and the tending of shop, and the author of the "Bank of Faith" and popular preacher of Providence Chapel, Grey's Inn, London, worked for some time in his youth as a shoemaker.

Rev. Dr. William Corey learned several languages while holding the last and using the awl, and lived to see the Bible, by his instrumentality, translated into the dialects of more than forty different tribes, and thus introduced to more than two hundred millions of readers.

Those who are deterred by poverty from the path of knowledge, will find encouragement in these pages. Neither cold, nor hunger, nor oppression can restrain genius in her flight, and no obstacles deter him who is thirsting for knowledge.

One of the most illustrious instances of perseverance in the midst of difficulties we find in William Gifford, of Ashburton, Devonshire, England, in whose boyhood the most sanguine prophet would not have foreseen that he would one day sit in the editorial chair of the Quarterly Review! Left an orphan at thirteen, he was adopted by an uncle, who showed his kindness by giving him scarcely the rudiments of education, and early ridding himself of the care of him by placing him as ship-boy on board a coasting vessel, where he says he saw but one book during the year he remained, and this the "Coasting Pilot." But the remonstrances of the fish women, who saw him ragged and neglected on the beach, obliged his uncle, for shame, to take him home again and send him to school.

Arithmetic was his favorite study, and his ambition first suggested to him the position of village schoolmaster. But to his uncle this was a flight altogether too high, and immediately on learning it he removed him from school and bound him to a shoemaker till he was twenty-one. This was a sad blow to his hopes; but they were not crushed, nor when he found his new master more inimical to his projects than the old.

He possessed but one book in the world, and that was a treatise upon algebra, beyond his comprehension, which a woman had found and presented to him. But his master's son had an introductory treatise, which might open the way for understanding the other; but he was not permitted to open it, and to make sure of obedience it was hidden where he was a long time in discovering it, though he "searched diligently." When chance presented it to him he spent the nights in solving its mysteries, and found it an effectual key to the treasures hitherto locked up in the one he possessed.

But he had not a penny with which to buy pen, ink and paper, and as a substitute hammered out pieces of leather till they were large enough and smooth enough for a problem to be

engraved upon them, and then made his awl answer for the honored service of drawing them. Thus his days were devoted to shoes and his nights to figures, till his master discovered him indulging in forbidden pleasures and placed him under more rigid surveillance. He then resorted to the muses, and made poetry, which he recited to those listeners who were willing to give him a penny for his rhymes. These at length came to the notice of a gentleman, who saw in them germs of future greatness, and who soon found means of releasing him from his apprenticeship and placing him where he could devote his whole time to study. The succeeding steps, through college and professional life, it is not necessary to trace, as we only wish to show how he triumphed over misfortunes, and from a shoemaker became one of the most eminent literary savans.

"Stick to your last" is a homely but common proverb, enjoining perseverance, and may have originated with those who made it the means of such honorable promotion.

"None but the wearer knows where the shoe pinches," is another as common, and originated with a noble Roman who was asked why he had put away his beautiful wife, and gave this for an answer.

"The shoemaker must not go beyond his last," is immediately understood to advise no one to pass judgment upon things concerning which he has no knowledge, and is derived from the incident of a shoemaker's criticising a slipper which an artist had painted, and, being applauded, attempted to carry his strictures to other parts of the picture, thus making himself ridiculous.

St. Crispin is the patron saint of shoemakers, and he, it appears, suffered martyrdom about the year 303 for his efforts to propagate the doctrines of the Christian religion, traveling from Rome Soissons, in France, for this purpose, and making shoes by the way as a means of obtaining nourishment for the body.

St. Crispin's Day is the 25th of October, and Shakespeare and many inferior poets have immortalized its festivities and promoted its importance in the list of holidays.

An anecdote is told of the Chaplain of the Duke of Leeds, which the facetious like to relate as an instance of the wit of a member of the "gentle craft." A shoemaker named Walkden had made for him a pair of shoes, and on being asked the price, replied "half a guinea, Sir."

"Half a guinea for a pair of shoes," said the chaplain; "why I could go to Cranbourne Alley and buy a better pair of shoes than they ever were or will be for five and sixpence."

He then threw the shoe to the other end of the room, and Walkden threw the other after it, saying, at the same time, "Sir, I can go to a stall in Moorfields and buy a better sermon than my lord gives you a guinea for."

The duke, being present, was much amused by this retort, and immediately ordered half a dozen pairs of shoes, to be made directly.

The celebrated mob orator, Henley, succeeded in collecting the greatest number of shoemakers ever known to assemble, at one time, by announcing that he would teach them a new and most expeditious mode of making shoes. When they were gathered together, a great multitude, they learned that it was no other than by cutting off the tops of boots!

The writer of this anecdote displays his talent for punning by saying, "I cannot think the representatives of Prince Crispin would have pocketed this insult. I think they would have *bristled* up, one and *all*, and *waxing* wroth, would not have waited for the *ends* of justice, but would have brought the orator down from his 'gilt tub,' and persevering to the *last*, have put their *soles* upon his neck till he had discovered, too late, that the 'gentle craft' might not be insulted with impunity!"

THORWALDSEN.

It is not generally known that an intimate companion of the great Danish artist, for many years employed in his museum, is now to be found in this city. J. G. Unnevehn, importer and manufacturer of Thorwaldsen's statuary and bas-reliefs, may be found in a basement No. 297 Broadway, a simple-hearted, plain man, who prospers but meagerly, and who will most probably leave the country before long.

We have seen him with his little active wife, working together, simple as children, and genial and obliging under many and severe discouragements. The lovers of art have in this man a rare opportunity to supply themselves with medallions and busts of rare excellence, and to provide themselves also with the works of the great master of the North. There is a genuineness and robustness about the designs of this man, which is more pleasing to our eye than the emasculated products of the Italian school, where old ideas are repeated till they have ceased to be significant.

Besides the privileges of art, the visitor may hear many a simple anecdote and devout recollection of Thorwaldsen, from the lips of a man who knew how to appreciate his genius and reverence his virtues.

HUGH S. LEGARE

EX-PRESIDENT TYLER recently delivered a lecture before the Petersburg Literary Association, in Virginia, taking for his subject "The Dead of the Cabinet." It was an eloquent and touching tribute to the memory of the distinguished men who had been members of his Cabinet while he occupied the Presidential chair, and who had departed before him "to that country from whose bourne no traveler returns." We copy the portion of the lecture devoted to Hugh S. Legare, (pronounced Legree,) one of the ablest and most cherished sons of South Carolina, whose early decease was sincerely mourned by the whole nation. The ex-President opened his address as follows:

"I am here to-night in pursuance of your kind invitation, and propose to perform a melancholy, but at the same time an agreeable task. It is to wander among the tombs, and to remove the moss, if any, which thirteen years have thrown over inscriptions which should be continued legible for all coming time. My task will be brief. Eulogies have already been spoken. My offering will be one, however humble, of high admiration and undying friendship. Standing beside their graves, I recall them such as they were in life; I see them as formerly at the Cabinet board, undisturbed by the ravings of faction or the roar of the political tempest, intent only on the public good, and earnest to record their names on the pages of history as public benefactors. *Spargere flores, spargere creves rosas*—and to whom can this office be more appropriately assigned than to myself? We were comrades—sat at the same table—broke bread and ate salt together—bared our bosoms to the same storms, and when the angry clouds so far parted as to admit a ray of sunshine, we basked in it together. I confided in them while living—I revere their memories now they are dead. Let no man fear I shall so illy acquit myself of my task as to introduce into my address anything that can excite party feeling. I shall do no such injustice to the memory of those of whom I design to speak; what they were politically is for others to mention. I design no more than to draw their daguerreotypes; upon the historian will devolve the duty of drawing their full-length portraits. I

shall speak of them in the order in which they bade adieu to the world and closed their career of usefulness—and the name of Hugh Swinton Legare is the first on the catalogue of the dead. I remember the first time I ever saw him. It was in the infancy of steam-power, and a slight frost sufficed to prevent the running of the steamer that plied between Washington and Potomac Creek. The stage coach was at the time the only means of conveyance over the almost impassable roads between Washington and Fredericksburg. I was returning to my home in Virginia, in the Winter of 1819-20, during a brief respite from service as a member of the House of Representatives. Chance seated me by the side of a young man whom I soon learned had but a few days before returned to the United States from his European travels. We were strangers to each other; but who waits for an introduction in a stage coach? Its chief recommendation consists in the absence of all form and ceremony. Each passenger feels himself bound, in some sort, to contribute to relieve the fatigue of the journey. The conversation thus becomes general, and before the journey is ended good fellowship is established among the passengers. So was it upon the occasion I have mentioned. The slow progress of the coach gave full leisure for conversation, and the passengers were indebted to the youthful stranger for much to interest them. He was full of his travels. France, Italy, England and Scotland were spoken of with graphic powers. The sun of the great Napoleon had set, and the glory which had flashed from minaret and tower had sunk into the twilight of the ancient regime. The enthusiasm of the young traveler found its only excitement in the marvels of the times of the Consulate and Empire. We visited, with him as our cicerone, those battle fields where crowns were the stakes, and whereon kingdoms were lost and won; luxuriated in the beauty and fragrance of the imperial gardens; visited the great works which, if all else was wanting, would serve as enduring monuments to the memory of the Emperor; conversed with the great Marshals, and shed tears at the bloody death of the 'bravest of the brave,' a death which has left upon the garments of those who ordered it a stain so deep that all the waters in the world cannot wash it out; but the blood then shed shall, in the language of Lady Macbeth, 'rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green one red.' We crossed the Simplon and descended into Italy. Rome, as in the time of Augustus, rose up before us in all its majestic proportions—its seven hills clothed with the glories of the old republic; and then, stumbling over the ruins of the mighty past, we entered with profound awe and reverence the holy edifice of St. Peter—the creation of the genius of Michael Angelo. Thus was represented the Imperial City—at one time glorying in her conquests and almost universal power, and holding in her lap the dowry of nations; at another weeping, like Niobe, over the children of her earthly glory, the offspring of her feverish ambition, begotten of policy and won by the sword, and then again rising from her ruins with the miter on her brow, and the crozier in her hand, exercising a power far greater than that ever exercised by her Consuls and Emperors in the olden time. Then passed before us Venice, rising from the ocean 'a sea Cybele,' the gems which glittered on her brow, and the silks which adorned her person, brought from the far-distant lands of the Orient; her annual espousal of the Adriatic; the magnificence of her Doges; her gondoliers, and the songs of Tasso; the Rialto, with its 'prison and its palace on each hand'—all rose up before us at the plastic touch of the young Legare. We fought the battle of Hastings over again; saw the Saxon banner go down before the Norman; witnessed the signing of the great charter at Runnemede; rejoiced in the accession of William of Orange to the throne, and in the steady advances of freedom over privilege and arbitrary power; and, crossing the Channel, wandered over England's classic grounds. We then entered Scotland, the home of his maternal ancestors. A new enthusiasm was awakened; Sir Walter Scott had peopled every hill and glen with the old memories. The stout Sir Allen Swinton had played his part in the battle of Hallidon Hill:

"'There needed not to blazon forth the Swinton
His ancient burgonet, the sable boar,
Chained to the gnarled oak, nor his proud step
Nor giant stature, nor ponderous mace
Which only he in Scotland's realm could wield;
His discipline and wisdom mark the leader,
As doth his name the champion.'

"No wonder that in touching the old soil which had been so proudly trodden by his stalwart race, the young traveler should have been awakened to a new enthusiasm. The mighty men of the claymore and the spear, armed as they were in life, reappeared from the spirit land. The Wallace and the Bruce, and the Campbell and the Douglas reënacted their parts, and 'James Fitz James, the Commons King,' held royal court at Stirling; and there, too, was Ellen Douglas and the devoted Graeme.

The unfortunate Mary, and the last of her race who aspired to the throne, figured on the canvas, until hill top responded to hill top in the national air of the day:

"'Wha will be king but Charley?'

which continued to awaken the slumbering echoes long after the fatal and bloody battle of Culloden.

"We parted at Richmond, and I saw no more of him for years. In the mean time he had risen to eminence, and his native State of South Carolina had bestowed upon him distinguished marks of her esteem and confidence. He had embellished the pages of the public reviews by contributions from his pen, which the whole country had read with admiration and delight, and which gave him rank among the best writers of the age. He had obtained celebrity at the bar, and had won laurels as a debater in the House of Representatives. Upon a vacancy occurring, I invited him to a seat in the Cabinet as Attorney-General. I had reason to rejoice in the selection. Familiar with all questions of constitutional and municipal law, he had also a large knowledge of international law, which found in him at the Cabinet board, on many interesting occasions, an able expounder. His mind was a deep well, which was in no danger of being exhausted by the copious drafts made upon it. There never was counselor more faithful—patriot more sincere—statesman with broader or more liberal views, or a man more unassuming yet of firmer or more decided character. Truth was the great magnet whose influence he obeyed, and whithersoever that guided he followed. If Congress placed a mistaken interpretation on the force and effect of a statute, as it did in a notable instance, Legare, upon being called upon for his opinion, had no hesitation in pronouncing Congress in error, and so accordingly, at an after day, it was decided to be by the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court. It is not believed that a single instance has occurred wherein his *seriatim* opinion has been overruled by that high tribunal. It may be said, without fear of mistake, that he was more deeply read in the civil law than any other man in the Union. On all questions involving its principles, he was the Magnus Apollo of the court. With all his reverence for the common law, he had a still greater for the civil, as a more perfect system of justice. He sought on all occasions to soften down the seeming asperities of the first by an infusion into it of the principles of the last, and in this respect followed the example of Lord Mansfield on the bench of England. Several of the States of the Union have of late incorparated into their statutes the principles of the civil law, but whether experience will approve the innovation remains to be seen. For myself, I frankly confess my attachment to the system of the common law, which has come down to us from so remote an antiquity, gushing forth in its origin from the hearts of the brave and untamed, and bearing along with it the principles of human right, to sustain and adorn the great structure of public liberty—a system so perfect that to remove any single column is to endanger the entire fabric. Mr. Legare thought differently, and I remember with what exultation he called upon me one morning, not long before his death, to inform me of his having received, the evening before, from Europe, an ancient work on the civil law, which he had been long anxious to obtain. He was at the time the Secretary of State *ad interim*, having been appointed to the place on the retirement of Mr. Webster, in May, 1843. Qualified as he was to be the exponent of the law and the Constitution in his office of Attorney-General, he was no less so to conduct the affairs of the State Department; but, alas, how weak is the staff of life on which we lean! Our hopes, how delusory—the early promise of morning, how fleeting and transient! I was invited to Boston to be present at the delivery of the speech of Mr. Webster on the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument. The journey was commenced some days in advance of that appointed for the delivery of the oration, and Mr. Legare was prevented from accompanying me by some pressing business in the State Department, and only reached Boston on the day set apart for the oration. He complained of being too unwell to attend. An eminent physician was called in, who at first did not regard the attack as of any serious moment. Fatal error, which a brief day served to dissipate. Death had seized upon its victim, and the commonwealth was called upon to mourn the loss of one of its purest and noblest sons. That well stored mind, which had shed broad light over the country on so many occasions, was now extinguished; that calm and unimpassioned friend, on whose counsel I had leaned in so much confidence, and by whom I was never deceived, was stricken from my side, and an excursion commenced in buoyancy and gladness, which had been accompanied on its whole line by the greetings and huzzas of unnumbered thousands, was terminated in sorrow and mourning; that generous heart, whose every pulsation was chaste and holy, had ceased to beat. I saw him

borne to his last resting place, where he sleeps until the morning of the resurrection. So passed away Hugh Swinton Legare in the morning of his prime and broad daylight of his usefulness.

CARRIER PIGEONS AND THE TELEGRAPH.

MANY of the readers of the newspapers who wake up in the morning and find a column of European news, by telegraph, ready for their perusal in the morning paper, the steamer having arrived only at midnight before, do not know the labor and enterprise which are involved to procure this early transmission of the steamer's news. The "Associated Press" have an agent for the arrival of the New York steamers at Sandy Hook light-house. He has fifty carrier pigeons, which are trained for the purpose of conveying news from the steamships to the shore. A man in an open boat, in all kinds of weather, drops alongside of the steamer as she bears directly for Sandy Hook. The news is thrown over in a water-tight can, and the news being taken out, a single sheet is affixed to a bird's leg. The man then gives the signal to the bird, which raises his wings and away he goes, with all his powers of locomotion, in a straight line for the office, going a distance of three or four miles in as many minutes, and, popping in at a window, is received by the agent, who transmits the intelligence over the wires to New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and thence to St. Louis, New Orleans, and all parts of the country, so that the news is frequently received over a large part of the United States and published before the steamer leaves the quarantine.

THE DYING HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

BY JOHN NEAL.

DEAREST! lay thy hand in mine!
Let me look into thine eyes
One moment, ere we part forever,
As I'd look into the skies:
Dearest, why that wail of sorrow?
We have dwelt together long;
Our life hath been a bridal-morrow—
Our speech through life a bridal song.
Dearest! fare thee well!

Beloved, I can see thee now,
Even as I saw thee first
In thy girlhood, with a look
Full of gentleness and trust;
And, straightway, if I shut my eyes,
I can hear thy whispered breath,
Full of innocent surprise;
Answering, "I am thine till death."
Dearest! fare thee well!

Nay, dearest, do not weep, I pray;
Oh, do not, do not, turn aside!
The vision brightens—and I see,
Standing there, a youthful bride!
Large flower-dew in her modest eyes,
Her bosom heaving, and her mouth,
Half pouted, trembling—wet with tears—
And breathing of the violet South—
Dearest! fare thee well!

Beloved; can I e'er forget
The young wife, stealing forth to prayer!
Now whispering in her sleep for joy;
Now waking with disheveled hair,
And gazing at her husband's face,
And wondering if it could be true;
Now blushing, faltering—half ashamed,
Though proud, and very happy too?
Dearest! fare thee well!

Nay, dearest, nay! I cannot bear
To hear thee sob—to see thee weep;
It damps the bridegroom joy I feel,
When thinking of thy pleasant sleep;
The pleasant sleep that followed—when—
Hast thou forgotten, dearest wife,
When *first* upon the mother's ear,
Out-pealed the infant song of life?
Dearest! fare thee well!

When I, as 't were but yesterday,
Thy first-born gathered to my arms,
Gazed with a heart too full to speak,
Upon thy multiplying charms;
Then overwhelmed with sudden awe,
Dropped on my knees in silent prayer,
Acknowledging the mighty law
That bound our hearts forever there.
Dearest! fare thee well!

Beloved! lay thy cheek to mine,
As thou did'st ever—till we're parted—
The bridegroom for the bed of death;
Thou to thy chamber, broken-hearted.
Our children! Oh, I hear them weep!
I feel the youngest on the bed;
Tell them I have gone to sleep
With the unforgotten dead!
Dearest! fare thee well!

Bid them be to thee what I,
Ever since we met, have been—
Watchful, patient, and sincere;
Faithful, tender and serene;
And now I hear a footstep nigh—
I feel a strange, damp, shadowy breath!
I cannot be mistaken, love!
It is the summoning of Death!
Dearest! fare thee well!

Dearest! lay thy lips to mine—
Let me look into thine eyes,
Dearest; I have laid my heart
Bare with all its mysteries!
Be comforted! remember me,
Even as I'll remember thee,
Dearest, hush—a passing bell!
Dear babes! one kiss! my wife, my wife!
Take thou the last breath of my life!
Dearest! fare thee well!

Portland, Me.

THE CASH BOY.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

In the large retail stores of dry goods in New York, Brooklyn, and perhaps most of our principle cities, may be seen a small personage darting here and there and everywhere, denominated in some stores "Cash," in others "Check." It is the duty of this personage to take a memorandum of every article sold by the clerks of the establishment, together with the money paid by the purchaser, and carry them to the desk of the superintendent, who reads the schedule, receives the pay, and gives the surplus money into the hands of Cash, who again returns with it to the clerk from whom he received it. The reader will at once see that Cash has a very busy time of it, and that in order to hold his position it is necessary for him to be both light and agile. Many of these boys are from the humblest ranks in life, but they acquire habits of observation and dexterity which prepares them for an honorable business career by the time that their growing size renders them unfit for the rapid evolutions of a Cash. I say this much preliminary to the following "o'er true tale" that my country readers may not be at a loss to understand the position of my hero.

"Cash, Cash," shouted the clerk of the retail dealer, holding out a slip of paper with a gold piece laid upon the top of it.

"Cash," cried another, with an identical slip, and a bank bill in place of a piece of gold.

"Cash," growled a third, tossing a slip of paper and a shilling at the same time, with a look of undisguised contempt at the smallness of the amount.

To all these demands hurried a pair of little feet, and a young, fair head, belonging to an alert little body, which seemed to come and go with the speed and precision of a machine.

As he passed my elbow, bending over upon one foot, the other up in the air, only for a moment, for quick as a flash he slapped the return change upon the counter, and dodged across the shop to obey a fourth imperious call for Cash; but, as I said, when he brushed my elbow, I caught a furtive glance of an eye, and an expression about the little, old mouth that haunted me for many weeks, and I did not rest till I had learned the history of Cash.

We will go to the third story of the house. It is not an old one, but somehow poverty gives a look of age to all it touches—from the thin, blue cheek of the child to the anxious face of the poor mother, who in the flush of her youth is transformed by the hard touch of poverty to the furrows of old age. The house, as I said, was not old, but it was in a neighborhood devoted to vice, and claimed by poverty; therefore were its walls gray and broken. Under the foundation stones were long oval holes, with a heap of sand rising like a causeway on each side, between which rats came and went; here one with keen, malicious eyes darted to the mouth of the hole and escaped within again; there the long, ugly tail of another lay out in sight, sliding inward with a quick whisk as its owner detected approaching feet. The rat follows always in the footsteps of traffic. He is a thief, and he may always be found where thieves are, for he is the symbol of rapine and fraud. He is a robber and a murderer, and his affinities lead him where such things are by an unfailing instinct.

Along the stairs of the house, which are dirty and decayed, with a place scooped out in the center of each from the incessant passage of feet, are a set of broken bannisters, rickety and worn; the wall opposite is battered and dingy, showing the lathing from which the plaster has crumbled in patches; a sky-light, dusty and dilapidated, but partially illumined the dismal passage. Children swing from the railing, or astride of it come from the regions above quite down, screaming and shouting; others lie upon their backs and sing in rude chorus. Babies totter along, crying in a mournful undertone, as if from an instinct of misery more than from any positive pain. Girls with their feet slip-shod, and gowns unfastened in the back, scuff from room to room with hair scattered over their shoulders. Stout women with hard, cruel eyes step heavily with arms akimbo, and now and then one gives a slap to some turbulent child whose clamor has become unbearable. Then out rushes the mother of the child, and a volley of harsh epithets, not even excluding blows, succeed.

Leaving this clamor behind, we go, as I said, up to the upper rooms of the house. It is a small room, but perfectly cleanly. The walls are covered with newspapers, which answer the double purpose of keeping out the cold and concealing the imperfections of the wall. At one end is a small fire place, deep and square, containing a small portable furnace filled with charcoal, over which is an iron kettle. A little woman sits in front of this talking to herself.

"That kettle is iron, consequently it is long to the bile. I'll get a tin one—will I? no, I wont. Tin will bile quicker—consequently 'twill cool as quick."

THE CASH BOY'S MOTHER.

Here she lifted the kettle to one side, and placed what cooks call a Dutch oven over the coals.

"Just heat up a bit, but don't burn now. I'll buy my bread—'twill be cheaper, consequently a saving. No, Cash don't like baker's bread, consequently I shall make it myself. Cash is a good boy—a good boy—consequently I am a happy mother."

Here she groaned aloud.

"But Cash is amazing little—amazing little, consequently he don't grow."

While the woman uttered this in a low voice, unconscious she talked aloud, the subject of her remarks had entered the room unperceived, and stood behind her. At the last remark he started forward and eyed the little woman with what was meant to be a severe look.

"Mother, am I a heathen?"

"You are, my son; and consequently—"

"Never mind the consequently. Am I a thief, a liar, a vagabond?"

"Cash, Cash! how you do talk; you are—"

"Yes, I am, consequently; and therefore you talk about me in a way that no Christian mother is at liberty to talk."

"Cash, Cash!"

"There it is again. Was I christened Cash? You told me by your own word of mouth that the parson spoke my name out in full, John, and now you call me Cash; as if it wasn't enough for me to be called Cash in the shop, but you must call me Cash too. I won't swallow it, I wont;" and John or Cash, whichever the reader likes, stuck his hands in his pockets, and stretched his little body up till he grew quite red in the face.

"You are so queer, Cash, you are—conse—"

"There you are, mother; Cash is consequently—never Jack nor John."

The little woman smoothed down a small bit of cloth in the shape of an apron, and smiled and looked at her son with a look of intense satisfaction.

"Cash—John, I mean—consequently is a word—"

"I know it—I know it—you nickname your own child, you do—nickname the child you nursed in your bosom!"

The little old face looked consternation.

"Never John—never—"

"There spoke my mother—there spoke the lips of my honored maternal," exclaimed little Cash, striking his bosom and spreading out a pair of little sticks for arms, into which the woman rushed, smiling and patting his cheek.

As she did so she started back, for she felt what could be nothing else but a tear.

"You're mistaken, my good woman, totally mistaken, as our boss says when people bring back our damaged goods; that water came down from the clouds."

The woman peered through the dim room, uncertain whether he spoke the truth, and then proceeded to place the supper upon the table. She evidently expected to surprise Cash with the contents of the Dutch oven, for when she poured it out she placed a hand upon her thin ribs and looked at him with an air of triumph, and was disappointed that he said nothing. At length he roused himself and went into a sort of heroics on the occasion. He seemed a a funny youth.

"Cash, you cannot deceive me, consequently it is best you should tell me what is on your mind," interrupted the other.

"Mother, do you think I shall ever grow any more?"

The woman shook her head, and replied:

"Cash you are now twenty-one years of age. con—"

"Now, mother, that means I am *done, finished*. Look here, I'm no more nor knee-high to a grasshopper. Don't you know how I used to

be afraid I should grow, and so lose my place. They never have a large Cash in a shop—'twould look awkward—be in the way. Cashes are always little; Cashes may be old but they must be little; Cashes don't be fat; Cashes have to be spry, and so Cashes must keep thin. You may well call me Cash, mother, I shall not be anything else. Cash I am—Cash I shall be—Cash I must be."

"And I, your mother, and consequently not the one to speak in praise of her own child—I, your mother, say you are as nice a looking Cash as ever went inside a shop door."

The little woman, having delivered herself of this speech in a nice kind of a voice, proceeded to pour out her cups of tea, and went on to talk in a peculiarly lady-like way.

Cash, who had finished his supper, counted out some money from his pocket, while his mother washed the cups and put them into a closet in the side of the chimney.

"I think we are growing rich, Cash," said the mother; "riches beget pride, consequently we must be on our guard."

"We aint neither of us big enough to hold pride, mother; we should bust."

"That may be true, Cash."

"We *is* rich, mother. The rent paid; the furniture paid for; the clothes paid for; and here's fifty dollars left—I'm embarrassed, I'm burdened with so much;" and the little fellow crossed his legs in the hight of perplexity. It was interesting to look at both as they sat with the money before them—both so little in form, and so simple-hearted. At length Cash spoke low and slowly:

"Mother, here's more money nor you or I want; suppose I buy a gown for Mary Grace? she's a nice girl."

"Mary Grace is a nice girl, and you need not blush to say it, Cash."

"Mary never called me anything but John," and he evidently was pleased to remember that the girl had not transferred his term of office upon himself.

While they had these words upon the lips Mary tapped at the door, and at the bidding of the little woman entered. She looked pale and haggard, and hardly replied to the remarks of the household. The mother smoothed her bit of an apron, smoothed her small hands down each side of her hair—drew herself up very straight in her chair, crossed her feet, and then took them apart—folded her hands, and unfolded them again, in her many little lady ways; but Mary Grace did not heed her, and Cash was utterly silent. At length she snuffed the tallow candle quite out. Still neither spoke.

At length Cash arose and looked from the dormer window, which commanded a prospect of innumerable roofs of tile, and tin, and zinc, upon which the rain pattered in a slow drizzling fall—chimney-pots loomed up like a legion of soldiers, dimly seen by the street lamps—vanes, and arrows, and sheets of iron, designed to aid the draft of chimneys below, swayed and creaked in the wind; old signs and shutters clapped and slammed, raising a tumult of dull, melancholy sounds, such as only the great, wicked city can produce.

"Come here, Mary Grace," said little Cash, "and see how the lights dance about in the rain."

CASH AND GRACEY.

The girl did as he desired, but she hardly lifted her eyes; she seemed weak, and shivered as from a chill.

The little woman smoothed her apron, and pursed up her mouth, and looked straight into the furnace of coal as if bent upon not casting a glance at the two standing at the window. In the meanwhile Cash watched his companion's face with a look of exceeding pain. He noted that a few months had robbed her of all the charms of a fair skin and rosy cheek; the once plump shoulders had given place to deep hollows and a look of settled misery. At length he spoke:

"I sometimes think, Mary, as I stand here and look out upon the roofs of all these houses, and see the lights here and there, coming from

parlors and from chambers, and we know that thousands of individuals are inside, each one of 'em with their sins and their happiness, and we know nothing of all that is going on within, that it is just like human beings who stand right before our eyes, and yet we know nothing about the inward workings of their minds."

"Yes, John," answered the girl, with a slight shudder, and for the first time looking in the face of her companion.

"Sometimes," he continued, "a curtain is accidentally blown to one side, and then we see what is going on inside."

"Yes;" and her eyes dilated wildly.

"Once there was a little room—nearly dark—the night was gusty, and the rain and wind tore the paper from the window—and I saw a terrible sight. The two persons inside were so occupied that they did not see what the wind had done; and the room was high up, and it would not be thought that anybody would be looking out on such a night. But, Mary, I don't sleep much; I'm so little that it don't take me long to rest," and Cash tried to smile; but, as the girl said nothing, he talked on: "I knew that room was occupied by a young girl, for all through the year I had seen pretty womanly things about the windows."

"Do you know who the girl was?" asked Mary, fixing a searching glance upon his face.

"Not for certain, and yet I must say, Mary, that she had so many ways like you that I used to watch her window every night, and think of you; the window was there, between those two tall chimneys, just at the left of St. John's high steeple."

The girl looked and then replied carelessly, "You know I lived with my mother, and took home shirts to make all that time."

"I know you did; and I often went to your mother, and she said you were at home in your room, and hardly ever went out—so I knew by that and by other things, Mary, that it could not be you; and then you was always so good, and so kind to me and my mother, and would come to see us and talk so pleasantly—you seem quite changed, Mary."

"Yes, yes, John, I know that. I have no mother now, and no sister, I may say; and no friend but you, John."

"And my mother, Mary. You're a friend to Mary Grace, aren't you, mother?" asked the boy, poking his head beyond the recess of the window.

The little body gave a terrible start at being so suddenly interrogated, and replied in a quick, nice manner:

"Certainly, Cash—I mean John. I'm *your* mother, and con—."

"I told you so, Mary," said John, "and you must come and live with us, and we will make you happy. We are quite rich now, Mary."

"But you didn't tell me what you saw at the window, John."

"Well, as I said, I knew a young girl occupied the room, for sometimes I would see a bit of muslin hung on the window to dry, and then there would be a pair of little gloves, pinned each of them by a pin to the sash, as if they'd been rubbed in camphene, and she tried to get the smell out of them. Then there'd be a bit of a basket and a little thimble and scissors; I knew what they were, because the light made them glitter; and then there'd be a glass with a rose in it; and then I had to go to the shop, and could look no longer."

"But you looked some other time, John?"

"O, yes, Mary. Come to the fire; your hands are terribly cold."

"No, no; I'm burning hot, John. The fire kills me."

"I'm afraid you are going to be very sick, Mary."

"No, no; tell me the story. My mother's just died of a sudden attack, and of course I feel bad; but don't talk of that, John, or I shall get to crying, and then I can't see to work."

Little Cash sighed but went on: "Sometimes I could see that the girl forgot to put down the paper curtain, or the room was so high up she did not think anybody could see into it; and then she would seem to be fixing her hair—it would be spread all over her shoulders, and her white neck looked like pearl behind it. I could see the sunset light glitter on the threads of hair as she combed it out; then a white, a blue or a pink dress would go about the room. O, Mary, it was sweet to watch it, for it went so quick, so gayly—and the pretty figure moved here and there, and I knew she hummed a song from a happy heart."

Mary sighed at this, but did not speak.

"Somehow I learned to know that the girl was waiting for somebody to come in; she would sit by the window, and her head was turned as if she watched for somebody at the door. Then she would spring to her feet, and I knew the person had come. Often and often the tears would come to my eyes, and I couldn't see anything more. I thought it must be pleasant to be waited for and loved in that way; and I thought little Cash would feel as if he would work day and night and give up

his whole life to one like that, who would wait and watch for poor little Cash's coming; but that, you know, can never be, Mary—Cash is such a poor little thing."

Mary dropped her head on his shoulder at this, and burst into a paroxysm of tears. But John went on:

"After awhile the girl began to move less lightly; she would sit hour after hour by the window, a little back, only she seemed to rock her body back and forth, and wring her hands, and I knew now there was no song out of a happy heart—but tears, bitter tears; I knew they were flowing, for I saw her lay her handkerchief on the window to dry. At such times little Cash stood here by the window, and cried as if his heart was breaking—it was such a sad thing to see that poor girl crying there all alone, where she had once been so happy. Once or twice a handsome looking man came in and sat by her, and then I did not stay to see whether she wept. After awhile I observed whole days and weeks passed and the room seemed unoccupied."

Mary's eyes were now so large and wild that little Cash stopped his recital, and looked at her with undisguised sorrow.

"You are a good girl, Mary; the story of this poor unhappy child affects you just as it did me. I have laid many is the night, when my mother thought I slept, and cried to think a creature so handsome and loving should be so miserable. I think if I was a large, handsome man I should be perfectly happy, and make everybody else happy—but such a poor thing as I am is nothing."

"No, John, you wouldn't; you would be proud of your beauty, and proud of the love poor girls like me would have for you; and you would think our love but a little thing, and our tears would make you angry, and our broken hearts would be no more to you than the blowing of the wind."

"I'm afraid you speak too true. After awhile I did not watch the window any more. The dim light, appearing at long intervals, looked so melancholy that I couldn't bear it. There were no flowers now, no pretty muslins, no gay songs nor lively movements—all was black and sorrowful, and I knew that some terrible wrong had been done."

"Go on," said Mary, observing John had come to a pause.

"Well, a little while ago—it was a long, bitter storm; the whole city was full of water, pouring down the spouts and rushing down the gutters—the roofs were black, and the rain pattered upon them like bullets. I was thinking what a poor bit of a man little Cash was like to be, and how he would never be loved, and I thought of the poor girl who had been so happy in that little room, and who now seemed so miserable. It was certainly midnight, and I arose and looked out. A bright light was burning in the room, and several persons were moving about; at length a large woman came to the chair by the window, and I saw her place a little babe in it, and then she spread a great many folds of cloth upon the chair—and—."

Here he was interrupted by a shriek from his companion—long, loud, and so heart-rending that it arose piteously above the storm. She spread out her hands, she turned quite round in an agony of deadly suffering, and then fell senseless to the floor.

"It was Mary Grace all the time—it was Mary," cried little Cash; "Mary, and yet I did not know it—Mary whom I loved as if she had been a star in the sky. O, poor Mary, poor Mary Grace," he cried, as if by giving utterance to the terrible truth he could better bear it.

In the meantime the little lady mother darted here and there with her little strangled groans and small exclamations of "O dear, O dear; what is it all about, Cash?" while Mary Grace gradually recovered from her swoon, and sat up on the floor and cast her eyes wildly round. Then, for the first time, they became aware that other persons had entered the room; two tall, dark men stood within, looking down blankly upon the miserable girl and her small but kind-hearted companions. As she returned to consciousness one of them laid his hand upon her shoulder and claimed her for his prisoner. Then, in that dark, stormy night, the young, wretched creature was borne away to prison; she, more sinned against than sinning; she, in her weakness, and ignorance, and poverty, and beauty—deluded to sin and crime, and left in her hour of need alone and comfortless.

The little mother believed it some mistake, and consequently she whispered both that she would soon be back again; and then she smoothed her little apron, and pursed up her mouth as if she were the wisest and most penetrating little body alive; and then she put a small dry kiss upon the death-cold cheek of poor Mary, and told her she had got a cold, and she would have some nice tea ready when she came back.

Poor little Cash did not speak; but, holding the cold hands of the poor girl in both of his, he went on in silence.

Arriving at the prison, she begged Cash to speak with her alone for a few minutes. She was terribly calm—though in clasping her hands she wrung them till the blood started beneath the nails, and the blood was upon her lips where the teeth met over them; she was very still—very white and calm.

"I will die with you, Mary Grace," whispered Cash.

"I am quite happy now," she replied. "I knew it would come to this, but I am so happy. Even *he* will be sorry"—and she sobbed hysterically.

"Who, Mary?"

"I promised never to tell, Cash; I never will."

"He is a wretch, a horrible wretch and monster," cried little Cash, thrusting his hands above his head. "I will watch for him, and he shall never sleep; day and night I will ring his crime into his ears."

"Cash, I once went with *him* to see a beautiful marble statue; it was like him; I shuddered then—I understand it now; it was as if that thing of marble took to itself life and speech—talked of love, and truth, and happiness, and protection—promised so tenderly; smiled, O, so tenderly; looked, O, so tenderly upon me, a poor weak girl, believing him and trusting him; he, in his manliness and power; he, in his beautiful words and sweet poetry, breathing of all that maidens love—and yet, yet he was a great living lie—a cold, marble living lie—without truth—hurling me, a poor ignorant maiden, downward to death; and there he stood—cold, calm and beautiful."

The girl uttered this rapidly; her pale cheek flushed and her thin arms extended. When she had done she crouched down her elbows between her knees, her hands grasping each side of her head, and wailed aloud. She did not weep, but uttered low, piteous wailings; and so Cash went out and left her.

Deep in the heart of Nature is cherished the reverence for the Human. All her works bear reference to him, and all her voices syllable Man. He is the head, the representative of all that she contains; therefore when evil befalls him she is wounded to the vitals. Hence, when he is wronged, or his thread of life foully abridged, she shrieks a sign of wo, and refuses to hold the secret. She cries it from the housetops and shrieks it through the city; all her terrible ministers are aroused, and earth and men call for a revelation of the deed. So it was; Mary in all her movements had been watched—link by link the terrible chain of evidence had been made, and though the more guilty participants of crime had found means to conceal themselves, she was fully exposed. Indeed, she admitted all with the simplicity of her young heart and the candor of one who had ceased to desire life. We must leave her now to follow some other characters in our story.

There is a large, splendidly-furnished room in the house of one of our wealthy merchants. The foot falls echoless upon the heavy-textured carpets, whose rich colors and exquisite patterns give back a mimic representation of the vases and lilies in which nature delights; the light from above falls upon velvet lounges, and ease-inviting chairs, and cold, still marble, instinct with life and beauty; curtains of crimson, relieved by folds of snowy white; vases filled with rare exotics diffuse a voluptuous odor throughout the room. At one extremity the apartment opens into a conservatory, whence may be seen the dim outlines of many a flower, rose-hued, white, or blue, over which the green leaves lean with tender protectiveness.

A tall, thin man, with a meager beard and cheeks furrowed by deep lines, whose mouth expresses severity amounting to cruelty, sits beneath the chandelier; one arm, leaning upon the table shades small and deep-set eyes by a hand boney and of the texture of parchment. The other hand holds a newspaper before the face. A casual observer would have thought him intensely occupied in reading therefrom, but. so far from this, his eyes were harshly fixed upon the face of a young woman seated beneath a side light, who seemed to have been but lately engaged with her embroidery, but now, totally unconscious of the fixed gaze of her companion, had suffered her work to fall idly in her lap.

Her face, of which it might have once been said, "O, call it fair, not pale," was now unmistakably pale to ghastliness. Her dress, carefully and fashionably arranged—a robe of silk, too heavy, too sumptuous for her simple, quiet beauty—fell in broad folds around her. A light, delicate lace, soft and fleecy as gossamer, shaded, but did not conceal, the round, fair bust and classical arm. She leaned back heavily in the chair, her feet thrown listlessly forward, while her neck, slightly bent to the form of the chair in which she sat, suffered long masses of golden-colored hair to fall around her neck and cheeks. Here eyes were large and of a pale blue, but now their color was hidden by the tears which fell slowly, one after another, upon the laces of her bosom. Perhaps

she feared to attract the attention of her companion by any movement, for she made no attempt to wipe them as they fell.

At length the gentleman gave expression to a sharp, sudden ahem, which caused the lady, so suddenly aroused to consciousness, to start nearly to her feet. "Mrs. Gordon," he asked, "did you not marry me of your own free will?"

The lady opened her eyes, and wiped them also, with a look of surprise amounting to terror, for she started nearly to her feet, and then sank down again, paler even than before.

"Did you or did you not become my wife as a matter of choice, Mrs. Gordon," again demanded the gentleman.

The cold, harsh tone in which this was uttered caused the lady to shudder from head to foot.

"I wait for a reply," demanded the man.

"Perhaps I was not altogether free to choose," she replied, in a voice so low that it was little more than a whisper.

"Was compulsion used on my part, or on the part of your mother?"

"No."

"You married from choice?"

"Yes."

"Because you loved me?"

"Yes"—very softly, and with a shudder.

"Then, Madam, I expect you to be cheerful. I expect you to act the part of a loving and obedient wife, by going to the piano and playing me that favorite tune of yours; I remember your idiot mother said you always played it from the time you fell in love with the man whom you subsequently married."

The wife arose heavily from her chair, and approached the piano. Once, twice, she essayed, and each time her voice failed her; and when at length she found utterance, it was with a tone so low and weak, and a manner so wo-begone, that any observer would have longed to fell the man to the earth who could thus outrage a helpless and dependent being.

When she ceased her hands still lay upon the keys, motionless, and then she said softly:

"Mr. Gordon."

"Cyrus, Madam; a wife should always call her husband by his Christian name."

"Cyrus"—(with another shudder.)

"Well, what is it my pet wishes to say?"

"I don't know hardly what; but, but—."

"Be more explicit, my precious."

"I do not know; you will not understand me. I think I am not quite happy."

"Women never are, darling, it is not their nature to be so."

"My mother and sister and I were very happy, even when we worked hard, and were poor, and I taught music, while my sister did needlework. Somehow, my poor mother and all of us were so happy."

"That is impossible, child. You had scarcely a garment to change, and a mere garret to live in."

"It killed my mother to be separated from me; and my poor sister, O, Mr. Gordon, I am so wretched about her."

"Madam, when I married it was upon condition that you should never talk to me of your relations. Your mother promised never to come to you; and as for that worthless sister, I demand of you never to polute the air of my house by pronouncing her name in it."

"Poor mother, poor mother; she thought money could not but make me happy," ejaculated the wife.

"Your mother acted wisely, Julia, and I expect an equal degree of sense on your part."

"Wisely, when it cast me from her bosom. O! poor dear mother, your heart broke under the sacrifice."

"No; it was the misconduct of her other child that killed her."

"Poor, dear mother; to die alone—to be buried away, and no one to weep over her; it is horrible."

"Would you have the world know I took my wife from the very dregs of society? I tell you, Madam, the story which is currently believed is the only one that must transpire—that you are the orphan child of a distinguished clergyman, whose wife perished at sea with him while they sought a more genial climate."

And the gentleman laughed in his cold sarcastic manner.

The lady sat looking listlessly upon the ivories of the piano. At length she said,

"What do you think will become of my poor sister. She was so much brighter than I am!" and she sighed heavily.

"There spoke my pet, who had nothing but her beauty and her loving heart to offer a doating husband."

If there was irony in the words the poor wife did not see it. At length she continued:

"You do not know how distressed I am about Gracey. Last night I saw a beautiful white lamb dying—the blood poured from a wound in its neck. While I looked at the poor innocent creature it turned its face to me, and it was that of dear, dear Gracey. Oh, Mr. Gordon—Cyrus, I am very miserable;" and she actually approached and leaned her head upon

his shoulder, as the poor fascinated dove will lay its innocent breast against the fangs of the serpent.

Her beauty was now very touching, and it is no wonder that Mr. Gordon put his arm around her waist; and if she shuddered again, the dove shudders also.

"When those who are allied to us by the ties of blood give evidence that they are unworthy of the tie, we must cut them off as unworthy members, Julia. They are in effect dead," he answered.

"My poor mother is dead, but Gracey, dear Gracey, is not; and, O, Mr. Gordon—."

"Cyrus, my love."

"Cyrus, my heart is breaking to see her, and to take care of her." Mr. Gordon frowned at this, but he did not speak, and her eyes were too full of tears to perceive it; and she went on:

"We used to sleep together always; and Gracey was so beautiful, so bright, and used to protect me; and when I went out to give my lessons Gracey went with me, though she would have to work all night to make up the lost time; and when I used to cry. and mother would complain at her lost property and position in the world, and say that her daughters ought to be at the head of society, and would want us to have company, and would really talk foolishly, Gracey would talk so cheerfully, and make mother forget it all—and then do all the rough work so that my hands should be nice for my music. Oh, she was so good, and I so selfish, that my heart aches when I remember it all."

Even the callous-hearted man was touched at this simple recital, for he contracted his eyes as from sudden sharp pain. It is true no tear followed, but there would have been tears had there been any heart in the man from where they might flow.

"Your sister did right, my pet, to preserve your beauty, for she foresaw you would make a splendid alliance."

The lady opened her eyes. and glanced around the room as if trying to comprehend him—she did so in a manner.

"I don't think Gracey thought of that, for you know you fell in love with her first, when she brought home these nice embroidered shirts. I look at them sometimes, and kiss the little stitches which my dear sister made;" and another burst of tears followed, but she went on:

"Do you remember how you admired Gracey, and did not look at poor little me, so pale and so dull compared with my beautiful sister?"

The iron nerves winced again, as some recollections he would gladly ignore were thus forced back to memory.

"That was a mere accident, darling, before I knew about you."

At this moment a servant appeared at the door, and required the attention of the lady. and Mr. Gordon resumed his paper.

In every establishment will be found some one with the honest instincts of humanity, who can read the language of the heart even if written in the unknown tongue of a palace wall, and good Biddie, the cook, was one of these. She stood in the hall, holding the parlor door ajar, while she made a loud talk about the pickles and sweetmeats so nicely sealed in tin jars, which were about to be deposited in some dark recess for future use, which the lady must first inspect and count, &c.

The young girl was about to decline, as a thing in which she felt not the least interest. when the good creature laid a round, red finger upon her own full, capacious mouth, and motioned the lady to follow her, while she closed the parlor door with a slam.

"Yer heart's a breckin, is it?—here's a slip of a boy here that would be afther seein' of you; and it's plain to be seen by the face of the spalpeen, mischief's foregatherin."

By this time the two had reached the dining room below; and there, in the shadow of the dim light, walked poor Cash, back and forth.

"I must speak to you alone," he said, approaching Mrs. Gordon.

"That ye shall do," responded Biddie, "and its myself will guard the door for ye."

With this she went out and closed the door after her. Julia, with that instinct of presentiment by which we all divine the approach of evil, sank into a large chair, and motioned Cash to speak.

"You are a lady, and delicate," he began. "and might not bear unpleasant things; you are growing pale now, and I'm afraid I shall kill you if I tell what I have come for."

"You need not fear," she replied; "I can be very still and calm; indeed, I do not feel very much, I believe, at any time." As she said this the old shudder and the trembling of the white delicate chin gave a painful denial to her words. Cash saw all this, and the tears came to his eyes.

"I am sure you came to tell me something of—." She checked herself.

"Yes," replied Cash, "of your sister."

Mrs. Gordon glanced eagerly around, as if she hoped to see her hidden somewhere in the

room, and then she would rush into her arms, and ease her heart with one long embrace.

"Yes," answered little Cash to the look. "She *was* here only a week ago; she sat right there in that low wicker chair, and when the servant went out she wrote with a pencil on the back something for you; she said you would sit in the chair sometimes, and those words would draw your heart toward poor Gracey."

JULIA FINDS THE WRITING

Julia did not scream, but she rushed forward to the precious chair, and kissed it, and pressed her arms around it, with the tears streaming from her eyes. "Here it is, here," she whispered, wiping the tears that she might see the delicate penciling; she read: "The dear God love you, darling sister."

A groan escaped her as she read the words, and then she sank upon the floor and laid her cheek in the chair, and wept in silent, suppressed agony.

"How did dear, poor Gracey come?" at length she asked.

"She was sick, and thought she might die and never see you again, and so she took a basket with laces to sell, and coaxed Biddie to carry them up. She hoped you would come down, but you did not, and so she went away."

"Poor Gracey; poor, poor dear sister," ejaculated Julia.

"She found on the table a pocket-handkerchief which you had left there, all sweet with scents, such as great ladies bring into our shop. You had stuck a little gold pin in the corner; she said she supposed it was in your way. Well, she put them into her bosom, and they eased her heart, ma'am."

"Dear Gracey; is she very ill?"

"She is very ill. Do you remember the rain of the other night, how the wind blew and how dismal it seemed?"

"Yes, yes;" and the lady started to her feet. "It was Gracey then! O! dear, wicked, weak sister that I am." She threw herself upon the floor, and stifled back the agony which longed to vent itself in wild, heart-rending cries. Biddie opened the door softly.

"Poor heart, poor heart; I've hearn every word. Go till her, go to till her—ye'll die as it is; go till her, and the dear Jesus help ye, when ye do the right thing."

Julia leaned her head in the lap of the faithful creature. "O! Biddie," she whispered, "she walked for hours out in the rain, looking up at my window. Poor sister! I looked out and saw her. I knew it was Gracey, but I dared not go to her."

"No," interrupted Cash, "but you clasped your hands and wiped your tears, and then Mary Grace knew that you loved her, and pitied her, and she went away eased in her heart."

"Did I do so? did I? Say it again, my good boy. I did not know it. I only knew I would gladly have gone out to her in all her disgrace and poverty, and we two would have gone to some place to live and die together. Where did she go, then?"

"She came to our house very cold and wet, and—."

"Where is she now?"

"I did not know that she had any friends but us after her mother died. My mother went with Mary Grace and me to the funeral."

"Did you? did you?" And she seized the little poor hand and kissed it.

"Yes, we carried her out into a still country town and begged a place to bury her, and Mary Grace planted a rose tree, and that was all."

"You did all this? Poor Gracey, too, whom people say is so wicked."

"Mary Grace is wicked. I don't quite know how much of the sin is hers, but for all that, Mary Grace would never forsake them what loved her. She would never have sold herself for gold, nor fine houses, nor fine clothes—she was wicked, but not that kind of sin is at her

door. She was wicked, because she had a great loving heart, and she thought she might trust another heart that loved; but that heart was false—it betrayed her—and was the heart of a devil, not of a man."

Julia opened her eyes and listened to the rebuke of the boy in silence.

"Yes, ma'am," he continued, "I must say Mary Grace is not all bad."

"Hold your tongue, you spalpeen!" ejaculated Biddie, "talkin' in such a manner when the lady's heart's a breakin'." Then turning to her mistress, she said:

"Go til her, honey—ye'll die aisyer for goin', ye will; them never rests in their graves who have stayed short of the good deeds they knew in their hearts they ought to do."

Thus invited by these simple-hearted, lowly ones, the timid lady, who never in her life had made any voluntary movement, but had always waited for others to lead her, arose from the floor and covered herself with the robes which the faithful Biddie brought for her use.

"Did Gracey tell you to come to me?" she asked with her natural misgiving.

"No; but she was very sick, very; and so I got my mother to go to her; and when she opened her clothes, she found this in her bosom, with your name in the corner, and the little gold pin; and so my mother sent me to search till I should find you."

Julia clasped the handkerchief, discolored by tears, and held it to her heart, as if it might speak there something of comfort; but it told only of human anguish and sent a thrill of remorse through her delicate frame.

As they approached the outer door, the lady whispered,

"What will Mr. Gordon say? Oh, Biddie, I fear I should not go."

"Now God help the child!" cried the good creature. "Go! or ye'll be repenting all the days of yer life—ye will."

It did not enter the minds of these simple-minded ones that a carriage should be taken, and poor Julia was too much bewildered to think of it, so they went on through the dismal rain, silently threading their way from street to street, till they reached the prison. The ponderous stone building opened its heavy gates, like a vast tomb, as it is fitly called, as if to engulf them. It was a damp, cold place, massive and terrible, in which to inclose a helpless, feeble girl; but guilt is only guilt, in the eye of the law, which looks to results and overlooks causes, and so the poor victim of wrong and the hardened perpetrator, whose ruffianly sinews are wrought to the texture of iron by familiarity with outrage, are both guarded by bolts and bars of iron and walls of stone, in that strange juxtaposition which crime produces.

As the key grated in its heavy wards, a little body of a woman came to the door, with a bit of apron to her eyes.

"Cash, Cash," she whispered, "she's been picking at the clothes, and talking about the lilies; she's going—."

The lady cast her eyes upward at the mass of stone and iron—inward to the little gloomy cell, and for the first time comprehended that she was in a prison. Uttering a loud cry, she rushed inward, and threw herself upon the neck of the poor dying inmate.

GRACEY'S DEATH.

"Sister, darling Gracey, speak to me, speak to me."

Already it seemed as if the weary soul had left its weak clay; when, at the voice of love, it returned once more—as if love might arrest any soul on its long way. The eyes opened—a sweet, heavenly smile lighted the face; she lifted up her arms and murmured—"Sister."

It was all over. The broken heart had ceased its anguish.

In the same quiet, country churchyard where the mother sleeps, is another grave, and another rose tree is planted there. Cash and his little mother were the only ones who followed poor Mary Grace to her lowly bed. They are still encumbered with

wealth—the fifty dollars is many hundreds now; but they have a house, scarcely larger than a band-box, out near where Mary Grace lies. Something more than a year ago, they brought from a distant asylum for the insane a poor, thin girl, who rarely speaks to any one. She is very gentle, and when the sun is warm she sits all day beside the graves of Mary Grace and her mother. At such times she is well content. When the air is chill, or the sun is going down, little Cash or his mother lead her in softly, as they would lead a child. She never reads, only sits and watches the birds building their nests and rearing their young, and notes the flowers as they proceed from leaves to buds and then to bloom. Her golden hair is very abundant; but it is no longer golden, but white silver. She carries a bit of muslin in her bosom—it is old and tattered—and a small gold pin is stuck in the corner. This she often takes and holds before her eyes—then she kisses it, and her lips move; but you cannot tell what she says, for she hides it suddenly in her bosom and glances around as if afraid it might be seen.

How long Mr. Gordon read his paper that night is not known. The story, of course, got wind, but money secured silence, and it was said there was no story in the premises—nothing at all to be hidden or revealed; only Mrs. Gordon had unfortunately become insane, and was carried to a hospital.

So the world goes on—a great lie—and people believe the worst, and yet will not believe that a rich family can know disgrace. The world is right.

HUBBARDT AND BUTLER.

The early settlers of the State of Tennessee, in common with their brethren of other States, had to pass through long and bloody warfare ere they could claim the ownership of a rood of land within her boundaries. For many years the Creek and Cherokee Indians were unceasing in their efforts; but, as usual, the whites triumphed.

Among the distinguished chiefs of the Cherokee Nation was one by the name of Untoola—or, as he was better known to the settlers, Butler. This proud and revengeful warrior had had the misfortune to be unhorsed by a soldier by the name of Hubbardt, a brave and fearless man, who, having lost his parents and all his relatives by the hands of the Indians, had sworn eternal enmity to the whole race. To lose his horse, his tomahawk, or his rifle, in the opinion of the Cherokee warrior, is to lose caste, and equivalent to a loss of honor, unless ample revenge is had on the enemy who caused the indignity. Of a proud, ambitious spirit, Butler brooded over his misfortune until his fierce and desperate passions were roused to the utmost pitch of excitement. Burning with revenge, and panting to retrieve his lost fair fame, he uniformly resisted all efforts to restore peace, knowing full well that it would secure to *him* nothing but contumely and disgrace. His efforts, however, to continue the strife until an opportunity offered to redeem his lost character were in vain; and an armistice had taken place between the upper towns of the Cherokees and the settlements on the French Broad River, which tended toward a general peace. This only served to highten the intensity of the chieftain's hatred of his enemy, as it seemed to fix indelibly the stain upon his name, by preventing his making an effort to wash it out in his blood. It was under these circumstances that he was informed that Hubbardt was on his way to the Cherokee towns, with the view of trading with the Indians for corn. The last year's yield of that staple had been found inadequate to the necessities of the settlers, and several small parties had taken advantage of the armistice to procure a supply from the Indians in return for various articles indispensable to them. Among others, Hubbardt and another settler had—notwithstanding the implacable enmity which had existed toward the former—ventured to embark in the traffic. Untoola at once determined to seize the present opportunity of destroying his enemy, and invited a warrior who still adhered to his fortunes to accompany him. Starting off well mounted and armed, they soon came in sight of the two white men, who were proceeding leisurely along the Indian path on foot, leading their horses, which were encumbered by heavy packs of merchandise. The chieftain rode forward, and demanded, in tones which strongly indicated the malignity of his feelings, what the others were seeking so far in the forest—the home of the pale faces was in that direction, pointing the way they had come. Hubbardt replied that as the war was over, and the white men were in want of corn, he had brought some clothing and whisky to exchange with the Indians for that article, at the same time displaying some of his wares, and, as an evidence of his good will and peaceful purposes, he leaned his rifle against a tree and advanced toward Untoola, offering him a flask of the spirits. The offer was refused with disdain, and it did not require much force of perception on the part of Hubbardt to discover

that the other meant mischief. Anxious not to break the peace himself, he asked the chieftain if his people had any corn to dispose of, and several other questions tending to show his pacific disposition—all of which remained unanswered by Untoola, who still remained mounted, and was circling around the traders, evidently with the intention of separating Hubbardt from his rifle, or getting the two white men within the range of his double-barreled gun, so that he might bring them both down with one shot. Hubbardt was too cunning, however, to allow his opponent any such advantage; and, although he saw that all negotiation was at an end, he still determined not to be the aggressor. He therefore took his station by his rifle and calmly awaited the attack, if such was the intention of the Indians. He knew that to resume his rifle would be equivalent to a breach of the existing armistice, and wishing to throw all the odium of such an act upon the other, he simply seized the muzzle of his gun, while he allowed the butt to rest upon the ground. The seconds to this novel duel remained quiet spectators of the movements of their principals, without offering to take any active part. The chieftain surveyed his enemy for a moment, and then, finding him too much on the alert to offer an

BUTLER ATTEMPTING TO ASSASSINATE HUBBARDT.

opportunity for strategy, he dashed forward and aimed a blow at Hubbardt with the breach of his rifle. Hubbardt was too quick for him, however, and it spent its force upon the empty air. Failing in this, and determined not to be disappointed a second time, he wheeled his horse in front of the still impassionate hunter, and, raising his piece to his eye, the instantaneous flash and report followed. The ball passed between the ear and head of Hubbardt, cutting off a lock of hair, and imbedded itself in the tree behind him. The concussion stunned him for a moment, and when he recovered himself he found that the Indians were on the full retreat. Quick as lightning his rifle was at his eye, and the leaden messenger was sent on its errand of revenge. The chief had passed over a distance of some eighty yards or more ere the ball from Hubbardt's rifle reached its aim. It had been sent with unerring certainty, however, and the savage warrior and brave fell from his horse, pierced through the body, while his companion continued his flight. As soon as he saw the effect of his shot, Hubbardt advanced toward his enemy, who begged him to let him alone, for he was a dead man. He was raised up into a sitting posture, that he might breathe easier, and was then asked whether his nation was for peace or war. "War! war!" said he, in tones which conveyed the intensity of his feelings and the malignity of his hatred, and added: "If you go to the Cherokee towns, the Indians will take your hair." Hubbardt replied that the white men had already whipped them, and they had sued for peace; that they had better not go to war again, for if they did, the settlers would destroy their towns, kill their warriors, and drive their women and children from their lands forever. "It's a lie! it's a lie!" replied he, in the loudest tones his fast failing strength could command; "the pale face is a coward, and the red man will strip him and dress him like a squaw;" and continued to provoke the passion of the hunter by the use of every vile and opprobrious epithet which his imagination could conceive, until, in a paroxysm of rage, he struck him a violent blow across the forehead with his rifle, which laid him a lifeless corpse at his feet. So sudden had been the actions of the principals, that Hubbardt's comrade had allowed the other Indian to escape, and thus the news of Untoola's death was carried to his people, and, as it lost nothing in the manner of telling, they became fearfully excited, and at once took up the hatchet again, notwithstanding the most earnest efforts on the part of Governor Martin, of North Carolina, and General Sevier, to calm their exasperated feelings. Hubbardt censured his companion in the bitterest manner for his carelessness; but as there was no help for it now, they were compelled to gather up their wares and retrace their steps for the settlement. Governor Martin having been informed of the affair, and it having been represented to him that it was a cold-blooded murder, without provocation, ordered the arrest of the traders; but about this time the difficulties between the State of North Carolina and the new State of Franklin—as those counties west of the mountains had styled themselves—commencing, all matters of smaller moment were swallowed up in the war of proclamations and counter-proclamations which ensued, and history gives no further intimation of the affair.

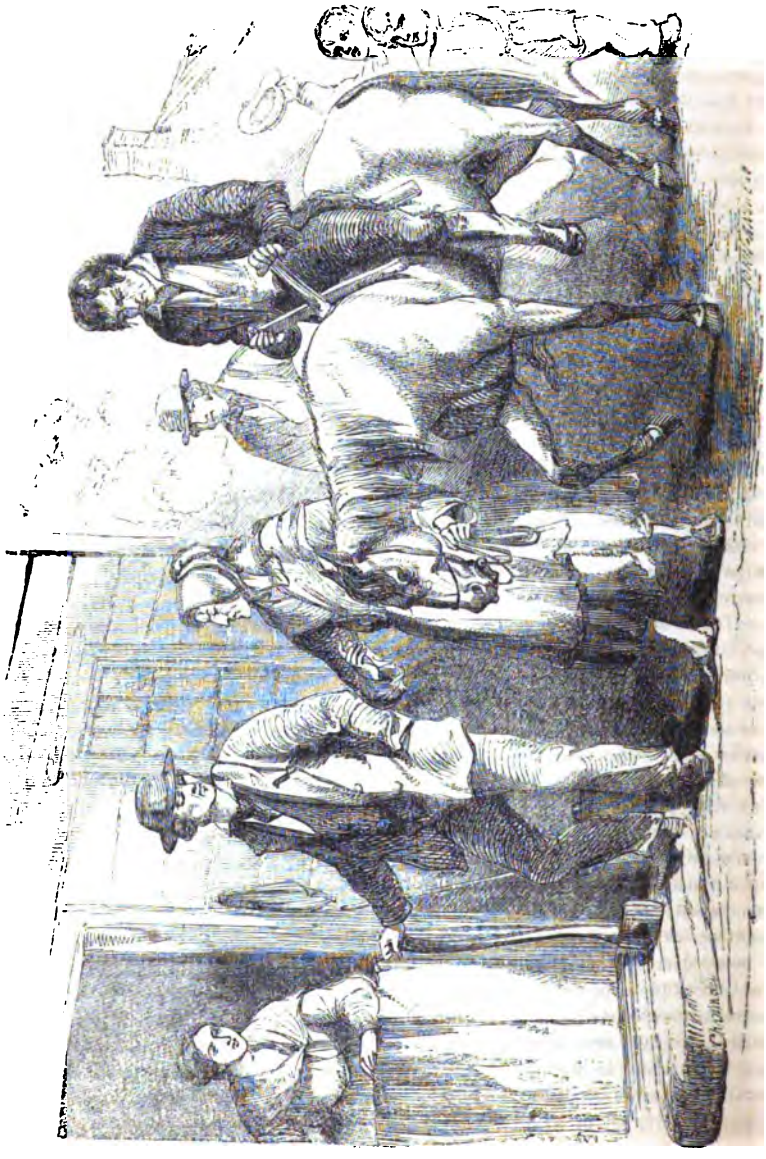
BRANNON DOING PENANCE.

We have given, in these sketches, one specimen of the manner in which court business was managed among the early settlers of the Western country, showing a desire on the part of the citizens of Greene County, Ohio, to supply a lack of business when such a misfortune occurred. Another incident, of a somewhat similar character, but tending to show how particular our fathers were, under every privation and difficulty, to observe all the forms of a legal tribunal, and the sentence of a criminal to stripes because there was no jail to confine him in, may not be uninteresting. The pioneer residents of the West were law-abiding citizens; and, although there were certainly some rude and rough specimens of humanity among them, yet, as a class, they were very observant of all the forms of civilized and enlightened society, and would not deviate from them, even at the sacrifice of convenience.

Chillicothe, on the west bank of the river Scioto, in the State of Ohio, was, at one time, an exception to the general rule of sobriety and love of order which characterized the settlers of that State, and at one time it had sank so low as to become a perfect sink-hole of corruption and debauchery. Many of Wayne's soldiers and camp women settled there on being discharged, and thus formed a nucleus for a dissipated population. When it was first settled, whisky sold for $4 50 per gallon, but the whisky manufacturers finding it a good market, began to send it in in such quantities that it soon fell to 50 cents; and, as a consequence, every man, woman and child became habituated to the use of it, and many who had been respectable and sober people, were reduced to

the most pitiable condition, through the vice of intemperance. There were, of course, some exceptions to this sweeping rule, who, not satisfied at such a condition of things, endeavored to restrain their unbridled and vicious neighbors, and maintain law and order. The following instance of the meeting out of justice occurred in the Spring of 1797.

A great-coat, handkerchief, and shirt, were missing, and the theft was pretty clearly traced to a discharged soldier, who, with a woman who passed for his wife, lived in a cabin near the banks of the river. Finding that suspicion was directed toward them, they absconded. This being a pretty clear evidence of guilt, a committee of citizens determined to bring them to trial, pursued, captured, and brought them back. There was no court then organized, and it was decided to create one for the occasion. The most influential of the citizens met together and organized a court, by appointing by *viva voce* vote, Samuel Smith, Judge; impanneling a jury, and appointing two of their number as prosecuting attorney, and counsel for the prisoners. The trial then proceeded in due and ancient form. Witnesses were examined



BRANDOW AND HIS WIFE PERFORMING THEIR PILGRIMAGE.

for the people, and a perfectly clear case was made against the prisoners, who were called upon for their defense. They had but little defense to make, and the case was submitted to the jury under an able charge from the Judge. Having retired out of court, the jury, after deliberating a sufficient length of time to give a proper degree of character to their proceedings, at length returned with a verdict of guilty, and recommended such punishment as the Judge should decide meet for the offense. This was placing his honor in a sad dilemma, as there was no means of punishment in such case made and provided; there was no jail, no stocks, or other place of confinement, and the object was to get rid of the criminals. Whipping at that time was, or rather had been, in vogue in the army, and was not thought to be so barbarous as at the present day. The Judge, therefore, sentenced him to receive ten lashes on his naked back, or, that he should sit astride his own pony, on a bare pack-saddle, and that his wife, who was supposed to have been connected with him in the theft, if, indeed, she had not been the instigator of its commission, should lead the pony to every house in the village, and announce to the inmates thereof, "This is Brannon, who stole the great-coat, handkerchief, and shirt," until every house in the place had been visited; that they should then leave it, and return no more under pain of further punishment. Persons were appointed to guard the prisoners until the morrow, when they were to decide, and James B. Finlay, now the Rev. J. B. Finlay, Chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary, should see the sentence of the court executed.

The morrow arrived, and Brannon decided to receive the latter punishment. His pony was accordingly paraded, and he was mounted upon his back, sitting astride a bare pack-saddle. Now a saddle of this description is anything but a comfortable seat, especially upon the back of such a raw-boned, lame, and blind animal as called Brannon his master. Imagine a saw-buck with the center piece made of two strips nailed together at right angles, to make it fit the back of the horse, and presenting a sharp corner upon which to stride, and you will have, dear reader, some idea of the seat upon which Brannon was to perform his uncomfortable pilgrimage around the village. Nevertheless, he had to submit with as good grace as possible, and the cavalcade started. Of course such a novel expiation had attracted all the idlers and boys of the place, and when he started, he was accompanied by quite a number of those who had been attracted by the scene.

With his legs dangling on either side of his pony, and holding on to the front of the saddle to steady himself, and ease the pain of his seat somewhat, the poor wretch was conducted from house to house, and ever as the proclamation was made by his wife, "This is Brannon, who stole the great-coat, handkerchief and shirt," a shout was sent up by the boys which rang through the village, and served to attract others to the scene, until, by the time he had made the designated circuit, he had quite a respectable cavalcade at his heels; respectable in point of numbers, if not in dress and appearance.

When the sentence had been fully executed, and every house in the village been visited, Brannon was allowed to dismount from his galling seat, but he was so chafed by the ride and jolting he had received, as scarcely to be able to stand. After a little, he was again mounted—although allowed to use a softer saddle—and conducted to the outskirts of the village, where he was admonished never to show his face within its precincts again. He had good sense sufficient to profit by the admonition, and disappeared from that part of the country.

ROBERT OWEN.

It is now nearly two years since we received from this truly remarkable man a pamphlet of some thirty pages, containing what is called Robert Owen's Address the Human Race. At the time it was written he was eighty-four years of age. The work is characterized by that terse, concise and straight-forward style which may be considered nearly faultless in treating upon those subjects which for a long life have engaged his attention.

It is well known that for the last few years the opinions of Robert Owen have been greatly modified—from being a cold, materialistic speculator, he has become a philosophic spiritualist, not in the modern acceptation of the term, but in a high theologic sense. In this, his last legacy to the world, he gives the result of his mature wisdom, the convictions of a mind which has lost none of its powers, and the hopes of a beneficent and aspiring soul. His words have something of the prophet about them, and much of that fine enthusiasm out of which come the best theories for the better ordering of human society.

The address was given in London, May 14, 1854, on the occasion of the birth-day of the philosopher. He was met by a large audience, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. His

venerable appearance, his fine benignant expression of countenance, his excellent health and unimpaired mental vigor, presented an aspect at once impressive and extraordinary. His senses of hearing and eyesight have felt the touch of time, and to these deficiencies he touchingly alluded in opening his discourse.

It will be seen that Robert Owen was born in 1770, two years before the birth of the French philosopher, Charles Fourier. Minds of this character rarely come singly into the world: we find them in groups or pairs.

Robert Owen has lost none of the great hopes of his life by the failure of his many plans. He looks to a better development of the race, which shall demand better governments and better social relations, for the final amelioration of human conditions. He speaks out boldly against the falsehoods of the world, the venality and imbecility of governors and the inertness of the governed. In the course of his remarks he gives not only England but Russia and America merited raps. He says:

"Our present statesmen are deemed among the advanced men of our present system of falsehood and corruption. Read the secret correspondence between them and the Emperor of Russia; and also the proceedings of the Congress of the United States of North America respecting the admission of slavery into Nebraska; and well may it be said, how are the mighty fallen!

"The publication of the secret correspondence, between the English Government and the Emperor of Russia will do more to promote a healthful change than anything which has transpired for many years. It opens to the minds of all who reflect the *utter imbecility and incompetence of those who now govern the world.*

"When will the people of these two great nations arise in the strength of their power, as full formed men and women, to assert the rights of humanity, and to become an example to the other nations of the earth?

After some further remarks he alludes to his own efforts in behalf of the race as follows:

"I wished, before I departed this life, to have taken an active part in directing the formation of common-sense conditions for framing a society as a model, that should secure the well-being, well-doing, and happiness of all placed within those conditions. For this object I have petitioned our Parliament in vain for thirty years, and I have also, in vain, memorialized the Congress of the United States upon the same subject."

In conclusion he thus sums up his religious belief, which we give in justice to a man so often misrepresented, and so comparatively little known. It will be seen to be Pantheistic, slightly modified from the belief of a large class of thinkers in this and other countries, and which Wordsworth has done so much to infuse into the popular mind through his poetry:

"In conclusion, I have explained that all things throughout the universe are composed of elements eternally existing, uncaused, uncreated, and possessing inherent, unchanging qualities—qualities which, in the aggregate, form the brain or supreme mind of the universe. That these divine elements, with their separate and united qualities, are called Nature, and their qualities laws of Nature. That the aggregate compound of these divine qualities are the God-head or supreme mind of the universe, possessing all power to create and control these qualities by uniting, disuniting and reuniting them. That the evident object of the supreme mind of Nature in the creation, is to ot produce the greatest amount of happiness throughout the universe, with the least evil or pain and suffering that the unchanging laws of the original elements will admit, and ultimately the harmony of the universe. That all that is valuable in what is called religion, morals, duties, &c., is for man to do good to man, and to show mercy and kindness to all that have life. That it is not God who creates evil; but it is the inherent laws of Nature, in their progress to attain great permanent good, which make partial and temporary evil necessary."

Such is an abstract of the religious opinions of Robert Owen; we must yield him merit as a profound and subtile thinker, whatever may be our own differences of faith. Out of these thesis he goes on to propose the basis of a higher order of things, by which the human mind shall be brought into nearer relation with that of the Divine—by better ordered conditions of life, causing men to tend spontaneously to what is wise, true and good, in place of the present proclivity to folly, falsehood and evil. He wisely bases all true progress upon the immutable laws of truth, in its broadest as well as more limited sense.

He believes in a social and political equality between the sexes, as the fundamental basis of all true governments; and in this respect he is not alone among the great thinkers of his age, Jeremy Benthem and Fourier having held to the same opinion. He closes with the following tribute and suggestion to our own people:

"Little do the population of the United States yet imagine that they have a much greater step to achieve than they have yet effected before they can make themselves permanently the most advanced and powerful empire on the globe. They must introduce the rational system for forming a superior character for each of their citizens from birth, with new conditions for creating and distributing wealth. If they have now sufficient wisdom to 'go ahead' of other nations in these respects, they will make it the obvious interest of all other populations to be annexed as additional independent States to the States already united."

THE COMMODORE'S SON;
OR, THE FORTUNES OF THE MACFANES.

A Story of Boston and of the Texas Revolution of 1836.

CHAPTER III—CONTINUED.

"WOULD to God," continued Donald, "I had been in your father's library when those fellows undertook to whip you! But where was Jim all this time?"

"O, Jim, poor fellow, is completely cowed. He was always, you know, a wild, pleasant fellow—a little, gentle boy, with no will of his own, any more than a kitten shut up in a cage, and that suited the Commodore exactly. He will brook no law but his own. Jim yields and obeys without a murmur, and the old man will leave him all his property, doubtless, and I'm glad of it, for Jim is a good lad, too good to get a living without assistance in this naughty world. As to his fighting for me, or doing anything to defend me against the ruffian lick-spittles of my father, he would just as soon have thought of piling Pelion upon Ossa, or of scaling heaven in a balloon. All the while the contest was progressing, poor Jimmy did nothing but sit still in his corner with the poor frightened spaniel, and wring his hands and cry like a child; but after it was done, he followed me out and gave me $10, which is all the money I have, and all the kindness the dear little fellow had it in his power to do for me."

"By the way, Douglass, that reminds me that you told me you had to leave all your clothes in the clutches of the old Commodore. Now, I have provided enough for three years. But I have often doubted the wisdom of taking such a cargo of goods on an expedition, whose result I don't know, and where the hungry Mexicans or naked Indians may, in three months, be dancing and exulting over the spoils of my trunks. So that, indeed, I am rejoiced that you have stepped in to relieve me of the incumbrance of at least *one* of my trunks, containing enough to last you for a few months any how. They'll all be down on board the Seven Sallies to-morrow, and I'll just get one of them marked with your name."

Douglass agreed to accept Donald's offer, provided Donald would agree to accept his note for their full value.

"Very well. if you prefer you may give me your note. I'll not be hard on you and decline taking it, for I want you to go. I scarcely know any one else. But if you give me your promissory note, you must do me the favor to make it payable *on demand*, for I will never ask for the money. If at any time you have so much you don't know what to do with it you can hand it over. I wish I could afford to pay for your passage, which will be $50, but I have not the money to spare; but I think I can get the boys to contribute."

"No, no, Donald, I am a sailor and prefer to work my passage out."

"Very well, Douglass, work is no disgrace, and if I knew how I'd work my own passage and save my money. But there is one other point which ought to be settled a little better than it is. I have seen Miss Kate Smith—met her at a party at a relatives in Boudoin street. She is a noble as well as a beautiful creature, and you must not sail without going to see her and making some arrangement for future correspondence—for though it may pacify your own feelings speedily to forget her, it will be cruel, I think, under the circumstances, to break off all intercourse at once. If she is your *sister*, indeed, there is every reason why you should continue your intimacy, and if not you may yet have the good luck to get back and marry her. And by the way, you did not tell me what reason you had to believe Smith's story about her true."

"No, Donald, I didn't, and I'd rather not, but since I have begun, I may as well finish. The truth is, I have, in times past, seen conduct between my father and Madam Savon, our houskeeper. which, when I was a boy, I did not understand, but which I now think I comprehend pretty well, and though I have no proof of children born in my father's house that did not legally belong to him, yet I have reason to believe that such things may have happened before I was old enough to detect any wrong doings. This is all I will say now, so good night. You must be sleepy, and I have detained you too long. I'll meet you on board the schooner to-morrow."

"But where are you going to sleep to-night, Douglass?"

"Any where. I can sleep equally well on the hard or soft side of a plank. But perhaps, as it seems to be the last chance, I'll go and luxuriate a little at a hotel."

"Ah, well, Douglass, it is hard to leave all the comforts of dear old Boston for the privations of a wilderness. Here is Diggins's; let us drop in and take a farewell roast or stew, since, as you say, very likely it is the last chance."

Diggins's establishment was a famous eating-house, open at all hours of the day or night, having attractions for all classes, and generally well occupied by hungry and thirsty citizens till midnight. They entered the bril-

liantly lighted building, and seated themselves in one of the curtained recesses, and Donald asked the obsequious waiter, who popped his head into the alcove, to furnish them with a couple of bowls of stewed oysters.

"*Two* stew!" cried the waiter in response, before the words were fairly out of Donald's mouth. It was 11 o'clock, time for all well-meaning persons, unless very hungry or very busy, to be at home and in bed. But from the apartment nearest them, which on entrance they observed was closed, they soon heard the pulling of the bell, and, on the appearance of the brisk waiter, a demand for two brandy punches, hot and strong.

"Two bran' punch', otten strong!" echoed the Mercury of this paradise.

Douglass put his hand on the shoulder of Donald and whispered that the voice in the next alcove was familiar to him, and desired him to listen and say nothing.

"After all," said voice No. 1, "he is too hard on the young fellow—cursed unreasonable. I've known Douglass for many years, and I know he has been more respectful and obedient than ever I was to my governor. He is a whole-souled, generous fellow. I don't want any better proof of that than his looks. And did you notice how still he stood, as silent as a dead man, and bore those unjust reproaches and insults of the savage Commodore? Did you see how the tears trickled down, and he wouldn't reply in any disrespectful manner? By St. Judas Iscariot, Fox, I never felt so bad in my life as I did then."

"Well, Spriggs, he may be well enough in general, but didn't he knock me down in particular? And don't I feel the print of his knuckles in the side of my head yet? Yes, and they'll be there now till the day of my death, and I got only twenty-five dollars by way of compensation—dog cheap; but then it fetches the oysters and punch for us to-night, so let us be merry—(hiccup)

'Why, (hic) why, (hic) should we be melor—(hic)
Who's business 'tis to die, (hic)'

—faith, Spriggs, that last punch was pretty solid. What did you call for that last punch for, Spriggs? We didn't need it (hic)—I always know when I've got enough (hic); I shouldn't have called for any more.

'O, I've often been tol l (hic)
That the British seamen bold (hic)—'

Spriggs, my boy, I'm drunk, positively drunk for the first time since last pay day."

"Well, Fox, you must be drunk. Douglass didn't strike you; it was the old Commodore that tried the thickness of your skull with his gouty knuckles."

"The Commodore, d'ye say? (hic.) I'll call him out, then. I'll have sweet revenge. He strike his best friend! Strike Fox, his bosom companion on the sea (hic)—the sea (hic)—

'The blue, the bright, the ever free, (hic)'

What did he strike me for, Spriggs, eh?"

"Because," said Spriggs, "you struck him first. You aimed at his undutiful son, but hit the dutiful old Commodore himself."

"*I* did! I hit the Commodore! my official superior; my best friend, too! Spriggs, I can't stand that. I'll go and apologize this very night. I'm too conscientious (hic) to sleep quietly when I've injured my best friend."

"O, no, Fox; wait till to-morrow."

"I tell you I can't wait till to-morrow; it would be the death of my moral faculties. Besides, I've got to go, (hic,) and so have you, to bring his refractory boy back. I don't wonder (hic) wants him back, for he is worth a couple of dozen of such as that milk-and-water chap that does nothing but study his Greek grammar (hic)—hi, fol, de rol lol."

"I'm not going on that errand," said Spriggs, "it is too mean business watching house No. 15—what street is it? Don't matter where, I shan't go, that's all; it is down at the dirty North End."

"Yes, but Douglass is going to marry some wench down there, Commodore says, and carry her off, and disgrace the family."

"Ha! ha! ha! Disgrace the family. Between you and me, Fox, it isn't that boy's marriage with anybody that is going to make the Commodore's name smell any sweeter or any stronger in the nostrils of good society in Boston. The best families have all cut him long ago. You see there is a story that he has a brother in the city in a low position, and in a starving condition, too, and yet the Commodore neither helps him nor owns him as a brother—hasn't spoken to him for near twenty years, they say. I've been acquainted with the Commodore a good while, and I know I never heard him mention any such brother."

"But then again, and per contra," said Fox, "I heard Timmins say that that brother is drunk (hic)—no, not drunk, I mean, but a miserly old hunks, that is full as rich as the Commodore, and yet would n't give a poo low like me a single dollar to quench his t or even to help him from starving. And, by the way, speaking of starving. I'm flat broke, Spriggs, and I'm off in this craft that's bound for Texas. Better go with me, Spriggs, eh?"

"How the dickens do you expect to get there if you are flat broke? Your twenty-five dollars are not going to pay your passage, even if you succeed in escaping the clutches of Snip."

"*One* raw!" sang the waiter in behalf of a late comer, who had quietly seated himself in the alcove next in front of the ex-officers.

"Why, the fact is, Spriggs—a—ur—a friend has promised to loan me a pretty handsome sum of money, hic—."

"Ha! ha! ha! Fox, you must tell that to the marines. Your tide must have taken a round turn lately, for the last I knew of you your face was entirely run out, except at the old Commodore's."

"Pardon me, gentlemen, for interrupting your enjoyment," said a short, stout, dark-complexioned person, who had made himself still blacker by a suit of India-rubber overclothes, and who now very uncivilly thrust his head under the curtain of Messrs. Fox and Spriggs. "Which of you gentlemen goes by the name of Captain Fox?"

"I—I—I'm the gentleman that wears that honored name, and glories (hic) in that honored title."

"Then, Sir," said the constable, "it is my duty to arrest you on the charge of stealing a pocket-book belonging to Commodore Macfane, and, as here is quite a convenient place, allow me to search your pockets; documents of this kind are so apt to drop out between here and Leverett street, and—hold on, Mr. Spriggs, I believe your name is called—don't be in a hurry to leave your friend, as you have been in his company all the evening, I'll keep you together a little longer, if you please. No bustling, nor noise, gentlemen; keep cool; give you a good night's lodging without any expense, very comfortable; nobody'll disturb you."

Spriggs commenced an eloquent and powerful remonstrance against the inconsiderate and ungentlemanly conduct of the constable, in even entertaining the thought of arresting *him*; declared that he was no more a friend of Fox than he was of the constable himself; that, in fact, he did n't care a stiver for either of them; that it was true he had chanced to be in company with Fox that evening, sorely against his will; but as to a pocket-book, he had neither one of his own about him, nor indeed of anybody else; that the constable was perfectly welcome to search him, if he would only let him depart in peace. And to add force to his eloquence, and give a practical demonstration of the truth of his assertions, he commenced searching his own pockets, and fairly turned them inside out, showing nothing as the sum total of four or five pockets, except very dirty linings, and also one key, one penknife and a moderate sized piece of Virginia chewing tobacco, a bite of which he politely offered to the constable. The officer gratefully accepted the tobacco, but declined giving Captain Fox's friend a passage into the street. The persevering Spriggs then offered his watch, but either the officer was too honest to accept the bribe, or else he supposed that the ticker, though very good looking, was, in fact, a galvanized article, being found in such bad company; and he had long ago discovered, in the exercise of his profession, what a goodly outside falsehood hath. Mr. Spriggs finding, at last, that his arguments had not the least effect on the stiff-necked constable, was making such a demonstration toward evacuating the premises that the constable was fain to seize him firmly by the collar, and crowd him down in a very disrespectful manner upon his seat. Fox, who, according to the instincts of his race, had been all the while slily watching his chance for a run or double, and who had, for the second or third time that evening, been rendered comparatively sober by various calamities, now made a dash past the officer, and was out of doors in an instant, while Spriggs, being released by the constable's endeavoring to grasp at the same time both principal and interest, aimed a well-directed blow at the officer, under cover of which he was endeavoring to follow the track of his more vulpine comrade, when the two young men sprang to the assistance of the overburdened conservator of peace and justice. Donald sprang upon Spriggs, and Douglass left the shop in full chase after Fox, but that slippery animal knew too well the secret holes and dens in that vicinity, and was out of sight and hearing before Douglass could get upon his track. They lost the bird, but got his mate; and after escorting him in safety to the stone palace, which in those days was under the supervision of the late lamented Stephen Badlam, and was the chief architectural ornament of the West End, they all separated quietly for the night—the constable, at least, feeling very badly disappointed at not getting possession of any money, and seeing clearly also an unpleasant prospect of an action for false imprisonment being brought against him by the indignant Spriggs.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FAREWELL.

The next morning, after having engaged with the captain of the good schooner Seven Sallies, to work his passage to Aransas, Texas, and

promising to be on board an hour before flood-tide, Douglass went to bid farewell to her whose loveliness had won his holiest affections, and in whose love he had enjoyed visions of bright and peaceful future happiness.

"I am so glad you have come, Douglass," said Kate. "You can't guess who has been here, seeking you."

"Captain Fox, I presume, or the elegant Madam Savon," replied Douglass.

"Better than either," said Kate; "it was Richard Tilton. He has not been here before these three years. What a handsome, gentlemanly young man he has grown to be! And so genial and sympathizing, too."

"Do you know who and what he is?" asked Douglass, with a grain of jealous pettishness.

"Why no, I have not seen him, or scarcely thought of him; but I know he is a warm and kind friend to you. He inquired anxiously about you; said he heard you were going to leave the country, and your father, and me, and all, and he didn't want you to go without saying good-by to him. I was very sorry I could not tell him where you might be found, and still more grieved and mortified to find you had been talking to others about going away so suddenly, and yet had left me in utter darkness."

"Why, Kate, my love, I have just made up my mind to go—forced to it last night by the cruelty of my own father. But I'm not sorry to miss your friend, Mr. Tilton. I believe the fellow is a hound of my father and his own precious mother, trying to get on my track, and stop me from carrying my plans into execution. not because they want me here, but merely to keep up the old malicious habit of thwarting my designs."

"Come!" said Kate, "I cannot believe this of Richard. He seems such an amiable young man, and his expressions of kindness toward you were so natural and unborrowed. I like him. There is no starch about him, and no grandeur; and he seems to say good things all the time, not because he tries, but because he can't help it; and then he treated me so like a woman of sense, and not as if I were a fool, that couldn't talk of anything but rosies and posies, and loves and doves."

"Upon my soul, Kate, I never knew you so eloquent before on the gifts and graces of any man. I wonder if you ever compliment *me* as highly behind my back."

"When you deserve it I do, my dear."

"Do you know what is his profession?" asked Douglass.

"I never thought of asking," said Kate.

"Well, he is a gambler. He lives somewhere in this part of the city, on his wits. He sets up for a gentleman, and has his bills paid out of my father's pocket and his mother's purse."

"Ah, I remember now," said Kate. "He is Madame Savon's child by her first marriage."

"First marriage! And do you know how many marriages she has enjoyed?"

"Indeed I never heard," replied Kate, mildly.

"Well, she has had as many as the woman of Samaria, and whether he whom she now has is her husband or not it would require a prophet to declare."

"I'm very sorry for that," said Kate.

"Why sorry?" asked Douglass.

"Because it throws doubt on his birth, and I know by experience how painful and mortifying it must be to him to be continually reminded of that unalterable misfortune. But do tell me your plans, and do not keep me any longer in suspense."

Douglass then related the incidents of the evening previous, and declared his resolution to go to Texas; and added, sarcastically, that he hoped she would use her influence with her new friend, at least so far that he might not be stopped on the way.

"Dear Douglass, let us not speak in such bitter tones, since you say you are to part from me so far and so soon. And now, more than ever, you should be kind, since it seems we are brother and sister."

"Ha! And, by the way," said Douglass, cured of his momentary jealousy, "Richard is likely to prove your brother also."

"So he is!" exclaimed Kate, laughing with delighted surprise. "O! I should like to have a good, polite, amiable brother. I never had brother or sister."

"Well, I hope Richard may prove to be a good brother. But you must try to improve his morals, though, as he is now nearly twenty-five, there seems little hope."

"Why so, Douglass? It may be that his mind has been warped by constant evil communications, and that if he once sees the right he will be ready to pursue it. I have heard of great reformations after that age; and I am sure, if he needs reformation, I'll try if he keeps his promise to come and see me often. I would like to be conscious of doing some good, my life has been such an incumbrance to my fellow creatures hitherto."

"Not quite heavy enough to sink the universe, my dear. If it had not been for your plaudits and your gentle reproofs, all sweeter to me than the songs of the siren, I know not

what my morals might have been. But how hard it is, after all, that I must give up my childish and manly hopes—all the gay visions of my infancy, youth and age. It seems as if some malignant fiend had suddenly seized me and dragged me out of the cheerful sunshine in which I have been basking, and plunged me into a midnight of clouds and darkness and tempest. O, if Richard is the child of that bad woman, it grieves me sorely to believe in the probability of *your* being so."

"But why, Douglass, may we not learn with certainty the truth on this point? Douglass, I will learn it. I can and I will. I will use every art to gain her favor and win her confidence. What good object can she have in concealing the truth from me if she is indeed my mother? The very worst woman has a mother's heart when she has a child; and she shall—yes, she shall tell me honestly all she knows. O, Douglass, pray postpone your voyage till we settle this dreadful business."

"Would to God I could, my dear; but it is now too late, and even my few moments are flying fast."

"Then I will get Richard to aid me. You tell me his morals are bad, but I cannot yet believe he has a bad heart. Phrenology and physiology are both in his favor. Those mild, frank, honest black eyes speak a gentle, kindly heart, I'm sure."

"And, Kate, what do you think of his mild, honest black whiskers, and his frank and gentle mustache?"

"You are too satirical, Douglass. What right have you to hate him now, since you tell me he is my half brother? I have no wish to have any catalogue of the follies of my brother, or to keep any record of his sins. It is truly sad that all of us do so many things we ought not, and yet be so uncharitable to others who do wrong. He that is uncharitable must also be unjust."

"Noble words, Kate. You are a good girl, and I forgot and was too hasty, and will say no more. Still if he be your brother, don't try to confound evil with good, and don't indulge in that spurious charity which rejoices in iniquity, and rejoices not in the truth. Indeed, I think I have generally noticed that women are much more charitable toward the sins of the opposite sex than they are toward the sins of their own. But I must not talk or stay longer. Be sure to write me by every vessel or other opportunity, and I will do the same. Remember, too, that my love for you is no whit diminished, but that I shall grieve in your absence and long for your presence as much as ever. No other woman can ever have my love or sympathy, for none are like you."

"Well, Douglass, if you live through this dreadful war, and Texas is such a paradise as they say, perhaps we will all come and live there together; and let us thank God that he has relieved partly the force of a dreadful blow by giving me the new blessing of a brother whom I love, and by giving you an affectionate sister."

"And if, after all," said Douglass, "it should prove, as possibly it may, that our suspicions are groundless, why then—"

"Yes, of course," said Kate, smiling and embracing him. "However it may be, let us await events, and trust in the good God, and always reach up and take hold of his hand."

"We will, Kate—we will; and all will turn out for the best, I doubt not. And now I go. Give my best love to your father and mother, and say good-by for me. (I must confess, though, I'm rather glad that the old lady chanced to be out just at this time.) In an hour we spread our canvas to the breeze, and it will take us fast and far away. Adieu, my own loved, best loved, only loved. Still be my priest, and bear me on your breastplate in prayer. Pray for me on the great waters; pray for me in the hour of battle, if it shall be my lot to see such an hour; and, above all, pray daily and nightly that we may meet again, both in this world and in the world where there is no more parting or sorrow or tears."

Douglass hastened out, leaving Kate lying prostrate on the sofa, and sobbing so violently that she could not utter an articulate farewell.

CHAPTER V.

THE VOYAGE TO TEXAS.

The sailors were heaving at the windlass, and the low, monotonous cry always accompanying that operation blended mournfully with the melancholy shriek of the swooping sea-gulls that flitted around the "Seven Sallies." Small boats were constantly coming and going to and from the vessel and Long Wharf, which were situated about five hundred yards apart.

Douglass, who was now in full nautical sea-rig, had been for the last hour employed in conveying passengers aboard and their baggage, and had just been ordered to take off a few remaining friends of passengers who had come to bid them farewell. He had landed these, and had taken into the boat the very last dried codfish and string of onions, and was just letting go the bow-line of the boat, when an individual bearing a striking resemblance to Captain Fox,

though having much longer hair and far less copious whiskers than those which usually adorned the cheeks and chin of that gentleman, jumped very unceremoniously on board the boat, with carpet-bag in hand.

The boatman and the traveler looked at each other. The boatman continued to look, but the Captain turned away his eyes. The boatman still gazed, and the Captain looked up again.

"Where now?" bluntly inquired the boatman.

"For God's sake, Douglass, have pity on a poor devil, and shove off."

"Not with the Commodore's pocket-book."

This was the first intimation Fox had that Douglass knew anything about the missing money; for his departure from the oyster house on the night preceding had been so very rapid that he could not spare time to look at his pursuer. He therefore thought it safe to express a good deal of surprise at the insinuation of Douglass, that an ex-officer of the United States Navy could know anything about Commodore Macfane's pocket-book; or, indeed, anybody's pocket-book save his own. Douglass, however, informed him that he had had the pleasure of listening for some time to the very interesting conversation of Messrs. Fox and Spriggs, in the establishment of Mr. Diggins; that he had also witnessed the constabulary performance immediately subsequent, and had given chase to the Captain himself, but got outrun, or outwitted. He now informed Fox that he had him in his power; that he ought probaby, in justice, to arrest him, but he had no desire to be hard on him, and if he would quietly deliver the money he would let him go ashore. Fox, at length discovering that there was no chance of escape, promptly pulled off his boots, and drawing two rolls of bank notes from the linings, declared there was every dollar of the money; that the pocket-pook had been thrown away as too cumbrous, and could not now be restored, and that all the money he had besides was the remainder of the twenty-five dollars generously lent him by the old Commodore by way of compensation for the attempt to whip the gentleman who now stood before him.

After compelling the unlucky Captain to climb ashore again, Douglass sculled away to the Seven Sallies. The skipper was giving him the customary nautical blessing for being slow and slack in his duty, when Douglass informed the skipper of the cause of his detention, and requested permission to inclose the money to the Commodore, and place it in the hands of the pilot who would leave them outside the light-house.

The pilot agreed to take charge of it, and, at the urgent request of Douglass, promised not to let the Commodore know by what means it had been restored. But the reader may as well be informed here as elsewhere, that the false pilot violated the latter part of his engagement, because, as he said, it was better to break a bad promise than to keep it.

It was in the latter part of November, 1835, that the light draught schooner Seven Sallies cleared from Boston "for Aransas Bay, Copano and a market." What the schooner had to sell in the market it might be difficult to say, for nearly all of its spare room was occupied by barrels of provisions and water for the crew and hundred passengers. To accommodate these passengers, the cabin bulkheads had been knocked away, and a large part of the hold occupied by temporary berths of unplaned boards, with a flooring of rough plank laid down over the keelson. The passengers passed through the usual humbling sea-acclimation with apparent cheerfulness, the epidemic having broken out and even passed the crisis before they were out of sight of Cape Cod light-house. Sea-sickness, instead of being so bitterly maligned by effeminate landsmen, should be considered a blessing in disguise. How else but by that appetizing affliction could "salt junk," "lobscouse," "duff," &c., viands cooked in the most conspicuous and dirtiest edifice on the deck of a schooner, and by the unsavory hands of the most woolly and unctuous gentleman on board, be ever forced down the uninitiated stomach of a landsman?

When the passengers came on board, they found themselves mostly strangers to each other; but more people become acquainted by accident than by formal introduction, whether on land or sea. After mutual compliments and affectionate inquiries into the condition of each other's epigastric regions, the conversation turned upon their histories and prospects. They were all young men, whose prime object was announced to be to defend the cause of freedom in Texas against the despotism of Mexico. And yet, as they grew better acquainted, it was discovered that nearly all had experienced disappointments at home, which made life bitter to them there. There were desperate lovers, briefless lawyers, benevolent but unlucky doctors charged with murder, amiable but unhappy pedagogues, who had been prosecuted by parents of stupid children for "assault with intent to kill," ambitious, but, of course, shirtless

poets, bursted bankrupts and hopeless mechanics. These all, after seriously deliberating on the advantages of bisecting each his several windpipe, had concluded to postpone the subject indefinitely, and seek instead a better country. By way of pastime, each detailed his several grievances for the amusement of all the rest, in the long intervals between meals. They were all active, high-spirited men, who were desirous, not to wait till fortune was buckled on their backs, but to win and wear her for themselves. They were eager for a wrestling match with the world in a new country, where the odds would be made even—where wealth is, in a large measure, dependent on poverty, and dares not frown upon it, and where office holding, instead of begetting insolence, is the very father of politeness and courtesy.

Nothing of special interest or excitement occurred among the passengers for some days or weeks. They were all intent on their reading, their story telling or story hearing, for many days. Occasionally a rifle-shot was fired at some wild bird of the sea, or some monster fish disporting himself under the waves; occasionally a silly flying fish leaped on board and was captured, or a rainbow-tinted dolphin was speared or grained, and suffered to gasp his life out upon the heated deck, that the philosophers on board might test the truth of the fable, that "his hues are brightest when he dies;" occasionally a thunder squall in the Gulf Stream, or a glorious sunset off the Bahamas or the Floridas, would summon all hands to admire its sublimity or beauty, but no long, low, black schooner, brought down to her bearings by a crowded mass of blood thirsty pirates, crossed their path, though most of the passengers were just thoughtless enough to pray for such an adventure; no slave-laden bark from the Gulf of Guinea gave them an opportunity to display their philanthropy or their gallantry; they passed in inglorious quiet the shallow, sponge planted banks of Bahama, the curious and far-sounding Hole-in-the-Wall of Abaco, and the wreck-strewn reefs which surround and defend the sandy coasts of Florida with eternal walls of coral. By baffling winds and dead calms, and the powerful contrary current, they had been detained for some days between the Keys and the Island of Cuba, when the skipper of the Seven Sallies, finding himself getting short of water, determined to sail into Havana, for which port the wind was favorable. As soon as the captain had informed everybody that they would pass a day in Havana there went up from the deck of the schooner a long, loud shout of joy; and then, such a rummaging of trunks and chests for Spanish grammars and vocabularies, and such zealous efforts to commit to memory a half dozen common phrases, as if believing that when armed to the teeth with these they could defy the Governor himself to out talk them.

The schooner passed directly under the open noses of the twelve brazen apostles at the Moro, sailed up the narrow harbor, and came to anchor opposite the quay, and near the shore of Casa Blanca. The usual troubles were easily and rapidly settled by a hint from the skipper of the Seven Sallies, that, in dealing with the Havana officials, a two-real silver piece was more effective than a quarter of an hour's argument, and a half dollar would often save a whole day's delay. Acting on this hint, the passengers soon found themselves rushing with Yankee swiftness along the quays, crowding through the narrow streets at a pace that drew every lazy native to the door to witness, standing for a minute in the Plaza de Armas, and wondering at all they saw there, pushing, as if bent on their own destruction, toward the Paseo, invading the Holy Cathedral irreverently, but reverently bowing as they stood silently before the inurned ashes of Colon, trying their miserable Spanish upon every unoffending native, and receiving invariably, to their great astonishment, answers not laid down in the conversation books—wondering that Cubans should speak such barbarous Spanish, doubting if grammars and dictionaries of *pure* Castilian were at all suited to the provincial population of Cuba, or would be found at all useful among the still more degraded citizens of Mexico, if it should ever be their duty to order them out of the Halls of the Montezumas.

At length, like poor slaves tired of liberty, they gladly went back again to their narrow quarters in the hold of the Seven Sallies, and rejoiced as they heard again the order to weigh anchor, and listened to the clicking of the cogs of the windlass. Gladly they aided to "hoist away on the mainsail," and to "haul aft the fore-sheet," and as the vessel shot out of the dirty waters of the harbor into the fathomless blue of the ocean, the passengers cheered vociferously the few diminutive gentlemen who were perched in silence on the cliffs of the castle behind their great guns, and itching for the privilege of sending a few balls into the hull of the little vessel by way of returning the noisy farewell. It was about Christmas when they made the bay and island of Galveston, and

commenced running down their latitude along the low, sandy coast, not then studded, as now, with large and flourishing towns and cities. With the steady south-easterly trades, they were scudding next day by the mouth of the rapid and turbid Brazos, which rolled its muddy current far out into the tossing sea in rivalry of its more pretentious neighbor, the Mississippi, and in a few hours more they were dashing past the long peninsula and shallow bay of Matagorda, and coasting near the sandy island of St. Josephs.

Arrived at the opening of Aransas Bay, no pilot came out to welcome them—no lighthouse sent cheerful rays from its lantern to guide them—all strangers in a strange sea, they must feel their way with lead and line, over the dangerous bar on which, as they approached it, the white breakers were dashing themselves in noisy foam. At this juncture the skipper took in all sail, let go the stern boat from the davits, and ordered Douglass and the second mate into the boat, and called for two or three good oarsmen among the passengers to volunteer in the boat, for the sake of towing the vessel safely into harbor. Donald, whose attachment to Douglass had greatly increased during the voyage, was the very first to spring into the boat at the call of the captain. The wind was blowing strongly and the waves seemed to dash more and more heavily upon the bar as the little boat neared it, so that it seemed to the boat's crew almost certain destruction to attempt to cross. A sailor was in the bow of the boat heaving the lead, the second mate was at the helm, and the skipper of the schooner as far aloft as he could get, looking out for the channel, and giving orders to the mate and boat's crew.

"Keep off about a pint and a half—there, steady—luff a little—so—port—pull away, boys, with a will."

"Quar-ter-r less twain!" cried the man who was heaving the lead.

"Easy, boys, now—softly—steady as she goes—look out, Mr. Wilkins—down with your heads, boys, quick!"

As he spoke a mighty wave dashed over the little boat, and for a moment buried her and her gallant crew under the mass of foam. The line at her stern and the skill of the coxswain together, hardly prevented her capsizing, but she came up again from the heart of the billow, with her crew, like a gallant courser and his rider, after their first plunge, dripping, but all safe. A moment more and the leadsman cried out the welcome sound:

"And a ha-alf twain!" and the boat and the schooner were riding upon smooth water, where they soon came to anchor, and the skipper called in the boys to dry and refresh themselves after their wearisome toils.

In an hour or two they made sail again and stood up the bay till they arrived in sight of the two or three houses which constituted the town of Copano. Here they were greeted with salutes from a small party of Americans stationed there, and soon all the boats, lighters and skiffs of the neighborhood were put in requisition to run down to the anchorage and bring off the passengers, who rejoiced, with a joy known only to the seafarer, that they had arrived safely at their destination, and stood once more on terra firma, and had the assistance and cordial friendship of men engaged in the cause for which they had all come to do battle, and for which some of them had come to die.

At the time of their arrival, though there had been some fighting, Texas had not declared herself independent. A Provisional Government for the Province had been established, and a temporary administration organized. Houston had been elected Commander-in-Chief. A battle had been fought at the Mission Conception by Fannin and Bowie, in which a hundred Americans had defeated five hundred Mexicans. The fortress of San Antonio, celebrated in history as the Alamo, in which were eleven hundred Mexican soldiers, had been compelled to surrender to two hundred Americans. A regiment of Georgia and Alabama troops had arrived at Copano just previous to the arrival of the Seven Sallies, and were now stationed at the Mission Refugio, some twenty-five miles above Copano, on the little Mission River. Houston was, about this time, ordered by the Governor to march from San Felipe, on the Brazos, to the Mission Refugio, where he arrived with his forces about the middle of January, 1836.

The brave New Englanders, passengers of the Seven Sallies, did not think it best to form themselves into a single company, but to wait the arrival of the General, and offer their services individually or collectively, in any field he should desire to use them. But for the sake of preserving some semblance of law and order, and also to defend themselves against attacks from Mexicans, or the Camanche and Lipan Indians, who were ever hovering around their encampment like buzzards around a carcass, they elected officers *pro tempore*, and Donald Sheafe, though one of the youngest men, had acquired so much popularity and manifested so

much skill, science and bravery, that he was unanimously chosen captain.

After encamping for some weeks at Copano, where they practiced the manual exercise and rifle shooting, and became pretty well initiated into all the arts and mysteries of camping out, keeping guard, &c., the bluff and hearty General Houston rode down from Refugio to invite them to join his standard immediately, as he was about to march his forces eastward toward the Brazos.

"How are you, my brave boys?" said the General, riding into their camp, and giving a kindly glance from his bold eye to each one of the new recruits as they clustered around him; "I'm glad to see that some of the *Yankees* have a stomach for this fight—glad to see so much evidence among you of military discipline already. So you've learned to eat jerked beef, and jerk it yourselves, I see, and to eat your soup and drink your coffee out of the same tin cup, without swabbing it out, I dare say. Nothing like this kind of life to make men healthy. I eat my twelve pounds of beef daily, when I cant get bread or even turkey to eat with it. Ah, I see you have some flour left yet. Very well, eat it up as soon as you please, and get it out of the way. We carry but little baggage in our marches in this country. The Romans rightly called the baggage of their armies the *impedimenta*, and in a Texan camp we consider flour a cumbrous and useless impediment. I know you consider that a hard saying, boys, but I assure you 'tis nothing after you get used to it. Good beef is all a soldier wants to make him feel hearty, and full of fight, and beef you may drive along before you on its own legs. Which is your captain?"

Donald modestly stepped forward and introduced himself as the one whom the men had selected temporarily as captain, till they could learn the General's pleasure.

"Let me give you a soldier's grip, my lad, for you are only a lad yet; but you are the real live oak if you did grow in the North. You'll distinguish yourself, I doubt not. And, for that matter, so will you all, or I'm no judge of physiognomy. I thank you for your generosity in leaving the final disposal of yourselves to me. I want to scatter you among various companies to be patterns of order to my troops, and exemplars of prompt obedience. I know something about the Yankees, and I know they are educated to love law and order; and, to tell you the truth, I have an army of perfect devils up here in the country. I believe I could, as Mad Anthony said, "storm hell" with them; but nothing I can say will make them obey me."

At this moment a bold horseman rode into camp, leading with a lasso a wild and noble mustang colt which he had just taken on the distant prairie.

"Is that one of your men?" inquired Houston.

"Yes, General," replied Donald, "that is Olwyn Trask; as brave and generous a fellow as ever lived."

"He must be one of nature's noblemen, indeed, by his riding, and a good judge of horseflesh, too, by the looks of that fine mustang he is leading. I shall need him yet for a cavalry officer."

The General, having dined with the company on the short remainder of their home delicacies, took his departure for his own camp, having received a promise from Donald that he would march for Refugio on the morrow.

Here then we will take our departure, and go back by a long stride from Texas to Massachusetts, to gather up the parted filaments of our narrative.

CHAPTER VI.

MADAM SAVON AND HER SON.

Madam Savon was born in Germany, near the border of France. She was a woman of 45 years, of a short and stout figure, and a bold and rather sensual expression of face. When quite a young lady she had removed to America to seek her living; and having good natural abilities and some education, and being also, at that time, not unattractive in appearance and manners, she had engaged the affections of a respectable dry goods dealer of Boston, named Richard Tilton, who shortly after married her. The couple lived apparently as happily as most married folk for two or three years, when he died, leaving one child, a fine little boy, named for his father. Having no property, and no ostensible means of gaining a livelihood, her manner of life for some time subsequent to the death of her husband is rather uncertain. She called herself Madam Savon, the wife of a French *coiffeur* of that name, to whose household she was attached for some years. When death parted the Commodore and his faithful and excellent wife, Madam Savon applied personally to the Commodore for the situation of housekeeper; and his feeling just then, adrift at sea, without chart, compass or rudder, perfectly water-logged, and the barnacles already beginning to grow upon him, and to stick to him in his utter helplessness, immediately installed the strange lady in his

house, to keep the keys and his conscience. As he had children of his own, however, he was wise enough to insist in the outset that her boy Richard should not be brought up in his family. He would agree to pay the board of the child as long as she lived with him, and she must clothe him and pay all his other expenses out of the wages he allowed her. To this proposition—which, indeed, was liberal—she cheerfully consented; and Richard had arrived at adult years without being really as well acquainted with his own mother as he was with the kind Mrs. Duffy, who had brought him up. He did, indeed, see his mother almost every day. But the prime object of his visits to her, or of hers to him, was generally the passage of bills and coin from one to the other. What was the general course of the current it is unnecessary to say. The course of the Gulf Stream is eternally the same. But it is a well-authenticated fact that this perennial current did once vary. This was when Richard presented his mother with a five-dollar bill—to which gift he added the ungracious remark that she had been passing counterfeit money upon him, and he wished her to make suitable atonement by giving him at least a ten-dollar good bill, unless she had a fancy to be brought face to face with the Judge of the Municipal Court, who was at that time celebrated for settling criminal cases with a wonderful degree of uniformity. Madam Savon appreciated the jest, and immediately substituted a bright eagle for the worthless rag. After passing through his *curriculum* at the Hancock and High Schools, he entered a jobbing house, but his position not being very agreeable, he soon resigned his situation, and, excepting the little he gained at billiards or cards, lived thereafter upon his mother.

He had been vegetating in this good-for-nothing way for some years, giving no trouble to his mother except by his demands for cash, and but little anxiety to his foster-mother, an easy, goodish sort of woman, who kept a boarding-house. She had taken due care of the *physique* of Richard, at least, for under her healthy and hearty regimen Little Dick had grown to be almost as large as Big Dick, the famous negro bully of Boston. She had taken him to slop shops and bought all his clothing, and had purchased for him annually a Sunday hat at Rhoades's, and on New Year's day regularly presented her bills to the Commodore and Madam, and they had been paid without a murmur. He had grown up a man of uncommon elegance of manner, and almost unequaled manliness and beauty of face and figure. Those who believe in the theory that education and circumstances alone make the man will be surprised at this assertion, but those who know that what the world calls a gentleman, like a poet, is born and not made, will understand and believe it.

On the morning of the interview between him and Kate, before mentioned, Richard had been requested by his mother to call upon her, to learn, if possible, what had become of Douglass Macfane. The Commodore had requested Madam to use her utmost endeavors for this purpose. Douglass, he said, was still legally under his control, and he did not intend that the stubborn, self-willed rascal should have the pleasure of boasting that he had declared and maintained independence of his father before his time of service was out. It is not impossible, moreover, that some relics of natural affection, of the love he once had for his first-born when he was dandling on his knee, may have been reawakened. Perhaps a gleam of remorse may have penetrated his conscience, so long darkened and almost entirely burnt out by alcoholic fires. Perhaps a fear that the young man, in desperation and intolerable grief, might strive to end the consciousness of his wrongs and the memory of his unutterable woes by the fearful deed of suicide, and that then the world would curse the Commodore, and a righteous God, too, might condemn him as the murderer of his son. This thought, or all these together, weighed upon his mind, and made him desirous at least to learn and keep the whereabouts of Douglass.

Madam Savon knew too well the magnanimous disposition of her son to give him the impression that he was sent on a spy's errand, or that he had any task to perform which would be dishonorable for one who meant through life to maintain the character of a perfect gentleman. Richard was quite willing to learn what he could in behalf of an anxious and perhaps penitent father; quite willing, also, to renew his acquaintance with Miss Kate Smith, the comely maiden whom he had frequently met in younger days at the various parties and merry-makings, which were in those days more common than now among the social North Enders.

On the afternoon of the day on which Richard had called upon Kate he visited his mother to announce the fruitlessness of his mission.

"But I am very sorry, Richard," said Madam, "the Commodore does grieve himself almost to death because his son has kept to the windward of him, he says, and outsailed him. If you did

learn wherever he was, and inform us, we might have brought him back."

"Brought him back?" exclaimed Richard. "Do you mean by force?"

"*Certainement, mon fil.* That is just one thing which the Commodore would do," replied his mother, going to a sideboard, and pouring out two glasses of ale from a covered pewter pitcher. "Here, Richard, drink a glass of beer with me."

"Here's luck," replied Richard, touching glasses with his mother. "But I'm glad I did not find him."

"Just so I," replied Madam, dropping her voice to a whisper. "Just so myself, between us two and these two *bier glassen* all alone. I want the boy to go where he pleases. But then it would give me very much pleasure for you to get the old man's favors a little more, and try to oblige him. It would be very great advantage. Your dear father, the good, best man, had the science to make every one much pleased with him, for he did make them all believe he was anxious for their good welfare as his own. Ah! but he was the handsome man! He was *der gebildete!* Always *recherche*, and more *plus distingue* in dress and politeness than all the Americans except my darling son. I hope you do always keep good companions, *mon fil*, and go not among mechanics, and firemen, and the *canaile*."

"O, of course I keep good company, mother. Bob Rogers and Coolidge, and all that style of gentlemen. That is just the kind you like."

"Very well," replied Madam, "but I am afraid you gamble too much with those gentlemen, and that is the cause of money going so very *rapide*."

"No, mother; when I sport I do it to make money, not to lose it. I have a rule never to get excited; and another rule, never to stake over five dollars on any card or game; and a third rule, never to lose more than five dollars of an evening. But when I'm in luck, you know, then I give myself to Fortune, and let her carry me where she will."

"Very well. Ha! ha! ha! But, *ma foi!* I do not see that she gives you much of the *richesses*. Your demands on my pockets, it seems, do come all the stronger every one single year."

"Ah, well, my good mother, that is only to relieve you of unnecessary trouble. It would be such a heavy care and bother for you to have any surplus income to look out for. And the truth is, if I make ever so much at *roulette* or *rouge et noir*, my style and the superior company I keep call for all the money I can raise and more too. And, by the way, *ma chere mere*, we are going to have a ball and supper to-night at Brigham's, and then I have an engagement out at Porter's day after to-morrow, and I'm nearly broke now. Could you lend me fifteen or twenty for a few days?"

"The impudence of the *garcon! Lend* me, says he! *Lend* you? No, Sir, not till you do pay me up all the old accounts. Besides, I have no money now. I paid my last dollar to the *schneider* for your *nouvel habit* last week, and the Commodore is what you call *broke*, and will not give me. But I did not tell you the Commodore did get his money back all right, just a few minutes before you came. One of the pilots brought it, and he said Douglass did catch that mean thief, the Fox, and got the money. Bah! I never did like the face of that rascal, and besides he was so dirty always."

"And Douglass got it and sent it back, you say. Good! How did he find the fellow?"

"The mode," replied Madam, "I have not heard. But the pilot said, too, that Douglass had gone to Texel or some such other place. Then the old man was very mad at the Texel, but very glad at the money, and he did growl like a great bull dog. 'The bad boy,' says he, 'has more honesty than I thought.'"

"Douglass is a fine fellow, with a few bad points," said Richard. "I don't think he has treated me very handsomely for some years past. But I put that down to a difference of taste and manners, and hold no grudge against him. I'm sorry he couldn't get along better with the Commodore. If he had been more like Jimmy, he would have had a smoother path. Where is James to-day, mother? Is he at home?"

"*Eh bien*," said Madam, without noticing Richard's question, "I can only say I did do my best for both—yes, for all the whole three of you; and I have the hope not any will disgrace the education and the parents. But I wish to ask of you about this *fille jolie*—this pretty Kate."

"O, I forgot to tell you, or rather you didn't give me time, that there is something very singular about that affair. The match is broken off, because it is now discovered or believed that Kate is the half-sister of Douglass."

"His half-sister! *Der tuyfel!* Impossible! *Dieu de Dieux!* How can that be? It almost makes me swear, polite as I may be, to hear such foolishness. What is that talk you say?"

"I don't understand it myself," said Richard, "and I believe they don't. She looked earn-

estly and inquiringly at me when she told me, and asked me if I had ever heard any suspicion of such a thing."

"*O! La folle femme!* Have I not lived here plenty of time to know if there passed any *faux pas* of that kind in the family? *Sainte Croix!* You can tell the foolish child not to believe such nonsensical stuff. I did hear, a great while ago, she was a foundling, and I know not who were her parents to be sure, but still I think, from somewhat I hear from Mrs. Duffy about her little Jennie, that if any relation is between them, it has come by that old *cochon*, Donald Macfane."

"I almost wish it might be proved that they are brother and sister," said Richard.

"And for why?" said Madam.

"Because, mother, to tell you the truth, she is the very sweetest and best woman I ever met with."

"And so you would be married to her if you but could. Is that it?" said Madam.

"If I were in a condition to marry anybody."

"Very well. They say Smith is rich, and she will have the whole *richesses* when he expires; and besides, if you could get the advantage of Douglass there, the Commodore would be so very glad indeed that he'd give you the one half his fortune."

"Well, mother, I don't pretend to be a great hater of money, but if I could honorably win that woman, I'd take her without a shilling."

"Very well, my boy. All is very fair in that kind of games—politics, loves and wars. If you can win her she belongs to you."

"At all events," said Richard, "I will instantly set myself at work to search into this mystery of Kate's birth. Begging your pardon, mother, it is not possible that you should be absolutely certain about this. It may be that Douglass is her brother in some way unknown and unsuspected by you. If so, though it may be vanity in me to believe it, I think my chance is pretty good there. I'll change my mind, and wont go to Brigham's to-night—neither to Porter's day after to-morrow. Good by, mother."

"Come here to-morrow, then, and tell me all about it," said his mother, as she inflicted a kiss on his cheek at parting.

[To be continued.]

THE SOURCE OF YOUTH.

TELL me not 'tis all a fable,
This about the source of youth,
For I know that we are able
Yet to prove it is a truth;
Ask ye where? Seek it there,
In the art the poets share! [Schiller.

LAZY JAKE;
OR, THE DEVIL NONPLUSSED.

BY EDWARD VAN WINKLE.

CHAPTER I.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN TWO GENTLEMEN—A DIFFICULTY PROPOUNDED—A HEROINE INTRODUCED.

A LONG, long while ago, in the good old days when witches had a legal existence, and Old Nick, by the willfulness of man's belief, was allowed converse with the human race, lived old Benjamin Peasblossom. He had houses and lands, and bonds and mortgages, and horses and cattle; and, moreover, certain old chests which, despite their iron ribs, were near bursting with the gold and silver—the joes and half-joes, the pistoles and the pistareens, he had crammed into their capacious mouths. Now, as the story goes, Benjamin had not come as honestly and fairly by this money as he might have done; but it was said that once, as the clock struck twelve at night, in a damp vault in the church-yard, and on the lid of a coffin, with blood out of his veins, and with a pen made of a dead man's nails, Benjamin had given and granted, released, enfeoffed, conveyed and confirmed his soul unto the devil, in consideration that he, the devil aforesaid, would prosper said Benjamin in all his undertakings; with a proviso, nevertheless, that if the said Benjamin, at the day of forfeiture, could enjoin Old Clootie a task that he could not perform in a twelvemonth, then he, the said Benjamin, should stand free and absolved.

Now after this, Benjamin waxed richer and richer; he became the most important man in the village; he was appointed Overseer of the Poor, one of the Selectmen of the town; and at the time when Old Nick called on him for payment, he was actually an elder of the village church.

The manner of the visit was this. One cold Winter's evening Benjamin was sitting alone by his fire, the wind moaning around his house like the cries of the widowed and fatherless after their dower rights and patrimonies, and he thinking about foreclosing a mortgage, when he heard a gentle tap at the door, and a tall, "Werter-faced sort of a man," "melancholy and gentleman-like," entered, and took a seat opposite to Peasblossom.

"Ha! already!" exclaimed Benjamin, stretching out his arm for a small pocket Bible which lay on the table.

"I have been patient enough, methinks," said his visitor; "and, although it be a naughty night to swim in, as my friend Will has it, I hope the honor of your company."

"I cannot go yet," said Benjamin, removing his chair a little way. "Next week comes quarter day, and then there is Deacon Gray's interest to come in, and old Thompson's mortgage to be foreclosed; indeed, my friend, it's quite inconvenient to go just now."

"I fancy," replied the other, with a courteous smile, "thou wilt find it inconvenient always; so thou must e'en away to-night."

"I cannot follow thee," said Benjamin, staring wildly around and gasping for breath.

"But thou must, unless thou wilt give me a task that I cannot perform; and that I fancy thou canst scarcely do."

Benjamin's head sunk between his hands; to puzzle Old Scratch he thought was no easy matter. His visitor, who felt secure of his prey, leisurely drew a cigar from his pocket, lighted it, and commenced puffing. It emitted a bluish flame, and indeed in itself much resembled a half-grown roll of brimstone. When the fume reached the nostrils of Benjamin, he wiggled uneasily in the chair, and fell into a great perturbation of spirit, bethinking himself of devilled turkey legs, poached eggs, roasted potatoes, and beef steaks and gridirons. Meanwhile the mortgagee of Benjamin's worse half, his soul, sought to amuse himself with a book or two lying on the mantle. He passed instinctively by "The Christian Soldier," and "Holy Living and Dying;" yawned a moment over Shakespeare; but espying a newspaper, the father of lies felt that he had reading congenial to his taste.

At length Benjamin's face brightened, and he exclaimed, "I have it, I have it! I defy thee to make my neighbor, Lazy Jake, rich."

"Oh! ho!" quoth the devil; "sits the wind in that quarter? vexing Job was a trifle to that; but since thou hast set me the task, it would be unseemly in me to forfeit my prize without an endeavor to preserve it."

"Suppose we cancel the bond at once," said Benjamin, "and I will give you an acquittance."

Old Hornie forgot his accustomed good breeding at the proposition, and unqualifiedly grinned. "No," said he "it is now a point of honor with me; and my friends, the lawyers, can help me at a pinch. They have such an ingenious way of transferring estates, that if I can get Jake admitted to the bar, I shall have the pleasure of your company very soon."

After uttering this pleasantry, the head of the legal profession looked cautiously round, fearing that some of the fraternity had overheard him.

But the only addition to the company was Benjamin's daughter Susan, a fine bouncing maiden of fourteen, with a heart as free of guile as a New York dairyman's milk of cream.

"La, Pa!" said Sukey, "I didn't know of your having company."

The devil bowed—devils are always *so* polite! Miss courtesied. The devil has such a taking way with him!

"Well, friend Peasblossom," quoth he of the fabulous tail, "this little affair will soon be settled, and then——"

"La, Pa!" interrupted Sukey, "what a smell of brimstone!"

"And then, continued Old Clootie to Benjamin, "you must—"

Benjamin coughed very loudly, looked imploringly at Satan, intimating that he would dispense with the peroration.

"Pa has got such a bad cold," said Susan.

"Well, as extremes meet," replied Clootie, "he will soon have a bad heat."

Benjamin shivered; but the impracticability of Lazy Jake again sent a glow through his breast.

"Wouldn't the gentleman like a glass of sweet cider?" inquired Susan, who was of an affable and loquacious turn.

"If Miss Susan would only write her name in his pocket-book as a sort of remembrancer?"

"Away, tempter!" shouted Benjamin.

"Such a pair of red cheeks, and two such sparkling eyes," continued the *arch* fiend, "might tempt even Solomon. But, friend, I must away, as I have business of much importance to attend to before daylight. Let me see, let me see," said he in an under tone; "the big paunched Justice yonder wants a good reason for an unjust decision; Miss Tabitha Spinster must be taught the last improvement upon the amorous waltz; the grocer's doubt of the propriety of sanding his sugar must be settled; and then I have to strike the moon into three or four youths, and make poets of them; for when once they have coupled love and dove, they are mine as sure as stupid rhymes to Cupid; but I forgot myself; good night, friend Benjamin—'parting is such sweet sorrow'—good night, Miss Susan; I hope we may become better acquainted;" and so saying, he bowed lowly; and ere Susan, who turned to see why the candles burned so bluely, was aware, the old Serpent (I hate to call him names) had vanished, and Peasblossom gruffly ordered her to bed; where, I fear, she dreamed of the polite gentleman, not being aware what a profligate character he was, and how he had

played the very devil with the world ever since the first weakness of woman, which, I believe, was in the year *one*.

CHAPTER II.

A MIDNIGHT PROWL THROUGH A VILLAGE.

When the devil left the residence of Peasblossom, it was his intention to visit all his acquaintances in the village, renew old friendships, make new ones, and insinuate himself into the good graces of his enemies, if he had any. He now recollected that it was past the usual bed-time of the villagers, and that he would find nobody up, save those who stood in no need of his visitation; and that, therefore, he must make his presence known by his spirit and not by his assumed form. As this thought floated across his brain, he found himself in front of the parsonage. Now the good man, having indulged somewhat in mulled beer and a Welsh rare-bit, was naturally dreaming of a good living; and the devil suggested to him, as he settled on his breast in the shape of a huge Cheshire cheese, that as there was a vacancy in the pulpit of the next town, which gave a higher salary, it was his duty to go thither; and having thus given the parson *a call*, Beelzebub whisked off to the parson's neighbor, the apothecary. The apothecary presently dreamed that he and the sexton had entered into a partnership, and that they had employed the doctor as a clerk. Then the apothecary fancied that he was filling his laudanum jar with the juice of the pokeberry, but why, he could not tell, till the high price of opium rose up as an excuse. "But, prithee," cried one of the devil's grand-children, named Subterfuge, who was present, "will not the poor souls sleep as well on the juice as the extract?" "Aye, much better," quoth that slippery knave, Conscience; so the apothecary turned him over, and slept soundly until morning. The devil walked into the doctor's as a messenger came from a poor person in extremity, requesting his immediate presence. The doctor, hearing who it was that required his aid, knew that he would never be paid for his services, and so bade his servant tell the messenger that he had been suddenly called out, and would not be back until morning. Hereupon the doctor drew his bed-clothes tighter around him, and sunk into a nap, wherein he dreamed that he fell grievously sick, and his friends, in great alarm, proposing to send for a brother Æsculapius, it struck him as such ridiculous nonsense that he burst into laughter and awoke. The devil next visited his friend the Justice; and as the grocer's sugar was sanded the following day, and Miss Tabitha practised the Mazourka in the evening, at the village ball, it is presumed our hero also paid them a passing visit. He inoculated two young geniuses with the love of rhyme, and three young misses with flirtation; so he felt secure of five new votaries at least. He passed by the window of a learned Judge, and a subtile metaphysical fluid which could not disprove the existence of witches, passed into the Judge's pericranium. Then the devil thought he would call on his special agent, the village attorney; and he found him asleep with one eye open; and he studied a long while for some new device to inspire the lawyer withal; but after examining the stock already on hand, the devil found that he, himself, had acquired a new wrinkle; so, well contented, he left the house, and bent his steps toward the dwelling of Lazy Jake.

CHAPTER III.

A REFLECTION—LAZY JAKE'S HOUSE—HIS BED-CHAMBER—A DISCOVERY, OR AN INSTANCE OF INDUCTIVE REASONING.

Had the task allotted to our hero been that of overcoming any of the cardinal virtues, or of combating the vices gluttony, lust, intemperance, writing for magazines, avarice, pride, or even dozing in church, he had not troubled himself much about the result; but, when he reflected on the nature and influence of laziness, he felt appalled by the *vis inertiæ* opposed to him. Of all the sins which most easily beset a man, this is the darling of their progenitor, for it makes its way so insidiously and so easily, like a huge anaconda gliding through a country, and tainting all things with its poisonous breath; and it has such a tenacity of its conquests, that it is one of the most powerful engines of evil ever devised. Might I, in a sober narrative like the present, allude with propriety to the profane history of the Grecians, I would say that laziness, like the apparently harmless peace-offering of the Greeks to the Trojans, carries the armed vices in its womb, who will soon spread havoc through the town, and surprise the citadel.

Before commencing his operations, the old Serpent thought it advisable to survey the residence of Jake, and observe whereabouts lay the best avenue for his approach.

About half a mile from Peasblossom's, in the outskirts of the village, Jake reposed on his patrimonial remains. He had inherited many a broad field and rich meadow; his house had been encompassed by luxuriant gardens and thrifty orchards, flocks of cattle covered his

pastures, the loud neighing of steeds, the soft bleating of sheep, the piteous lowing of cows, the complaisant grunting of swine, filled the atmosphere around him. Turkeys gobbled, hens cackled, ducks quacked, and geese gabbled through his barn-yards. He had money out at interest, and a secret hoard of Spanish dollars in his house. Never had man a fairer chance for a life of prosperity. But in vain; a blight had been on Jake from his youth upward. He was, in truth, one of the laziest of mortals. Nought loved he beyond his bed; and when he had rolled out of that, he would swallow his breakfast, and then, lighting his pipe, sink into his arm-chair, and puff away the live-long morning. His laborers, too, imbibed the sweet poison; his seeds were never in the ground until his neighbors were talking of reaping—his Winter grain was not sown until the frosts had set in. Weeds choked up his gardens—his unpruned trees spent their juices in unfruitful shoots—his fences gradually fell down—his cattle were neglected—his horses died of the distemper—his eggs turned addle in their unsought-for nests—his turkeys ran wild in the woods—and the foxes and weazles stole into his yards and carried off his geese and chickens. The rains gradually rotted away the shingles on his roof, and caused his walls to molder. In a few years his money was called in, and in a few more spent; and still his disease was upon him. To-morrow he would bestir himself, and to-morrow he would arouse; but what signified his doing it to-day. But on the morrow he slept so late that it was useless to make the effort; he could do nothing in half a day; he would begin with the next week. But perhaps the next week was stormy, or Jake did not *feel very well*, or his boots were without soles; "he must send them to the cobbler's that very day." The cobbler bent over his lap-stone all the week, but not on Jake's account. And then the next week was too late in the season; and why should a man worry himself to death? he would reform with the new year; but January is so cold. And thus would Jake go on, rousing himself up desperately every half hour to fill his pipe, and eating his dinners, and suppers, and breakfasts, and teas, and luncheons, with an energy that astonished himself, and sleeping with a resolution undisturbed by aught but indigestion and surfeit.

The grayness of morning was stealing over the heavens when our adventurer came in sight of Lazy Jake's abode; and ere he had completed his survey, the pale Wintry sun was high advanced; but still scarcely a sign of life about the premises. A half-starved cow was turning "its sides and shoulders and heavy head" on some scattered straw near the barn, and endeavoring to obtain "a little more sleep and a little more slumber." A wall-eyed horse was hanging his head out of the weather-boards of the stable, while a skeleton pig was assisting his weak steps toward the kitchen by leaning against the straggling paling on his path.

Everything about the house appeared in a state of dilapidation; the rains had washed the paint from the boards, and the pointing from between the stones. The shutters had disappeared from the windows, or hung by half a hinge; the glass was broken, and a panel wanting in the door betrayed an uncarpeted and filthy floor. Within doors things were in a grievous plight; bottomless chairs and broken tables—the clock unwound—the locks all out of order—blue mold on the walls, and grease and dirt on the floor. There was a bedstead in the parlor, and kitchen utensils in the bedroom, where, stewing and steaming in his dirty blankets, lay Lazy Jake himself.

Jake had eaten and slept until he had become a mass of soft, unhealthy fat; so that, wrapt up as he was in the woolens, he might have been compared to a roll of rancid butter enveloped in a yellow cabbage leaf. He was of an easy, good-natured disposition, as pliant as the conscience of a politician, or as the gum caoutchouc, or whatever its unorthographable name may be. Jake had a decided aversion to motion; and he once indulged in an astronomical speculation, which was, "why the devil the stars and planets keep moving about as they did, seeing they have nothing in the world to do." He used to wonder why the

"Little busy bee"

did not

"Improve each shining hour"

by a nap in the sun, instead of keeping up such an incessant toil and pother.

But we have not leisure to detail all the sayings and doings of Jake, though a few pages would suffice for the actions of his life. The devil perambulated the room with a curious eye and an incurious nostril; but still he was unsatisfied in one particular. He cautiously approached the bed, raised the end of the clothes, and discovered the fact to be as he had suspected—that such a lazy, uncleanly person as Jake slept in his stockings.

CHAPTER IV.

A MORAL PHENOMENON, OR TEMPTATIONS TO BECOME RICH RESISTED—MINING AND COUNTERMINING—GOLD—LOVE—LAND SPECULATIONS AND STOCK-JOBBING.

When the devil retired to ruminate on his

plans, he betook himself to the banks of a neighboring mill-pond. In truth, when he reflected on what he had just seen, he felt sorely perplexed; and, like an enamored swain, cast many a desperate look at the water. But honor soon came to his aid, and he roused himself up manfully to his task. The result of his cogitations will be portrayed in the following pages; and we must leave this one of our heroes for the present, to return to the other. Matters grew worse and worse with Lazy Jake, for the plan of the first campaign appeared to be to reduce Jake to such misery that he should imbibe the idea of the necessity of exertion. Exertion once commenced, the devil knows so well how to temper the love of gain with the labor of its acquisition, that the richest self-made men are generally the most industrious and untiring. Jake's horse died of the colic, his cow of the distemper, and his pig of the measles. The supply of his table grew scantier, and his creditors clamorous. Judgment after judgment was entered up, and execution after execution lodged in the sheriff's hands. His lands were still greater in value than the amount of his debts. He could have made an agreement with his creditors for a mortgage, the money to be applied to the discharge of their claims; but Jake felt an unconquerable aversion to all exertion. True, he needed but to ride to the attorney's and have it arranged; but his horse was dead. He could have walked there, but next week he would borrow a conveyance; and one week earlier or later could make but little difference. At length his creditors let the law take its way; and in the Spring Jake was master of naught but his homestead and the curtilage. He grew thinner and thinner; for, after grim-visaged want has stared us in the face for awhile, we become wonderfully assimilated to the specter. At last a dinnerless day brought on the crisis; and poor Jake, sinking into his arm-chair, cursed his unlucky stars. "Nothing ever prospered with him; his neighbors, who had started life with nothing, were rich; while he, who had everything at command, through his perverse luck, was reduced to poverty. He could not see into it; it was very mysterious. But something must be done; he would see what he could turn his hand to in the morning."

So Jake lighted his pipe, and resigned himself to the influence of that vacuity of thought in which the smoker indulges, and miscalls reflection. Presently he fell into a gentle nap, dreaming of huge joints of roasted meat and savory sauces, placed before him in great profusion, but just beyond his reach. Then the viands disappeared, and he had a vision of his grandfather, who told him that in the orchard which had been sold to his neighbor Peasblossom, was buried a huge jar of gold, which he had hidden there during an Indian incursion, and afterward left as a safe deposit; but having been called away by an apoplexy, his heirs had never been the wiser. Then the old gentleman vanished, and when Jake awoke, the sun had again arisen and was peeping in at the window. The loud demand for breakfast from his inner man first recalled him to a sense of misery; then gradually his dream arose to mind, indistinctly at first, but at last vivid and impressive. "But of what use is it?" said Jake; "three months since, and it would have saved me from my troubles; but now, what can I do? There is no use in trying to purchase it back; I know Peasblossom will not sell. He got it for a song, and all King David's psalms, played by the royal minstrel himself, could not redeem an inch of it. However, the next time I meet him I will ask him about it; I am resolved to lose nothing for want of exertion."

Now, as the devil would have it. Peasblossom began to feel extremely uneasy. True, Jake was not growing rich, but waxing poorer; still there was something very suspicious in that very fact. And it entered into Benjamin's noddle to conceive, that as Jake still had the homestead left, it might be a foundation for future acquisitions; so he resolved to deprive Jake of this last resource, if possible.

"I have been thinking," said Benjamin, taking Jake kindly by the hand, "that it was due to our old friendship that I should lend you some aid in your need. I had your orchard of you for a trifle; and, although honestly purchased, still if thou wilt, thou mayest have it for a small advance."

"What!" cried Jake, "the orchard next the garden?" "Yes, the same," replied Peasblossom; "so give me a note at a short date for the amount, and a mortgage on your house as security; for, Jacob, I have a family to provide for; and, although I am of a generous disposition, still prudence dictates a certain course. So, Jacob, go down to Fifa's, and execute a mortgage on the house, and thou shalt have the orchard."

Jake's eyes twinkled with joy, the pot of gold was already in his greedy grasp, and he actually went that day to the lawyer's, and signed the note, bond, and mortgage. and took his deed. So he sat himself down, and devised a hundred ways of spending his money, which,

alas! was not yet his. Early in the morning he intended to go out and search for it, and he must rest after his hard work. Jake awoke early, and felt an impulse to rise and commence his search; but what was the use of hurry? He had a few dollars yet, which had been unexpectedly paid him. "The more hurry the worse speed. Besides, evening would be better for his work, as there would be nobody to watch him."

Jake waited till evening, and still the same reluctance to bestir himself. "The gold was safe where it was, and he could get it when he wanted it." Day passed after day in this manner; although, it must be confessed, Jake kept a vigilant eye to the orchard when awake, and dreamed of it by night. At last Jake began to dig; but the work went on slowly, and, as the orchard contained a couple of acres, and Jake knew not where the treasure lay, his heart grew faint. Week after week elapsed, and nothing could rouse Jake to vigorous action; his note became due; Peasblossom, in fulfillment of his plan, commenced suit; Jake could have delayed it by attending to it; but he was absolutely too lazy. Judgment was entered, and execution followed; the orchard was sold, and the house, to satisfy the balance; the overplus was paid to Jake; and, without a roof to call his own, he betook himself to the tavern, and gave way to deep melancholy, only relieved by eating, drinking, smoking and sleeping. The shrewd fellow who had purchased the orchard suspected something, from the state in which he found it, and rested not until he had upturned the whole soil, and satisfactorily solved his doubts.

Love was now called in by the devil to his aid. A fat widow, aged forty and upward, of large person and income, cast amorous glances on Jake, as he sat at the tavern window, from her room on the opposite side of the way. Jake was not iron or stone; and if he had been, the ardent glances of the widow would have heated him red-hot. As it was, Jake felt indescribable longings to move, aye, actually to walk; and one day, fired beyond control, he went over to the widow's. Fortunately, one or two visits so overcame the retiring modesty of the fair, that Jake was the happiest of men, save in the necessary trouble and fatigue he was put to in promenading with his lady fair. This did very well for a day or two; but then—shame on his manhood—Jake, buried in an oblivious snooze after dinner, forgot love, honor, the widow and her money-bags. Impatiently did the fair one sigh, fume, scold, rave; and it was really thoughtless in Jake to allow such a mass of inflammable matter to become so heated. He might have known the consequences. A rousing box on his ear awoke him from his slumbers. Unhappy Jake! torrents of expletives rolled around him like lava from a volcano; heated epithets fell upon him; and at last, like Herculaneum, he was completely buried under showers of invectives, red-hot, and reproaches at white heat. The game was up; Cupid and Somnus were at swords' points, and Cupid quit the field.

Jake was now assailed in various ways. Land speculations were presented to his imagination; for such a rage possessed the good people of the village that they began buying up all the land within three miles of the town. What they bought one day, in farms or plantations, they the next day offered at auction, nicely surveyed into building lots; and the prices were immense. But Jake let all slip through his fingers. He had a keen foresight and a good judgment, but he was ever too lazy to move.

Then his brain teemed with improvements in various useful machines, by patenting which he could have made great sums; but Jake never had resolution sufficient to draw up his specifications.

The Prince of Darkness strove manfully against the inertness of Jake; he assaulted him in every way—pride, ambition, patriotism, and I know not what beside. But Jake was impracticable. The devil became uneasy; his disappointment preyed on his spirits; *he grew thin, pale and interesting.*

Never before had he been so *puzzled.* When he had set to work in earnest, he had always succeeded, except in one case; and his ill success in that Satan attributed to the malign influence of Mrs. Job. Eleven months of the allotted time had elapsed, and yet Jake was poorer than ever. The devil began to despair; melancholy seized upon him; and he was evidently rapidly falling into a consumption. He actually indited some verses in the Byron vein:

"I have not loved the world, nor the world me."

He went about like one distraught; he would have fallen into dyspepsia, had it been then invented; but, as it was, he never shaved himself without experiencing desperate thoughts. I know not how he could have existed through the last and still unsuccessful week of the term of probation; but, musing one day on his apparently diminished power in the world, and the necessity of reviving it, he had a vision of a *board of brokers;* and the devil laughed to

think what a great idea it was. About a century afterward he put his scheme in operation in New York; and he has since had no fear for his dominion in the world; for he drew up his specifications in terms plain beyond dispute; and thus it stood: "Buying and selling stock on time."

CHAPTER V.

THE HARD WORD AND HARDER TASK—THE DEVIL RESIGNS HIS CASE.

Our narrative is drawing to a close. An author, even although his characters be fictitious, acquires an acquaintance with them that he is loth to terminate. We, dealing in truth severe, cannot distribute poetical justice to our characters, as the critic might demand. Poor Susan never could forget the polite gentleman who wanted her to write her name in his pocket-book. He became the god of her idolatry. She sighed for him, and sought for him everywhere. If a carriage passed the door, she expected to see him leaning from its window; if a stranger arrived in the town, she knew it *must* be him. At all the village gatherings, she looked but for him; and even at church, the poor, ignorant creature thought he might be present. Twice or thrice she detected him in the heroes of fashionable novels; but they merely fed her imagination. She once went to a camp-meeting, and thought she saw him there; and he might have been. But, be this as it may, the year elapsed.

* * * * * *

Benjamin is again seated by his fire; he is wealthier, and more hard-hearted than ever. His eye is on the clock. The fatal hour—is—past. A rap at the door, and Benjamin's old visitor enters; but, alas! how changed! His cheek is hollow, his eye is dim. He says nothing—he draws forth the contract—he throws it into the flames.

The parchment used by him is, of course, fire-proof; so Benjamin takes it out, and the devil *honorably* erases Peasblossom's name, and tears off the seal.

"If I ever," he said solemnly, "undertake again to make a lazy man rich, may I be —— sainted."

"Cheer up," said Benjamin; for men with whom all things prosper are great consolers—"cheer up; you have much to be joyous for."

"True," replied the devil, despondingly; "*but I have been foiled. There is one vice I cannot manage*—one failing too stubborn for me; and that is—LAZINESS!"

Our story is finished. If there is a moral in it, our readers can apply it. We have but to dispose of our dramatis personæ, and lay aside our quill.

Lazy Jake died as he lived. Peasblossom lived long enough to become the devil's, without a formal agreement. The devil recovered his cheerfulness; and Susan, surviving her first love, grew up to womanhood, was married, and went the way of all flesh.

GHOSTS

THE time was when children shuddered at the word ghost, and our good, careful mothers forbade stories appertaining thereto being told to the youngers. Then was the time that little ones cried in the dark, and the elders felt the very roots of the hair rise "like quills upon the fretful porcupine" at the bare recital of a ghostly experience. In those days people went to the theater and actually enjoyed the ghost of Hamlet, and took every word he uttered about the horrors of his "prison-house" as only a matter of fact relation of its penalties. Those were wise, virtuous days, comparatively speaking, when men and women, and the priest, also, in the pulpit, might endure the pungency of warning admonition, by citing the terrors of the supernatural.

Times are changed now; the goryest ghost has ceased to be a bug-bear. Seeing is believing now, and as for the death-tick, and the Banshee, and the White Lady, they are mere trifles; and Wesley's rattling and thumping spirit is completely thrown into the back-ground by the rapping spirits of the present day. People see spirits thick as blackberries—they take hold of spiritual hands, (we do not know how,) and have bell ringers and rappers, so that they cannot tell which is the street door and which is the ghost. Every family has its medium. Little boys talk about seeing spirits and hearing them as coolly as they could talk about a top; and little girls name their dolls after little children in the spiritual world. The whole earth seems to have been invaded by a perfect swarm of spirits "thick as leaves in Valambrosa," and now a ghost story, so far from being a thing to be dreaded, is received with a sense of thankfulness and refreshing.

The following story from our London correspondent, was sent to a lady of this city with the following note:

"Thus, O, lady! have I stretched for you the cotton warp of fact, on which you may weave the golden threads of fiction till the whole seems gold. And though I faithfully believe the things I have related, yet I know that the

superstructure to be built by you will be more true, and impart more truth, than the facts forming its foundation, for your mind is in good communion."

It will be at once perceived that the writer is what is technically called a spiritualist. We prefer, however, to publish the article as at first written, believing that its quaintness will be more attractive than any new shape into which the most skillful pen might mold it. We intend to give several incidents of the kind, for we have more than one paper on hand, believing that amid much of error there are many grains of truth. Then there is the fortune-teller and the astrologer, both of whom must come in for a share of our attention in these days of credulity and daring speculation:

THE GHOSTS OF BEECH HILL.

BY G. C., LONDON, ENG.

Within three or four miles from Halifax, Nova Scotia, the road into the city passes over Beech Hill, and through an uninclosed wood at the top. The hill is high, the forest deep and the road wild. For many years past belated travelers taking that way have carried home stories of strange spectral characters met at the top of the hill, and generally agreeing in the personal descriptions given of the ghosts. The valley below remained unmolested—it being noticeable that spirits, good or bad, usually appear in high places, probably because more convenient to their upper homes; witness the Scotch Highlands, the mountain hamlet of Prevorst, the mountain regions of Oberlin's parishes, Mount Sinai, the pinnacle of the temple. And I would notice the late supposed influx of knocking spirits in the level country of Western New York, as, if true, being a remarkably low condescension to the ground-groveling unbelief of our latter days.

Well, one evening a Mr. Rule, the father of my informant, on returning home on foot, over this hill, saw something which rendered him speechless until the next morning, having meanwhile refused both medical attention and food, and by his manner greatly alarmed his anxious, watching wife. In the morning, however, the satisfactory realities of the material world, seen by the brave and encouraging sunlight, brought him to his speech, and then he related what had thus affected him.

At the infested point of the hill there had appeared by the road-side, rising up, as it were, out of the ditch, two forms, not over three or four feet high, with wonderfully attenuated bodies and wonderfully large heads. Mr. Rule, on seeing them, felt only wonder and curiosity, to gratify which he approached quite close, and found them to be of horrible aspect. To test their quality and punish a hoax, if hoax it was, he struck at them with his cane, which passed clear through them; and though they did not seem to take offense or to feel at all hurt—only glowering horribly as before—his nerves became greatly disturbed thereby. At this instant a black horse leaped out of the woods and across the ditch, and stood before Mr. Rule. He was saddled and bridled, the reins hanging loose at his feet, but had no rider. Turning excitedly from the hob-goblins, the man struck violently at the horse—the cudgel this time meeting flesh and blood, and inflicting a harsh blow. The animal turned and dashed again into the forest, and for some minutes was heard crashing the close boughs in his way till out of hearing. This was all—the imps were gone, and the traveler went unmolested home.

It was not long after this that Mr. Rule's wife related the story to Mr. ———, editor of a newspaper at Halifax; whereupon the latter was moved to tell her what he had probably till then kept a secret from all, (as thousands of such occurrences are, for want of faithful recipients.) He said that he had often been compelled to return to the city over Beech Hill after nightfall, and that every time he had done so a lamb or a woman had run all the way across the hill at the head of his horse, and sometimes both. O, beautiful and complimentary symbol! We slaughter the lambs, we oppress the women. Occasionally we give the former a dog's protection, and we greatly boast of the poor and grudgingly extended protection which our stronger muscles of flesh enable us to render to the latter; but when from the higher spheres aid is sent to guard us from diabolical power, it is not the angel of the flaming sword, nor legions of angels, but the spirits of women and of lambs that come strong in all-powerful innocence!

O, ———! editor and publisher of the Halifax Aegis, or whatever was the imposing title of thy paper—by what sin of thine against innocence was this Heaven-sent protection forfeited? Something thou didst certainly do to grieve the gentle spirits who would have been thy guardians.

It was only lately that one night, when riding by this spot, his horse turned from the road and dashed over a precipice, killing his rider and burying in death the tale of how it came to pass. And so, as in the case of Tam O'Shanter's mare, a tale was lost.

A teamster was after this encountered by

Mr. Rule at the dangerous time and place, while the latter was traveling on horse-back. As the point of the hill was being attained the teamster remarked that he was glad to have company there, as the last time he had traveled over that portion of the road a very black negro had come out of the ditch and stood at the side of the road—a *very* black negro, and standing without motion or speech—which had so frightened the horses that he had found it impossible to drive them by, and had to return. As he was telling this he remarked, pointing out a spot, "there's the very place where I saw him." Immediately the horses stopped. No urging or coaxing could induce them to move; though both means were patiently and long persisted in. As Mr. Rule's beast showed no fear, it was thought that by harnessing it in front, the others might be made to go, but on being tried this also failed. The aid of some soldiers quartered near there was called in and they, with the help of their own horses, tried for hours to get the frightened team along, but had to give it up, and it was not until daybreak that the poor man could proceed on his journey. There was nothing seen by the men, nor were any of the other beasts affected, and the whole thing would be, by superficial minds, attributed to that principle in horse-flesh which causes them always to remember and recoil from any passage where they have before encountered harm or affright; but this would far from suffice those disposed to consider that the daylight obviated the difficulty, and that the appliances resorted to for overcoming their unwillingness were such as in the cases supposed would have in a short time been effectual. And those who consider it rationally will not find cause for any fright at all in the mere appearance of a natural and living negro. Beasts sometimes see specters which men cannot; witness the habits of the cattle of the Highlands of Scotland, who, while the *seers* are having visions, are observed to show excitement and fear of a peculiar kind, and who at other times exhibit the same manifestations in the absence of any sight on the part of men who are near them; witness, too, Baalam's Ass.

The last occurrence I have to relate of this scene is the most striking. John Jones, a bold and somewhat irritable man, entered a tavern near the hill, late in the evening, having come over the haunted locality on his way. The night was dark and cold—at least I presume it to have been so, for the story relates that those enjoying the good fire and bad whisky of the bar-room remarked to John, on observing him go straight up to the counter, take a solitary drink, and then prepare to depart, "Why, Jones, you are not going out again, such a night as this." To this he replied, as he buttoned his overcoat, and with a wild and disturbed air, "Yes, by G—, I'm going back to Beech Hill to have my revenge on that d——d black scoundrel who has been frightening me."

John Jones went out. John Jones has never written to his friends since.

Since that black hour, hide or hair of John Jones, hat or coat of John Jones, papers or pocket-book of John Jones have never been seen by mortal eye. Nor can we add piquancy to the tale by recording even that some solitary traveler near the haunted hill heard at midnight, with standing hair and chilled blood, a single, high, piercing death-shriek ringing through the crisp air and echoing through the black woods.

O, John! the innocent spirits of lambs and maidens would have been a better safe-conduct for thee on that night than all the distilled spirits of the Boniface's bar.

THE MYSTIC SPELL.

BY MARY FORREST.

"——————It may be a sound—
A tone of music—Summer's eve—or Spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striding the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound." [Byron.

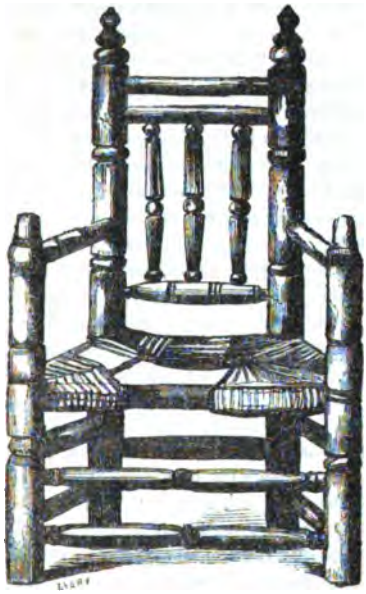
Oh, take away that mournful harp,
And never strike its chords again!
Oh, hush thee, mother, sing no more,
That softly sweet but plaintive strain;
For ah! my spirit's lyre hath caught
The trembling echoes as they fell,
And with its thrilling notes awoke
Within my soul a nameless spell!

'Twas ever thus. The sweetest tones
Have saddened most my childish heart,
And e'en the warbled songs of birds
Have caused the glistening tear to start.
Why is it, mother, tell me why
Thy boy is ever doomed to sigh
When rapturous music breathes delight,
And joyous song ascends on high?

O! must I weep in yon bright world,
Where seraphs strike their harps of gold?
Must I, alone, sit silent—sad—
With all my soul's deep love untold?
Where loud hosannas pealing rise
And angel wings are floating nigh,
Must this low-voiced lyre of mine
Forever an æolian sigh?

In that fair land, my gentle boy,
Shall every tear be wiped away,
Beyond those softly beaming stars
No evil influence shall stray;
But gushing music evermore
Ring from thy harp's melodious strings,
As, upward borne through boundless space,
Thy spirit soars 'mid glorious things.

PILGRIM CHAIRS.



CARVER'S CHAIR.

THERE is much significancy in a chair, more than the inconsiderate are wont to suppose, for the progress of the race may be marked by the perfection of the means by which man has contrived to raise the column of the back-bone above the level of the heels. While he lay supine upon breast or back, in the familiarities of the rude cabin, he was little other than the serpent which had introduced the tortuities of falsehood into the world, and robbed man of the teachings and companionships of angels.

The savage reclines upon his heap of skins, much in the style of the more luxurious Turk, and smokes his pipe with an equal gravity, and looks upon woman with an equal contempt; she doing the drudgery of camp, field and household, while he, after the toils of the chase, or the perils of battle, seats himself cross-legged, with the arrogance of an autocrat. The Turk has recently introduced Yankee rocking-chairs into the harem, and in so doing he has made an immense stride in civilization. By putting these women into chairs, raising them above the cushion and the formal divan, he has sealed the destiny of the crescent. By straightening the back, he has done more than he imagined. The man upon the floor is in the condition of the beast in his lair; raise him in his unstudied moments to the dignities of a chair and he springs readily into action, while his head is less prone to the senses. While the Oriental preserved the habit of reclining rather than of sitting, he was doomed to that perpetual state of elegant, unprogressive refinement consequent upon a sumptuous barbarism.

Place men and women upon chairs, each one by himself, and a great advance has been made. A recognition has been instinctively awarded to human individualism. Man is not thenceforward a mere gregarious animal, huddling with his fellows for the sake of warmth and protection, but he sits by himself, a king in his own right—self-elect and self-sustained; generating his own atmosphere of heat; holding to his own sphere; resting on his own throne; and from his single eminence looking around him for his own elections—companioning himself how he will, frowning down defiance upon his fellows, or spreading forth the genial hand of kindness and protection. Indeed, he has become a microcosm of the universe to revolve in his or her own sphere, erect, unelbowed and unelbowing. The chair is the expression of individualism, just as the tête-à-tête tells of lovers, and the sofa of familyism. The chair is unsocial, while the sofa is eminently suggestive of comfort and geniality, and childhood "playing horse" over the arm.

From the pile of skins man gradually arose to the tripod, or "joint-stool," as it was called.

> "————Three legs upholding firm,
> A mossy slab, in fashion square or round;
> On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
> And sway'd the scepter of his infant realm."

The transition from the three-legged stool, or tripod, to the sofa, must have been very slow and have involved ages of growth, of luxury, and invention. The tripod is religious in its form—it suggests the sacred symbol three, or triangle, the simplest figure which can inclose a space. The priestess, in all ancient forms of religion, was seated upon a tripod—the priestess of Apollo, who became inspired, and uttered her God-imparted oracles, awaited the presence of the divine while seated upon a tripod. This shape, primitive and simple, is less individual than religious, inasmuch as its form is not adapted to ease, nor calculated to induce thought peculiar to the hierophant.

The old fashioned settle, once so conspicuous in the kitchen corner of our great farm-houses, where the huge fire-place occupied nearly one side of the room, has long since been consigned to the side of the grocery-store, or the small space occupied by the country post-office. The settle was democratic, but the chair always conveys the idea of something aristocratic. The many groups might be collected about the

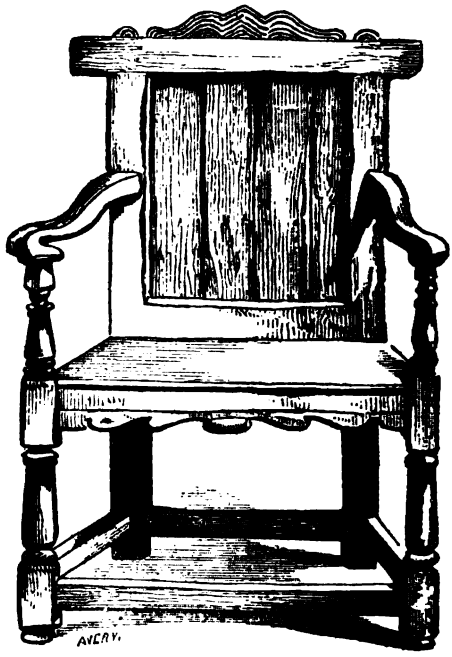
settle or settee, (which was just a remove higher,) but the head of the household, the honored guest, would be conducted to a chair. Hence the chair, leaving the person intact, conveys the idea of exclusiveness.

Our object is not to write an essay upon chairs in general. but upon Pilgrim chairs in particular. A glance at the chair which is placed at the head of our article carries us back to the age of the Pilgrims, when the chair was truly symbolic of the times. Here we have that which upheld the goodly form of the first Governor of Plymouth, or the Massachusetts Colony. It is massive in shape, heavy and serviceable. Chairs of this kind were sacred to the head of the family in the decorous days of Pilgrim life. We are of the Pilgrim stock ourself, and know it would have been a daring member of a household who should presume to monopolize "the chair" which was appropriated to the patriarch of the household. We remember one akin to this, which is now in the family, (for all the Pilgrim chairs are upon the same model,) which, for nearly a century, was graced by the princely shape of one of those old royal-proud men, who ranked their manhood above all time and place and office. His name was Prince, our ancestor, and we regret we have no engraving of the "Prince Chair," with which to decorate our pages.

Governor Carver's chair is among the relics preserved in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth. It is unquestionably of Dutch origin, having that substantial frame and broad-embracing aspect which distinguishes that rotund and genial people. We have seen chairs of the same stamp in many fine old Netherland families. Indeed, the similarity of religion had long endeared the two nations, and the Puritans of England unquestionably learned much from the refugees driven by the terrible Alva from the Netherlands about the middle of the sixteenth century, who were hospitably entertained by the Christian brethren in England. When, at length, the tide of persecution drove the Pilgrims to Holland, they were twelve years kindly entertained by the Dutch—no doubt the more graciously so in memory of old benefits.

John Carver was elected Governor upon the deck of the little May Flower. The first free constitution, drawn up under such circumstances by a little band of exiles, under a stormy Winter sky, tossed by a frozen sea, is a beautiful and affecting example of a people superior to circumstance, and tenacious of principle under the most disheartening aspects. Governor Carver did not long survive his appointment. He was elected on the 11th of November, 1620, more than a month before the final landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. He died in April, 1621, and, according to Nathaniel Morton, an original copy of whose work is now before us, his "death was much lamented, and caused great heaviness among them, and there was indeed great cause. He was buried in the best manner they could, *with as much solemnity as they were in a capacity to perform, with the discharge of some volleys of shot of all that bore arms.* This worthy gentleman was one of singular piety, and rare humility, as appeared by his great condescendency, when, as this poor people were in great sickness and weakness, he shunned not to do very mean services for them—yea, the meanest of them. He bore a share, likewise, of their labor in his own person, according as their extreme necessity required, who, being one also of a considerable estate, spent the main part of it in this enterprise, and from first to last approved himself not only as their agent in the first transacting of things, but all along, to the period of his life, to be a pious, faithful and very beneficial instrument, and now is reaping the fruit of his labor with the Lord.

His wife, who was also a *gracious woman*, lived not six weeks after him; she, being overcome with excessive grief for the loss of so gracious a husband, likewise died."



WINSLOW'S CHAIR.

Here is a whole romance of tender love and holy duty, sacrifice and courage; two pure, beautiful hearts went forth to the unseen rest in this same "godly John Carver" and his wife, so loving and so "gracious."

The Winslow chair is paneled in the back, and has even a heavier make than the Carver. This chair came over also in the May Flower, as the property of Edward Winslow, who seems to have been well esteemed by his compeers. We find him in July, 1661, at the head of a small party, sent to negotiate an alliance with the great sachem, Massasoit, which was of much subsequent benefit to the Pilgrims. He was likewise sent as agent to England for the Plantation, returning thereto in 1624, bringing over with him "three heifers and a bull, which were the first neat cattle that came to New England."

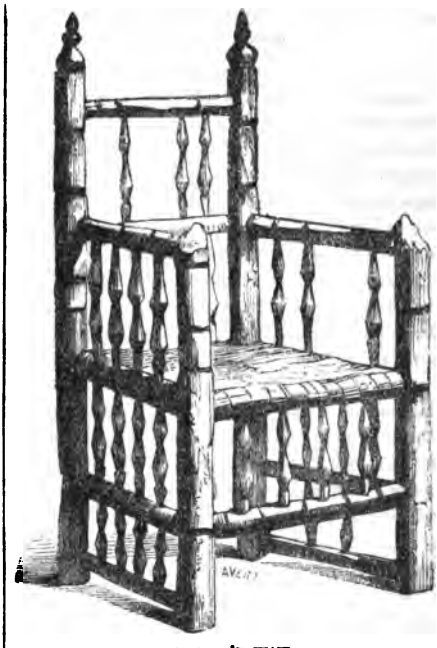
Thus it will be seen that Edward Winslow was a capable, painstaking man, careless of ease, and mindful of the good of the Colony. The Pilgrims were solid, hard-working men, and in this fact lies the secret of their power.

In 1633 Edward Winslow was elected Governor of the Colony, and for several successive years held the office of Assistant Governor, Thomas Prince having been elected over him in 1634. Governor Winslow went more than once to England for the good of the Colony, and was able to render them efficient service abroad. He was three times elected Governor, and finally, in 1646, at the time the seeds of the Commonwealth of England were showing a goodly growth, he found it necessary to remain there altogether, to the great loss of New England.

William Brewster, the proprietor of the third chair of our article, was a gentleman of much learning and authority in the time in which he lived. He seems to have been of a robust mind and elegant carriage, accustomed to courts, and well versed in the subtile diplomacy of the period. In the midst of all this he preserved the character of a frank and honorable man and a good Christian, in times when religion demanded something more than a mere name. Governor Bradford has left behind an affecting tribute to his worth, from which we make a brief extract:

"My dear friend, William Brewster, was a man that had done much and suffered much for the Lord Jesus and the Gospel's sake, and hath borne his part in weal and woe for this poor persecuted church above thirty-six years, in England, Holland, and in this wilderness. He was four score and four years of age when he died."

Among the blessings enumerated by the good



BREWSTER'S CHAIR.

Governor as having fallen to the lot of the pious Brewster, not the least seems to be that he "died in his bed in peace, amid friends who wept over him;" and verily, when we consider the perils and hardships to which he had been exposed in so many countries, and in both hemispheres, it is a marvel that such was his fate.

The name of Brewster is of frequent occurrence in the annals of Plymouth, as may be shown by an inspection of the records preserved in Pilgrim Hall. One item interested us greatly, in which it seems a younger Brewster had drawn upon himself the reprimand of the church by persisting in attentions to Elizabeth Prince, contrary to the will of the parents of said Elizabeth. Truly the Pilgrim girls give early intimations of an independent and rebellious spirit.

The passer down Broadway may at almost any time see an excellent revival of the Pilgrim chair at the store of J. C. Cummerford. They are made of well-seasoned oak, and are temptingly spacious and inviting; there is no doubt our Pilgrim families are ready to supply themselves with so good a model; although we much fear our ease-loving, luxurious Young America will esteem the straight back and uncushioned seat as altogether too stiff and hard for dainty limbs. It might not be amiss, however, to strengthen the back-bone a trifle by means of the Pilgrim Chair before the next Presidential campaign.

A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.

SECOND PAPER.

"*Timeo Danaos dona ferentes.*"

A MIGHTY question is at issue between the North and the South—a question not involving the perpetuity of our national existence, nor the integrity of the Union, but one affecting our business interests, our domestic quiet, our relative influence and position in the confederacy, and our standing before the world. Having comparatively a stationary population, we are brought into a sectional struggle for an equal participation of government power, with a rapidly increasing population already more than twice our number. The circumstances under which we have been precipitated into this collision are such as have naturally excited strong feeling and produced an unyielding tenacity of purpose on both sides. What is likely to be the result of this inauspicious crisis? Can we sustain the position we have assumed? Is there anything in the letter or the spirit of the Constitution securing to us, as slaveholding States, an equal voice in the National Legislature, however small our proportional numerical importance? Can we, by importunate zeal and persistent clamor, exact compliance with our claims, extending somewhat beyond clearly defined constitutional guarantees, and embracing such as rest upon theoretical and constructive interpretation of our organic national compact? Constituting less than one-third the numerical power and physical resources of the nation, and with that disparity rapidly and hopelessly increasing, is it prudent for us to insist, offensively, upon the recognition of rights not clearly within the obvious limits of our national heritage? Is it well, by raising a doubtful issue, to excite the sectional animosity and resistance of our sister confederate States, who have the unquestioned ability to enforce their own interpretation? Is it not rather our wisest policy, as the weaker party, to arrogate no questionable power, or allow ourselves to be betrayed into no precarious position, not impregnably fortified against assault, by the bulwarks of reason and justice? These questions are forced upon our cognizance, and our future history will furnish their solution, whether, as a humiliated and perhaps a subjugated people, or as having the sagacity to perceive and the manliness to correct our own errors, sustaining an honorable fraternity with our fellow citizens of the Republic, and sharing with them the approbation of the world.

Our peculiar domestic institutions are matters necessarily and solely under our own jurisdiction. They have existed in their present form from an early period of our colonial history; they are such as, under all the circumstances, we think it right and politic to perpetuate, and there can be no appeal from our decision. The relations of capital and labor, the positions of different classes in the social scale, the distinction of races, the rights of persons and the rights of property, have ever been themes more fruitful of visionary speculation than of practical results; and when the multifarious problems involved shall have received so clear a solution as to command the practical acquiescence of the human family we shall of course participate in the general conclusions, and conform in all things to the universal harmony. In the mean time we claim for ourselves, as we concede to others, the right to execute the decisions of our own judgment, under a common responsibility to the Creator and final judge of us all. These rights we have derived from no civil compact, but, as members of the human family, inherited them in the regular chain of descent, with the same sanctity and fullness that we tread the earth, breathe the air and look upon the heavens.

In the organization of the confederacy our domestic institutions remain unimpaired, and the only conditions imposed are such as pertain to the reciprocal relations of the several parties in the confederacy and their unity as a member of the family of nations. These immunities we have hitherto enjoyed with as much security and repose as ordinarily falls to the lot of mortals, whether composing a liberal government or the subjects of despotic rule. Temporary excitements have arisen, and fanatics, both at the North and the South, have taken occasion to push their Utopian schemes to the disturbance of the public peace, and, in solitary instances, to the sacrifice of individual rights. Yet the guarantees of the Constitution have, for the most part, been maintained inviolate, and the fruits of the national compact have been a degree of moral and material prosperity greater than that of any nation, whether of ancient or modern times. But suddenly the fountains of the great political deep are broken up. The din of civil war is heard on our borders, and demagogues are stalking through the land talking of fraternal carnage and a disruption of the Government with as much volubility as though they were merely questioning the taste of their tailor in the cut of a garment.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Our present humiliating position is the fruit of acquiescence in the wiley schemes of poli-

ticians playing a reckless game for the acquisition of place and power. And we have mainly suffered by following Northern leaders, whose desperate circumstances at home have tempted them to betray their representative trust in the hazardous chance of securing the united support of the South, which we have been too ready to confer upon profligate traitors who come to us proffering specious gifts, which, like the arch deceiver of old, they have not the power to bestow. Our own statesmen, however astute in scanning the political horizon for the dawn of new prospects in their ambitious course, have usually felt too much responsibility to originate hazardous schemes of legislative policy. But Northern empirics, having no other interest in the utility and perpetuity of our patriarchal institutions than to secure its temporary alliance for purposes of self-aggrandizement, have wantonly urged forward measures ostensibly for our advantage, but practically tending to our ruin. The famous twenty-first rule, prohibiting the courteous reception of petitions to Congress on a certain subject, brought forward by Atherton, of New Hampshire, was a manifest breach of a constitutional provision, changed the issue between the North and the South, and placed us in the false position of resisting the right of petition, thus arraying against us a powerful conservative party instead of the few fanatics we had hitherto encountered. The consequent agitation and demoralization of our great constitutional phalanx was more baneful to our cherished institution than the combined efforts of fanatics for all time, and would have resulted in still greater disasters had we not appreciated our danger and demanded its repeal.

The great measure for extending slavery into Kansas, in defiance of a sacred compact of our fathers, under which we are now suffering, and a speedy and manly retreat from which can alone save us from the total sacrifice of the institution so necessary to our prosperity, was brought forward and sustained by three scheming political gamblers from the North, playing a desperate game with the Presidency for the stake between them. The game was brag; slavery extension was the venture of Douglas; his two antagonists called his hand, and neither won the stake, but we stand committed to a forfeiture of both honor and interest, sure to make us bankrupt unless, by timely commutation, we rescue ourselves from our perilous position.

The assumption of these Presidential aspirants which has overthrown them, and, by our complicity, dishonored us and imperiled our rights, is "that those who work slaves are entitled to an equal voice in the national legislation with those who employ free labor, however great their disparity of numbers." Was there ever anything so preposterous? Why not claim for those who employ Irishmen an equal representation, regardless of numbers, with those who employ Germans? or for those who raise wheat with the manufacturers of woolens?

The snare in which we have been caught was, from its first inception, well understood by the agrarian Abolitionists, who dexterously assisted to weave its toils, and are now bagging their game with exultant glee at having circumvented their enemies. When the measure was before Congress, and its issue depended upon the aid of a single vote to take it up out of its regular order on the calendar, Wentworth, the great anti-slavery agitator of Illinois, who is now denouncing us and our institutions throughout the West as the contrivers of that infamous measure, stepped warily forward and gave the required vote. When the bill was before the House on its final passage, and its friends were straining every effort, with the fearful apprehension of its failure by an adverse majority of one or two votes, Gerritt Smith, of New York, who has done more to kindle the fires of anti-slavery than any other man, silently retired from the excited arena. When called to account by his friends who were not privy to his plans, he very gravely responded that "it was in obedience to his uniform custom to retire to bed at nine o'clock." This eminent Abolitionist, who could not sit up after his usual hour to defeat the bill, has arisen early enough in the morning to contribute ten thousand dollars for the patriotic purpose of defeating its object and overwhelming us with the ignominious reproach of having violated the plighted faith of our fathers, and given a practical death-blow to the time-honored policy of legislative compromises—a policy of incalculable value to us as a minority in the confederacy, but an incumbrance to the majority, from which they are too happy in finding themselves peremptorily relieved.

Friends of the South, we are betrayed. The artful politicians have sold us, and the sneering, hypocritical Abolitionists are binding us with green wythes. They know we cannot plant and sustain slavery on new territory against the infuriated determination of nearly three times our number, having more than five times our available capital. They exult in the fact that the longer we protract the struggle the

more surely we are accomplishing the object of their labors. Shall we longer gratify their malicious desire?

The sooner we disabuse ourselves of the vain conceit that we can enforce our measures upon the North, the more secure shall we be in our constitutional rights, and the more effectually shall we disarm fanatical aggression. We must take council of ourselves, of those whose interests and hopes are identical, of those whose lives and fortunes are embarked in the same boat, and whose responsibilities are a sure guarantee that they will not trifle with their own fate and ours when the beetling rocks are on the right and treacherous sands on our left. Let us be no longer tantalized by selfish partisans, whose position of antagonism to their own constituents and whose double-tongued dissimulation to satisfy both them and us, should arouse our distrust and insure our manly contempt. In the language of the Trogan hero, which stands at the head of this paper, "I fear our enemies even bringing gifts," and when they proffer their gratuitous schemes of legislation, securing to us large proportional advantages over themselves, I would scrutinize closely to see whether they are not artfully smuggling into our midst a "Grecian horse," whose belly is filled with armed men to consummate their cherished purpose by a universal carnage. The future is in our own hands; shall we manfully temper our purposes and conform our acts to the necessities of the case and the circumstances by which we are environed, or shall we contribute to our own humiliation by madly exposing ourselves to be crushed by an irresistable fate? Men and brethren, it is time for us to think.

DR. KANE'S SECOND EXPEDITION.*

What tasteful, useful and magnificent furniture is to the walls of an otherwise cheerless mansion, a book should be to the mind. While it supplies amusement in the reading, it should, at the same time, leave something upon which the mind may rest and grow — something which shall become a portion of its furnishing, a part of its future gallery, its halls of service, its "prophet chamber upon the wall," no less than its banqueting room, or. it may be. dormitory. Such books are rare, but this record of Dr. Kane is one of the few.

Indeed the man who, amid ice and snow, built up the *cairne* of three of his noble followers, and left them more than a thousand miles away amid the snows of the Pole, where their remains will be indestructable till the great resurrection, has built up his own imperishable monument in this simple unostentatious record of his toils, sufferings, indomitable perseverance and brave, manly, human heart. We have read the book with tears blinding our eyes, and with an appreciative glow of heart for the man whose exploits, though great, show him still so much greater than all he has achieved. His virtues are all so unconsciously revealed, his never-failing resources so peep out, as by accident, that we hardly know which most to admire, the brave chivalric sailor or the tender fatherly head of a family, which looks to him as to their only hope.

Dr. Kane has all the elements of a great man—fertility of expedient, buoyancy of hope, an unflinching self-reliance which sees no lion in the path of duty, and no impediment to noble endeavor. He is brave and enduring, cheerful and religious; all this the book reveals, and we assert it, although we have no personal acquaintance with the man.

The work is as attractive as Robinson Crusoe, while the perils recounted are tenfold more terrible than the sentimental struggles of the great hero of boydom. Every youth should read this book for the sake of its noble simplicity and its promptings to untiring effort and wholesome manliness; our Young America will be made better by the reading. It should be in the hands of parents and school children.

Although the expedition failed in its main object, that of discovering the whereabouts of Sir John Franklin, it still indirectly affords a ray of hope in his behalf. If this party, so few in numbers, and, comparatively speaking, so poorly provided, could, by fishing, hunting, trapping, netting, aided by a friendly alliance with the natives of this inhospitable region, survive two long midnight Winters, with the loss of three only of their number, and return a distance of more than thirteen hundred miles by means of boats over the ice, we may at least hope that a body of more than a hundred able-bodied men, better provided and better inured to the Arctic regions, may do even more than these have done.

The fact, substantiated by this expedition, of an open sea, with a rocky coast, inhabited by myriads of marine birds and abundant in the scanty flora of the North, is full of suggestiveness. Dr. Kane throws out the not improbable hint that the Gulf Stream, which is known to extend to Nova Zembla, here circles round to

*ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS: The Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin; 1853–'54–'55. By Elisha Kent Kane. Illustrated. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Child & Peterson.

the north, and carries with it a warmer current, sufficient to keep these vast waters in a fluid state. It seems one of those beautiful provisions of Nature by which a limit is put to the deadly power of cold.

He has proved, also, the wonderful capacity of the human machine to resist the effects of climate. His experience in this way, the numerous hints and modest details of the voyage, will be of immense value to future navigators, while its effect upon the growing mind of our people cannot fail to be in the highest degree salutary.

What it actually accomplished may be seen from the words of Dr. Kane, in his report to the Secretary of the Navy. He thus notes the points of his operations, in a brief and comprehensive summary:

"1. The survey and delineation of the north coast of Greenland, to its termination by a great glacier.

"2. The survey of this glacial mass, and its extension northward into the new land named *Washington*.

"3. The discovery of a large channel to the north-west, free from ice, and leading into an open and expanding area equally free.

"4. The whole embraces an iceless area of 4,200 miles.

"5. The discovery and delineation of a large tract of land, forming the extension northward of the American continent.

"6. The completed survey of the American coast to the south and west as far as Cape Sabine, thus connecting our survey with the last determined position of Captain Inglefield, and completing the circuit of the straits and bay heretofore known at their southernmost opening as Smith's Sound."

But it is time that we should be giving our readers a few extracts from the personal narrative of Dr. Kane, and here is the description of an Arctic observatory and its appurtenances:

"The island on which we placed our observatory was some fifty paces long by perhaps forty broad, and about thirty feet above the water-line. Here we raised four walls of granite blocks, cementing them together with moss and water and the never-failing aid of frost. On these was laid a substantial wooden roof, perforated at the meridian and prime vertical. For pedestals we had a conglomerate of gravel and ice, well rammed down while liquid in our iron-hooped pemmican casks, and as free from all vibration as the rock they rested on. Here we mounted our transit and theodolite.

"The magnetic observatory adjoining had rather more of the affectation of comfort. It was of stone, ten feet square, with a wooden floor as well as a roof, a copper fire grate, and stands of the same Arctic breccia as those in its neighbor. No iron was used in its construction. Here were our magnometer and dip instruments.

"Our tide-register was on board the vessel, a simple pulley-gauge, arranged with a wheel and index, and dependent on her rise and fall for its rotation.

"Our meteorological observatory was upon the open ice-field, one hundred and forty yards from the ship. It was a wooden structure, latticed and pierced with augur holes on all sides, so as to allow the air to pass freely, and firmly luted to its frozen base. To guard against the fine and almost impalpable drift, which insinuates itself everywhere, and which would interfere with the observation of minute and sudden changes of temperature, I placed a series of screens at right angles with each other, so as to surround the inner chamber.

"The thermometers were suspended within the central chamber; a pane of glass permitted the light of our lanterns to reach them from a distance, and a lens and eye-glass were so fixed as to allow us to observe the instruments without coming inside the screens. Their sensibility was such that when standing at 40° and 50° below zero the mere approach of the observer caused a perceptible rise of the column. One of them, a three-feet spirit standard by Taliabue, graduated to 70° minus, was of sufficiently extended register to be read by rapid inspection to tenths of a degree. The influence of winds I did not wish absolutely to neutralize; but I endeavored to make the exposure to them so uniform as to give a relative result for every quarter of the compass. We were well supplied with thermometers of all varieties."

THE SEA OF ICE.

Just before reaching the Great Glacier the explorers were astonished and delighted with the appearance of certain fantastic formations of sandstone; but the glacier overtopped them all, and here is Dr. Kane's description:

"I was still more struck with another of the same sort in the immediate neighborhood of my halting ground beyond Sunny Gorge, to the north of latitude 79°. A single cliff of green stone, marked by the slaty limestone that once incased it, rears itself from a crumbled base of sandstones, like the boldly-chiselled rampart of an ancient city. At its northern extremity, on the brink of a deep ravine which has worn its way among the ruins, there stands

a solitary column or minaret-tower, as sharply finished as if it had been cast for the Place Vendome. Yet the length of the shaft alone is four hundred and eighty feet, and it rises on a plinth or pedestal itself two hundred and eighty feet high.

"I remember well the emotions of my party as it first broke upon our view. Cold and sick as I was, I brought back a sketch of it, which may have interest for the reader, though it scarcely suggests the imposing dignity of this magnificent landmark. Those who are happily familiar with the writings of Tenneyson, and have communed with his spirit in the solitudes of a wilderness, will apprehend the impulse that inscribed the scene with his name.

"Still beyond this comes the archipelago which bears the name of our brig, studded with the names of those on board who adhered to all the fortunes of the expedition; and at its eastern cape spreads out the Great Glacier of Humboldt. My recollections of this glacier are very distinct. The day was beautifully clear on which I first saw it, and I have a number of sketches made as we drove along in view of its magnificent face. They disappoint me, giving too much white surface and badly-fading distances — the grandeur of the few bold and simple lines of nature being almost entirely lost.

"I will not attempt to do better by florid description. Men only rhapsodize about Niagara and the ocean. My notes speak simply of the 'long ever-shining line of cliff, diminished to a well-pointed wedge in the perspective;' and, again, of 'the face of glistening ice, sweeping in a long curve from the low interior, the facets in front intensely illuminated by the sun.' But this line of cliff rose in solid glassy wall three hundred feet above the water-level, with an unfathomable depth below it; and its curved face, sixty miles in length from Cape Agassiz to Cape Forbes, vanished into unknown space at not more than a single day's railroad travel from the Pole. The interior with which it communicated, and from which it issued, was an unsurveyed *mer de glace*, an ice-ocean, to the eye of boundless dimensions.

"It was in full sight—the mighty crystal bridge which connects the two continents of America and Greenland. I say continents; for Greenland, however insulated it may ultimately prove to be, is in mass strictly continental. Its least possible axis, measured from Cape Farewell to the line of this glacier, in the neighborhood of the 80th parallel, gives a length of more than twelve hundred miles, not materially less than that of Australia from its northern to its southern cape.

"Imagine now the center of such a continent, occupied through nearly its whole extent by a deep unbroken sea of ice, that gathers perennial increase from the water-shed of vast snow-covered mountains and all the precipitations of the atmosphere upon its own surface. Imagine this, moving on like a great glacial river, seeking outlets at every fiord and valley, rolling icy cataracts into the Atlantic and Greenland Seas, and, having at last reached the northern limit of land that has borne it up, pouring out a mighty frozen torrent into unknown Arctic space.

"It is thus, and only thus, that we must form a just conception of a phenomenon like this Great Glacier. I had looked in my own mind for such an appearance should I ever be fortunate enough to reach the northern coast of Greenland, but now that it was before me I could hardly realize it. I had recognized, in my quiet library at home, the beautiful analogies which Forbes and Studer have developed between the glacier and the river; but I could not comprehend at first this great substitution of ice for water.

"It was slowly that the conviction dawned on me that I was looking upon the counterpart of the great river system of Arctic Asia and America. Yet here were no water-feeders from the south. Every particle of moisture had its origin within the polar circle, and had been converted into ice. There were no vast alluvions, no forest or animal traces borne down by liquid torrents. Here was a plastic, moving, semi-solid mass, obliterating life, swallowing rocks and islands, and plowing its way with irresistible march through the crust of an investing sea."

THE OPEN POLAR SEA.

The discovery of the Iceless Sea, still further north, was made by a party in charge of William Morton; and the utmost point which he attained, and from which he looked in wonder upon a new world of waters, appears on Dr. Kane's new map as Cape Constitution, and is the northern point of the new land extending south-westwardly to the Great Glacier, and called Washington. But upon a subject of such exciting interest as this new ocean, we will let our author speak in his own manly way:

"It must have been an imposing sight as he stood at this termination of his journey, looking out upon the great waste of waters before him. Not a 'speck of ice,' to use his own words, could be seen. There, from a hight of

four hundred and eighty feet, which commanded a horizon of almost forty miles, his ears were gladdened with the novel music of dashing waves; and a surf, breaking in among the rocks at his feet, stayed his further progress.

"Beyond this cape all is surmise. The high ridges to the north-west dwindled off into low blue knobs, which blended finally with the air. Morton called the cape which baffled his labors after his commander, but I have given it the more enduring name of Cape Constitution.

"The homeward journey, as it was devoted to the completion of his survey and developed no new facts, I need not give. But I am reluctant to close my notice of this discovery of an open sea without adding that the details of Mr. Morton's narrative harmonized with the observations of all our party. I do not propose to discuss here the causes or conditions of this phenomenon. How far it may extend, whether it exists simply as a feature of the immediate region or as part of a great and unexplored area communicating with a polar basin, and what may be the argument in favor of one or the other hypothesis, or the explanation which reconciles it with established laws, may be questions for men skilled in scientific deductions. Mine has been the more humble duty of recording what we saw. Coming as it did, a mysterious fluidity in the midst of vast plains of solid ice, it was well calculated to arouse emotions of the highest order; and I do not believe there was a man among us who did not long for the means of embarking upon its bright and lonely waters. But he who may be content to follow our story for the next few months will feel, as we did, that a controlling necessity made the desire a fruitless one.

"An open sea near the Pole, or even an open polar basin, has been a topic of theory for a long time, and has been shadowed forth to some extent by actual or supposed discoveries. As far back as the days of Barentz, in 1596, without referring to the earlier and more uncertain chronicles, water was seen to the eastward of the northernmost cape of Novaia Zemlia; and, until its limited extent was defined by direct observation, it was assumed to be the sea itself. The Dutch fishermen above and around Spitzbergen pushed their adventurous cruises through the ice into open spaces varying in size and form with the season and the winds; and Dr. Scoresby, a venerated authority, alludes to such vacancies in the floe as pointing in argument to a freedom of movement from the north, inducing open water in the neighborhood of the Pole. Baron Wrangell, when forty miles from the coast of Arctic Asia, saw, as he thought, a 'vast, illimitable ocean,' forgetting for the moment how narrow are the limits of human vision on a sphere. So, still more recently, Captain Penny proclaimed a sea in Wellington Sound, on the very spot where Sir Edward Belcher has since left his frozen ships; and my predecessor. Captain Inglefield, from the mast-head of his little vessel, announced an 'open polar basin' but fifteen miles off from the ice which arrested our progress the next year.

"All these illusory discoveries were no doubt chronicled with perfect integrity; and it may seem to others, as since I have left the field it sometimes does to myself, that my own, though on a larger scale, may one day pass within the same category. Unlike the others, however, that which I have ventured to call an open sea has been traveled for many miles along its coast, and was viewed from an elevation of five hundred and eighty feet, still without a limit, moved by a heavy swell, free of ice, and dashing in surf against a rock-bound shore.

"It is impossible, in reviewing the facts which connect themselves with this discovery—the melted snow upon the rocks, the crowds of marine birds, the limited but still advancing vegetable life, the rise of the thermometer in the water—not to be struck with their bearing on the question of a milder climate near the Pole. To refer them all to the modification of temperature induced by the proximity of open water, is only to change the form of the question; for it leaves the inquiry unsatisfied, what is the cause of the open water?

"This, however, is not the place to enter upon such a discussion. There is no doubt on my mind that at a time within historical and even recent limits the climate of this region was milder than it is now. I might base this opinion on the fact, abundantly developed by our expedition, of a secular elevation of the coast line; but, independently of the ancient beaches and terraces, and other geological marks, which show that the shore has risen, the stone huts of the natives are found scattered along the line of the bay in spots now so fenced in by ice as to preclude all possibility of the hunt, and of course of habitation by men who rely on it for subsistence.

"Tradition points to these as once favorite hunting-grounds near open water. At Rensselaer Harbor, called by the natives *Aunatok*, or the Thawing Place, we met with huts in quite tolerable preservation, with the stone pedestals still standing which used to sustain the carcases

of the captured seals and walrus. Sunny Gorge and a large indentation in Dallas Bay, which bears the Esquimaux name of the Inhabited Place, showed us the remains of a village, surrounded by the bones of seals, walrus and whales, all now cased in ice. In impressive connection with the same facts, showing not only the former extension of the Esquimaux race to the higher north, but the climatic changes which may perhaps be still in progress there, is the sledge-runner which Mr. Morton saw on the shores of Morris Bay, in latitude 81°. It was made of the bone of a whale and worked out with skillful labor.

"In this recapitulation of facts I am not entering upon the question of a warmer climate impressed upon this region in virtue of a physical law which extends the isotherms toward the Pole. Still less am I disposed to express an opinion as to the influence which ocean currents may exert on the temperature of these far northern regions. There is at least one man, an officer in the same service with myself, and whose scientific investigations do it honor, with whom I am content to leave that discussion. But I would respectfully suggest to those whose opportunities facilitate the inquiry, whether it may not be that the Gulf Stream, traced already to the coast of Novaia Zemlia, is deflected by that peninsula into the space around the Pole. It would require a change in the mean Summer temperature of only a few degrees to develop the periodical recurrence of open water. The conditions which define the line of perpetual snow and the limits of the glacier formation may have certainly a proximate application to the problem of such water spaces near the Pole."

We will refer our readers to the book itself for much that is interesting and spirit-stirring, which the limits of this paper forbid us to quote. But we must give the writer's account of the leaving of the ship, which had been built for a different purpose, but which had done for our adventurers stalwart service, and now remains ice-ribbed and solitary in that vast and echoless region, with the sea-bird wheeling about her dismantled deck, and the polar raven flapping her ominous wings above the silent mast. It has carried our stars and stripes further north than any other flag had ever been borne, and that is glory enough for one ship.

Twenty-one long and dreary months have passed away, and the poor vessel, already half cut up and torn to pieces to afford fuel, must be abandoned; and there is an attempt to be cheerful in the commander's description of the parting scene which to us seems very touching:

"Our last farewell to the brig was made with more solemnity. The entire ship's company was collected in one dismantled Winter-chamber to take part in the ceremonial. It was Sunday. Our moss walls had been torn down, and the wood that supported them burned. Our beds were off at the boats. The galley was unfurnished and cold. Everything about the little den of refuge was desolate.

"We read prayers and a chapter of the Bible; and then, all standing silently round, I took Sir John Franklin's portrait from its frame and cased it in an India rubber scroll. I next read the reports of inspection and survey which had been made by the several commissions organized for the purpose, all of them testifying to the necessities under which I was about to act. I then addressed the party; I did not affect to disguise the difficulties that were before us; but I assured them that they could all be overcome by energy and subordination to command; and that the thirteen hundred miles of ice and water that lay between us and North Greenland could be traversed with safety for most of us, and hope for all. I added, that as men and messmates, it was the duty of us all, enjoined by gallantry as well as religion, to postpone every consideration of self to the protection of the wounded and sick, and that this must be regarded by every man and under all circumstances as a paramount order. In conclusion, I told them to think over the trials we had all of us gone through, and to remember each man for himself how often an unseen Power had rescued him in peril, and I admonished them still to place reliance upon Him who could not change.

"I was met with a right spirit. After a short conference an engagement was drawn up by one of the officers, and brought to me with the signatures of all the company without an exception. It read as follows:

"'SECOND GRINNELL EXPEDITION,
BRIG ADVANCE, May 20, 1855.

"'The undersigned, being convinced of the impossibility of the liberation of the brig, and equally convinced of the impossibility of remaining in the ice a third Winter, do fervently concur with the commander in his attempt to reach the south by means of boats.

"'Knowing the trials and hardships which are before us, and feeling the necessity of union, harmony and discipline, we have determined to abide faithfully by the expedition and our sick comrades, and to do all that we can, as true men, to advance the objects in view.

"'HENRY BROOKS, J. WALL WILSON,
"'JAMES MCGARY, AMOS BONSALL,
"'GEORGE RILEY, J. J. HAYES,
"'WM. MORTON, AUGUST SONTAG,
"'C. OHLSEN, &c., &c.'

"I had prepared a brief memorial of the considerations which justified our abandonment of the vessel, and had read it as part of my address. I now fixed it to a stanchion near the gangway, where it must attract the notice of any who might seek us hereafter, and stand with them as my vindication for the step, in case we should be overtaken by disaster. It closed with these words:

"'I regard the abandonment of the brig as inevitable. We have by actual inspection but thirty-six days provisions, and a careful survey shows that we cannot cut more firewood without rendering our craft unseaworthy. A third Winter would force us, as the only means of escaping starvation, to resort to Esquimaux habits, and give up all hope of remaining by the vessel and her resources. It would therefore in no manner advance the search after Sir John Franklin.

"'Under any circumstances, to remain longer would be destructive to those of our little party who have already suffered from the extreme severity of the climate and its tendencies to disease. Scurvy has enfeebled more or less every man in the expedition; and an anomalous spasmodic disorder, allied to tetanus, has cost us the life of two of our most prized comrades.

"'I hope, speaking on the part of my companions and myself, that we have done all that we ought to do to prove our tenacity of purpose and devotion to the cause which we have undertaken. This attempt to escape by crossing the southern ice on sledges is regarded by me as an imperative duty—the only means of saving ourselves and preserving the laboriously earned results of the expedition. E. K. KANE, Com. Grinnell Expedition.

"'ADVANCE, RENSSELAER BAY, May 20, 1855.'"

"We then went upon deck; the flags were hoisted and hauled down again, and our party walked once or twice around the brig, looking at her timbers and exchanging comments upon the scars which reminded them of every stage of her dismantling. Our figure-head—the fair Augusta, the little blue girl, with pink cheeks, who had lost her breast by an iceberg and her nose by a nip off Bedeviled Beach—was taken from our bows and placed aboard the Hope. 'She is, at any rate, wood,' said the men, when I hesitated about giving them the additional burden; 'and if we cannot carry her far, we can burn her.'

"No one thought of the mockery of cheers; we had no festival-liquor to mislead our perception of the real state of things. When all hands were quite ready, we scrambled off over the ice together, much like a gang of stevedores going to work over a quay full of broken cargo.

"On reaching the boats, the party were regularly mustered, and divided between the two. A rigid inspection was had of every article of personal equipment. Each man had a woolen underdress and an Esquimaux suit of fur clothing—kapetah, nessak, and nannooke complete, with boots of our own make; that is to say, one pair of canvas faced with walrus-hide, and another inside made of the cabin Brussels carpet. In addition to this, each carried a rue-raddy adjusted to fit him comfortably, a pair of socks next his skin, and a pair of large goggles for snow-blindness, made Esquimaux fashion by cutting a small slit in a piece of wood. Some of us had gutta percha masks fitting closely to the face, as large as an ordinary domino; but these were still less favorable to personal appearance than the goggles. The provision-bags and other stores were numbered, and each man and officer had his own bag and a place assigned for it, to prevent confusion in rapid stowing and unstowing.

"Excluding four sick men, who were unable to move, and myself, who had to drive the dog-team and serve as common carrier and courier. we numbered but twelve men—which would have given six to a sledge, or too few to move it. It was, therefore, necessary to concentrate our entire force upon one sledge at a time. On the other hand, however, it was important to the efficiency of our organization that matters of cooking, sleeping, baggage and rations should be regulated by separate messes.

"The routine I established was the most precise: daily prayers both morning and evening, all hands gathering round in a circle and standing uncovered during the short exercise; regulated hours; fixed duties and positions at the track lines and on the halt; the cooking to be taken by turns, the captains of the boats alone being excused. The charge of the log was confided to Dr. Hayes, and the running survey to Mr. Sontag. Though little could be expected from either of these gentlemen at this time, I deemed it best to keep up the appearance of ordinary voyaging; and after we left the first ices of Smith's Straits I was indebted to them for valuable results. The thermometer was observed every three hours.

"To my faithful friend and first officer, Boatswain Brooks, I assigned the command of the boats and sledges. I knew how well he was fitted for it; and when forced, as I was afterward during the descent, to be in constant motion between the sick-station, the Esquimaux settlements and the deserted brig, I felt safe in the assurance of his tried fidelity and indomitable resolution. The party under him was marshalled at the rue-raddies as a single gang; but the messes were arranged with reference to the two whale-boats, and when we came afterward to the open water the crews were distributed in the same way. With this organization we set out on our march."

ANSON BURLINGAME.

THE subject of this sketch occupies a wide space in the public eye. In the vigor of early manhood, he has sprung suddenly upon the arena, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, armed complete in the polished helmet of reason and the glittering panoply of eloquence, to do battle for the awards of untarnished chivalry and undaunted moral courage. His brief career has thus far been brilliant and heroic, and he has already concentrated upon himself, as the center of a sublime moral spectacle, the fixed and earnest gaze of a vast concourse of his fellow countrymen. Few persons have, at so early a period of life, produced such strong and wide undulations in the current of popular sentiment. If he possess the requisite elements to meet the ardent anticipations of his friends, excited by his lofty and gallant bearing, his future career will render him illustrious as an honor to his country and an ornament to his race.

Mr. Burlingame, in his present position, is no ordinary man. Whether his attitude has been the result of fortuitous circumstances, adroitly wielded to advantage, or is the normal condition of the man born to stand among the distinguished few in the front rank of this progressive age, leading the way to a higher state of social and civic harmony, and exhibiting a more full expression of the Divine image, the future will attest. We view him as a human

being suddenly coming up from the jungles of his native forests, and ere the "exuviæ" of the chase and the rude implements of frontier husbandry are discarded, exhibiting such graceful feats of moral "athlæte" as give abundant promise of future renown. We offer no apology for placing him in our gallery of distinguished citizens.

Anson Burlingame was born about the year 1820, on an Indian reservation, in Western Ohio. His father was, at the time, an officer of the United States army, stationed in that wilderness country to protect the incipient scattered settlements from falling a prey to their Aboriginal neighbors. Of his childhood and early youth we have little knowledge. We infer, however, from his position as a tenant of the wilderness, that his early scholastic privileges were extremely meager. Almost from infancy, he was accustomed to find his way over the prairies and among the forests in pursuit of game. His dog and rifle, and, haply, a friendly Indian, were his ordinary companions. Thus was he inured to toil, hardened to endurance, and accustomed to danger. Wild and strange Indians he approached without timidity, and made them participants of his sports. Bears, and wolves, and catamounts were the objects of his pursuit, and whether attended or alone he felt himself equal to any encounter with these ferocious beasts of prey. Trained up according to the usages of Western frontier life, with his rifle constantly at his side, either as a weapon of attack or defense, he early acquired great skill in its use, so that he rarely missed his aim. His reputation in this respect has not been without its subsequent use, and in one instance, when challenged to the field of honor, his antagonist is said to have adopted the prudential sentiment that "discretion is the better part of valor," and avoided the deadly encounter.

During the memorable Presidential campaign of 1840, being then twenty years of age, he was pursuing the study of the law at Detroit, and took the stump to advocate the election of General Harrison. His general intelligence, strong perceptive powers, and ready volubility of speech gave interest to his efforts, and his reputation was at once established as an extraordinarily eloquent and promising young man. We soon after find him in the Law School, in Cambridge, Massachusetts; and in 1844, while yet a student, he took the stump for Henry Clay in that State, and greatly extended his reputation as a forcible, logical reasoner and a fascinating rhetorical speaker.

Having completed his elementary studies and obtained license to practice in the courts of law, he soon after opened an office in Boston, and secured at once, by his assiduity and efficiency, a successful practice in his profession, and soon took rank with the distinguished solicitors and counsellors of his adopted State. Soon after becoming established in business he married an amiable and accomplished daughter of Isaac Livermore, Esq., an eminent merchant of Boston.

In 1854 our hero was elected to represent the Charlestown district in the United States Congress. Hitherto his labors had been confined mainly to professional business, to private literary pursuits, and to occasional discussions of important truths in popular assemblies, when called by his fellow-citizens to ascend the public "tribunal" in defense of popular rights, or in the furtherance of the great interests of human progress and social refinement. Unostentacious in manner and retiring in social habits, whatever he undertook he did well—whether acting for the public, for his clients or for the private interests of himself alone. But on entering into an official position, he felt that all his private interests and aspirations must be made a sacrifice on the altar of the public good. Thus he entered upon his public duties with a perfect abandon of self, and a full determination to sustain the rights and interests of his constituents, at whatever sacrifice of personal considerations or at whatever hazard of consequences. In the exciting and all-absorbing conflict between the antagonistic interests of free and slave labor, sustained respectively by the two great parties of the country, he planted himself boldly upon the liberal platform of his constituents, in perfect harmony with his own feelings, and sustained himself with such power of argument and such intrepidity of tactics as to array against him the entire force of the antagonistic party, sagaciously judging if they could silence his batteries, the citadel of the opposition must surrender at discretion. In this arduous and protracted struggle our hero achieved laurels rarely accorded to a political gladiator. On one occasion the Hon. Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, writhing under the force of well-attested facts and logical deductions, chose to assume the attitude of injured innocence, and challenged Mr. Burlingame to mortal combat. Our hero promptly accepted the challenge, contrary to the usual custom of New England representatives, and, in order to avoid intermeddling officials, named the Clifton House, in Canada, as the place of meeting. Mr.

Brooks, doubtless from prudential motives, chose to regard the trouble of repairing to Canada as too great a sacrifice for the pleasure of a little sport in shooting; and, without suggesting to his antagonist a shadow of objection, instead of meeting him in Canada, blowed the matter in the public journals. Thus ended this exciting duel, not entirely without harmful consequences; for one of the parties will always be considered a little lop-winged by chivalrous advocates of the "code of honor."

Dueling has ever been repugnant to the moral sense of New England; yet the peculiar circumstances of this case, and its comic end, seems to have so far palliated the offense that on his subsequent appearance upon the stump Mr. Burlingame has been everywhere hailed with unwonted enthusiasm, and has lately been reëlected to Congress for a second term.

MARCUS CURTIUS: A LEGEND OF ROME.

BY F. HURD.

Within the Forum yawned the earth,
The Romans stood aghast;
And anxious looks and earnest words
Among the crowd were passed—
They eager cried, "What meaneth this?
Shall Rome, the City, fall?
Shall earth's dark caverns swallow up
Her glory, arms, and all?
Ye gods, avert destruction!
Haruspices, declare
What is this dreadful omen?
And bodes it foul or fair?"

Then cried a *haruspex* aloud,
That all the crowd might hear,
"We've viewed the entrails, sought the shrine,
And now it seemeth clear
That Rome shall stand eternally,
And never perish, when
She gives the earth her noblest gift,
And it shall close again."

Much marveled then the Romans,
And questioned curiously—
"What is Rome's best and noblest gift?
What can this offering be?
Is't money, temples, images?
Or instruments of war?
Or primal spoils from fallen foes
Brought hither from afar?"

Young Marcus Curtius, passing by,
To them aloud did call,
"What means this great commotion?"
And when they told him all,
Thus spake young Marcus Curtius—
"Hath Rome a sacrifice
Better than arms and noble youth
That raise her to the skies?"
And then he swore a noble oath,
With lifted hand on high,
That he, for Rome's salvation,
Would give himself to die;
Would make that cave his sepulcher,
The earth his winding-sheet,
To give to Rome eternity,
And make her power complete.

They, wondering, stood in silence,
But Curtius homeward ran,
And armed himself, bestrode his steed,
And straight returned again.

Thus passed he on; with reverence
The crowd made bare the head,
And maidens gazed on him and wept,
And matrons gazed and prayed;
He reigned his steed upon the brink,
And gazed without a sigh,
Upon the lovely city, Rome,
For which he now must die;
On sacred Father Tiber,
And on the pleasant land,
On hill and vale and capital,
And temples, vast and grand;
And then upon the multitude
That stood in silence there,
And waving them a last adieu,
He clasped his hands in prayer
To gods above, to gods below,
The *Lares*, too, of Rome,
That they would grant him passage safe
To Pluto's gloomy home;
That they would prosper Roman arms,
Would guard the Roman name,
And grant to Rome *eternity*,
And ever-growing fame.

He looked upon the yawning chasm
That opened close beneath,
And waved his gleaming sword on high
In greeting unto death.
Then dashed the spurs into his steed,
And urged him down the steep,
Till both in echoing darkness fell,
And horse and rider, plume and mail,
All perished in the deep.

Then cried aloud the priests of Rome,
That all the crowd might hear,
"Ne'er be it said that Romans fail
Such virtue to revere!
Bring forth the first fruits of your soil,
And pour them o'er his head,
And offer an oblation
Unto the pious dead."

With joyful haste the people ran
To do as they were taught,
And brought their corn and oil and wine,
And garlands maidens brought;
They slowly cast their offerings in,
And stopped to check a tear,
And seemed they all as if they decked
Some lovely infant's bier.
And each in solemn accents cried,
As they slowly turned away,
"O, where hath Rome another son
Like him we mourn to-day?"

Woman's Rights.—We know no rights of women that are separated from the rights of man. There is no injury inflicted upon the one that does not recoil upon the other. If the Turk keeps woman in abject slavery, the Turk himself becomes a degenerate slave. [London Leader.

PETALESHAROO.

THIS remarkable brave was a Pawnee, and was born within the bounds of that tribe about 1795–6. [A brave is one remove below a chief, and a warrior one below a brave.] He was the son of Letelesha, the principal chief of the Pawnees, and commonly known as the *knife chief*, and was noted for the noble symmetry of his person, his prowess in the chase, and his undaunted and romantic courage. In Major Long's expedition to the Rocky Mountains, in 1819–20, he became acquainted with Petalesharoo, and it was through his influence that this young brave was induced to visit Washington, in 1821, with a large delegation of his tribe.

Dr. Morse, in his "Indian Report," gives the following anecdote of this gallant savage, which excites our highest admiration, and shows that the most refined and Christian sentiments are sometimes concealed beneath a red skin:

"At the age of twenty-one he was so distinguished by his abilities and prowess that he was called the '*bravest of the braves*.' But a few years previous to 1821 it was a custom, not only with his nation, but those adjacent, to torture and burn captives as sacrifices to the Great Star. In an expedition performed by some of his countrymen against the Iteans, a female was taken, who, on their return, was doomed to suffer according to their usages. She was fastened to the stake, and a vast crowd assembled upon the adjoining plain to witness the scene. This brave, unobserved, had stationed two fleet horses at a small distance, and was seated among the crowd as a silent spectator. All were anxiously waiting to enjoy the spectacle of the first contact of the flames with their victim, when, to their astonishment, a brave was seen rending asunder the cords which bound her, and, with the swiftness of thought, bearing her in his arms beyond the amazed multitude, where, placing her upon one horse, and mounting himself upon the other, he bore her off safe to her friends and country. This act would have endangered the life of an ordinary chief; but such was his sway in the tribe that no one presumed to censure the daring act."

In 1821 Petalesharoo was in Washington City, where he excited a great deal of attention on account of his handsome form, intelligent and amiable face and manly demeanor. Here, too, the fame of his mad exploit, in the rescue of the Itean woman, had preceded him, and the young ladies of Miss White's seminary in that place resolved to give him a demonstration of the high esteem in which they held him on account of his humane conduct. They therefore presented him an elegant silver medal, appropriately inscribed, accompanied by the following short but affectionate address: "Brother! accept this token of our esteem; always wear it for our sakes; and when again you have the power of saving a poor woman from death and torture, think of this and of us, and fly to her relief and her rescue."

To this Petalesharoo made the following gallant and characteristic reply. Taking the medal, which had just been suspended on his neck by the hands of one of the fair donors, and holding it up before the company so that all might see it, he thus spoke: "This will give me more ease than I ever had, and I will listen more than I ever did to white men. I am glad that my brothers and sisters have heard of the good act I have done. My brothers and sisters think that I did it in ignorance, but I now know what I have done. I did it in ignorance, and did not know that I did good, but by giving me this medal I know it."

We will give one more of Dr. Morse's anecdotes of this brave Petalesharoo, in which also Letelesha, the knife chief, his father, figured. It is as follows:

"Some time after the attempt to sacrifice the Itean woman one of the warriors of Letelesha brought to the nation a Spanish boy whom he had taken. The warrior was resolved to sacrifice him to Venus, and the time was appointed. Letelesha had a long time endeavored to do away the custom, and now consulted Petalesharoo upon the course to be pursued. The young brave said, 'I will rescue the boy, as a warrior should, by force.' His father was unwilling that he should expose his life a second time, and used great exertions to raise a sufficient quantity of merchandise for the purchase of the captive. All that were able contributed, and a pile was made of it at the lodge of the knife chief, who then summoned the warrior before him. When he had arrived the chief commanded him to take the merchandise and deliver the boy to him. The warrior refused. Letelesha then waved his war club in the air, bade the warrior obey, or prepare for instant death. '*Strike,*' said Petalesharoo, '*I will meet the vengeance of his friends.*' But the prudent and excellent Letelesha resolved to use one more endeavor before committing such an act. He therefore increased the amount of property, which had the desired effect. The boy was surrendered, and the valuable collection of goods sacrificed in his stead."

In further illustration of the history of this noble brave, we add the following poem, from our constant and valued correspondent, "Xenette:"

PETALESHAROO; OR, THE MAIDEN'S RESCUE.

BY XENETTE.

'TWAS morning, and the early light
Flashed through the forest trees,
Whose dewy leaves with gentle sigh
Waved in the passing breeze.
Yet heeding not the breath of flowers,
Or bird-notes in the air,
The red man sat with aspect stern
In gloomy council there.

"Aye! let her die—the captive maid!"
The haughty chieftain said,
And warriors stern, in mute assent,
Bowed low each crested head—
All save one youth who sits apart,
Watching with flashing eyes,
As with a proud, firm step comes forth
The youthful sacrifice.

Ah, maiden! in thine hour of need
Is there no friendly arm
To shield thee from the murd'rous deed?
To rescue thee from harm?
Where are the warriors of thy tribe,
Thy nation's pride and flower,
That thou art found defenseless thus,
Here in this trying hour?

Alone, alone, poor captive maid!
Thou must thy doom await,
Must bear the torture and the flame,
And struggle with thy fate—
The wild Iteans' wigwams dear
No more may greet thine eye;
And yet thy high heart faileth not,
Thus fearfully to die.

Firm bound unto the fatal stake
The youthful victim stands,
While calmly, proudly, o'er her breast
She folds her fettered hands.
And upward on the breezes floats
The music of her prayer,
"Great Spirit! to thy sunny land
I come—receive me there!"

Wild through the deep and echoing glen
A fearful war-whoop rings,
And from that band of dark-browed men
A youthful warrior springs.
No stop, no stay, one rapid stroke
Of his accustomed blade.
The leathern thong dissevered falls—
Free is the captive maid!

With nervous arm quick to his heart
He clasps the foeman's child,
And like a wild deer, fleet and free,
Darts forward through the wild.
Fleet steeds await the fearless brave—
One instant, and away
They dart with Indian arrow's speed
Forth through the forest gray.

No warrior's shout of fierce pursuit
The echoing wild gives back;
No spear by vengeful chieftain hurl'd
Arrests them in their track;
But wond'ring at the daring deed,
With folded arms they stand,
And undecided calmly wait
The haughty chief's command.

"Warriors," at length the chieftain cries,
"This is a daring deed,
But shall we to the fearless youth
Deny the victor's meed?
'Tis the *Great Spirit's* power displayed,
Let us his wrath appease—
The youth is brave—the maid is free—
Hence to your homes, Pawnees!"

HARRIET RAYMOND;

OR, THE GIRL WHO FELT SHE HAD A DESTINY.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

CHAPTER I.

HARRIET RAYMOND was a poor girl living in the town of Castine, Maine; yet living in a place like this, where the Penobscot sweeps down from its frozen source, a strong, dashing, northern beauty, casting a lovely arm around the pretty peninsula which advances to give her a last caress before her bridal with the sea, it is no wonder that the character of the girl assumed a tone analogous to the scenes in which she had been reared.

Castine is certainly one of the most un-Yankee looking places to be found upon the eastern coast. It has no bustle, stir, nor go-aheadativeness. On the contrary, it has an obstinate look of antique fixedness enough to put a right down Yankee into fits, and enough of the quality to make it creep directly into the heart of the lover of the picturesque and the lover of tranquility. How this most beautiful town has contrived to escape the mania for enterprise so afflictive in our Eastern cities I will not stop to inquire; but so it is, and the place has all the repose, the verdure and something like decay, which is so touchingly attractive in an old city. It even has a foreign look, a tinge of French.

No wonder, for it was first settled by the Baron Castine, a French nobleman, so early as 1644, who, becoming disgusted with civilized life, married the daughter of one of the aboriginal chiefs, and built himself a castle here in the wilderness, at the mouth of this noble river I will not stay to recount the history of Castine, full of stirring interest as it is, having referred to it simply as a reason for the peculiar aspect of the place. The low, heavy-looking wooden houses, discolored by age, gleam through abundance of shrubbery, and tall overhanging trees wear the solemn look of time-honored association. The Penobscot bearing the shadows of untrodden forests, and the image of Katahdin painted upon its waters, comes down with a northern tribute, and to the south and east the ocean dandles the Bay of Penobscot with the Fox Islands, and tosses Mount Desert into the foreground with so little ceremony that the island stands up high and dry, but made perfectly bald by the roughness of usage. In truth, such is the variety and beauty of the surrounding scenery, and such the quietude of Castine, that one of a poetic fancy might be apt to regard it as a forgotten bye-nook into which he might be tempted to glide when weary and sick of the hollowness of the great noisy world.

Here lived Harriet Raymond till she was seventeen or eighteen—one of that class of people who are poor, and whose ancestors have always been poor; and not one of whom had ever thought of being otherwise than poor; consequently she had few of the discomforts of poverty; I mean discomforts arising to persons whose senses, tastes and physical organization are hereditarily too refined for their fallen fortunes; such, always filling a false position in life, are the most painful sufferers of poverty, and the most painful provokers of our sympathies. To have "seen better days" is one of the saddest of all phrases. After all, hunger and cold are trifles in themselves—they cannot last long, ere death, in the absence of other succor, lays a chill but kindly hand upon us; but the chilling experience which reverses in fortune bring to all, is a blight, a slow, withering blight upon the heart, transforming hope to a mockery; and, what is worst of all, taking faith, which is the very life of the soul, taking her out of our being, and in the wreck of faith in the earthly, God be praised if faith in the heavenly die not also.

Harriet Raymond knew none of these things; indeed, feelings of this sort were so foreign to her habits of life that she had never thought whether they were rich or poor. She was a robust girl, and in the absence of a supper went to bed without it as a matter of necessity, or snatched a crust out of the hands of one of the younger ones and ate it, making queer faces to

the child all the time, and saying so many funny things, that he took the matter perfectly in course. She saw her mother working for their more wealthy neighbors, and girls of her own age bedecked in dainty robes, but without one feeling of envy. On the contrary, she felt the warmest admiration for all that beauty and taste might own, and yet never in reference to herself.

The differences in social position were obvious enough to her, but she never inquired the reason of these differences, nor had she ever known the stirring of one ambitious thought. She certainly had French blood in her veins, but when or how was a matter of utter indifference to her, as were all questionings into the past, present or to come. She had been blest with a never-failing good temper, a ready impudent repartee and a large stock of beauty, of all which pieces of good fortune she was utterly unconscious; and so were her neighbors; for her dark complexion, her masses of very straight black hair, and her large, wild eyes, were so unlike anybody else, that they thought of course they must be ugly. Who was her grandfather, or her great-grandfather, or who was the next in remove she never had asked in her life, nor even speculated whether such persons ever bore any relation to herself.

Truth to say, Harriet was a very unpopular girl—everybody regarding her as an overgrown, black, lazy hussey, or if the word must be used, "trollop," (for that is the favorite Down-East term of aversion or contempt,)—a lazy trollop, then, who ought to be made to work instead of suffered to range about the sea-shore, and scour over the hills with tangled hair, and kirtle over-short for her rapid growth. Harriet stared or laughed in the face of her reprovers, and whirled round upon an exceedingly smart turned foot, which being naked, gave great relief to the "Arab arch." This foot, too, fine as it was, had given rise to many hard phrases among the neighbors, some of whom had, in their dislike, magnified her importance by the soubriquet of "Little Instep." It is a curious fact that to be "high in the instep," which has become a cant phrase for pride, is another term for the modern phrenological one of self-esteem, the large organ and the arched foot always going together.

No defense can possibly be made for the girl; she was untidy, idle, and most provokingly witty. A favorite amusement with her was to take the braids from her immense quantity of hair, and holding her head forward allow it to trail over her face and eyes, quite to the ground, and "play bear," as she called it, with children of half her own age, at which sport both she and they were marvellously delighted, till her mother would come out and spoil the fun by well-directed efforts to box Harriet's ears, which the hair most effectually screened from all injury; whereat she giggled and whirled about, and her great eyes and white teeth gleamed here and there as the threads of hair were tossed about in the contest. The matter always ended by the retreat of the poor dame, who, quite exhausted, flapped herself into the house, whining between rage and grief, that "there never was any human critter so tormented as she."

CHAPTER II.

"The spirit cannot always sleep in dust,
Whose essence is ethereal; they may try
To darken and degrade it; it may rust
Dimly awhile, but cannot wholly die."
[Percival.

Such was Harriet at fifteen, at which time the war of 1812, etc., existed between this country and England. It will be remembered that Castine fell into the hands of the British, who did not fail to fortify the place with great care, perceiving at once its importance as commanding the passage of the Penobscot, and opening a ready communication with the Eastern Provinces. The fort which they built upon the hill overlooking the town is yet in tolerable preservation, and I can testify to the depth of the well which is the wonder of the common people, having dropped a stone therein, and waited to note the length of time before it plashed in the water below. Vestiges of the canal, too, dug by the conquerors, by which they converted the pretty peninsula into a sort of Undine Island, yet remain.

For a few days after the subjection of the place to the martial regulations of the English, Harriet, with instinctive fear, kept within doors; but as time wore on, and people saw that they had no personal danger to apprehend, they gradually resumed their old habits of living, and some, less scrupulous in their patriotism, carried on a brisk trade with the new comers in poultry, eggs, butter, and such provisions as happened to be within their reach.

Among this class was Mrs. Raymond, who did not hesitate to send Harriet with a basket of fresh laid eggs to the fort, nor did the latter testify the least aversion to the office. Accordingly, having put an extra pin into the already over-pinned belt of the girl, and having twisted her hair straight back from her forehead till her eyes looked preternaturally large from the

tightness of the twist; and having given the brief skirt an extra pull down, which remained a brief skirt nevertheless, the dame gave her a push forward by way of relief to her own irritability, and Harriet went her way.

Arrived at the point where the soldiers were toiling at the canal, she stood looking on with her sun-bonnet thrown back upon her shoulders. A young officer, passing by, said carelessly:

"Go and wash your face, girl, and I'll give you a kiss."

Harriet gave a ready laugh, revealing teeth of uncommon beauty, and answered.

"'Tis n't worth the trouble."

"By George, I'll have it though," rejoined the youth, irritated at the jeers of his brother officers, and he seized her by the arm. Harriet gave one of her elastic whirls, at the same time laying a smart box upon the ear of the youth, and freeing herself from his grasp. A loud laugh burst from every side, in the midst of which the girl retired, blushing with shame and rage, and for the first time in her life made to think and to feel. "There's Yankee spirit for you," cried one; "A perfect little tigress," cried another, who had been in the East India service; "A thorough Juno, a Duchess," were the several exclamations from mouth to mouth.

Harriet carried home the basket of eggs and such an unwonted mass of thought that she sat down by the house door utterly bewildered, twisting and untwisting her hair, which had come down in her escape. To the many questions of her mother she answered with such unwonted rage that the poor dame left her to herself and went into the next house to retail her grievances and find a vender for the basket of eggs.

In the meanwhile Harriet took down the only bit of looking-glass in the house, intent on seeing how she really did look. She blushed, alone as she was, and burst into a torrent of tears as she felt how very short, how incomplete in every way was the gown she wore; for the first time, too, in her life, she began to think what was she to do in the world. So deeply did the subject force itself upon her mind, that she took to her bed, really ill, with headache and tears.

Here she remained weeping almost incessantly for several days, and so docile, so regretful of the trouble she caused, that her mother began to weep, likewise, thinking assuredly "Harriet will die, she has become all at once so thoughtful and so good."

At length she recovered from the paroxysm, but nothing could induce her to go a second time in the vicinity of the fort. To the surprise, too, of the household, she put her scanty wardrobe into good order, brushed her long hair and plaited it upon the back of the head. Her clear, brown complexion and rosy lips grew beautiful with frequent ablutions. She was gentle, and grave, like one who is sustained by some great thought.

One morning Mrs. Gurney, a lady of wealth and influence in the place, was told that Harriet Raymond desired to speak with her; she smiled, and instantly bethought the sound lesson she would read the idle, slatternly girl upon her mode of life; but when she entered, she found a tall, slender figure, looking as neat as her poor robes would permit, a countenance and manner staid, and even melancholy in the sweetness of their air, and the lady fairly started with surprise and unconscious respect.

Harriet seated herself in the nearest chair and seemed at first almost lost how to begin. At length she went on with great clearness and simplicity to tell that she wished to procure the place of the "small help" of the family, to be the girl "who does the meanest chores," as Shakespeare has it, till such time as she should learn to do the more important work of a household. Board and clothing, the latter of the plainest sort, was all she desired. She prefixed one condition to these terms, which was that every day, either before or after dinner, she should be allowed to *take one hour to herself*, undisturbed in her own room, *one hour of daylight*, with which no one should interfere, and nothing should postpone or abridge.

Mrs. Gurney smiled at what seemed an odd whim, but agreed to the terms, saying:

"And what will you do with the hour, Harriet?"

She turned pale, looked vexed, and answered coldly, "That is to be my secret; I can tell no one."

In a few days all things were arranged, and Harriet took her new position in the family of Mrs. Gurney.

CHAPTER III.

"And then, by one of those strange turns
That witch the fancy while we're dreaming,
She was a planet in the sky,
And they were stars around her beaming."
[Hoffman.

If the lady had been surprised at the resolution manifested by Harriet Raymond, she was still more surprised at the aptitude, docility and energy she displayed in her new situation. Ready to meet the slightest wishes of the fami-

ly, respectful and quiet, wonderfully observant, and tenacious of all she learned, she soon became invaluable in the household. The hour for which she stipulated she always exacted with uncompromising care; nothing was allowed to interpose—business, company, hurry, however urgent they might each or all be; the hand of the old clock in the corner no sooner turned to the hour than Harriet went to her room. This was often vexatious and annoying enough, but Harriet made neither comment nor apology—it was a contract, and that was all she appeared to think of the matter. It is true she seemed to plan her labor in reference to the hour, but she avoided all allusions to the subject.

Mrs. Gurney was a woman of taste and discernment, who did not fail to promote the interest and comfort of the girl as far as possible. She discerned her varied and peculiar merits, and grew not a little proud of her excellent and handsome "help." Many articles of value found their way to the room of Harriet, who took each with a quiet, but proper degree of gratitude, while at the same time none of them ever appeared about her person.

"Why do you not wear the pretty silk scarf I gave you, Harriet?" she asked one day.

She blushed crimson, and replied in a low voice, "It is unsuited to my condition."

The lady stared, and went on to say, "Really, Harriet, I have no reason to complain of you; my work is done in the best possible manner, but, for your own sake, I could wish that you would sing at your work, talk more, and enjoy life, like girls of your age."

Harriet burst into a flood of tears, a degree of emotion which quite surprised Mrs. Gurney, who did not know what next to say; so she put her hand gently upon her head, only uttering, "I hope you are not so very unhappy, my poor girl."

Harriet wiped her eyes hastily, saying, "I am sure I do not see what I cried for, only life seems a dull sad thing enough." She glanced at the clock, and perceiving that her hour was come, glided out of the room.

In the meanwhile the war came to a close. The British evacuated Castine, leaving the pretty canal in miniature, and the finely constructed fort, and the marvelously deep well in the possession of the rightful owners of the soil. Previous to the departure of the army an elderly English lady made inquiries for a girl whom she wished to wait upon her person in a tour through some of the States, and to remain with her in New York for a season, before sailing for Europe. The wages she proposed were so beyond anything paid by our own people that Harriet Raymond instantly prepared to fill the situation.

Loth as Mrs. Gurney was to part with her, she did not fail to do ample justice to the fine moral qualities of Harriet, and her entire efficiency in all womanly avocations. The lady was struck with the quietness of her demeanor, her plain dress and subdued air, so unlike the democratic "as good as you" style, which she had so often encountered in the country. She did demur at the one hour of regular recurrence for which Harriet stipulated as a *sine qua non*, and she did object to having so very handsome a servant, "altogether too handsome," she declared; but when Mrs. Gurney assured her that Harriet was perfectly unaware of this, believing herself an "over tall, big-eyed, black-faced girl," as she sometimes expressed it, the lady was not only amazed, but interested in such symplicity. "I do not quite understand her," continued Mrs. Gurney; "she is severely exact in demanding the one hour; she is apparently cold, selfish, and devoid of sensibility, yet in all emergencies Harriet does, says and seems to feel just what we could wish."

The result was that the girl was engaged by the English lady, who solemnly pledged herself to Mrs. Gurney to protect her in every way, and return her safely to Castine, in case that any change or separation should take place; and the Yankee mistress pledged herself to meet all and every expense which might be incident thereto. Indeed, till the hour of separation drew near, Mrs. Gurney had not been aware of the strength of her own attachment to her humble and most useful friend. On the other hand, Harriet was pale and silent, and often looked as if she had been weeping. One thing Mrs. Gurney had resolved to ascertain, not merely from curiosity, mixed as are all human motives, but impelled by genuine solicitude for the welfare of the girl—she would find out in some way how Harriet passed that mysterious period for which she was so strenuously exacting.

Accordingly, upon her next seclusion, Mrs. Gurney mounted a chair at the chamber door, by means of which her eye was on a level with one of those circular or heart-shaped apertures in the upper pannel of the door, so often found in old houses, the object of which it were vain to divine, unless it be to provoke and stimulate that curiosity so predominant in our Yankee race. Here stood Mrs. Gurney, not without a sense of shame and grief as she watched the

occupant within, who went about utterly unconscious of the eye that read her every motion.

In the first place, she divested herself with wonderful celerity of the Cinderella robes, let down her profusion of long hair, which she twined most elegantly about her head. She then bathed, and "donned her best attire," with all the bravery of ornament she could command, even to hat and shawl. This done she approached the door, and the lady at the "port hole" felt her heart leap to her mouth in the expectation that it would be opened. Not so, however—the girl turned round and gracefully advanced to the center of the room, where she extended her fingers and greeted a visionary personage, whom she called Mrs. Gurney, with whom she held for a few moments what seemed to be a very agreeable and lively chat, in which she smiled and exhibited with great skill the elegance of her air and figure. Presently the hat and shawl disappeared, and by the little table in the center of the room Harriet seated herself, playing the hostess, doing the honors of the table with infinite grace, relieving the sensuality of visionary eating by pretty and pithy remarks, and drinking healths and wine a la Marchioness.

This done she sat, work in hand, and parried the pretty speeches of a gallant spectral Captain; he seemed much animated, judging by the vivacity of his companion, who at length took a book from the table and read a passage, which she had commended, with a feeling and propriety quite astonishing to her listeners, both outside and in; with graceful formality she dismissed the Captain, giving him at the same time an impudent message, to be delivered to the ghost of a Mr. Smith. This done, she reclined a moment thoughtfully with her elbow upon the table, and then, seeming to recollect herself, she hastily doffed her dress and prepared herself to leave her state of imaginary ladyhood.

Mrs. Gurney quietly evacuated the "sally-port," and retired to her room, plunged in thought. She turned the matter over and over in her mind, finding it utterly impossible to associate the fine lady she had just seen above stairs, with the taciturn girl, who moved about the kitchen with such perfect adaptability and staidness of demeanor. Unable to reconcile the two she made a pretext to go into the kitchen, with a half dread, after what she had seen, that she might find Harriet mumming and mowing in a state of lunacy. Here she found her just as usual, doing everything in the best possible manner, and entirely unconscious how she had been transformed in the eye of her mistress.

Mrs. Gurney could make nothing out of the affair, and she felt that her own breeding required that the secret thus obtained should never in any way escape her. She came, however, to the solemn conclusion, that Harriet Raymond was subject to diurnal fits of insanity, and, whereas, they appeared perfectly harmless in their operation, and she perfectly aware of her infirmity, always providing for its recurrence, it was not essential to inform the English lady of the fact, or to give her the least hint to that effect. But in the long years which subsequently passed, in which she could gain no tidings of the girl, often and often did this subject come to her thoughts, not unmingled with remorse for having allowed her to go out into the world, with all her beauty, and intellect shadowed by so terrible and mysterious an infliction.

CONCLUSION.

Mrs. Gurney had for some years ceased her defense against the encroachments of time, having unresistingly allowed him to loosen the folds of her dress, and shorten her bodice till a faint line, like that of the White Lady's of Avenal, alone told where the broad and charmed girdle once had ample space. The robe rising a little in front, and the very white double chin had a not unpleasing correspondence, and the gray hair, so smoothly parted under the frill of her muslin cap, bent tenderly around her still beautiful and unfurrowed brow. Her complexion was fresh and fair, and the one remaining tooth was such a perfect pearl under her red lips that one felt kindly for it in view of the remembrance it brought of its lovely and lost companions. Her little fair round hands had the pleasing grace of repose, or one might not think of the most perfect arm which they terminated.

Such as we have described, sat Mrs. Gurney in her large arm chair one morning, when a carriage drove to the door, and a superb-looking woman, with a young girl, inquired for the lady of the house. Long they sat, and long they talked, all about Castine, its lovely scenery, the people, the fortifications built by the British, years agone, reminiscences of the army, and kindred topics. Every little while Mrs. Gurney would shut her eyes and try to recall some image which, spite of her effort, flitted from her grasp; at length her visitor stepped behind an open door, which hid her from the view of her hostess, to look for a portrait which hung beside it.

In a moment she slipped a long silken cloak from her shoulders, threw aside her bonnet, and stepped forth in plain calico frock and braided hair. She walked directly to the sideboard, and, opening a drawer, took therefrom a silken duster, with which she began to rub the chairs very carefully. Mrs. Gurney gave a loud scream and caught her in her arms, "Hetty, Hetty, my poor dear girl!" she cried, weeping and holding her to her generous heart.

The story was soon told. Harriet attended the lady to her entire satisfaction through all her journeys, till they at length reached New York. Here they were surrounded with the officers of the British army, many of whom remained after the close of the war and the return of their regiments to the Provinces. Her mistress, Mrs. Thearney, often spoke of an absent son with great tenderness, who would meet them in the course of the year, and with whom they would sail for home. He at length made his appearance, and Harriet instantly recognized the officer of Castine memory.

It would make our story over long to tell of the subtile and dangerous assaults of Cupid, and how "the course of true love never did run smooth;" how pride and love contended, how the mother opposed, yet loving Harriet like a child, and how upon her death-bed, in view of the clear revealments of eternal things, she joined the hands of the lovers and blessed them and died, feeling that she had done one last good deed. "And now," said Mrs. Thearney, "do you not see that Ellen is like me, only fairer; and would you not like to learn the mystery of that hour, which I exacted for so many years? and which my good mother-in-law made me confess all about—weeping, too, as she listened, out of the abundance of her dear noble heart?"

Mrs. Gurney flinched a little, and blushed a great deal, and was half on the point of confessing what she knew; but her lively visitor went on, reviving the past days of her childhood, the basket of eggs, the box upon the car of her subsequent lover, all with great clearness of detail. She continued: "I cannot now analyze the process of thought by which I reached the result of a destiny, but from the time when I felt my delicacy so outraged, and heard myself the subject of mocking compliment, I felt a new weight of thought, a half bitter disgust for myself and the whole world.

"I was really ill from thinking, and then I formed the plan of service, as well to relieve my poor mother as to better my condition. It occurred to me that if I reserved one hour to myself I might improve by books and study, and thus prepare myself for those better days which, I conceived, were in reserve for me. I have never failed to exact the hour from that day to this, even after my whole time was at my own disposal. It is curious now to look and see how the conviction of a higher destiny buoyed me up and gave me energy and perseverance. I felt certain, from the time that I went home with the basket of eggs upon my arm, and with the first sensation of real pain I had ever experienced, that I was born to be a lady, and I resolved to be prepared for such an emergency."

She gave a whimsical and vivid imitation of her solitary parties, her imaginary conversations, her calls of condolence, and calls of ceremony, at all which Mrs. Gurney and her daughter laughed immoderately, especially the former, who at once recalled the audience she before held at the pigeon-hole in the door panel.

Let not my readers feel contempt at my heroine, as though the result was not proportioned to the magnitude of the sense of fate. Harriet Raymond died, after leading a fashionable life in New York, where she was for many years a toast and a belle—her husband, to whom she was sincerely attached, leaving her a moderate fortune, which she chose to share in America. She became the founder of her family, the great ancestress of a rich and prosperous posterity.

It would be vain to give an inventory of the sundries of which she died possessed. Like her neighbors she achieved the proud triumph of having steadily pursued an object which resulted in

3 dozen mahogany chairs,
4 center tables,—4 book cases,
2 ward-robes—one splendid,
2 toilet glasses, large—13 carpets—hall, &c.
Astrals, candelabras, plate, &c.,
1 vault at Greenwood Cemetery.

THE TEST.—A SONNET.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Methought, as I did walk a crystall wall,
  Translucent in the hue of rosy morn,
  And saw Eurydice from Orpheus torn,
Lift her white brow from out its heavy pall,
With sweet lips echoing his melodious call
  And following him, love-led and music borne.
  A sharp and broken cry—and she was gone!
Thou fairest grief—thou saddest type of all
  Our sorrowing kind, O lost Eurydice!
Thy deathful cry thrilled in mine every vein
  When Orpheus turned him back, thus losing thee:
His broken lute and melancholy plain
All time prolongs—the still unceasing flow
Of unavailing grief, and a regretful woe.

Editor's Studio.

OUR NATIONAL DESTINY.

THE continent will be ours. Our present national system is but a nucleus, to which the neighboring States and provinces, now existing in almost chaotic confusion, attracted by the sure law of political gravitation, will successively cohere, and form an aggregate whole. From the Pole to the Isthmus, and from ocean to ocean, this vast territorial expanse is destined to become one national jurisdiction, bound together and cemented by a unity of interest, of language and laws. This announcement is not an ebulition of patriotic enthusiasm; nor is it a hasty conclusion, from a partial view of the subject, but a calm, philosophical deduction from uniform historical precedents and well considered analogies.

In tracing our brief history from the first settlement of Virginia by a feeble colony, in the year 1607, and the settlement of Massachusetts by a still less numerous colony in 1620, the prominent characteristic of our parent stock exhibits itself in a ceaseless and successful struggle for territorial acquisition and national aggrandizement. If we look a little further back upon our geneological line for the development of this distinguishing national trait, we find our ancestors of the fifth century a feeble band from Saxony, a northern province of Germany, first landing upon the shores of England. From that moment their aggressive course has been steadily onward, until they may truly boast "that the sun never sets upon their empire." Our fathers in this country, for the first century, made comparatively slow progress. The difficulties they had to encounter were almost insurmountable. The land upon which they entered, and, so far as they were able to penetrate during that entire period, the whole continent was covered with gigantic forests, and was inhabited by treacherous and hostile savages. A less enduring race would have fallen before resisting obstacles and would have perished from the earth. But the Saxon faith and energy, and self-reliance and indomitable perseverance, proved equal to the emergency. In spite of savage ferocity and towering forests and resisting elements they made steady advances onward. By slow degrees, as their numbers and facilities increased, their progress was somewhat accelerated until nearly the close of the last century, when, with almost superhuman effort, they burst asunder the aggressive ties of the mother country, assumed an independent position and commenced a separate national existence. Thenceforward our advance has been in a progressively increasing ratio, until our national prestige is equal to that of any other people on the globe. Our population numbers 30,000,000; our territorial extent exceeds 3,000,000 square miles; our agricultural, manufacturing and commercial wealth compare favorably with that of other nations, while in acknowledged enterprise and progressive march we outstrip any nation of either ancient or modern times. In all the elements of national power and wealth, we are now increasing more rapidly than at any former period of our history.

Where and when shall we stop? Do the events of the last few years indicate a surfeit of territorial absorption? Is there anything in the present aspect of the political horizon that discloses a purpose to moderate our desires, and settle down content with our present acquisitions? The furthest from it possible. Enterprise, progress, and national aggrandizement, are the normal conditions of our Anglo-Saxon race, and never had these elements so rich a field in which to exhibit this illimitable influence. They grow and expand by success, and defeat only stimulates more determined effort. Such are our past history and present position, and I must confess I see no other barrier than a continuous ocean frontier to arrest our ambitious course in the march of empire.

In examining this subject and forming conclusions, we have aimed to do so independent of any questions of moral ethics or political expediency—looking merely at the facts and circumstances and results in their several relations, as we would reason from cause to effect in the solution of a philosophical problem. In other words, we have endeavored to ascertain what will be and not what ought to be, for "will be," and "ought to be" are not always convertible terms. The justice or expediency in each individual case will doubtless present complex questions of absorbing interest to the moralist and statesman. Such has hitherto been the case; but while these worthies have been gravely chopping logic and arousing the sympathies of their fellow men, the current of events has usually drifted the matter beyond their jurisdiction, and the sword of destiny has severed the gordian knot they had vainly endeavored to untie. Thus rolls onward, with resistless force and progressively accumulating volume, the flood-tide of our territorial exten-

sion. By conquest, by purchase, and by voluntary submission, States and Territories are rapidly extending the boundaries of our domain.

Nations, no less than individuals, are the subjects of moral responsibility, and suffer the just penalties of any violation of the great principles of truth and justice that should underlie and sustain all our acts, whether national, social or personal. This truth has already been illustrated in our own political history, and manifold chastisements doubtless await us, both for past and future transgressions. I cherish, however, a patriotic faith in the merciful dispensations of the good Providence which has hitherto guided and preserved us, that our nationality will not be forfeited, nor our successful career arrested, till we shall have fully tested the great truths of "freedom, equality and self-government," which it is manifestly our glorious mission to establish.

Our present limits embrace but little more than one-third of the continent and three-fifths of its population, the whole area being seven and a half millions of square miles; and the entire population fifty millions. According to this programme, our young but mighty nation, not yet one century from her birth, but already without a compeer in the extent and richness of her commerce, rivaling in physical power the leading nations of Europe, and exciting by her progress the envy of the world, has just entered upon her historical career of future greatness and renown. That there are manifold and appalling difficulties to be encountered in her future course, it were folly to deny. New questions, of great practical moment and unforeseen contingencies, will arise to test the sagacity of her wisest councillors and ablest statesmen. She will often suffer embarrassment and be betrayed into temporary retribution by the perfidy of the pusilanimous, the mercenary, or the aspiring among her own trusted leaders. The conflicting interests and jealousies of rival nations will sometimes show their malign influence by artful intrigues or hostile resistance. Such casualties are the common lot of nations.

The prevailing policy for us to pursue with regard to the neighboring nations on this continent is manifestly one of "masterly inactivity." They will eventually extricate themselves from their present oppressive alliances and domestic grievances, and, like fruit fully ripe, will drop spontaneously into our lap. Mexico and the Central American States may now be said to be in a process of transition. A perpetual prey to intestine broils, devastating revolutions and mutual invasions, they must soon find relief and security by merging their individuality under our national escutcheon. With a watchful care on our part to secure them against European entanglements, their speedy and fortunate destiny is certain. The inhabitants of the Gulf islands are also in a state of restless commotion and will only find repose under the protective ægis of the American eagle. The colonial European dependencies on our northern border, with a sparse population, but whose territorial limits embrace more than one half the continent, have long felt their humiliating position as the servants of foreign masters and subject to foreign rule. They, too, are of the Anglo-Saxon race, and that they will ere long find means to extricate themselves from a degrading vassalage, no one can doubt who appreciates the dignity of the race. Their ultimate destination is not to maintain separate nationalities on our border, subject to such imposition as more powerful nations always find excuse to practice on their weaker neighbors, but to establish their equality with us by becoming a part and parcel of the ever glorious "*unum e pluribus.*"

It is not our purpose to attempt to show the time or the manner by detail or in general of the consummation of these respective results. The instrumentalities and influences to be put in requisition, the issues to be joined, the struggles to be endured, the sectional and partisan jealousies and personal treacheries to be encountered, will, doubtless, afford ample material for a humiliating page in our future history; and yet the strength and practical wisdom of our institutions will stand vindicated before the world, as sufficient in any crisis and against any assault to sustain the interests and hopes of the republic.

The distinguishing feature of our government is a tower of strength and a perpetual bond of union. No form of government possesses so much vitality, or affords so sure a guarantee against revolution and dismemberment, as that where the people retain the sovereign power in their own hands, and delegate to their official servants such authority only as they may find necessary for temporary and specific purposes. Where the sovereignty and the physical power remain in the same hands and are equally distributed among all classes—where the subjects and the sovereigns are the same parties—there can be little danger of such a collision as will permanently arrest the healthful action of the system in all its functions and throughout its entire extent.

We see no force in the oft-repeated suggestion, that "our system is weakened by territorial expansion and the multiplicity of its interests." The greater the diversity, the stronger is the system bound together by a mutual interchange of commodities, and the less likely is any one interest to aspire to an odious dictatorial ascendancy. While the subjects of hereditary rule are often pitted against each other and their empire bartered away or dismembered to suit the interest, the caprice or the necessities of reigning monarchs, the sovereign people of our republic are susceptible of no such influences and exposed to no such emergencies. They have their favorite official servants whom they delight to honor and whom they cheerfully follow, so long as their course is marked by wisdom and justice. But any deviation from that course, whether to the right hand in obedience to the promptings of ambition, or to the left hand in pursuit of mercenary objects, forfeits the confidence of their constituency and renders them powerless to do evil. There are eminent instances in our brief history strikingly illustrative of this truth.

The republics of Athens and Rome are often cited as ominous precedents in the pathway of our national course, and we are admonished that territorial extension was the treacherous shoal on which they respectively wrecked, bearing with them the interests of liberty, of civilization, of science and the hopes of the world. Those at all conversant with the history of these ancient republics need scarcely be reminded of the utter irrelevancy of the precedents. Athens and Rome were respectively great metropolitan cities, whose republican institutions were confined mainly within their own walls, but who sent forth large armies to subdue neighboring nations, making their prisoners slaves, and ruling their subjugated provinces by mercenary and tyrrannical satraps and proconsuls. It was the outside pressure of these subjugated colonial dependencies, who were allowed no participation in the government, that corrupted and finally overwhelmed their imperious masters in a common ruin. Although republics, there is scarcely a shade of analogy between their institutions and ours, and yet they produced many magnificent fruits worthy of a better system and a more protracted national history.

Our past history presents not a single incident premonitory of an early doom. Temporary excitements, sectional jealousies, and even local outbreaks, have sometimes disturbed the repose and excited the apprehensions of the timid, but these slight convulsions have been found the healthful action of a sound constitution to throw off some disturbing element and secure immunity from more serious maladies. Like thunder in a murky atmosphere, they are purifying and salubrious. The disturbing causes have been the efforts of crafty politicians to obstruct the regular operation of the system or to pervert its action to the accomplishment of sinister purposes. The actors have fallen victims to their crafty designs, while the great republican car has moved on in its wonted course, bearing no trace of the perfidy of its conductors.

We ask again, with the earnestness of more intense conviction, "Where shall our career of territorial aggrandizement terminate?" It is the type of our national character! It is engraven on our past history! It is congenial with our political organization! It is opportune to the condition and propitious to the interests of the whole continent! And, with reverence be it said, so far as human sagacity can penetrate, it is in harmony with the dispensations and an accomplishment of the purposes of the Deity!

These facts and deductions justify no filibustering schemes, encourage no violation of international law, and countenance no infraction of the solemn faith of treaties. On the contrary, their legitimate effect is to preclude the use of all unjust or violent means to precipitate events which are sure to transpire in the ordinary course of our national progress. Their practical lesson to statesmen is to interpose no obstacles, and to inaugurate no general policy tending to contravene this final result. The laws of social, civil and national progress, like physical laws, may be momentarily retarded, but finally rush to their consummation with accumulated force; and the tardy statesman who fails to recognize the tendencies and spirit of the age is no less likely to become its victim than the headlong enthusiast, or the most daring and unscrupulous filibuster, who would accelerate its progress.

In the light of these remarks, the history, geography, position and resources of our neighbors become matters of no ordinary interest. To supply the requisite material, which now exists in no convenient form accessible to the public, the writer proposes to prepare a series of papers containing as much specific information as is compatible with their interest for popular reading, avoiding, at the same time, as far as possible, the dry details of figures and statistics.

WOMEN AND POLITICS.

A GREAT deal of ink has been shed within a few years past in discussing the vexed question of "woman's rights," and a large portion of that ink, it seems to us, has been wasted. Most of the writers on these subjects reason from assumed facts which do not exist, or draw fallacious inferences from admitted premises. Nobody, or not one in a thousand, in this enlightened age, and this enlightened country, is opposed to woman's rights. On the abstract question the vote would be unanimous in favor of all the rights which belong to woman as well as man. But these rights cannot be separated from questions of expediency, propriety and practical import, and upon these there may be differences of opinion, because the subjects are not well and clearly understood. One of our cotemporaries (the Dispatch) has an article on the exercise of political rights by women, so sensible, clear and well-reasoned that we are disposed to adopt it in these pages, as follows:

"Of late years quite a number of the opposite sex have joined in the cry for an acknowledgmnt of the political rights of women. Feeling the common pressure of political usurpation in all the departments of life, they have fancied that they alone were the sufferers, and that all the difficulty is owing to the non-acknoledgment of woman's political equality with man. Hence it is concluded that if she were allowed to have a voice in Government affairs, all the evils flowing out of the political institutions of the country would be remedied.

"Little does that woman know and appreciate the true relations of her sex, and the dignity of true womanhood, who is led astray by any such superficial sophistry. In the first place, it is evident that if she should join in politics, the general result of an election would still be the same as it is now. More votes, say twice as many, would be cast, but the position of parties would remain unchanged, as the female mind of the country would be divided about the same as the male on any general question, as it is now. True, some wives would vote differently from their husbands; but as all husbands do not belong to the same party in politics, the wife that voted against her husband would vote with some other woman's husband, while the wife of the latter would vote with the former, and thus one vote neutralize the other, having no effect whatever on the general result.

"Thus no good would result from the exercise of the elective franchise by women, while the political broils it would add to the already too many family jars, would convert the family circle into a perfect hell-upon-earth. If husbands treat their wives brutally now, they would treat them much more so when they came to be pitted against each other in politics. 'But,' says the quick-witted termagant, 'we would see that laws were passed to prevent such brutality!' Now, admitting for the nonce that laws to prevent brutality on the part of the husband would be passed, the question at once arises, Who would enforce those laws? We see now that there are many laws on our statute books that are a dead letter, because they are not or cannot be enforced. Is it to be presumed that laws would be any more promptly and strictly enforced, if women were permitted to have a voice in making them? If not, what reliance could woman place on mere statutes to protect her from brutality! The mere passage of a law does no good, while every law on the statute book that remains unenforced helps to destroy all respect for law, and to show how worse than useless a law is if there is not the power to execute it. Something, then, besides the passage of laws is demanded.

"But it may be argued that a law to prevent husbands from brutally treating their wives—and, it should be added, other female political opponents—*would be* enforced, for the reason that the women would all be united on that point, and gain the support of all good husbands. Precisely so; and they would have to depend on the support of the good husbands for the passage of the law, if it were passed; otherwise there would be a mere antagonism of sexes, neutralizing the political influences of both; whereas, so far as physical force is concerned, the males would have the advantage.

"It appears, therefore, that all success would depend upon the liberality of the better portion of the male sex, if women were allowed to vote. Then why not leave it all to their liberality, without endeavoring to crowd into the political arena? Woman is sustained in her rational demands by all liberal-minded men now. She would be no better off if she voted, for she would gain no additional support by it, while the opposition would be all the more determined and positive. It is nonsense to suppose that her sex would be any more united on *measures*, however well they might be on *principles*, than they are now; for all the differences of parties are on measures instead of principles. They all agree that republican principles are right, all the difference arising as to the best means or measures for carrying out those principles; and. as we have shown, the minds of the females would be divided about the same

as the males on any general question, which would continue the results the same as they are now, only increasing the number of votes polled. So, after all, it would rest with the most advanced male minds, as it does now, unless there should arise a general war between the sexes, in which event women would be the sufferers.

"After all, then, the condition of the community, and consequently the acknowledgment of the rights of both sexes, depends, not upon the number of votes, but upon the character of the voters—upon their intelligence and moral purity. Is it to be presumed that, as a general rule, the females are more intelligent and morally pure than are the males? We do not see anything in society to warrant any such conclusion. On the contrary, their conditions appear to exactly correspond, and their advancement appears to be of equal pace. In truth, it is impossible for one to rise above or sink below the other, for the sexes are indissolubly bound together by the laws of nature, and must sink or swim, rise or fall together; if this were not so, barbarous ages would long since have exterminated the weaker.

"The mutual dependence of the sexes on each other makes the interests of both identical; an injustice to one is an injustice to the other. Hence it is proper that the family should have but one voice, and nature everywhere pronounces the male the representative of the race. All families should agree and desire but one voice. Nature designed that they should agree. If they do not then there is something unnatural about the union, which is difficult enough to be peaceably continued under the most favorable circumstances, and must inevitably be rent asunder if the torpedo of politics is introduced. Domestic harmony, the welfare of both sexes, and especially of the rising generation, cries out against woman's entering the political arena.

"Politics are corrupting and degrading. All political institutions are necessary evils, founded on the inharmonies instead of the harmonies of human nature. Hence it is that we so seldom see a man retain his honesty and purity after entering the political ranks. The angularities and inharmonies of the political world leave no room for the exercise of conscience or honesty; for the vitality of politics results from the antagonisms and not from harmonious coöperations. Violence must be met by violence; treachery must be overcome by treachery; sophistry must be met by sophistry; and perversion must be counteracted by perversion. In short, the whole system appears little else than the scheming of devils for supremacy and dominion, and generally the most unscrupulous and infamous come out triumphant.

"For woman to enter the political arena, therefore, would be to drag her down and develop all the worst points of her nature, if she did not at once become so disgusted as to fly from the political leper as from a devouring dragon. It would place her on a par with the nymph of the pave and the mistress of the blackleg. It is all nonsense to talk of elevating politics, for that which is based upon evil cannot be elevated; hence all engaged in it must be dragged down to it. Woman, to be a politician, must become what male politicians are now. The rivalry and ambition engendered render it inevitable; for the parties engaged are not content to use gloves, any more than the professional boxers at a prize fight; and as females sometimes attend and enjoy the brutal exhibition of the ring, so would woman soon learn to enjoy the excitement, treachery, etc., of the political contest—and to enjoy is to become involved, degraded, and lost to higher virtues.

"Thus degraded, as the mother of future voters she would not only educate and encourage them in the tricks and triumphs of politics, but impress upon their very lives, from the moment of conception, the spirit of the evil influences surrounding and moving her. We should soon have nothing but a nation of politicians, as Greece and Rome degenerated to a nation of mere warriors, preying upon and devouring each other. Every generation would be a decline on that preceding it, descending from bad to worse, till came the misery and destruction that overtook the nations of old.

"Oh! little does woman know what she asks for, when she asks to be admitted into the political arena. She desires bread, but she asks for a viper; she desires peace, but she asks for contention; she desires a closer union, as man's equal and companion, but she asks for division and a condition which will exhibit, by the strongest contrast, her weakness in an unequal contest.

"Yes, woman desires and deserves a closer union with man. Nature designed that the sexes should be harmoniously united and dependent on each other—that they should mutually find their happiness in a closer and a holier union of their interests and natures. Hence, the nearer the sexes are together, the more they depend on each other—the nearer they are to, and the more they depend on, God

and Nature; and the less they depend on each other, the further they are apart; the less they depend on Nature, the further they are from God and Heaven—from oneness, harmony and happiness.

"But they can never be united in politics—they can never form a closer union on an inharmonious basis. The proper point of union is the social and family circle, around the fireside. Let woman not entertain degrading desires to mingle in the distracting sphere of politics, but rather aspire to making home attractive and happy, harmonious and heavenly. The domestic sphere is hers, and here she can reign supreme, exceptional cases to the contrary notwithstanding. She is dependent on the intelligence and morality of the voters for the acknowledgment of her political rights. Let her remember that she gives birth to and rears these voters, and strive to impress on their minds the beauties and sweetness of woman's nature—her best claims to love and respect. Let her own thoughts be pure and just, and she will impress these attributes upon the nature of her unborn child. Then let her educate him, as did the mother of Washington, in all the ways of temperance, uprightness, nobleness and true affection; and, our word and the eternal laws of cause and effect for it, she will not have labored in vain. But a few generations will pass away before society will be redeemed, woman will have all the rights and liberties she desires, and the distracting and delusive dream of politics will be no more."

BOOK-MAKING.

Little is done at present in this line of enterprise—the market, as we have before said, having been overstocked the last two seasons. Much that has appeared from the American press has been of so mediocre a character, and of such equivocal moral tendency, that a wholesome distrust has been engendered, which will be felt for some time to come—a distrust not partial but pervading the whole reading community. Inordinate puffing has done its work, and must now be silent, for the very fact that a book needs so much laudation creates a doubt as to its merits.

We observe many of the publishing houses have turned their attention to the reprinting of old works, or those already known and accepted as of literary or scientific value. The Harpers have recently republished the writings of De Tocqueville, and Grote's History of Greece, and others of valuable import. The Rise of the Dutch Republic has all the vividness and interest of a grand dramatic spectacle, and is an important acquisition to American literature.

Derby & Jackson are publishing a library of standard fiction, from old and classical authors. We observe on their list many a name which in our childhood put the blood astir. There are the works of Miss Porter, the Scottish Chiefs and Thadeus of Warsaw—books read with avidity, amid showers of tears, making the heart better without detriment to the head. We confess we had an affinity for the deep pathos, and stirring life thus delineated, when we felt as if some heroic field must hereafter open for ourselves, and aid us to do and dare great things for loyal love and bleeding country.

Here, too, we find the "Children of the Abby," by Regina Maria Roche. We have seen this book in every out-of-the-way place, lying in elegant gilt upon the ladies' table, the tears it called forth displaced by handkerchief of lace and broidery, and again tucked under the chair cushion of the seamstress who read it by stealth; or, perhaps, coverless and greasy, hidden under the cupboard shelf to be brought forth at intervals and fan into temporary life a spark of romance in the tender bosom of the cook, in her intervals of baking, roast, or fry. This wondrous tale of love is almost universal in its expression of the tender passion.

Anna Radcliffe, too, with her weird, unearthly tales, and her mastery over the passion of terror. Our very hair is standing upon end now, in memory of the times when our teeth chattered, and cold chills shook us like an ague while we read her wizard tales. Horace Walpole, Monk Lewis, and even Allston, with his terrible Monaldi, all of the same school, were inferior in sustained interest and dramatic effect to this remarkable writer.

We see Fielding's works are a feature in the series, which would by no means be complete without those of Richardson, which were in fact the basis of our present school of moral fiction. Without Richardson it is doubtful if Fielding had ever written. The virtuous Joseph of Fielding being designed as the counterpart of the "virtuous Pamela" of Richardson. Dickens is but an enlargement of this old school of fiction, divested of the grossness which was characteristic of the times in which they wrote, but which happily would not be tolerated in this era.

Gil Blas, Don Quixotte, Roderick Random, Humphrey Clinker, Sterne and Swift, so indispensable to the libraries of our grandfathers,

are hardly known to the ordinary reader; Addison and Goldsmith are all essential to the student of the "well of English undefiled." We are glad to see a library edition of these English classics advertised by this house. It has long been difficult to procure copies in our bookstores.

The most attractive book of the season, however, will be the beautiful work about to be issued by Derby & Jackson, entitled the Court of Napoleon, or Society under the First Emperor. It would be difficult to imagine a more magnificent period than the one selected for this work. Napoleon, the wonderful man of all times, surrounded by a group of women, whose beauty and genius can scarcely be equaled in any other age. The work comprises sixteen steel engravings of the most distinguished women of the age, from portraits of the originals. These engravings are each of them colored by the hand, thereby producing not only valuable historic prints, but exquisite specimens of art. We have one of these portraits hanging in our sanctum, representing Madame Roland, as she sits with her arms folded, evidently listening to some inspired Girondist, who, with her, discusses the great hopes of a new era of liberty and equality. The face is supremely beautiful in its calm intellectualism—the eye looks out clear and tender, like that of a far-seeing prophetess, but the clasp of the arms indicates a subdued force. It is the woman who utters her oracles with the sad foreboding of a Cassandra, seeing the fearful gulf to which the madness of the revolution is about to consign her. It is a picture full of pathos, and we place it beside our Joan of Ark.

The price of this splendid work is fifteen dollars, which is a low sum, hardly equal to the value of the portraits alone.

INTENSITY OF SEEING AND HEARING.

We know but little of the wonderful acuteness of which these senses are capable under some conditions of our physicial system. There are well-attested instances of a person in a high state of nervous disease, seeing everything around him with perfect distinctness, and even with painful intensity, in a room so entirely dark that the ordinary vision could not discern the least gleam of light. There are also recorded instances of a similar intensity of the sense of hearing. It was said of the great philosopher Pythagoras, that he became so spiritualized that he actually heard "the music of the spheres" as they rolled in harmonious concert through infinite space,

> "Singing forever as they shine,
> The hand that made us is Divine."

In the progress of the human race man may yet perhaps come to perceive a literal instead of a figurative meaning in the beautiful scriptural allusion to the period in creation when "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

A remarkable case of intensity of hearing is recorded in the Journal of Psychological Medicine as follows:

"During the hallucinations produced by taking the Indian hemp (*Cannabis Indica*) the intensity of the sense of sound is most striking. The celebrated Theodore Gaultier related to Dr. Moreau, in poetic language, which it is hopeless to attempt to translate, so as to give an idea of the style of this highly imaginative author, the sensations produced. He says that his 'sense of hearing was prodigiously developed. I actually heard the noise of colors—green, red, blue, yellow sounds reached me in waves perfectly distinct. A glass overthrown, the creaking of a footstool, a word pronounced low, vibrated and shook me like peals of thunder; my own voice appeared to me so loud that I dared not speak, for fear of shattering the walls around me or of making me burst like an explosive shell; more than five hundred clocks sang out the hour with a harmonious, silver sound; every sonorous subject sounded like the ote of a harmonica or the Æolian harp. I swam or floated in an ocean of sound.' Such is the exaggerated language which has been employed by an individual whose taste and enjoyment of music have redered his criticism on that art so much sought after."

THE FINE ARTS.

New York is at present favored with some of the most remarkable works of art which our era has produced. We allude to the three great pictures by Martin, representing "The Day of Wrath," "The Last Judgment," and "The Plains of Heaven." Those who have read the "Dies Irae," that most striking of Latin poems, which has been paraphrased in a variety of ways, and may be found in our common hymn books, beginning with,

> "That awful day will surely come," &c.,

cannot fail of being deeply impressed with the solemn grandeur of this work of art. We found ourselves repeating unawares:

> "Dies irae! dies illa!
> Salvet saeclum in favilla;
> Testa David cum Sibylla."

There is so little in this picture and yet so much. It is a wonderful triumph of color, of light and shade. Vast and indistinct images, toppling rocks and deep chasms, columns riven, arches broken and distorted—all is indistinct except one vivid bolt of light which seems to have crushed and uprooted the firm earth;

this slender line of light tells with terrible power. Less is said to the senses in this picture than is suggested to the mind.

The Day of Judgment is more distinct and expressive. The artist has followed the apocalyptic vision of St. John, presenting the great white throne, the beatified elders with harps and palms, the crowned martyrs, and the worshipping angelic hosts, with their radient wings and insignia of office. To the right we have the destroying angel hurling himself downward, armed with fiery bolts, before whom principalities and powers are cut down. Here the artist has exhausted, as it were, the capabilities of coloring to produce striking effects of contrast and harmony. The opposite side are the army of reformers who have given their testimony to the truth. These are apparently portraits, but the group by no means adds to the interest of the work. Indeed, we object entirely to this matter-of-fact feature. Grand as are the ideas suggested by these worthies in an historic and progressive point of view, they are misplaced in a work like the one under consideration. They take the observer at once from the realms of idealism into one of common-place. We leave the possible for the actual—the symbolic for the real—the unknown for the known. We are let down suddenly, with no gradation, from the sublime hights of the imagination to the struggling arena of human experience. We have been lifted into companionship with angels and archangels, amid waving palms and golden harps; and all at once we are startled with suggestions of big wigs and dry polemics, and dull monks and beastly friars, with all the paraphernalia of miserable officials and bloated secretaries; the trump of the archangel is exchanged for the bell of the court clerk.

The Plains of Heaven is one of the most exquisite of human creations—fresh, dewy, glowing and harmonious. Young children disport themselves in amaranthine bowers; airy spirits float through the aromas of paradisaical rivers, flowing from the fountain of life,

"Fast by the oracles of God,"

onward with an ever-deepening stream, amid groves of undying fruitage, vistas of ever-revealing beauty, and under skies which have no need of sun or moon or any star, for "the Lord God is the light thereof." The artist has painted his own mental state in this glowing creation of spiritual intimation. He needs no biographer after this. Many may have seen glories akin to these in the "mind's eye," but to make the hand obedient to the soul-seen revelation is one of the rarest triumphs of great genius.

Martin is always remarkable for the grandeur of his conceptions. In these great works he has not struck out any new field, it is true. He has followed the written word almost with servility, but his achievements are still wonderful. If he has not created, if he has brought no new element in aid of onward art, he is so grand and so beautiful in presenting the old idea that we almost hail it as new.

We understand subscriptions are at once to be opened for the purpose of having these pictures engraved in this country. Surely our people, rich and munificent always to high art, will be ready to swell the list. Indeed, the future artist is to look to our free institutions and liberal expenditure for his best and most reliable patronage.

A GLANCE ALL ROUND.

Instead of the whole world settling down in peace after the late treaty of Paris, at the close of the Russian war, all the world seems to be in incipient commotion, preparatory for further troubles. The unnatural alliance between England and France is pronounced in some quarters to be a mere rope of sand, soon to drop to pieces. The *Moniteur*, the Government organ at Paris, took occasion lately to rebuke rather severely the English papers for the freedom of their remarks on French affairs, intimating that such a course by the English press would endanger the existing alliance between the two countries. To this the English papers replied with a good deal of spirit and independence, and the London Times with so much force and bitterness that it was excluded from circulation in France by order of the Emperor. There are various indications, not only of the probable close of the alliance between England and France, but also of new alliances secretly forming. It appears not improbable that in the new movements on the political chess-board of Europe, France and Russia will join hands on one part, and England, Austria and Prussia on the other. It is alleged that there is a secret understanding between England and Austria to this effect already. The English fleet yet lingers in the Black Sea, and the Austrian papers find no fault with this delay, but liberally suggest that England doubtless has good reasons for not withdrawing her fleet at present. On the other hand the Austrian army still delays to evacuate the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, and the English press finds no fault, but thinks it quite probable that the Cabinet of

Vienna may have good reasons for its course. On these matters the Paris correspondent of the London Times, who is generally considered well posted in public affairs, speaks as follows:

"Whether well founded or not, the opinion is very general, that not only does there exist a serious difference between France and England, on more than one point, but also that the latter has been completely reconciled to Austria, and that the former is now on more than friendly terms with Russia; and the Austrians in Paris boast that it is not possible for two cabinets to be on more amicable terms than those of Vienna and London. That a corresponding sentiment prevails between Russia and France is equally believed, and a certain ex-minister of Louis Philippe is said to have recently offered to wager a reasonable sum that England and Austria on one hand, and Russia and France on the other, would soon be more openly hostile. In all these predictions, the wish, no doubt, is father to the thought. If these statements are to be believed, the same rivalry that formerly existed between the French and English Embassadors at Constantinople is revived, owing to the alarming progress of French influence, obtained by their great tolerance in Turkish affairs. Lord Stratford demanded and received unlimited powers; it being evident that France had the support of Russia, of course England accepted the co-operation of Austria. Again, in the Neapolitan question, France has been equally all along disposed to act, in this matter also, with extreme forbearance, in comparison with the more decided policy of England."

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily News corroborates these opinions as follows:

"At the risk of uttering what the Moniteur may perhaps denounce as an 'odious calumny,' I feel it an imperative duty to say emphatically that, instead of being in harmonious relations, the cabinets of London and Paris are at this moment at daggers drawn. The difference between them on the question of the execution of the treaty of Paris is most serious, and, as to what is to be done with Naples, they are absolutely at sixes and sevens. The French Government, I learn from a good source, is apprehensive that England may be driven to occupy the Island of Sicily, in order, in case of a convulsion in Europe, to give her a *point d'appui* equal to that which France and Austria have acquired heretofore for themselves by their respective occupations of Rome and Lombardy. I really cannot explain the approximation of the English cabinet toward the policy of Austria but by the conjecture that diplomatists must have reasons of which the public are ignorant to suspect a secret alliance between France and Russia. I observe that The Nord, the Russian organ at Brussels, speaks now in almost identical terms with the French Government journals of the questions on which the French and English Govrernments are understood to differ."

The elements of revolution are showing themselves in various parts of Europe. The secret societies in France still keep the Government on the alert, and many arrests continue to be made. Spain is by no means tranquil under the new order of things, and the popular party are openly discussing the question of compelling the Queen to abdicate. Italy is waiting and hoping for a demonstration against Naples by the English fleet, to afford an opportunity for a general revolution. It is stated that the Italian refugees have suddenly disappeared from Switzerland, and it is supposed they are secretly organizing their respective States for the expected struggle for Italian independence.

The affairs of Mexico and Central America are very complicated and unsettled. Mexico is still threatened with a hostile visit from both an English and a Spanish fleet, to enforce the payment of debts due to the subjects of England and Spain. The internal affairs of Mexico are also still unsettled.

New Grenada, the southern State of Central America, is in more immediate trouble, the English West India squadron having been already ordered to her coast to enforce the payment of old claims of about half a million of dollars, called the Mackintosh claim, which originated more than thirty years ago. Late diplomatic efforts to effect the payment having failed, the English Chargé at Bogota broke off his relations with the Government, and informed the authorities that they would soon have an opportunity to settle "at the Cap'n's office," for the British fleet on the West India station had already been ordered to the waters of New Grenada.

Our own country, it is to be hoped, may have peace and rest for a time, now that the Presidential election is over. Mr. Buchanan is elected, and therefore we suppose the Hotspurs of the South will postpone their secession movement and the setting up of a new Government for four years longer. And the North never having threatened secession, let who would be President, we may expect the Union to hang together for some time yet. Then let us shake hands all round, and renew the patriotic sentiment of Daniel Webster, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." It was a grand, a sublime spectacle, which this Republic exhibited on the 4th of November. On this subject we are disposed to quote some well-timed and worthy reflections of the Cincinnati Times, immediately after the election.

The American Republic presented on Tuesday last (Nov 4) the noblest spectacle on earth. From the pine-clad hills of Maine to the sparkling sands of the golden State, from Virginia's ancient coast to the wilds of Oregon, through many variations of climate, soil and custom, we beheld the citizens of our mighty nation, moven as by some mysterious impulse, gathering from their homes and quietly exercising that inestimable privilege which is the glorious inheritance of every American! No nation of antiquity could boast a scene like this; and, as we ponder over the records of mighty empires now overthrown, we search in vain for the page which tells of free untrammeled suffrage.

Poised in imagination above the American Confederacy and gazing with the spirit's mysterious eye over the whole Union, how wonderful the view! We behold the nation's heart throbbing with unnatural excitement. In great cities we see tumult and strife. Business is suspended, and for one day the money-grasping zeal of the American people is suffered to relax. In different portions of the Union how adverse the spectacle! Among the hills of New England we note a stern, sober, hard-working population, whose natures yet bear the puritanical impress. They are earnest, but not excited; for the fires of the Northern heart are slow to kindle. Sometimes it is distempered by fanaticism, but such cases are not long in working out their own radical cure In the Middle States the scene varies. In the assembled masses we notice symptoms of excitement There is a vigorous war of words, and the minds of men seem to lack that quiet balance which pervades the Northern heart. Glance over the South, and the change is more striking Wild excitement is let loose. The human temper is like the climate under which it thrives, cold or hot. There is a want of moderation. Men wrangle with each other, and bloodshed is not rare. Here prejudice is carried to its utmost limit. But all are intent upon the same object, and a kindred tone pervades each section of our land.

Westward, over the prairies and broad rivers, we turn our gaze. Here the eye wanders over fertile fields and homes blessed with plenty. These characteristics bespeak a people of warm hearts and impulsive natures. Their ideas are generous and full, like their wide manors covered with the farmer's hope. Rude, perhaps, but full of frankness, is the Western nature, and in such natures the love of home, and country, and friends is always strong

Turn now our vision across the vast solitudes of the Far West, toward the setting sun. Upon the bleak coast of the North-west behold the germ of civilization struggling with savage life. Slowly the wilderness gives way, and the Anglo-Saxon arm crushes out the fading rays of aboriginal power Far away from the haunts of refinement and the blessings of civilized life, the inhabitants of this primitive region are still our brethren, and to-day they participate in the same privileges that we enjoy. The hunter leaves his chase, the fisherman his bark, the miner his spade, and around some rough cabin a motley group boast of their rights in this "land of the free and the home of the brave."

Yes, all this vast expanse of territory, these countless villages, and all these appliances of civilized life are ours; and, more than these, the beautiful system of government under which such blessings thrive and mature is ours also; ours to protect or destroy; ours to cherish or barter away, like foolish children playing with some precious gem of whose value they have no conception.

The mighty exhibition which we witnessed yesterday is one of the attributes of our free institutions. Four millions of voters, representing twenty-five millions of people, give utterance through the ballot-box to the wishes of the national heart. It is no decree from the hand of an Emperor; no mandate which ignorant vassals hasten to obey. It is rather the great manifestation of the American mind, as developed by the ennobling influence of free institutions.

The right of suffrage is not sufficiently valued by the American people. Indeed, we are apt as a nation to think lightly of our liberties, and to forget the eight years of war and suffering endured by our fathers. Heaven forbid the increase of this feeling in the American heart, for with its growth shall the spirit of liberty decline. In exercising the right of suffrage yesterday we trust every good citizen acted in a patriotic and conscientious manner, for upon the head of each voter rests a portion of the nation's weal or wo. We are a great, happy and glorious nation, with a noble destiny before us, if we but preserve our free institutions, and, as God was with our fathers, so may he be with us!

ART, SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

Nautical Beacon.—Another invention has been brought forward for preventing marine disasters. It consists in employing a hollow vertical cylinder, to the head of which is attached a loud whistle, or a number of whistles. This cylinder is secured upon dangerous parts of the coasts, and is operated by the undulations of the waves or swells of the sea, and as every wave approaches sends forth a sound similar to the whistle of the ordinary steam-engine. This whistle can be heard at a sufficient distance to warn the commanders of vessels of the danger to which they are subject. Sonorific indicators of this kind are easily erected, and permanently secured by an arrangement of mechanism made use of by the inventor, so as to withstand the most furious breakers, or resist masses of floating ice. Beacons of different sounds are placed upon different parts of the coast, so that special points of danger will be made known by the peculiar sounds. The whistles are so arranged that some of them will be operated by a wave three or four inches high, while others will require more force to blow them, and will be heard at a distance of four or more miles.

Manufacture of Mirrors.—Of the metals which are suitable for mirrors it is found that the hardest of a white color are the best. Platina is preferable to all others on this account, but this metal was not known to the ancients. Steel also gives a fine luster, but is liable to tarnish and rust, no traces of steel mirrors exist in the past. Silver was formerly in general use for this purpose, on account of its being the most durable of all the unmixed metals, and also held a fine polish; the finest silver was used in the manufacture, and the mirrors were made of solid pieces at first; but in time other metals were covered with a thin coat of silver, thereby lessening the expense. Mirrors were also formerly made of an alloy of tin and copper, and polished stones—the absidion, or modern Icelandic agate—were employed by the ancients for this purpose. Glass mirrors were introduced in the thirteenth century. There is an old German art which consists in blowing into the glass, while hot, a metallic mixture, with a little resin or salts of tartar, which prevents oxydation and assists the fusion. Foreigners sought to learn this process for a long time, but in vain. It was called the art of preparing mirrors without fail. Mirrors at the present day have apparently reached their highest point of perfection. Glasses are cast without a flaw or spot to tarnish them, and of a size almost surprising. In 1693 Thevart commenced the manufacture of mirrors at Paris. This manufactory was afterward removed to St. Gobin, in Picardy; it gives employment at present to over eight hundred workmen.

The Odometer.—An apparatus for indicating a ship's progress has been invented in England. The instrument is connected with a driving apparatus by a tube which contains a column of atmospheric air. This driving apparatus is actuated by the resistance of the water to the motion of the vessel, and consists of an open chamber, in which is fixed a wheel, somewhat resembling a screw propeller. The passage of the water through this chamber gives motion to the wheel, which also, by means of an endless screw on its spindle, communicates power to another

wheel acting upon the rod of a blower. The blower is formed of a cylinder, divided into two parts by a transverse partition, and from each half rises a tube. One of these tubes opens into the atmosphere, and the other connects with the instrument before mentioned. Each of the ends of the blowing cylinder is closed by an elastic cover, movable by the rod of the screw wheel. These two covers are joined by a connecting link, so as to act alternately, one being drawn out when the other is thrust in, thus counteracting the gravitating tendency of the valve; and, by means of the column of air in the tube connected with the air chambers of the indicator being set in motion by the blowing cylinder below, motion will be communicated to the corresponding elastic end of the cylinder of the indicating apparatus. The dial for indicating the progress of the ship consists of three flat gradular rings, rotating one within another. The motion is communicated to these rings by the in and out action of the elastic covers. This motion actuates two clicks that are made to take alternately into the opposite teeth of a ratchet wheel, giving it thereby a revolving motion; and on the axle of this wheel is a pinion which gears in the teeth of a segment wheel mounted on a dial axis.

IMPROVED STEREOSCOPE.—The "Cosmorama Stereoscope" is the name of a modification of the beautiful instrument invented by Sir David Brewster. The improvement consists in employing, instead of two small semi-lenses, one large one, which is rendered stereoscopic by cutting an ordinary plano-convex lens in two, removing more or less of the opposite outer diameters, and then transposing the pieces, so that the original center of the lens becomes the two sides and the outer edges come together. The advantage obtained by this instrument is an increased facility for viewing; as, for one of the double pictures, only one adjustment is necessary for all sights, namely, increasing or diminishing the distance between the line and the double picture.

VAPORS FROM FACTORY CHIMNEYS.—M. Tinier proposes to prevent the discharge of acid vapors from the chimneys of manufactories by passing the vapors of the furnace through a limekiln. The heat of the kiln helps the draft of the furnace and promotes the absorption of the acid by the lime. The idea is certainly a fruitful one, and may be, in many cases, so applied as to add a new and valuable product to the manufactory.

NEW PROCESS OF GOLD LEAF MANUFACTURE.—A new process in the manufacture of gold leaf has been introduced in the Birmingham factories. Instead of taking an ingot of gold, alloyed with silver, copper or other metal, as is commonly practised, the plan adopted is to take an ingot of gold, or of gold alloyed with silver, or other metal, the proportions of the metal being such that the gold in the ingot is purer and more malleable than the gold generally, and beaten into leaf. To the opposite faces of the ingot of pure or unalloyed gold are attached ingots of gold so far alloyed as may be necessary to give the required color; or, when the color requires it, pure gold is used for the outer ingots. By making the interior of the ingot of pure or nearly pure gold, and placing the colored or more alloyed gold on either side of it, a base is obtained for the leaf, which is highly malleable, and which, on being rolled and beaten, carries with it uniformly the outer or colored portions.

NOVEL MODE OF CASTING CANNON.—An English mechanician has recently patented an invention which consists, first, in casting cannon hollow, with any desired amount of inclination or twist. This is performed as follows: A tube or hollow metal core, which is formed externally of the shape intended for the interior of the cannon; this core has a means provided for keeping up a continual circulation of water within, for the purpose of keeping it cool and giving a chilled surface to the interior of the cannon. Secondly, in manufacturing cannon, by casting the mass upon or around a permanent hollow mandril—its interior being formed in the intended shape of the cannon, whether rifled or otherwise, previous to casting the mass around its exterior.

Editor's Olio.

THE CITY AND COUNTRY.

IF you wish to keep heart, conscience or religion, never live in the city.

"God made the country and man made the town."

The hard materialism of the city—its stoney sidewalks and Russ paved streets—its ranges of brick and marble, with the perpetual roar of stages, cars and drays—the dry, money-making look of men, the wanton stare of the women, all combine to deaden the soul, to crush the affections and obliterate the poetry of life. You learn to hold yourself with a grip—to elbow the sides of people, to come and go irrespective of others. If you step on your neighbor's toes you do not care. If you overtop him by the head you like to make him feel it. If his wife is under-bred and ugly you snub her; if she is pretty you flirt with her. In all things self is the great thing to you.

Indeed, you swell yourself and magnify yourself till there is no room for anybody else. You talk egotistically—your nose has an egotistic dip—your eye grows askance, your lip awry. A little touch more, just a little mere of the Nero that has grown into your veins by this selfism, engendered of the city, and you would wish that all the city necks could be incorporated into one, that you might have the pleasure of cutting it off at a blow.

Funerals go by in the city and you do not so much mind them as you do a drove of pigs. The cartman hurries past them, the coachman gives his horses an extra lash and escapes the sight of them. It seems a melancholy pomp, an unnecessary and senseless pageant, and you half wonder the thing cannot be done privately. You do not see how people find time to die. They must have stopped work for the purpose.

Sunday comes—the thousands of people are out to church—"Poor bodies, servants and vulgar people," you say and yawn. You are above such things. You do not care to hear a man preach who knows no more than you know yourself; besides, you have worked all

the week and Sunday you must rest, and so you rush to the door and buy half a dozen Sunday papers, filled with trash, and fill your poor addled brain with their weak, petty spite and nonsense, with your feet across the sofa. This you call resting yourself, and don't know that you are working harder for Satan than you ever did for God, or even for yourself.

We have witnessed all this till our very heart has sickened at the sight, and we have cried,

> "Oh! that I had the wings of a dove,
> That I might fly away and be at rest;"

or, in less elegant and inspired words, have said:

> "Oh! that the desert were my dwelling place,
> With one fair spirit for my minister!"

And then again, for poets are your radicals and your pathfinders, in view of the enormous wrongs perpetrated upon every side of us, we have ejaculated,

> "Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade,
> Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
> Of unsuccessful or successful war,
> Might never reach me more!"

But this is weakness and folly. The man truly alive to human wrong bends his shoulders to the task of relieving it. He does not fly from it, but confronts it boldly with rebuke.

Still we must luxuriate at times in the aromas of the country, even if we do so only in fancy. We bend the ear and hear the low whisper of the pines—

> "Pinos loquentes semper habemus,"

as if the very soul of tenderness and gentle sadness uttered itself along our pathway, giving and receiving, Nature and humanity alike debtors; for Nature is fairer always when she finds a soul to interpret her. She abates her rigors, and puts on a brighter livery always at the approach of her darling child, the Poet. We are wandering dreamily along the hillside once more; the blue sky is over-arched with the radiant garments of the Infinite; the lily is at our feet, the violet and the forget-me-not; roses cluster in our pathway, branches of trees wave in welcome salutation; the lizard peers at us from the clump of dry leaves; the snake glistens in the sun with his length all crooked for a glide to the nearest grass-green sod; the grass-hopper stirs the tall mullens; the yellow birds glitter like golden balls around the purple thistles, and the trout leaps around "the old fantastic roots" of the elm, which droops above the brook, its arms encircled by the woodbine, and protecting the white blooms of the dog-wood.

We hear a step—no, it is the leap of the squirrel, and there is the rabbit also, with its ears folded to its back, hurrying up the side of the hill. Hark! it is the sound of a distant bell. It is very sweet, as it steals with a clear, silvery sound, waking even the solitudes of nature. Slowly—slowly, it peals forth a funeral sound. The human within us responds to the appeal—we bare the brow reverently. A soul has been gathered to the arms of the good Father, and "the grass shall lie sweetly upon them." All nature wears to us a momentary sadness, for a spark of the Eternal has gone forth from earth, and she feels the shadow till the new life comes.

Then we hear the Sabbath morning bells, "the old church bells," and a sweet, heavenly sanctity is born into the heart; we kneel in the old place where we knelt in our childhood; we hear the deep, solemn tones of the minister; our intellect is not enthused; he does not help us to think, it may be; he leaves the understanding where he found it, but that is nothing; we do not get to Heaven through the brain, but through the heart; and he, with his pure every-day life, has warm infantile affections, and heart devoted to the service of God, has touched ours even, and we weep our childhood tears again, and pray as we prayed when our lips were untouched of the world.

We lift our eyes; the brick walls, dingy and old, with broken glass windows, and a roof with a ricketty balustrade, upon which some tattered, yellow-hued garments are kicking and careering in the dusty, smokey atmosphere, is in lieu of the country vision; the roar of stages takes the place of the singing bird; instead of the brisk farmer, who "drives his team afield," a man from the eating-house below, a very Shylock, sharpens a huge carver upon the bricks of the wall, and we are writing in our little out-of-the-way sanctum, and all this lovely refreshing of our spirit was but a day dream. Well, God be praised for dreams. Though we see the green earth but through the vistas of fancy, it has been fair and genial to us, and we go on our way rejoicing. What, then, would our life be were we a denizen of the wild woods, our home in the sanctuary of Nature? Verily, we marvel if we should not walk as Enoch did, and eventually be "not," for God would take us.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

About the time that this number of our magazine goes to press a majority of the States of this great Republic will simultaneously be celebrating that beautiful holyday, established

by the New England Pilgrims, the annual Thanksgiving. The custom of setting apart a day in Autumn for public thanksgiving to the giver of all good began to extend beyond the limits of New England twenty-five or thirty years ago, and now it is adopted, we believe, in every State in the Union. The Governor of each State, by proclamation, appoints the day to be observed in his own State, and formerly it was without any reference to the day designated in other States. But within a few years past efforts have been made to effect a concert of action among the Executives of the different States in order that all may appoint the same day. The present year, we believe, the 20th of November is Thanksgiving Day in nearly three-fourths of the States, and it is to be hoped the practice may become general of appointing the same day throughout the Republic. The latter part of November seems to be generally regarded as the most suitable time of the year for this genial festival, and we would therefore suggest, as the rule to be adopted by general consent, that Thanksgiving Day, in all the States, shall be the first Thursday after the 20th of November. Who seconds that motion?

We cannot refrain from giving our readers the following very clever Thankgiving song, though we are unable to designate its origin or its author:

THANKSGIVING SONG.

Come, uncles and cousins; come, nieces and aunts;
Come, nephews and brothers—no wonts, and no can'ts;
Put business, and shopping, and school-books away;
The year has rolled round—it is Thanksgiving Day.

Come home from the college, ye ringlet-haired youth;
Come home from your factories, Ann, Katy, and Ruth,
From the anvil, the counter, the farm, come away
Home, home with you, home, it is Thanksgiving Day.

The table is spread, and the dinner is dressed—
The cooks and the mothers have all done their best:
No Caliph of Bagdad e'er saw such display,
Or dreamed of a treat like Thanksgiving Day.

Pies, puddings and custards, pigs, oysters, and nuts;
Come forward and seize them without ifs or buts;
Bring none of your slim, little appetites here—
Thanksgiving Day comes only once in a year.

Now children revisit the darling old place,
Now brothers and sisters long parted, embrace·
The family ring is united once more,
And the same voices shout at the old cottage door.

The grandfather smiles on the innocent mirth,
And blesses the power that has guarded his hearth;
He remembers no trouble, he feels no decay,
But thinks his whole life has been Thanksgiving Day

Then praise for the past and the present we sing,
And trustful await what the future may bring;
Let doubt and repining be banished away,
And the whole of our lives be a Thanksgiving Day!

LIFE AND DEATH OF SAM PATCH.

Sam Patch belongs to history. He achieved fame in his day and generation, and his name will go down to posterity. Sam Patch was truly a great man. Not a great warrior like Alexander, or Julius Cæsar, or Charles XII, or Napoleon, or lots of others, whom it is unnecessary to name, for

"Heroes are much the same—the point's agreed—
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

Nor was he a great philosopher, in the common acceptation of the term, like Pythagoras, or Plato, or Newton, or Franklin. Nor a great statesman like Pitt, or Peel, or Webster. His greatness did not lie in this line. And yet Sam Patch was truly great—he was a *great jumper*. In the line of his profession he stands alone against the world, without an equal, without a competitor. He proved to the world that "some things can be done as well as others," and he has his reward. His name is a household word; he has *fame*,

"——A fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us e'en before our death."

The love of fame or notoriety is a strong passion in the human breast. There are few persons who do not, at some time in their lives, build castles in the air and dream of greatness. The greatness and fame of Sam Patch are unlike those of Washington, who achieved the liberties of his country and established her Government—unlike the fame of Dr. Kane, who devoted his life to the cause of humanity and science in perilous expeditions to the Polar Sea—unlike the fame of Miss Nightingale, who sought the battle-fields of the Crimea, and, like a ministering angel, nursed the sick and wounded soldiers. But, still, Sam Patch was great—he was a great jumper. If this kind of greatness should be thought not to rank so high as that of Washington, or Dr. Kane, or Miss Nightingale, in point of worth and dignity, still it may be said on the other hand that it does not fall so low as that of a great many others whose names have found an enduring place on the page of history. We might instance, among others, Herostratus, who burnt the gorgeous temple of Diana, at Ephesus, simply to render his name immortal. And he succeeded in his object, too, for although the authorities of the land immediately issued a decree that the name of Herostratus should thereafter never be mentioned, under the severest penalties, still every historian has been careful to record it from that day to this.

Sam Patch chose his own road to fame, as he had a perfect right to do, provided he brought

harm or peril to no one but himself. His career was short but brilliant, and terminated about twenty-seven years ago, or in the year 1829. His deeds were recorded in verse, a few weeks after his decease, by the renowned Major Jack Downing, who had then just made his appearance in public life. We have commissioned our artist to add the magic of his pencil to the pen of the Major to illustrate and render memorable the heroic deeds of Sam Patch. We ought, perhaps, to assure our younger readers, who do not remember the circumstances, that every incident related in the poem is strictly historical, names and all. Sam Patch was a laborer in a cotton factory at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, where he commenced his jumping career in the Summer of 1829. He then went on a jumping tour. He jumped the Passaic Falls, at Paterson, New Jersey. He then went to the Falls of Niagara, and jumped from the end of Goat Island, between the Horse-shoe Falls and the American Falls. His last jump was at the Falls of Genesee, a descent of a hundred and twenty-five feet. In his previous jumps he had descended perpendicularly, feet foremost, and escaped injury; but in the last jump he lost his balance, struck the water sideways, and was probably killed by the concussion against the surface:

BIOGRAPHY OF SAM PATCH.

BY MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

Pawtucket is a famous place,
Where cotton cloth is made,
And hundreds think it no disgrace
To labor at the trade.

Among the spinners there was one,

Whose name was Samuel Patch;
He moped about, and did his stent—
Folks thought him no great scratch.

But soon a maggot, in his head,
Told Sam he was a ninny,
To spend his life in twirling thread,
Just like a spinning Jenney.

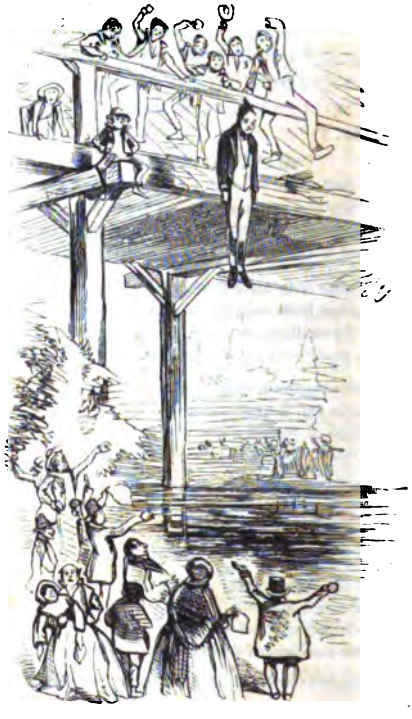
And if he would become renown'd,
And live in song or story,
'Twas time he should be looking round
For deeds of fame and glory.

"What shall I do?" quoth honest Sam,
"There is no war a-brewing;
And duels are but dirty things,
Scarce worth a body's doing.

And if I would be President,
I see I'm up a tree,
For neither prints nor Congress-men
Have nominated me."

But still that maggot in his head
Told Sam he was a gump,
For if he could do nothing else,
Most surely he could *jump*.

Aye, right, quoth Sam, and out he went,
And on the bridge he stood,
And down he jump'd full twenty feet,
And plung'd into the flood.

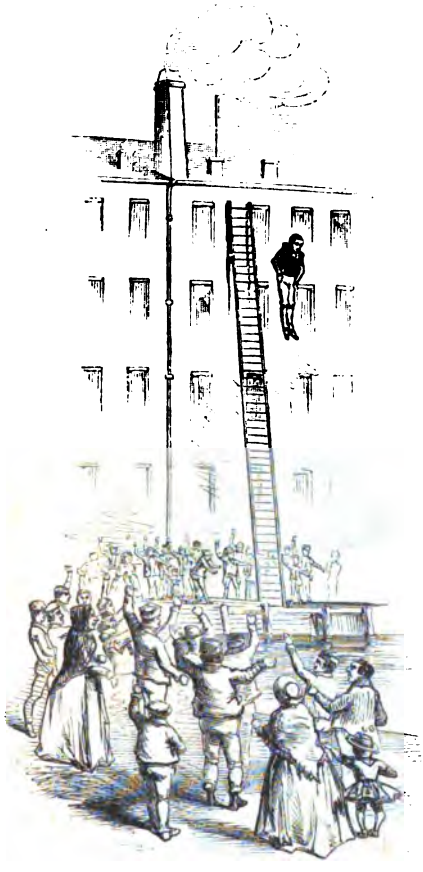


And when he safely swam to land,
He stood there like a stump,
And all the gaping crowd cried out,
"O, what a glorious jump."

New light now shone in Samuel's eyes,
His heart went pit-a-pat;

"Go, bring a ladder here," he cries;
"I'll jump you more than that."

The longest ladder in the town
Against the factory was rear'd,
And Sam clumb up, and then jump'd down,
And loud and long the gapers cheer'd.



Besides the maggot in his head,
Sam's ear now felt a flea;
"I want more elbow-room," he said,
"What's this dull town to me?

I'll raise some greater breezes yet;
I'll go where thousands are,
And jump to immortality,
And make the natives stare.

I'm only twenty-two years old;
Before I'm twenty-five
I'll be more talk'd about, I guess,
Than any man alive.

I'll show these politician folks,
That climb so high by stumping,
That I can climb as well as they,
And beat 'em all in jumping.

One way is just as good as 'tother
To make the people wonder,
And all the noise that they can make
Aint nothin' to my thunder.

I'm right, and now I'm going ahead;
Sam Patch want made to blunder—
If any living soul's afraid,
Just let him stand from under."

And off he went on foot, full trot,
High hopes of fame his bosom fired,
At Paterson, in Jarsay State,
He stopt awhile, for Sam was tired;

And there he mounted for a jump,
And crowds came round to view it,
And all began to gape and stare,
And cry, "How dare you do it?"

But Sam ne'er heeded what they said,
His nerves want made to quiver,
And down he jump'd some fifty feet,
And splash'd into the river.

"Hoo-rah," the mob cried out amain,
"Hoo rah," from every throat was pouring,
And Echo cried, "Hoo-rah" again,
Like a thousand lions roaring.

Sam's fame now spread both far and wide,
And brighter grew from day to day,
And wheresoe'er a crowd convened,
Patch was the lion of the play.

From shipmasts he would jump in sport,
And spring from highest factory walls;
And proclamation soon was made,
That he would leap Niagara Falls.

"What for?" inquired an honest Hodge,
"Why scare to death our wives and mothers?"
"To show that some things *can* be done,"
Quoth Sam, "as well as others."

Ten thousand people thronged the shores,
And stood there all agog,

While Sam approached those awful falls,
And leapt them like a frog.

From Clifton House to Table Rock,
And round Goat Island's brow,
The multitudes all held their breath
While Sam plung'd down below.

And when they saw his neck was safe,
And he once more stood on his feet,
They set up such a deafening cheer,
Niagara's roar was fairly beat.

Patch being but a scurvy name,
They solemnly did there enact,
That he henceforward should be call'd
"Squire Samuel O'Cataract."

And here our hero should have stopt,
And husbanded his brilliant fame;
But, ah, he took one leap too much,
And most all heroes do the same.

Napoleon's last great battle prov'd
His dreadful overthrow,
And Sam's last jump was a fearful one,
And in death it laid him low.

'Twas at the falls of Genesee,
He jump'd down six score feet and five,
And in the waters deep he sunk,
And never rose again alive.

The crowd, with fingers in their mouths,
Turn'd homeward, one by one,
And oft with sheepish looks they said,
"Poor Sam's last job is done."

"BEGUN CROOKED."

One cold morning we heard the following conversation between a child and a friend who spent the previous night in the family to which she belonged. Said the girl to the visitor, "Were you cold last night?" The visitor pleasantly replied that it was very cold when he put his feet down in the bed, and he had to lie very crooked all night. Immediately the child replied, "That was because you begun crooked." Probably most persons understand the truth and fitness of the remark who have slept in a cold room and a spare bed on a Winter's night.

But the remark is capable of a wider application. Look at the youth who is irregular in his habits, and crooked in all the paths which he marks for his feet. He has lost his regard for his parents, lost his self respect, lost the confidence of his friends, lost all reverence for sacred things, and has approached to the very verge of ruin. And as you look do you ask the cause of all this? We answer, *he begun crooked.*

FASHION PLATES:

ENGRAVED FOR THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE.

LATEST REPORT OF FASHIONS.

[From the Paris Moniteur de la Mode.]

AUTUMN TOILETS.—Dress of a small pattern silk on a gray ground, trimmed with bands of plain silk and small pendant buttons. The body, high, forms a point in front. The lappet is put on at the sides about an inch on each side the point. A strip of silk, cut slantwise of the stuff, borders the lappets and runs up the body as braces; following the shoulder seam and descending to the waist behind. The lappet is not gathered at all in front; behind it forms three double plaits and one on each side of the hip, five plaits in all, spreading out well in the fan-shape. The front is ornamented with small pendant buttons, and some of the same buttons also hang at the point of the body on each side as far as the lappet. The sleeve is com-

posed, at top, of plain silk puffings, separated by small frills of the same material as the dress and terminates at bottom in two flounces, one over the other, and bordered by a strip of silk.

WALKING TOILET.—Silk bonnet trimmed with blonde and feathers; inside flowers and blonde. The new pardessus, (called the *Incroyable*,) from Gagelin's, made of moire antique, trimmed with galloon and silk fringe, and lined with silk of a small check pattern. Body high, with straps buttoning across in front. These straps are bound with a galloon turned over the edge. Pockets on each side, bordered with a Tom Thumb fringe. A fringe borders the lappets from the last strap to the waist and all round the bottom. The opening of the sleeves is trimmed in the same style. The skirt of this pardessus is cut slantwise of the cloth in front; the fullness is obtained by means of bias, but is thrown very backward; it forms a double plait behind each hip and three in the middle behind. The sleeve, cut straight way of the stuff, is twenty-two inches long. At bottom it is from twenty-three to twenty-seven inches round, and is slit up in front for about fourteen inches. The top of sleeve comes high on the shoulder and the armhole is very large, to afford a passage for the sleeve of the dress. Plaid silk dress, trimmed with bands of black velvet and small buttons. On the front of the skirt there are two bands placed edge to edge, proceeding from the waist, each about two inches and a half wide at top, and running down the skirt to the bottom, where they are five inches wide. Buttons, placed about an inch apart, decorate the middle and edges of this piece of velvet. A band of black velvet five inches wide terminates the bottom of the skirt, and, with five inches interval, there is a second band four inches wide.

COSTUME OF A LITTLE BOY OF SIX OR SEVEN.—Velvet vest rounded at bottom. Poplin waistcoat. Very broad belt (about three inches) of moire antique, with the edges turned in; that is to say, you take a No. 60 or 80 ribbon and turn in the edges to make it of the above width. Silver buckle. A poplin *fustanelle*, very ample and gathered in close round plaits. Very short pantaloons. Leggings of velvet like the vest. This part of this costume is made just like high gaiters very tight to the leg, but not covering the ankle, nor reaching above the knee.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVING.—Plain velvet cloak trimmed with guipure, on the head of which there is a passementerie trimming. The dress is plain silk, and has two flounces of a tissue imitating fancy fur.

OLIO SEASONINGS.

LATIN FOR THE HOOSIERS.—Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech out West, in a small village. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, General. They won't be contented without it." The man of the iron will instantly thought upon the few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder, wound up by saying, "*E pluribus unum, sine qua non, ne plus ultra, multum in parvo!*" The effect was tremendous, and the Hoosiers' shouts could be heard for miles.

IMPROVED BREED OF HENS.—We see by some of the latest California papers that they have a very extraordinary variety of hens in some parts of the Golden State. They are far superior to the Shanhais, though much smaller in size. Indeed, they are only about the size of common pullets. But the great feature of their excellence is that their eggs are a little larger than the pullets which lay them. This remarkable fact may serve to throw some light on the discovery lately made in Madagascar, described in the following paragraph:

The Calcutta Englishman says: "The Mauritian mentions, on the authority of a Bourbon journal, that a singular discovery has been made in Madagascar. Fossil eggs of an enormous size have been found in the bed of a torrent. The shells are an eighth of an inch thick, and the circumference of the egg itself is two feet eight inches lengthwise, and two feet two inches round the middle. One which has been opened contains eight and a half litres, or about two gallons! What was to have come out of these eggs—bird or crocodile? The natives seem to be well acquainted with them, and say that ancient tradition is uniform as to the former existence of a bird large enough to carry off an ox. This is only a little smaller than the roc of the oriental fable, which waited patiently till he saw the elephant and rhinoceros fighting, and then carried them off, both at one swoop. Some fossil bones were found in the same place as the eggs; but the pupils of Cuvier must decide to what animal they belong."

As a lady was walking on Washington street, Boston, a short time ago, a gentleman's button caught hold of the fringe of her shawl. Some moments elapsed before the parties separated. "I am attached to you," said the gentleman, good humoredly, while he was industriously trying to get loose. "The attachment is mutual, Sir," was the good-humored reply.

"Thou rain'st in this bosom," as the chap said when a basin of water was thrown over him by the lady he was serenading.

There is a "world of wisdom" in the following quotation, brief as it is: "Every school-boy knows that a kite would not fly unless it had a string tying it down. It is just so in life. The man who is tied down by half-a-dozen blooming responsibilities and their mother, will make a higher and stronger flight than the bachelor who, having nothing to keep him steady, is always floundering in the mud. If you want to ascend in the world, tie yourself to somebody."

A GREAT PRACTITIONER.—A loafer, recently arrested in Cincinnati, being questioned by the officer as to his vocation, replied:

"Sir, I am a doctor; I have cured a pain in the head of navigation, and drawn teeth from the mouth of the Mississippi; I have anatomized the side of a mountain, blistered the foot of a hill, felt the pulse of an arm of the sea, plastered a cut on the hand of nature and cured a felon on the finger of scorn."

Lines written in a lawyer's office on the approach of SPRING.

Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays,
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,
Hail to the coming on of Spring.

The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid—happy pairs—
Love 'mid the aforesaid boughs enshines
In freehold nests; themselves their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns.

Oh, busiest term of Cupid's Court!
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring—
Season of frolic and of sport!
Hail, as aforesaid, the coming Spring!